



JAMES NICHOLSON



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NEW YEAR SUPERSTITIONS.

IN some parts of Lincolnshire it is considered most unlucky to be murdered by a dark man on New Year's Eve.

In Lancashire, if an unmarried woman loses either leg in a railway accident on

New Year's Eve, it is regarded as an evil omen, and a sign that she will not meet her future husband during the ensuing twelve months.

Dorsetshire folk firmly believe that if they meet a mad bull on New Year's morning it is an almost certain sign that they will shortly go on a journey.

A native of the Outer Hebrides would be greatly upset if he were to drop a five pound note into the fire on New Year's Eve.

In many homes of the North misfortune is looked for whenever the first New Year visitor happens to be a criminal lunatic.

THE DARLING OF MOST OF THE GODS.

WHEN an audience for half the night has sat enthralled by such a spectacle as this latest triumph of Mr. TREE's enchantments, it is thankless and even idle work for critics to temper their praise with reflections upon the dramatic merit of the play which happens to have been going on in the foreground. One comes on these occasions to delight and educate the eye, and not to be made to think. And in any case the question is one of artistic balance and proportion. In a play of human character one does not want to be overmuch diverted by the scenic background; and in a play whose chief motive is spectacular the human interest should not make too importunate an appeal. It suffices if this interest serves to engage, without absorbing, the mental sympathies, leaving the senses free to play at large. Besides, there are limits to the receptive capacities of even a British audience.

The Darling of the Gods is an ordinary melodrama, whose claim upon our gratitude lies in its unassertive contribution to the picture. To say, as one critic has said, that it would have failed if it had been played in modern European costume, is to compliment rather than disparage its qualities. Whether from accident or design, the value of its moving figures was justifiably plastic rather than dramatic. The stately reserve of Mr. BASIL GILL's attitudes as Kara of the Samurai most notably illustrated this characteristic. Only rarely did the drama dominate its outward adorning, as in the scene outside the Shoji of *Yosan*—by far the best scene in the play, and recalling, by the vivid directness of its action, that curiously Hellenic tragedy, *The Cat and the Cherub*; or as in the episodes of the Carp-fisher (Mr. HAVILAND) and of the outcast Geisha, whose impersonation by Miss MAUD HILDYARD had in it just a touch of SADI YAKKO's art. But these were minor characters. The protagonists played throughout with quiet restraint and a fine disregard of their own personal identities, like priests in a temple, properly awed and overshadowed by their environment.

I have seen it written that the play suffered from the failure of the spectator to recognise his favourites from the start; that "he had not, as it were, the Miss LENA ASHWELL that he knew to help him to get on to the track of the story." Yet surely that was one of the most engaging features of the play. It so chances that there is no one who has recently been more embarrassed in her playing by what was expected of her as a matter of almost religious tradition than this same charming actress. I ventured to hint as much in reviewing Mr. JONES's Monte Carlo play. And here she was, fresh from a convent school, delightfully innocent and Japanese, and for the first time for many years absolutely without a past. It is true that, before the drama proper was over, by steady attention to her business she had acquired one,—a sort of *multopostfuturum* past, covering a matter of some thousand years in "the hells" (the longest stage-interval at which I remember to have ever assisted)—but by how unfamiliar a process! Not by the usual breach of female virtue, but by a really quite excusable flaw in that sense of honour which is popularly regarded as the exclusive birthright of the ruder sex. Already, in an earlier scene, she had trembled on the brink of a blasphemous falsehood, and had only saved herself by recourse to casuistry; and, even so, had betrayed her womanly contempt for the minor moralities by the ingenious admission that "it is better to lie a little than to be unhappy much."

As to her punishment, I never came upon a worse case of the miscarriage of poetic justice. Her lover, who owed the temporary preservation of his head to her betrayal (in exchange for his release) of the hiding-place of his comrades, himself threatens her with the sentence of death which, but for her intervention, he would not have been in a position to deliver at all. How different from the ideal conditions in

Mr. GILBERT's *Mikado*, where the punishment was arranged to fit the crime.

I must hope that Occidental influences have since 1877 mitigated the disabilities of women in the neighbourhood of Tosan.

For these scenes of "Old Japan," in which a little red book about love (produced in London) is the only hint of the coming of European ideas, are laid in a period scarce a full generation away, and within the reign of the present Emperor. I noticed an announcement of the presence, on the first night, of the Minister of our Allies; but nothing was said about the Russian Minister. If the latter has seen the play by now, I do hope that no misconception, arising out of the barbaric nature of the spectacle, will encourage him to report too confidently to his Government on the mediævalism of Japanese methods.

Humorous relief, as the phrase is, was provided by the quaint courtesies and self-depreciation of Oriental phraseology; and the use of these gave an easy note of irony to the terrible scene in *Zakkuri's* Sword-room; but to have kept up the convention at the tragic ending in the Bamboo Forest and to have put the words "Abjectly I ask your pardon" in the mouth of *Yosan*, was perhaps an error of judgment.

The stage-management on the first night was marvellous; and the swift, clean, unhesitating movements of all the supernumeraries was a triumph of intelligent adaptability. I am glad to think that the brilliant work of the scenic artists will be publicly recognised at a dinner to be shortly given to this branch of the profession by their many admirers in the world of drama, literature and art.

I have said nothing of the individual acting of Mr. TREE. But then I have rarely been able to describe the appearance of anybody who has not been ill-dressed either through excess or defect. And so with Mr. TREE's performance, which left the audience entirely satisfied without the trouble of seeking a reason. Who the "Darling of the Gods" was I never rightly discovered, but I am sure that the Immortals of the Gallery, despite the noisy but negligible dissent of a small minority, must in their hearts have assigned to Mr. TREE that flattering title-rôle. O. S.

EMOLLIENTS FOR MILLIONAIRES.

AMERICAN STYLE.

1.

THE scene is Mrs. RONALD CAY's reception room, Fifth Avenue, New York. It is expensively furnished, in one of the several modes which the custom of the moment allows to be correct. Mr. PONTIUS WATTLE is sitting on an uncomfortable chair, his legs crossed, his hat in his hand, his gaze fixed on the ceiling. He is a man of medium height, about forty-five or fifty, rather dark, and looks a little like a Baptist clergyman who is not dependent on his salary. A maid comes in.

The Maid. Mrs. CAY will be down directly, Sir.

Mr. WATTLE's sole comment upon this information is to uncross his legs, and to recross them, as Mr. HENRY JAMES would say, "in the opposite sense." After a few minutes he sighs deeply, and bestows with his right forearm a caress upon his hat.

Mrs. CAY comes in. She is a flexible, gliding person, not yet forty, with a small head, and a business-like, decidedly pretty face. Her manner would not be bad if its ease were a little less determined.

Mrs. CAY. You wished to see me, Mr. WATTLE.

Mr. Wattle. Yes, Ma'am. I want to put myself in your hands. I believe you train millionaires, don't you?

Mrs. C. Exactly. In this establishment, which is called



Bernard Partridge.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Malvolio . . . Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

Olivia . . . BRITANNIA.

the House of Correctness, we teach them the art of civilised or New York life.

Mr. W. That's what I want to learn. I'm a millionaire from Idaho, and I'd like to settle in New York and kind of mix up in Society. I'm reckoned a good mixer.

Mrs. C. I see. But before we go any further I may as well explain our methods. You don't mind my being frank?

Mr. W. Guess I can stand it.

Mrs. C. Well, there are two things we have to offer. You must choose. You know how they do this in London?

Mr. W. No, Ma'am, can't say I do.

Mrs. C. Over there someone would take you up just as you are, unrectified, and put you into the best houses. In a few months you would be going everywhere. But nobody would really want you anywhere. This we call the mechanical mixture.

Mr. W. Beg pardon, I don't seem to follow—?

Mrs. C. It doesn't matter. The second plan, which we call the chemical combination, is slower. Its object would be to make you the kind of person who gets invited for his own sake.

Mr. W. For my own sake! Ain't you forgetting I've got money?

Mrs. C. My dear man, do you think me likely to forget that? Please observe, I said the *object* of the second plan was to make your presence desired on its own account: I didn't say that would necessarily be its *effect*.

Mr. W. That's more like it.

Mrs. C. In practice we have found that no matter which plan we adopt the result is apt to be a compromise between the two. Except of course in extreme cases, when the first plan is the only one possible.

Mr. W. How long would number two take, in my case?

Mrs. C. I'm afraid I can't say, Mr. WATTLE. So many things, chiefly unknown quantities, have to be considered. How much money have you?

Mr. W. Am I obliged to answer that?

Mrs. C. O, no. All I mean is, how much can people be made to believe you have?

Mr. W. H'm! . . . Between seven and eight million. Call it seven.

Mrs. C. Nonsense. Call it ten, of course.

Mr. W. O, ten, of course, of course.

Mrs. C. That certainly does simplify things. They are simpler than if you had five. Not so simple as if you had fifteen. In the next place . . .

Mrs. CAY holds her head a little on one side, and appraises Mr. WATTLE, who casts down his eyes with modesty.

Mrs. C. In the next place there's . . . you, Mr. WATTLE.



LAYING DOWN THE LAW.

Lady (entertaining friend's little girl). "Do you take SUGAR, DARLING?"

The Darling. "YES, PLEASE."

Lady. "HOW MANY LUMPS?"

The Darling. "OH, ABOUT SEVEN; AND WHEN I'M OUT TO TEA I START WITH CAKE."

Mr. W. Meaning, I guess, am I an asset or a liability?

Mrs. C. Precisely. I suppose you don't know if you have any social gifts?

Mr. W. Can't say, Ma'am, at this longitude.

Mrs. C. Ah!

She reflects a little. A pause.

Mrs. C. Which set would you prefer to move in?

Mr. W. Surely there's not more than one at the top?

Mrs. C. My dear Sir, you have—I am sorry to say it—much to learn. Do you prefer intense respectability, or would a little freedom be more in your line?

Mr. W. Out in Idaho freedom is respectable.

Mrs. C. Dear, dear! How shall I make you understand? I fear yours is an obstinate case, Mr. WATTLE, yet its difficulty makes it interesting. I am willing to try what I can do. My associates will begin to call on you next week, and you may come here to dine—or better, to lunch—with me on Thursday.

Mr. W. I'm sure I'm obliged, Ma'am.

Mrs. C. Don't say that until my bill is presented.

Seeing Mrs. CAY smile as she says this, Mr. WATTLE goes away reassured.

(To be continued.)

GOING ROUND THE CAVES.

(A Sketch from a well-known Watering-place.)

The party of Sightseers, having paid their respective sixpences and passed the turnstile, find themselves in a penitential chamber, vaulted and furnished with shallow and columned alcoves, in one of which is displayed a placard inscribed "Waltz." They seat themselves on a row of kitchen chairs and converse in subdued tones as they await the official guide, who presently appears bearing a large flat scone full of flaring candle-ends.

Guide (with the customary contempt for stops, and a more than Early-Victorian prodigality in the matter of aspirates). Ladies and gentlemen the hapterment you are now in it is the ballroom it has not been built up nothing of the kind what you see 'ere bein' hall 'oller'd hont of the solid sandstone by the discoverer of these caves you will now kindly foller me . . . (he leads the party down a long corridor with recesses on both sides, in which more candle-ends are flickering). This passage forms the new hentrance to the caves the hideer was taken hoff of the Catacombs of Rome as you may heasily perceive from the niches and pillars though not of so hancient a period not 'aving been constructed no longer than sixty-two years. We now henter the first of these 'ighly hinteresting caves that hapterture in front of you was the hold entrance has may heasily be seen by the steps cut in the rock which it is supposed that they were done by the horiginal hoccupants (here one of the party commits himself to a statement that the interior is "picturesque," while it reminds another of the "Forty Thieves"). The hapterture was haccidentally discovered hover sixty years ago by a gardener of the name of GOLDING while hengaged in digging the soil fell through the 'ole thereby revealing the hexistence of the caves he then hobtained leave to make hexcavations sell the sand for his hown benefit and hexhibit the caves for a term of years (A ponderous member of the party expresses an opinion that the caves must be a "very valuable asset," which, remembering the sixpence for admission, nobody seems prepared to dispute). Heleven years he was in hexecuting the work dying six months hafter completion so that he did not live long to henjoy the fruits of his hindustry though his widow and children survived to in'erit them till quite recently. Now some of you on be'olding the hapterture may hask (here he fixes upon the most vacuous Sightseer, whose mouth falls open at once) "Why 'ave a second hentrance at all—why not come in by this one?" (the V. S., pulling himself together, is understood to murmur something about an "emergency exit.") I will tell you the reason for why the howners of the surface refused to allow haccess hover their land thus it consequently became necessary to construct the passage by which hentrance is now hobtained.

[At this a satirical Sightseer whispers to his Young Lady that the Guide seems "erude 'ard on pore ole letter haiteh"—to which she signifies assent by a delighted giggle.

The colossal statue above the harch if you will kindly stand a little back where I now am is a correck representation of the Reverend Mr. Blott Mr. GOLDING's minister at that period bein' cut out by his own 'ands from the solid stone without assistance of hany kind except two day labourers to carry away the sand which you will all agree with me that for a gardener Mr. GOLDING must have been a very clever man. (The party inspect the Rev. Mr. Blott's legs, which are all of him that is visible by candlelight, with the silent reverence due to High Art, before passing to the next cave.) Some will tell you that these caves they were all done by smugglers now that is not a very probable the'ry it would require consid'able time and labour to construct

caves of this size and they would need all their time for smuggling purposes though hundoubtedly these caves they were used by smugglers hadso their hobject bein' to dispose of their goods as quickly as possible they would not require so much room for storage therefore far the most probable the'ry is that they were due to the Herly Christians who fled 'ere to havoid persecution hunder the hancient Romans and Hangle-Saxons. Hon the hupper part of this wall you will hobserve a large bust (here an elderly lady inquires whether it is supposed to be the likeness of one of the Early Christians) from the fact that it is represented with hepaulettes on both shoulders the general opinion is that it 'as not come down from hany very remote period and is certainly not hantique it is far more likely to be a portrait of one of the smugglers but 'oo it is we cannot say not possessing no records of hany kind hall we do know is that smugglers were in the 'abit of using these caves though we 'ave no hactual proof that they did so.

Our present KING ladies and gentlemen when he visited these caves some years ago made a re-mark bein' Prince of WALES at the time. The re-mark he made was that they would make a very good wine-cellar which I think they would do so myself. Through this 'ole 'ere hunder which I shall presently hask you to follow me the present KING and QUEEN passed on the hoccasion the 'ole bein' then of far smaller dimensions than it now is their Majesties were compelled to crawl through it on all fours the widenin' of the 'ole bein' hintirely caused by friction from boots below and clothes above you will please to lower your 'eds to havoid crushing your 'ats. . . .

[The party follow him through the hole, with the jokes and exclamations appropriate to the situation.

Hon this wall near which I am now standing you will notice one of our most hinteresting monuments a carving representing the hexact shape of a Roman hurn it has been suggested that it may be the tomb of some Herly Christian but a moment's reflection will convince you (here he again fixes the vacuous Sightseer, who looks as convinced as possible on such short notice) that this hidea cannot be the correct one and I will tell you for why honly two methods of sepulchre bein' practised by the Herly Christians one cremation the hother hurn-burial now it is hobyious that this hurn carved as it is on the surface of the solid stone cannot possibly contain yuman hashes but is merely a memorial to oom it is not known the hinscriptions on the walls around they are hall modern bein' done by visitors. . . .

[They enter the next cave.

'Ere you will hobserve faults (the party assume a critical air) due to volcanic haction these caves 'aving been cast up many thousand years ago from the hcean bed in proof of which I will draw your attention to the roof on which you can plainly perceive ripple-marks hexactly resembling those left on the sand at low tide these ripple-marks bein' hupside down will give you some hidea of the violence of the herup-tion it is not my hown opinion I am now giving you but that of leading scientists who have hexamined them. Kindly step carefully into the next cave the slope of the floor bein' somewhat habrupt. . . . The 'alf-length figure on the wall 'ere is supposed to be the work of the Herly Christians from the full sleeves bein' hevidently a bishop.

Hoppersite is a hancient bath when discovered the bottom was coated hover with clay happarently to 'inder the water from hescaping it has been suggested that it was more probably hintended to contain a supply of drinkin' water now that is not a bad suggestion though I think I can show that it is hincorrect for it would soon become stargnant and a hample supply could be carried in in skins and barrels therefore it is far more likely that it was used as a haptisimal fount by the Herly Christians who would merely 'ave to make a 'ole in the clay to let the water run off and be habsorbed

by the sand nor would it be necessary to fill it very full heighten hinchess bein' sufficient for total himmersion . . . we next henter the largest cave of hall it is hestimated to contain has many as fifteen thousand men standing hupright a pretty big harny you will agree though howing to the habsence of ventilation their hair would soon become too foul to support life besides which the hexits being well known at present it would be useless as a niding place for hany army. We are now one 'undred and forty-five feet below the surface not that the floor has descended but because of the helevation of the 'ill as can be proved by our bein' hexactly oppersite St. Clement's Terrace hif the most violent thunderstorm was takin' place over'ed you would not be aware of it down 'ere which rendered it a safe 'iding place for tho Herly Christians who could make what noise they liked with no fear of bein' hover'eard (*the party seem to appreciate the value of this Christian privilege*) the honly light is hobtained from the haperture in the first cave therefore at sunset this place is in total darkness to give you some ideer what that darkness is I will now remove the light (*which he proceeds to do*). Hany one left be'ind 'ere for a night would soon go out of his mind though no such event has 'appened since these caves were first hopened bein' carefully searched hevery night the last thing this passage conducts us back to the ballroom where we started it is 'ighly patronised during the season by parties who are fond of a novelty all who care to dance bein' free to do so which brings us to the end of our journey ladies and gentlemen are kindly requested not to forget the guide we 'ave no regler salary being hintirely dependent on such gratooties we may receive thank you very much.

[The Party bestow tips as they file out, with a feeling that their minds have been enlarged.]

F. A.

THE LAMENT OF THE LADIES' MAN.

In youth I never cared for sport;
Fresh air was not a passion to me;
Athletic feats of any sort
Sent unresponsive shudders through
me;
I had, in fact, a sedentary mind,
And hated exercise of any kind.

And so, when others smote the sphere
With bat or mallet, boots or putter,
I charmed (with song) the female ear,
And made the female bosom flutter.
I also played the zither and recited
Poems of young loves, prematurely
blighted.



CHURCH PATRONAGE.

Englishwoman. "HAVE YOU BEEN TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY YET?"
Fair American. "NO; BUT I HEAR IT HIGHLY SPOKEN OF!"

I sang, as I have said: I had
That kind of voice that folks call
"fluty";
I trilled of "Memories strangely sad,"
Of "Pausies" and the "Eyes of
Beauty."

Not more divinely does the early bird
Sing when the worm has recently
occurred.

At that delightful hour of gloom,
Slightly anterior to tea-time,
I paralysed the drawing-room
With trifles of my own in three-time,
Till all the air was heavy with Desire,
And prostrate matrons begged me to
retire.

Just then a vogue for High Romance
Prevailed, and I'd a pent-up yearning;
The hollow cheek, the hungry glance,
Betrayed the Fever inly burning;
At inconvenient times the thing would
out,
Especially when ladies were about.

Somehow the care of female hearts
At that time always fell to my lot;
Within the maze of Cupid's arts
I was their guiding star, their pilot;
Not to have loved me with a blinding
passion
Was, broadly speaking, to be out of
fashion.

But latterly, I don't know why,
That star has waned, until at last I'm
Left in the lurch while maidens fly
Towards the ruder forms of pastime;
And now their talk is all of tennis courts,
Of golf, gymkhanas and athletic sports.

I don't complain. I know there'll be
One of these days a mild renaissance
In the exclusive cult of ME:
I view the fact with some com-
plaisance;
One day there'll come an era of the
Brain,
And THEODORE will be himself again.



THE RULING PASSION.

Sporting Tradesman (after a fall, feeling in his pocket). "CASH ALL RIGHT, ANYWAY!"

THE NEW POETICS.

[It is affirmed week after week by a certain critic that our serious drama will never be serious enough until it ceases to concern itself with the relations between men and women. According to him, evidently, love is a hackneyed stage convention for which life offers no excuse. If this is so, presumably politics or finance will be the themes of the new drama.]

'Twas held of yore dramatic art
Should raise—if you ignore mere
farces—

Pity and terror in the heart,
'Thereby effecting their *katharsis*.
This scheme the Stagirite devised,
And we may still accept his notions,
Allowing for our modernised

Emotions.

The maid of Athens, when she heard
Electra urging to the slaughter,

Paled at the foul unnatural word
And shrank from that revolting
daughter.

The matron, when the "double blow"
Had silenced Clytemnestra's groaning,
Suffered her own maternal woe
Unmoaning.

Elizabethan wives turned white
To see the Moor with ruthless pillows
Slay *Desdemona* for her quite
Imaginary peccadilloes.

Purged by the scene upon the boards,
And over-awed by such disasters,
They gladly bore their jealous lords
And masters.

To-day we see the playwrights ring
The changes on the old old story;
They think that love is still the thing,
And problems in their primal glory.

And yet we gaze with callous eye
On dramas that we used to care for
Unchastened. What can be the why
And wherefore?

It is that love has passed away;
Your tender sentiment and passion
Are relics of a by-gone day,
Survivals of a faded fashion.
If you would touch a heart to-night,
Give us no more your sweets and
honey—

Give us our ruling passion! Write
Of money!

Consols and Kaffirs, shipping rings,
The last quotations from the City,
These are to-day the only things
That rouse our terror and our pity.
And soon the dramatist shall cease
To pocket anything substantial
Unless he learns to make his piece
Financial.

For when we see the millionaire
Engaged in mighty speculations,
Financing cotton corners there,
And here tobacco combinations;
When we behold in ruin thrown
All the concerns the hero bosses,
At once we shall forget our own
Small losses.

WEEK-END WRINKLES.

(By the Expert.)

LUGGAGE AND EQUIPMENT.

It is difficult to know how much or how little to take away for a week-end, but it is always as well to be on the safe side. Personally, for a three or four days' trip I never take less than five pieces, three of which are labelled and two go under the seat. This is exclusive of my gun-case, camera, golf sticks, and air cushion. In the van I also take a brace of beagles, and, when my destination is the Shires, a couple of remounts. Perhaps I had better specify what the various pieces are and what they contain. In the large hair trunk are seven pairs of boots, each carefully wrapped up in paper, a pair of list slippers for bedroom use, dancing pumps, puttees, and guns. Then comes a layer of slumber wear, lounge suits, knickers and aquascenta, while the arched top is filled with Homburg and other hats, as I am one of those who believe in the efficacy of constantly changing one's headgear.

At the bottom of my kit-bag is my saddle, the remaining space being filled with collars, cuffs and "dickeys," which are absolutely indispensable. In my fitted dressing-bag I carry my toothbrush. I make a point of packing this myself, and never let my man do it. I shall never forget the difficulty I had in borrowing a toothbrush from Lord — at Molar Grange, although I made it clear that I would return it in the



“TEMPUS EDAX RERUM.”

THE YOUNG NEW YEAR (*whose precocious tastes are already modelled on those of the Old Gourmand*). “NOW, OLD MAN, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO GIVE ME?”



morning. Should white shirts be required they can always be extracted from a station show-case when the officials are not looking, but it is best to remove the pink collar-stud before use.

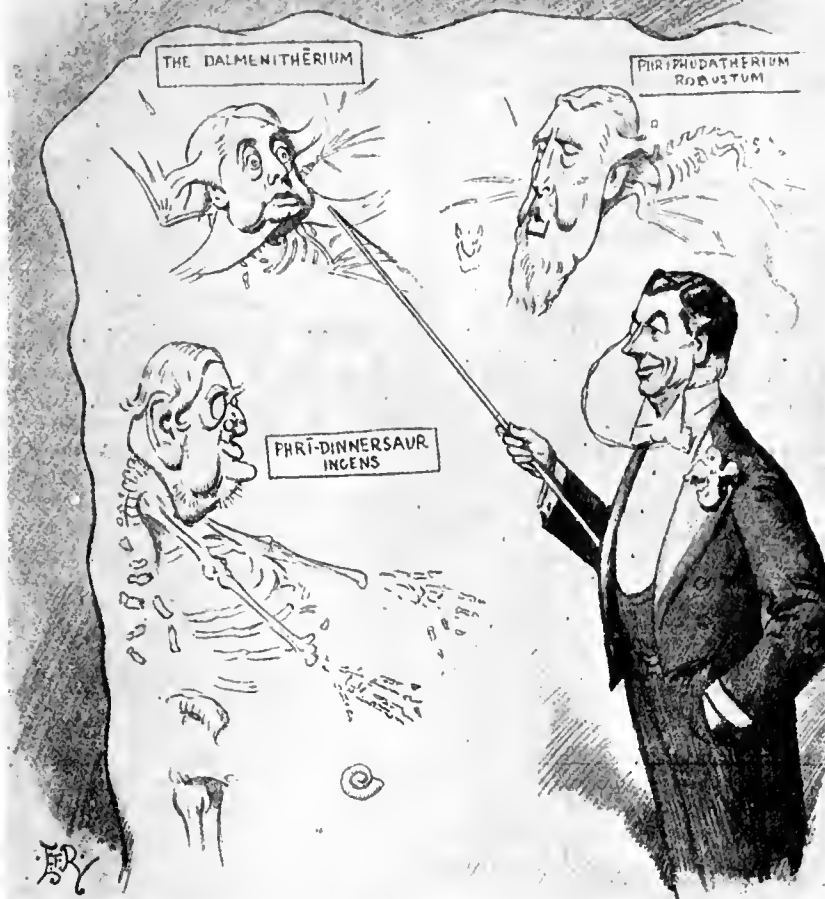
ON THE JOURNEY.

Never be careless about your get-up or manners when travelling. An act of civility to a stranger, the offer of a match or a sandwich, may lead to most desirable and profitable acquaintances. To give an instance, I owed my first invitation to Melton Mowbray entirely to the fact that Sir CHARLES —, who was travelling in the same compartment with me down to Esher, had forgotten his cigar-case. I saw him feeling in his pockets, guessed the cause, and offered him a fine Borneo which I had bought on the way to the station.

As regards refreshments, a flask is indispensable. Whatever you do, avoid carrying your liquor in a medicine-bottle. When I was an undergraduate at All Souls, Oxford, and before I knew what was what, I missed one of the chances of my life by making that mistake. I was returning from the "Long Vacuum" on the Continent, and after a roughish passage got into the train at Dover. A stylish-looking elderly man was the only other passenger, and shortly after we had started he said, "I wonder if you could let me have some brandy. I am feeling rather faint." As ill-luck would have it, all the brandy I had got was in an old Elliman's Embrocation bottle, and when I offered it to him he waved it aside, saying, "After all, perhaps I am better without it." Imagine my feelings when, on arriving at Victoria, a servant addressed him as "Your Grace." One more point: be careful in the purchase of newspapers. My own rule is to go in for variety. The *Athenæum*, the *Sportsman*, *Science Stiftings*, and the *Pilot*, are a good selection.

THE ART OF TIPPING.

We are here treading on very delicate ground. An Englishman's house is his castle, and he naturally does not wish his retinue to be corrupted by indiscriminate largesse. Still, the labourer is worthy of his hire; though, personally, if I could have my way, I should like to keep it to bronze or gifts in kind. These latter, however, must be bestowed with nice discrimination. I shall never forget the expression of rapture of a footman at Lord WIMPOLE's when, after a two months' stay at Wigmere Castle, I slipped into his hand a pair of Argosy braces. One of the pulleys was missing, but otherwise it was a sound and classy article. Still it is not in the power of every one of the readers of *Yesterday* to fit the *douceur* to the *doucee* — as our lively Gallic



"EXTINCT ANIMALS."

AFTER READING PROFESSOR RAY LANKESTER'S INTERESTING LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED PROFESSOR DECIDES TO INTRODUCE TO THE PUBLIC HIS OWN REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF FOSSILISED REMAINS OF ANIMALS IN HIS OPINION FISCALLY EXTINCT.

neighbours say — with such perfect success. Hence, the average man had best pay his tips in specie.

Hardly a week passes but I receive several letters asking me whether or not one should tip one's host. This depends. For one thing, one does not always know who one's host is. If his table is liberal, his cellar above suspicion — and readers of *Yesterday* will know what I mean — if he puts one at one's ease by occasionally remarking "It's a cold day," he certainly ought to have a trifle. But be sure you give it in coin or postal orders (not crossed) or even stamps, *never* by cheque. I remember when I was still a subaltern tendering a cheque to the Earl of —. He took it — I subsequently found that he cashed it at his butcher's the same day — but he never asked me to — Castle again. The need of making sure which of the gentlemen is your host I can best illustrate by another little anecdote. I had been staying at — Towers for

pressed the usual honorarium into the hand, as I thought, of my noble host. His look of surprise caused me to make some inquiries of the coachman who was tooling me to the nearest junction, and I discovered to my intense chagrin that he was a distant and untitled cousin. To make the solecism all the more glaring he was actually in need of money.

To come now to the tipping of servants, which is of course obligatory in the stately homes of England. Amounts differ according to the rank and prestige of the recipient. Butlers, like cigarettes, should be tipped with gold. (If you have no gold, then you had better tip and run.) I get many letters on the subject of the *modus operandi* of bestowing tips. Mementos for chambermaids should be left on the washstand, not too conspicuously, and yet not so clandestinely as to run the risk of being swept into the slop-pail. By the way, I recollect when I was staying with the Hon. HILDEBRAND BROOKS, on Monkey Island, for the Henley week, that, owing

to the peculiarity of my host, no wash-stand was provided. I was consequently obliged to leave it under the door-mat. It was my good fortune to be asked to pay a second visit the following year, and to be allotted the same cubicle. I thought I was looked upon askance by the neat-handed Phyllis, and was puzzled to fathom the reason until, on my usual tour of inspection before retiring to rest, I discovered that the coin was still under the mat. Needless to say that on leaving I added another sixpence to it.

"THE LORDLIEST LIFE ON EARTH."

[The title of these verses is borrowed from Mr. KIRLING, who employed it when writing in defence of compulsory military service. A propos of that defence it may be noted that Lieut. SCHILLING and Sergeant FRANZKY, both of the German army, have just been sentenced to fifteen months and five years respectively for mistreating their men. FRANZKY was in the habit of enforcing discipline with a cudgel or riding whip. On this *Reuter* notes as "interesting" that Count zu LIMBURG-STURM, in a recent debate in the Reichstag, "expressed the view that sergeants could hardly get their men into shape, especially Socialists, without a certain number of blows"!]

Count Von Stir-em-up speaks:—

My countrymen, be calm, I pray,
And hear what I have got to say
About Lieutenant SCHOCKING's case
And Sergeant WOPPENHEIM's disgrace.
Weigh well the views that I express,
And you will readily confess
That they are gallant fellows and
A credit to the Fatherland.

Lieutenant SCHOCKING, I maintain,
Should certainly be tried again;
The sentence which the Court decreed
Is far too long. It is indeed.
Shall Prussian officers be sent
To actual imprisonment
For having knocked about the head
Some private (subsequently dead)?
Granted that there are safer regions
On which to whack our German legions,
Still 'twas but an excess of zeal
Directed to the common weal,
And, far from being reprehended,
Ought to be tacitly commended.

To Sergeant WOPPENHEIM I doubt
If justice has been meted out.
Some sentimental people here
Pretend that he was too severe
When visiting with castigations
The soldier's breach—of regulations.
If any private made a slip
He caught it with a riding-whip,
And generally caught it hot!
To which my answer is, "Why not?"
'Tis simply folly to suppose
A "certain quantity of blows"
Is not a necessary thing
For teaching people soldiering.

And people who pretend to say
Drill can be taught some other way
Completely fail to understand
The army of the Fatherland.

So let's agree Lieutenant S.,
And Sergeant WOPPENHEIM no less,
Have both been wrongfully accused,
And very very badly used.
A stick is always useful in
The maintenance of discipline—
And sergeants handy with their fists
Are much the best with Socialists!
The sergeants tell me this is so,
And surely sergeants ought to know?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE title of Mr. MAARTEN MAARTENS' collection of short stories, *My Poor Relations* (CONSTABLE), reflects the humanity which shines from every page of the book. I have only a traveller's acquaintance, says my Nautical Retainer, with life in Dutch villages, but it takes no very fine instinct to recognise here the signs of intimate observation. Mr. MAARTENS has shown himself independent of the artificial devices of his craft. He has no recourse to coincidence, the shocks of chance, or "moving accidents by flood and field." He takes these existences, sordid, mean, and colourless (save for the annual Kermesse), and finds in their essential qualities all the artistic material he needs for tragedy, comedy, or satire. He never idealises, in the vulgar sense; at most over the grey landscape and the greyer hearts of his characters he throws something of the atmosphere of his own buoyancy, but often, as in the story of "The Banquet," so astonishingly alive in its unfamiliar detail, he seems to project nothing of himself into the crude facts of his theme. But all the while he is covering up the trace of his processes; and if the result appears easy of attainment this is the artist's triumph. One hears rumours that the short story has had its vogue; but such a collection as this of Mr. MAARTENS should go a long way to restore the popularity of that most difficult and exquisite form of art.

There is always a certain freshness of charm about the work of the "Author of *Miss Molly*," and her latest novel, *The Great Reconciler* (METHUEN), should bring her many new friends. As far as the book-lore of my Nautical Retainer goes, the main scheme is original. From the passionate appeals of her lover—in part unrequited, in part rejected from lack of enterprise—the lady finds shelter in the platonic affections of a dilettante admirer. This simple friendship, on her side, develops into something stronger, but when she gets her freedom it is to find that on his side no corre-

sponding development was ever contemplated. It comes at last, but not till disillusionment has finally closed that chapter of her life's romance, and she has learned to recognise the unsatisfying nature of a love that has in it no element of passion.

Apart from the principal characters there is an admirable study of a Boer girl, irreconcilable to English tastes and types. A solitary exception divides her loyalty, and from this devotion springs the tragedy which gives its name to the book. The closing scenes, laid in South Africa during the late War, are perhaps disproportionately short. More space might well have been spared to them from the earlier chapters of the book, which move slowly, hampered by much dialogue that is pleasurably otiose. The book, indeed, lacks balance; just as, in detail, its diction is too loosely spontaneous. As for the recklessness of the punctuation, though this delightful author may plead a soul above such details, neither that nor any other excuse can be accepted from the printer's reader. And hereto the Baron sets his seal.



MY EPITAPH.

[The Englishman need have no fear of losing his reputation for pluck and endurance, while he continues to wear without a groan the fancy waistcoat of startling hue knitted for him by his own or other people's sisters.]

DEAR, when I have departed
From this abode of gloom,
And my remains are carted
Into the hollow tomb,
Shed thou no tears for me, but o'er
The spot where I am laid
Inscribe these simple words, "He wore
The waistcoat which I made."

There where the grass waves greenly,
And earth is glad with flowers,
Love, I shall sleep serenely
Through quiet, dreamless hours:
The passing throng shall know no more
Than this—that one obeyed
Till death his lady's will, and wore
The waistcoat which she made.

Humours of a Catalogue.

ROSEBURY (Lord), His Life and Speeches, buckram, gilt extra, 7s. 6d.



LOGICAL.

R.S.P.C.A. Inspector. "YOU'D BEST BE CAREFUL HOW YOU HANDLE THOSE PIGS, YOUNG MAN. IF I CATCH YOU LIFTING 'EM BY THE TAIL AGAIN, I'LL TAKE OUT A SUMMONS AGAINST YOU."
 Countryman. "WULL! WHOY, WOT ON 'ARTH TO 'EE THINK PEG3 'AS GOT TAILS FUR, THEN?"

A MOUSE FANCY.

(Some £10 mice were exhibited (and by three ladies!) at the Walthamstow Fanciers' show.)

PHYLIS (it is "PHYLIS" ever
Whom the various bards endeavour
To ingratiate with an ode
Or some offering *à la mode*).
PHYLIS, I repeat, I'm yearning.
Now your birthday is returning,
To present you with a gift—
Listen, and you'll catch my drift!

Hoping to be found propitious,
Knowing that your taste's capricious,
I remember how you hate
Anything not up-to-date.
So I scan my morning journal
With a vigilance eternal,
And at last I've set my eyes
On a really novel Prize!

Something that will move you deeply,
Something purchased not too cheaply,
'Tisn't radium—that's by now
Too banal, you must allow);
But I'm sure you'll find this "ripping"
(Yes, I see your lively skipping),
'Tis a treasure for the house—
See, I send the Champion Mouse!

CHARIVARIA.

A MADMAN succeeded in getting into the French Chamber of Deputies the other day, and expressed a wish to be Premier. It is a sign of the change for the better which has recently come over French politics, that our papers should think this item of news worth recording.

À propos of the KAISER's recent Waterloo speech, a German paper declares that we know the truth to be as stated, and draws attention to the "significant fact" that the completion of the Wellington Monument in St. Paul's Cathedral is not being proceeded with.

The War Office is taking steps to turn its surplus cavalry men into foot soldiers. We see nothing ridiculous in the idea—as some persons profess to. We already have Mounted Infantry. Now we are to have Dismounted Cavalry.

No date has yet been fixed for the termination of the Somali War.

The recent cold snap served to draw attention to a fact which puzzles many persons, namely, that, although the wearers of costly fur overcoats are comparatively few, yet that sort of overcoat is taken by mistake, from restaurants and clubs, far oftener than any other kind.

It is stated that the X-rays will turn

a negro white, if not all over, then in parts. It is quite possible that speckled negroes will be the rage next year.

"Look out! It is coming," is the heading of an advertisement of yet another weekly journal. Nobody can complain afterwards that he had no warning.

Belfast is heartily ashamed of what took place at the Irish League Football Match between Linfield and Celtic. It will be remembered that a bottle thrown at the Linfield goal-keeper missed his head.

The Chunchuse brigands in Manchuria are, we are pleased to hear, paying the Russians a pretty compliment. They are treating the Russians as well as the Manchurians as the inhabitants of the country, and are attacking both without distinction.

It is declared that Russia, with devilish cunning, is attempting to force a war on Japan before the Japanese wrestlers who are now making a successful appearance at one of our music-halls can return to lead their valuable aid to their countrymen.

We English are so often accused of not having a keen appreciation of wit, that we are glad to learn from the *Daily Express* that Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL makes a "hit" in the Drury Lane pantomime by meeting a monster parrot which repeats the words, "Your food will cost you more," with the subtle retort, "Oh, go and claim the *Daily Express* reward." And, at the Elephant and Castle Theatre, when the Captain of the *Bounding Bloater*, in *Dick Whittington*, suggested that *Idle Jack* looked like a foreigner, and the *Cook* remarked, "Just wait till JOE brings in an Alien Bill," the performance, it is recorded, had to be stopped for some time, so great was the cheering that greeted this *mot*.

A father writes to the Press to say that his two sons have failed to pass the Examination for the Navy, and asks what he can do with them now. A Naval Officer points out that the Army is still open to them.

Those Americans who looked upon Mr. WILLIAM J. BRYAN as a patriot have been grievously disappointed. He has stated to an interviewer that the United States have much to learn from the great nations of Europe.

A French gentleman has been wounded in a duel at Neuilly.

Complaints continue to be made as to the quality and size of the recruits sent out to South Africa. On the other hand it is said that certain officers there habitually over-work the men, and the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children is to be asked to take the matter up.

A constable who arrested a man for drunkenness the other day stated that he found the prisoner kissing a pillar-box. We understand that the prisoner was fined in spite of his defence that he was rather short-sighted, and his sweetheart had an exceptionally brilliant complexion.

As we go to press there is a rumour—and we mention it under all reserve—that Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON is to receive the honour of having a paragraph devoted to him in the "Curiosities" department of next month's *Strand Magazine*.

The writer of these notes has received a card wishing him the complaints of the season.

THE FATAL MOUSTACHE.

I.

I WRITE this at the request of my Mother—whom, I am glad to think, I have hardly ever disobeyed. She hears that MAUDE, and MAUDE's Mother, are spreading false reports as to the reason why the engagement was broken off, and she wishes the truth known for my family's sake. She will then, she says, be quite willing to let the world judge as to who was dishonourable—the girl who was false to her plighted word, or the man who was willing to live a lie for the sake of her whom he loved. She also desires me to state that she never took a fancy to MAUDE, while she saw the sort of woman Mrs. SEVIER was from the moment she set eyes on her. She realised, she declares, from the beginning, that MAUDE was not good enough for me, and that MAUDE and her mother were both after my money. The reason why she did not caution me was that she saw my heart was set on MAUDE, and—like the angel that she is—she did not wish to interfere with my happiness. I should mention that no cross word has ever passed between my Mother and myself. Did I write "never"? Perhaps I should not have said that. Once, and once only, did my dear Mother and I have a little difference, and then it was over MAUDE. MAUDE had a cold, and my Mother forbade me to kiss her while it lasted, in case I should catch it. But even then, I remember, my Mother's loving thoughtfulness found a way out, and after a few days we came to an arrangement by

which MAUDE was to kiss me on the cheek, so that I ran no risk of infection.

Now that I know how distasteful the alliance would have been to my Mother, I consider it a great blessing—indeed, I sometimes fancy that I can trace in it the hand of Providence—that matters should have turned out as they have.

And I think it also shows this: that, in the selection of a wife, one ought to consult one's Mother. It had always been my habit before taking a step of any importance—and, indeed, in many little things—to take my dear Mother's opinion, and I cannot imagine how I came to propose to MAUDE without doing so. It has certainly been a lesson which I shall not forget throughout my life. To think how near I came to making an irreparable blunder! For I see plainly now how unsuited we should have been to one another. MAUDE, for instance, was fond of all kinds of sports, while I hold them all to be dangerous.

Myself, I like reading good books. MAUDE would scarcely ever read, and then it would only be a trashy novel. MAUDE (as it turned out) has a dreadful temper. I have schooled myself to overcome all passions. Worst of all, MAUDE was only religious when she had a new hat.

My dear Mother has been in the room while I have been writing these lines. She has just laid aside the comforter she is knitting for me, and kissed me Good-night.

And yet, although I clearly realise what a grave mistake the match would have been, still, somehow, try as I may, I cannot bring myself to dislike MAUDE as my Mother tells me I ought, and as I know I ought. It is curious, and I hate myself for it. I imagine now she will marry her cousin, the great hulking, medical student, and I find I cannot dislike her enough to wish this. I hold that the correct definition of the word "gentleman" is "a gentle man." You might search far to find anyone further removed from this description than this cousin of MAUDE's. I will only say that he is as vulgar as his name, which is BOB, and anyone less worthy to marry MAUDE than this loutish fellow, reeking of brute strength and filthy tobacco—this rowdy—I was almost saying this Hooligan—I cannot conceive. The thought that this coarse fellow should marry MAUDE makes me shudder, and now and then I wonder whether I



THE LOST CHORD.

Mr. Simpkin. "OH, MISS MABEL, THIS SCENERY MAKES ME THINK OF A SHAKSPEARIAN PASSAGE."

Miss Mabel. "WHICH?"

Mr. Simpkin. "WELL—ER—I DON'T QUITE REMEMBER!"

could forgive her, to save her from this. If only she had not been so rude at the end. I should mention that she was pretty—in a worldly sort of way.

Well, the facts will not take long to tell.

For some little time—a chance remark or two of MAUDE's gave me the hint—I had had an idea, which I was reluctant to believe, that MAUDE was dissatisfied with my personal appearance. One evening I taxed her with it. At first, she fenced the question, but I kept her to it, and finally she said she thought I was "All right" except for my mouth, and she wondered I did not grow a moustache like BOB's. Also, she wished I would have my hair cut shorter, like BOB's. I was rather nettled at first—although I kept control of myself. I told her that BOB was not at all my ideal of a man, and that, if she liked BOB's mouth and hair, it was a pity she did not have the rest of BOB as well. As for my hair, I did not intend to be like every common fellow you saw in the street. At this she began to shed tears, and said it was a shame, as I had forced her to say it; and then, after being stern for a little, I made it up, declaring that anyhow she had a pretty enough mouth for the two of us, when she did not cry. My Mother afterwards told me I should not have said this, as it was liable to make her vain, and I believe she was right. My Mother was

also most hurt at MAUDE's remark about my mouth: she insisted that it was a fine mouth, and that it gave me character, and that on no account was I to hide it with a moustache. I recollect I had some difficulty in preventing her from writing to MAUDE on the subject. She wished to say that anyhow I had not a face like a doll, and would have gone on to draw attention to her (MAUDE's) Mother's mouth. Dear Mother never got on well with Mrs. SEVIER. She also said she would be seriously displeased if I ever had my hair touched.

Soon after this I got a nasty cough—I am very delicate, and have to wear woollen things all the year round—and, as it had not gone at the end of a week, acting on my mother's advice I went to the South Coast for a month. While there I could not help thinking over MAUDE's suggestion about the moustache, and finally came to the decision that, to please her, I would grow one. It would be as well to let BOB see that I

could do the same as he if I wanted to. In this I was running counter to the wishes of my Mother, and it is quite possible that what happened was a judgment on me. I consulted a barber, and he recommended me a preparation which he declared would be effective, if anything could, in a fortnight.

However, after a fortnight's use, nothing came but a rash, which was very ugly, so I went to the man to complain. While waiting in the shop, my attention was attracted by some sham moustaches on a card. The fancy seized me that I would like to see how I looked in one. So I put one on. It completely altered me. The effect was hideous, and worldly. I was handing the thing back to the man—who, though his opinion had not been asked, had declared impertinently that it was a distinct improvement—when suddenly I thought, No, I would buy it. A joke had struck me. Although naturally of a serious disposition, I am yet fond of an occasional innocent piece of fun—so long as it causes no pain to others, and so long, I would add, as it is really funny. What I object to is the senseless buffoonery that one sees so much of nowadays, when any vulgarity seems to pass for wit. The idea that had occurred to me was this. When next I was to see MAUDE I would wear the false moustache! It would do no harm, I

thought, to let her know that her cousin was not the only one who could make jokes. And it would rid her, once and for all, of her silly wish to see me with a moustache. This would be just as well, seeing that I could not grow one of my own.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL NOTES.

WE have received the following interesting communication from a highly cultivated amateur, whose enthusiasm for music is only equalled by his keen interest in the national pastime:—

"I went the other afternoon to hear R. STRAUSS's *Tone Poem 'Rhodes and Maelrang'*, given by the Queen's Hall team under SAMMY WOOD. The scoring was heavy. The audience missed catching the *motivi* which are not of an Italian nature—such, for instance, as Signor TOSCANI, the Essex composer, indulges in—and owing to a want of activity on the part of the *lunga pausa* or long-stop, there were not a few Lully-byes. The execution of the poem was not altogether faultless. The first clarinet made two short slips, after the last of which I remarked to a gifted critic who sat next to me, 'He was out, Luggin, before.' PAYNE, the leader, made a few runs, mostly chromatic, off his chin-pad, and WOOD was nearly caught at counter-point during the first overture off the HANDEL of his own bâton. The recent performance by the pupils of the Royal College of Music (over which HUBERT PARRY, the celebrated football player and half-back, presides) was most enjoyable, and I hope his students will soon tackle STRAUSS's other famous work, '*Also sprach Gaudensdoper*.' Yours, 'Till Endelspiegel do us part, L. B."

Nothing is more characteristic of the individuality of musicians than their method of spending their holidays. M. PADEREWSKI, who, as is well known, is passionately addicted to agriculture, spent Christmas Day on his estate in Podolia. The chief feature of the entertainment was M. PADEREWSKI's striking impersonation of a Christmas-tree, his luxuriant *chevelure* being arranged to represent the branches, and crowded with fairy lights and presents for the tenants. KIBLIK, who on his marriage

became a Hungarian citizen, spent Christmas learning how to dance the Czardas—the national Magyar dance—to his wife's accompaniment on the *ezimbalom*. Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE has just returned from the Cattegat, where he harpooned nine narwhals, and narrowly missed being capsized by a kraken.

Complaint is often made by composers of the difficulty of finding suitable words for musical setting. To such fastidious persons the recently published

Where she met a swarthy Chilian
(Who was worth at least a million),
And eloped to Guayaquil,
And I wander, jaded, jilted,
Like a primrose that has wilted
On the slopes of Primrose Hill."

Mr. GEORGE MOORE, who was driven out of England by the cruel neglect of theatrical managers, has recently been subjected to a merciless persecution by Italian organ-grinders in Dublin. It is rumoured that the eminent novelist is determined to wreak vengeance on his tormentors by taking up his residence in Italy.

LITTLE TIM PAXUM, the three-year-old Bohemian *Wunderkind*, made his first appearance at Boscombe last Friday in the quadruple capacity of composer, conductor, cantillator and cake-walker. The concert was slightly delayed in order to allow the infantile genius to finish sucking the paint off a purple monkey. On reaching the platform the dear little fellow—he only measures thirteen inches round the waist—assumed the bâton with perfect sangfroid. A hush fell on the hall as the seventy gifted performers intoned the perfect opening bars of the tiny tot's Synthetic Super-Symphony in memory of NIETZSCHE. The applause was tremendous, Boscombe was rent to its very chine, but it was as nothing compared to that which greeted the infinitesimal *cirtuosso* when he proceeded to recite in a rich treble the peroration of "Man's Place in the Universe" (by Dr. A. RUSSEL WALLACE), with *obligato* accompaniment for bombardon. Extricating himself from the embraces of frenzied autograph hunters, tiny TIM PAXUM resolutely took the floor amid a scene of unparalleled confusion, and forced his lilliputian limbs into all the contortions of the most abandoned cake-walk. The performance of this three-year-old marvel will be repeated—teething permitted—next Tuesday. Already every available bed in Boscombe and the neighbourhood is secured, and thousands of enthusiastic amateurs are preparing to sleep on or under billiard tables on the night of the concert.

ERRATUM.—Mr. Punch, remembering that *de mortuis non est disputandum*, hesitates to mention that the poem "A Grave Scandal," attributed in last week's Index to Mr. G. K. MEZIES, was the work of Mr. CYRIL H. BRETHERTON.



DON'T JUDGE TOO MUCH BY APPEARANCES.

LITTLE TIMMINS ISN'T A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER AT ALL; BUT THE ROADS ARE VERY MUDDY, AND HE STRONGLY OBJECTS TO HAVING HIS COLLAR SPLASHED.

volume of poems by Lady FLORENCE BUIGER, *From a Turkish Bath*, should prove a perfect godsend. As a specimen of Lady FLORENCE's rare lyrical gift we quote the haunting lines entitled "Sundered":—

"It was only last September
That we wandered hand in hand
By the ornamental water,
And gave ear unto the band.
'Twas a sweet moreau by DENZA,
But she caught the influenza—
For the autumn air was chill—
And the wise Sir THOMAS BARLOW
Sent her off to Monte Carlo,



UNANSWERABLE.

Pompous Magnate (making speech at public luncheon in provincial town). "SPEAKING OF TRAVEL REMINDS ME HOW GREATLY I HAVE ADMIRER THE SCENERY ROUND LAKE GENEVA, AND ALSO WHAT PLEASANT TIMES I HAVE SPENT IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LAKE LEMAN."

Cultured Neighbour (in audible whisper). "PARDON ME, BUT THE TWO PLACES ARE SYNONYMOUS."

P. M. (patronisingly). "Ah! So you may think, SIR—so you may think! BUT, FROM MY POINT OF VIEW, I CONSIDER LAKE GENEVA TO BE FAR THE MOST SYNONYMOUS OF THE TWO."

A. MUFF.

I WANTED a muff

On an up-to-date scale,
Of some soft fluffy stuff,
With a head and a tail;
So, innocent-hearted I started
To go to a stock-taking sale.

My muscles are tough,
I'm not sickly or pale,
But that shop was enough
To make Hercules quail.
The ladies were gripping and ripping,
Each using her arm like a flail.

My passage was rough,
And as slow as a snail.
In attempting to huff
I was pinned to a bale,
And asked "to mind where I was
pushing"—
By a frowsy and frenzied female.

They ruined my ruff
And twitched off my veil;
The shopman was bluff
When I told him my tale,

And I vowed the next time I played
football
I would wear a costume of chain
mail.

I went home in a huff,
Looking feeble and frail,
Still minus a muff
With a head and a tail—
But my brother politely informed me
I was one, to go to a sale.

O. P. GOSSIP.

WE understand that Mr. TREE has ordered a large consignment of Mr. H. G. WELLS's new cereal, "The Food of the Gods."

The news that the subject of next year's pantomime at Drury Lane is already settled has caused an unusual stir in theatrical circles, and several managers hasten to state that they are not behindhand. The only forthcoming fairy play, however, of which we have received definite information is *Bill*

Psyche the Hoxton Hooligoblin, in which AHMED MADRALLI will play the part of the *Fairy Queen*.

We are in a position to announce that should Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES's new play *Joseph Entangled* prove successful it will be followed by *Balfour Bunkered* and the *Hypheny Twins*.

It is rumoured that Mr. J. M. BARRIE and Captain BASIL HOOD are collaborating in a musical play entitled *Little Mary Andersen*.

The first half-yearly anniversary of the publication of *The Daily Mirror* will be celebrated by a performance by the Carmelite Opera Co. of *Alfred Through the Looking-Glass*.

Taking their Pleasure Sadly.

THE following advertisement appeared in the *Scotsman* :—

SCENES resulting from the MACEDONIAN ATROCITIES displayed by the Modern Marvel Cinematograph, at 3 and 8. (See Amusement Column.)

POPULAR FALLACIES.

NEXT to the habit of searching for hidden specie, nothing is more characteristic of the modern Renaissance of British Energy than the scholarly craving to identify quotations. How significant is the following passage from the *Daily Chronicle* of the 7th instant:

"A discussion has been going on in one of our weekly contemporaries as to the origin of the phrase 'bag and baggage,' it having been suggested that Mr. GLAISTONE invented it during his speech-making campaign against Bulgarian atrocities. It has, of course, been promptly pointed out that the words are SHAKESPEARE'S, coming from *Troilus and Cressida*: 'Let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.'"

Mr. Punch, ever anxious to encourage the arduous pursuit of Learning, has here collated a few similar examples of popular superstition, which he desires to dispel by the 50-radium-power shafts of Terewth.

1. "A Power, not ourselves, that makes for Righteousness."—This remarkable phrase has also been attributed to Mr. GLAISTONE in connection with the Bulgarian atrocities above referred to. He is supposed to have used it as a periphrasis for Holy Russia. Actually, however, the phrase was originally patented, for other uses, by the late Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

2. "Adorable Dreamer!"—It was the same distinguished critic who first employed this form of invocation when apostrophising the University of Oxford. The discovery of its comparatively remote origin has naturally shaken the theory that it was first adopted in the early days of 1904 by Lord ROSEBURY when asked to confirm the report that he had joined a coalition under the leadership of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE.

3. "The flow of soul."—This luminous expression was supposed to have been invented by Sir OLIVER LODGE in a recent lecture on the possibilities of establishing communication with departed spirits. The passage in which it originally occurs has now been unearthed, and from the context, "The feast of reason," it is clear that the author, a Mr. PORE, employed it with a totally different signification.

4. "Full many a gem of purest ray."—A similar discussion in the sphere of metaphysics has been the cause of another literary error, by which the above phrase has been attributed to an admirer of the correspondence lately contributed to the *Times* by Professor RAY LANKESTER. Careful investigation has revealed the fact that these words were originally composed in a churchyard at Stoke by Mr. GRAY some ninety-six summers before the learned Pro-

fessor assumed his notorious Christian name.

5. "The terrors of his beak."—The same poet invented this phrase in reference to the Eagle of Jove. This discovery disposes of the popular belief that it was originally applied to Mr. PLOWDEN by a poetic constable attached to the Marylebone Police Court.

6. "The Passionate Shepherd."—It now transpires that it is to CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE and not Mr. JESSE COLLINGS that this exquisite headline must be ascribed. The actual title of Mr. JESSE COLLINGS' tribute of adoration to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was as follows: *The Passionate Coucherd to his Love*. His indebtedness to MARLOWE is, however, obvious and beyond repudiation.

7. "Thalassa! Thalassa!"—This remark has now been identified as originating with a certain Greek War Correspondent of the name of XESOPHON, who first used it in a work entitled *The Anabasis*. Lord CREWSON's expression "To Lhasa! To Lhasa!" is therefore proved to be clearly derivative rather than original, as generally supposed. It is to the Regius Professor of Greek at the University of Sikkim that we are indebted for this scholarly correction.

8. "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."—Mr. WANKLYN has not been allowed to enjoy for very long the distinction of inventing this phrase to describe the possible progress of Mr. HAROLD COX to the Bradford poll. It has been shown by a member of the Cobden Club that the phrase has nothing to do with political candidature, having been invented by Lord BYRON, whose position as a Peer precluded him from taking any share in Parliamentary elections.

9. "To 'cap' a man."—The recently published *Crewey Papers* have thrown aflood of light upon the origin of a phrase which was wrongly supposed to have been first employed at the Universities in the Early Victorian Period. It appears that one of BLÜCHER's subordinates, by name WELLINGTON, had acquired an external coating of polish from the French, who always made a habit of taking off their headpieces to the enemy before charging; and that, in conveying an order, at the Battle of Waterloo, to one of the few surviving British regiments, he made use of the remarkable phrase: "Hup! Guards! and hat 'em!"

10. "They have their exits."—This statement, being part of an observation made to an interviewer by a member of the L.C.C. (the rest of it running as follows: "but in case of a fire they would probably be bolted"), was supposed to be original: but it has now

been traced to WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE by the indignant proprietor of the Elephantodrome. O. S.

CHARIVARIA.

WE have often heard it said that British Sport is in a bad way, but we trust the case is not as desperate as the following extract from an advertisement would have us believe:—

OLYMPIA.

"A COLOSSAL EXPOSITION OF BRITISH SPORT."

GEORGE HACKENSCHMIDT, THE RUSSIAN LION.	
HACKENSCHMIDT.	HACKENSCHMIDT.
HACKENSCHMIDT.	HACKENSCHMIDT.

A German Socialist editor has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for *lèse majesté* for stating that the German EMPEROR received £2,000 daily for appending his signature to documents. We had no idea the amount was larger.

The sensational announcement which has been made to the effect that Professor PANCOAST, of the University of Pennsylvania, who has been conducting the bleaching experiments with the X rays, is already prepared to fit up negroes with permanent white collars and shirt fronts, is premature, and calculated to cause widespread disappointment.

We are glad to hear that our old friend the Zoo is as popular as ever. The new Ape House, we are informed, now contains a Gibbon, an Orang, and three fine Chimpanzees, and is daily crowded with small boys.

It is reported, by the way, that the Gibbon is engaged on a history of the establishment.

"Do we save enough?" gaily asks the placard of a penny paper. This suggestion that we should take care of our pennies comes with admirable force from such a quarter.

Messrs. JOHN ALLAN & Co. have published what we take to be a compendium of the political speeches of the past twelve months. It is entitled, *The "Gas World" Year Book, 1904*.

It speaks volumes for the stolid indifference to danger of the average British merchant that, although the other day an office boy attacked his employer with an axe, only an extremely small proportion of City men are insisting on having their clerks searched before settling down to work.

It is said, however, that in some



THE CHAMBERLAIN ORCHIDSTRA.

[The first meeting of the new Tariff "Commission" is fixed for January 15.]

establishments there may now be seen, hanging up, a neatly printed notice, consisting of the following words:—

ALL HATCHETS

MUST BE LEFT IN THE OUTER OFFICE.

It has always been the Englishman's pride that no section of the public is denied protective legislation. A Pistols Act has now been passed in the interests of our burglars.

Even in Servia a certain number of persons were horrified at the recent regicide. These are said to be now plotting to kill the present King.

It is rather annoying to learn from a Russian newspaper that, even if our expedition reaches Lhassa, the revolt of the Lama and his followers against British oppression will end by bringing Thibet into the Russian sphere of influence. It would have been more friendly of the *Peterburgskiya Vyedomosti* if it had pointed this out to us before we had gone to considerable expense in the matter.

Reuter reports that the tents of the British troops in Thibet are daily surrounded by crowds of admiring natives, and it is rumoured that our War Office, which is rapidly acquiring business habits, has telegraphed out that in future a charge of so much a head is to be demanded of all sightseers.

The beauties of Mid-Devon are well known. This veritable Garden of Eden is now represented by EVE.

"The EVE of Dissolution" is what the Radicals are calling the new Member.

If we are to believe *Pearson's Magazine* this is to be a leap year with a vengeance. The current number contains an announcement that all contributions for a Short Story Prize Competition must be sent in by February 31.

A disgraceful attempt is being made to get Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON to start again. The *Daily Mail* declares that a Mr. HARRY HEMS, of Exeter, has written upwards of four thousand letters to the press since 1868, by the side of which Mr. ASHTON'S 500 fade into insignificance. No words of ours can express our indignation at a responsible newspaper thus tempting Mr. ASHTON to break a solemnly-made promise.

The *Rand Daily Mail* of December 11, in recording the constitution of the new Town Council of Johannesburg, says,



NATURAL HISTORY.

Eva. "MOTHER SAYS I'M DESCENDED FROM MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS."

Tom (her brother). "SO AM I THEN."

Eva. "DON'T BE SILLY, TOM. YOU CAN'T BE—YOU'RE A BOY!"

without comment or italics (the italics being a gloss of our own):—

"The character of the Council may be judged from the fact that it consists of six merchants, five directors of companies, two managers of companies, two stockbrokers, two solicitors, two architects, two labour representatives, two builders, one land owner, one mine owner, one administrator of mines, one accountant, one land surveyor, one speculator, and one gentleman."

But what is one among so many?

CHAT FROM CHATSWORTH.—At the excellent amateur performance got up for the amusement of their MAJESTIES by the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, last Thursday, it

will be noticed by many a London professional Manager that in this distinguished, decorative and splendidly decorated audience, hardly one among "the house party" came in *without an order!* This, indeed, was a practical lesson in Free Trade. No question, as in former days, of "orders not admitted after seven." No mention of "Free List suspended." It is a noble example as set by His Grace the DUKE, but whether it will be followed by Sir HENRY IRVING (on his return), and by MESSRS. BEERBOHM TREE, GEORGE ALEXANDER, and CYRIL MAUDE, remains to be seen.

THE UBIQUITOUS GORDONS AND THE INIQUITOUS CLUBBOCKS.

(A suggestion for Chapter One of the projected Serial in Mr. W. T. Stead's new Journal.)

Introduction.—Just seen Preliminary Announcement in *The Daily Paper* of Great Historical Serial Romance of the World's Life, which is "to vitalise the idea of the National Life, and clothe the skeleton outline of facts recorded from day to day, by telegram or otherwise, in the daily papers with the living, throbbing flesh and blood of an actual human interest."

Central idea appears to be to have groups of characters: some "White Knights," who are to be "more or less idealised portraits of actual representatives of the good causes and progressive movements of our time" (and, of course, no connections of the *White Knight* in "*Aliee*"); "Black Knights," representing "the elements of self-indulgence, cynicism, pessimism, Jingoism," &c.; and "Grey Knights," who are to be "mixed characters." These groups to be distributed between two families; most of the White Knights "members of the family of Lord GORDON of Rockstone"; Black Knights, "largely of the kith and kin of RICHARD CLUBBOCK." When "once the story gets started, it will never end," and "nothing will happen on the surface of this planet that is of sufficient interest to occupy space in the newspapers in which either one or other member of these ubiquitous families will not be quite in the heart of things." The aim being to bring the great World-Drama home to "the Sempstress, the Shopman, the Artisan, and the common-place unimaginative Middle-class."

Sounds magnificent. Unfortunately the Editor despairs of finding the "Journalist-Novelist or Novelist-Journalist" capable of carrying out the conception. Seems to think he may have to evolve him. But is that necessary? May there not be some among us who already possess the necessary qualifications? Why not try my hand at the opening Chapter—just to start the thing? All I have to do is to select a few items of interest from columns of daily paper, string them on to a thread of story which will thrill the Sempstress and the Artisan—and the thing's done. So here goes:—

CHAPTER THE FIRST

"But surely, Sir RICHARD," pleaded Lord GORDON of Rockstone, his noble features flushed with generous enthusiasm as he addressed the head of the house of CLUBBOCK (better make RICHARD a Baronet—baronets always bad in Sempstresses' fiction). "Surely you sympathise with such a cause as mine—a cause which is to"—(Shall leave details to be filled in by Mr. STEAD; not quite sure which particular cause he would prefer Lord GORDON to champion).

The Baronet's mean and malignant countenance was convulsed by a Satanic sneer as he gave vent to sentiments respecting the cause in question of so appallingly cynical, pessimistic, and Jingoistic a character that it is impossible to record them in a paper intended for the Home!

"I desire to live in charity with even the lowest of my fellow creatures," said Lord GORDON, with great self-control, "but I feel compelled to remark that such utterances as yours, Sir RICHARD, would be repudiated with horror by the most unmitigated fiend that ever—"

Ere he could conclude the sentence, Sir RICHARD, with a stifled imprecation, felled him to earth.

"I do not intend to hit you back again," said the high-minded nobleman, as he lay prostrate on the priceless Kidderminster carpet. "I shall take it lying down, and, while lying down, I shall be thinking out how I can but do you a good turn!"

[This opening gives the keynote, and as Lord GORDON's last

sentences are founded on a leader in "*The Daily Paper*," they ought to be all right. Now we come to business. First item on my list is a cable stating that "a mobile column has just started to intercept the Somali Mullah, who has declined to come to terms."]

At the same moment, in happy unconsciousness of the unmerited indignity that was being endured by his revered and noble parent, Major the Hon. GRANDISON GORDON, V.C., D.S.O., was superintending the departure of a column across the trackless wilds of a West African desert.

"A gallant force," he said to one of his subalterns; "but shall we succeed in intercepting this Mullah? His strategic genius and consummate skill in evading pursuit are truly phenomenal in a mere native!"

"They say, Sir," said the sub, as he saluted respectfully, "that the Johnny has European blood in him—that his maternal grandfather, in fact, was a renegade Englishman."

"Indeed?" said GRANDISON, with some surprise. "And his name?—Heard you that?"

"I was told it, Sir, but it has escaped me—it was JASPER something—ah, I remember now—JASPER CLUBBOCK."

GRANDISON recalled the name as that of a notorious great uncle of Sir RICHARD's who, after doing his utmost to wreck the fortunes of the House of Rockstone, had fled to the Sahara two generations back, and was reported to have embraced the Mohammedan faith. And so the family feud was destined to be carried on, even in these remote regions! There was something strangely sobering in the thought.

[Here's a striking incident at a Christmas dinner to a thousand aged poor which might be brought in somehow.]

But now we must transport the gentle reader back to a vastly different scene. Never had the stately walls of the Croydon Corn Exchange contained a happier, brighter assemblage than the thousand old and deserving poor who were being regaled beneath its historic roof upon a sumptuous collation. Foremost as ever in all good works, like most female members of the great house of Rockstone, the Hon. GISELDA GORDON (don't know whether Lord GORDON is a Baron—but if not, perhaps Mr. STEAD will see that she gets her proper title) was carrying plates of plum-pudding with her own fair hands to the recipients, who seemed positively overwhelmed by her condescension.

Noticing that tears were trickling down the furrowed cheeks of an elderly individual who had just received a second helping, GISELDA gently inquired whether he was dissatisfied with the amount.

"It is not that," was the reply, "but I could not but think of the contrast between my present position and the happy days, now gone for ever, when I built a church at Upper Clapton!"

"And to what," asked the girl, "do you attribute the change in your fortunes?"

"To what?" repeated the old man, as his eyes glowed with sombre fire, "Why, to the diabolical cunning of that double-dyed hypocrite and black-hearted scoundrel, URRAN CLUBBOCK!"

Despite the warmth of the temperature in the hall, a cold chill struck to GISELDA's very heart as she heard the name. Could she go *nowhere* without finding some fresh instance of the sinister influence of these baleful CLUBBOCKS?

[What fact shall I take next? Here's a case of shop-lifting in the Police Reports—might involve a Miss SAPHIRA CLUBBOCK in it—perhaps hardly of sufficient interest, though. Let's see if I can't combine two pars—one on the "high price of living at Johannesburg," the other on a "revival in the boot-trade." Think I see my way.]

Little did GISELDA dream that, while she was engaged in this philanthropic employment, her favourite brother, the Hon. GALAHAD GORDON, was standing in the glaring main street of Johannesburg, ruefully regarding his last sovereign.



QUANTITY, NOT QUALITY.

English Angler, having discovered there are two sorts of Whisky at the Inn (best at 6d., second best at 3d.), orders a glass each of the Sixpenny.

Gillie (in a whisper to the Maid as she passes). "MAKE MINE TWA O' THE THREEPENNY!"

"A sovereign only lasts five minutes here!" he meditated sadly. "And yet I have a strange longing for a little bit of chicken. If I could but obtain one at a reasonable figure!" And, with this intention, he entered a General Store of enticing appearance. But scarcely a minute elapsed before he staggered out into the South African sunshine. "Eight-and-sixpence for a fowl!" he gasped, as he sat down heavily on a convenient stoep. "Is it possible that any man with a human heart in his bosom can be capable of such extortion?"

And then his eye fell on the bloated letters which glittered gaudily above the shop-front, and he ceased to marvel. For the name they spelt was JOSHUA CLUBBOK! Was it mere coincidence that had thus brought him in contact with a member of the family to whom he never remembered hearing his honoured father allude but in terms of the utmost loathing and abhorrence? To distract his thoughts he drew from his pocket a London paper, and as he read the tidings it contained, his face shone with sudden joy. It told him that the black cloud of depression which had so long overhung the boot and shoe trade of his native Northampton (if Lord GORDON's family-seat is not at Northampton, perhaps Mr. S. would not mind making it so?) was lifting—lifting at last! Ah! the unspeakable, the overpowering relief of it! . . .

[Haven't brought in nearly all the news yet. There are fiscal facts—but perhaps safer to leave Mr. CHAMBERLAIN out of it till I'm quite sure whether he's to be a GORDON or a CLUBBOK. Then there's a statement that "The Tzar is learning the Banjo," a collision between two cable-steamers, and a breakdown on the District Railway—and a GORDON and a CLUBBOK has to be quite in the heart of it all! . . . Not so easy as I

thought. Can't help feeling myself that the story doesn't seem to get on somehow—general effect a little jumpy. However, I can't help that—I've done my best; not MY fault if there are more skeleton outlines than I've time to find throbbing flesh and blood for. And I think Mr. STEAD will admit that I've kept strictly to the Rules of the Game.] F. A.

PICKY BACK.

(Being the Fifth Passage from the re-incarnation of Picklock Holes.)

THE STORY OF THE PRINCESS.

I OUGHT to have mentioned before that in my lodgings in Baker Street, of which, as I said, the price is £2 a week (lights not included), I possess a heavy accumulation of note-books dealing with the marvellous exploits and super-human career of the most phenomenal detective known to this or any other age. These I propose to publish in various forms from time to time for the benefit of the public which has been good enough to interest itself in my beloved but austere friend's immortal achievements. There will be in the first place a series of ten volumes on "HOLES as a Man." These will be followed after a short interval by twenty of a similar size on the subject of "HOLES in Relation to the Creation of the World," and the matter will be, temporarily at least, concluded by the issue of twelve quarto volumes entitled "Radium: is it HOLES?" When I shall have completed these I shall be able to contemplate with satisfaction my humble share in the epoch-making events

which it is my duty to chronicle. I can promise the public that in absorbing interest no less than in the virile graces of a breezy literary style not one of these entrancing volumes will fall short in any degree of the high standard which, out of a regard for the imperishable memory of HOLES, I have consistently set for myself.

We were sitting one morning in the aforesaid lodgings, little recking of the prodigious occurrences which were even then impending over our heads. There had been a lull in the criminality of the United Kingdom. In fact, the steadily decreasing average of murders and the almost complete cessation of industry in the matter of burglaries and arsons had been causing serious disquiet to the statesmen then at the head of the government of the country. Frauds, embezzlements and mysterious disappearances, to be sure, had maintained themselves more or less at the accustomed level, but even in this department, if you applied the test of volume rather than of values, there were suspicious signs which could not fail to produce uneasiness in the minds of those who refused any longer to be hide-bound by the musty shibboleths of the discredited Scotland Yard school of investigators. HOLES, whose courage even in the midst of these depressing circumstances had never flagged for a moment, and whose serenity of temper and marvellous resourcefulness had endeared him more than ever to the select circle of his intimate friends, did not, of course, conceal from me the extreme gravity of the outlook so far as the criminal production of the country was concerned.

"Potson," he used to say to me, "something will have to be done. We cannot afford to rely for ever on our past. What is the use of talking about GREENACRE, DICK TURPIN, the MANNINGS, PALMER, SWEENEY TOD and THREE-FINGERED JACK! They're dead, friend POTSON, dead and gone, and they've left no successors. France is creeping up to us—the decennial averages prove it—Germany is even now ahead of us, and America is dumping many of her best and most highly finished criminals upon our markets. I ask you, are we to take it lying down?"

To such a question, I admit, I had no answer ready at the moment, nor, had I possessed one, should I have ventured to offer it, for PICKLOCK HOLES was a man not easily diverted from any course on which he had set his heart, and I always judged it better not to affront him needlessly when once I saw that he had made up his mind.

Well, as I say, we were sitting in my rooms in Baker Street. HOLES had his steely eyes intently fixed on a coffee-stain made by me on the table-cloth that morning, and from certain curt interjectional remarks which had been falling from his thin tightly-closed lips I gathered that he was deducing from it by his own unsurpassable methods a widely ramified and diabolical plot on the part of Russian emissaries to assassinate the Mikado of JAPAN. Before, however, he had time to complete the steps of his process and to bring the infamous crime home to the chief of the Russian police, the door of our sitting-room was softly opened and a young girl, tastefully dressed in a short skirt and an ordinary shirt waist with hat to match, stepped, or, I should rather say, sidled into the room. Casting a look full of meaning at HOLES, she subsided into a chair and remained silent, while HOLES, upon whom her arrival had already made a marked impression, half rose from his chair and then resumed his former sitting posture.

"Mr. HOLES," she said at length in a voice of peculiar sweetness, "do you know me?"

"You should not ask such a question, Miss," I interrupted; "PICKLOCK HOLES knows everybody."

"Tush, POTSON," muttered HOLES with some severity. Then, turning to our visitor, he continued, "Proceed, Miss, your melancholy story is not unknown to me."

"In that case I need only tell you, since you know that

they are all deeply in love with me, that *he*"—there was a world of meaning in her utterance of the word—"has followed me hither, and is at this moment in Baker Street."

"POTSON," said HOLES, drawing his chair closer to that of the girl, who still kept her eyes riveted on his, "go outside and deal with this man as I would have him dealt with."

I obeyed, and having passed out through the front door I found a thickly-built and ill-favoured ruffian whistling an operatic air on our door-step. To accost him, to see that he was a more powerful man than myself, to take him to the nearest public-house, and to stand him a cold whisky—all this was the work of a moment. When I returned to the sitting-room HOLES seemed visibly annoyed at my entrance, and even more so at the account I gave of my doings.

"Oh, POTSON, POTSON," he exclaimed, "will you never learn? Forgive me, Miss, I must leave you for a moment. Come, POTSON, and see how the thing ought to be done." Then, having bowed politely to the young lady, he took me with him out of the room.

The burly ruffian was no longer on the door-step, but a rapid deductive calculation and a look up the street revealed him to us about a hundred yards away. HOLES was after him in a moment. In the brisk fight that ensued the girl's persecutor was severely mauled, while the only damage inflicted on HOLES was that a random blow of his opponent's managed to entirely and without redemption split one of my austere friend's best infinitives. We then returned to our home. Alas, the young lady was gone, gone like a beautiful dream—and so were all my best silver spoons, the tea-pot presented to me by the Imaum of KASHMIR, and a massive silver-gilt epergne once the property of GALEN, and much valued by me on that account.

I turned to HOLES for an explanation. His face was quite calm.

"The poor PRINCESS," he said, "is now in safety. Heaven help her. Hers has been a terrible story. Forgive me, POTSON, but it had to be."

"HOLES," I murmured reverentially, "you were never greater and more generous than you are at this moment."

THE FATAL MOUSTACHE.

II.

I WELL recollect my next meeting with MAUDE. It was a Saturday evening, and I fixed the moustache on while waiting on the steps of the house. The servant stared rudely when she opened the door. I was shown into the drawing-room as usual. They were all there, Mrs. SEVIER and MAUDE, and FLO and EFFIE. Mrs. SEVIER at first did not recognise me, though she put up her lorgnettes, but MAUDE said at once, "Why, it's CYRIL with a moustache. What an improvement!" and the others echoed, "Why, yes, what an improvement!" Then, before I could explain, MAUDE rushed me into the little study, and I had never known her so affectionate before. She told me I could have no idea how pleased she was that I had made a little sacrifice for her: she knew that I myself did not want to grow the moustache, but that I had done it for her sake. She declared that it had entirely changed me, and that she loved me more than she had ever loved me before. No one now, she said, could call me ugly. (So they had! Master BOB, I doubt not.) "Luckily I have not sent out the photos yet," she went on; "we must be done again," and she took down the large cabinet photo of myself from the mantelpiece, looked at it, laughed at it, and threw it into the fire. "I really don't know how I could have accepted you before," she said. "Why, even you must acknowledge that you were ugly then," and, without waiting for an answer, she kissed me,

and declared she liked the way it tickled immensely.

After that, what was I to do? The way she was taking it was most disconcerting. It was so very different from what I had imagined. It was weak of me, but I felt I must not undeceive her yet. I had not the heart to rob her of an innocent pleasure. Besides, her new mood was so pleasant. I would wait a little.

So, from that day, to my shame—and ultimate confusion—I began to lead a double life. To the world at large I was clean-shaven; to MAUDE I was moustached. I need scarcely say that to a man of my temperament—brought up as I had been—the deception was peculiarly painful. And, on the top of that, there was the growing fear lest I should be found out. The strain soon began to tell on me, so that I wonder my dear Mother did not notice it. Once, actually, I met Mrs. SEVIER in Oxford Street. I hurried by without saying a word, and she did not recognise me. In the evening I had the mortification of hearing her tell MAUDE that she had seen a man exactly like I used to be, only with a nastier expression. This did not make things easier for me.

Every day I intended to tell MAUDE, and every day I put it off to the next. It was so difficult. She was so evidently proud of me now—prouder than she had ever been. She seemed quite different from what she used to be. I did not care to interfere with her happiness. Soon a date was fixed for the wedding, and she had actually almost agreed to our living with Mother, so that she (Mother) could look after us both. She had said anyhow we could try it for a little. Meanwhile I had made up my mind that I would tell her after the wedding.

Then the end came—quite suddenly.

I had brought her a little present of a piece of jewellery that evening. On such occasions she was always especially affectionate. She flung her arms round my neck, and kissed me very, very fondly. That must have loosened it. Later in the evening—she was absurdly childish at times—she began to turn the ends up. I begged her to desist, for I saw what it might lead to, but no, she was obstinate. There may have been a slight struggle. Anyhow, suddenly my mouth felt cold, and the moustache came away in her hand. With a little shriek she let it fall. We both watched the thing as with cruel slowness it flickered to the ground.

I do not propose to reproduce the scene that followed. I am ashamed to say that MAUDE forgot herself. She was rude to me.



THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY.

Motor Crank (in dark-tinted spectacles). "JUST BEEN CANVASSING. THINGS ARE LOOKING VERY BLACK IN THE COUNTRY."

Lady. "OH, BUT WHY DON'T YOU TRY PINK GOGGLES?"

The next morning there arrived a quite unnecessary letter from Mrs. SEVIER. Later, the moustache came back in an envelope, with the words "You left this yesterday," written in the flap.

Those are the facts.

My Mother has just been down, in her dressing-gown, to remind me to take my drops before I go to bed. Dear Mother! That is just like her. She is always thinking of me. Perhaps, after all, I am better with her to watch over

me. I should certainly have forgotten the drops.

Mother asks me particularly to mention that she is delighted the match is off. And I myself think I should have been sorry to be tied to a person with such a horrid temper. I am nearly sure of it.

Still, I am not quite certain that marriage with her cousin will not be too severe a punishment. Yet, perhaps it may be a lesson to MAUDE, and teach her not to forget herself.



PRECAUTION.

"PENNY CIGAR, AN' A PENNY 'EADACHE POWDER!'"

THE M.C.C. JOURNALISTS IN AUSTRALIA.

["A peculiarity of the present English cricketing combination on tour in Australia is the number of its members who are also acting as Press correspondents. Fully half of the team appear to be 'supplementing their incomes' in this fashion."—*Daily Chronicle*, Jan. 7, 1904.]

MR. WARNER'S merry men occasionally refresh themselves with a game of cricket—indeed, on two separate occasions, they met and defeated a representative Australian eleven—but such

frivolities are not allowed to interfere with their proper journalistic labours.

Probably no stronger team of ready writers has ever visited antipodean shores, and there is not a man among them who is not in form. WARNER'S skill with the pen has always been extraordinary. His up and down strokes are alike brilliant, and he dips into the ink with amazing rapidity. BOSANQUET writes with his head, keeping a good length. RHODES has a way of dropping short sentences now and then which is very puzzling to the reader. Some of

his curly ones are irresistible. HIRST holds his pen loosely, and steps out to the long words with terrible effect. LILLEY has a marked tendency to euphuism—perhaps hereditary.

A few specimens of the team's recent work, describing one of their digressions into the cricket field, all culled from current issues of their respective journals, may be interesting:—

MR. WARNER, writing in the *Westminster Gazette*, says that FIELDER'S treatment of the Bendigo boys was "beyond praise." He showed himself more than ever a "sterling bowler."

MR. BOSANQUET, writing in the *St. James's Gazette*, refers to HAYWARD'S Bendigo innings as a "tip-topper." "It is doubtful," he adds, "if a better innings was ever played."

MR. FOSTER, writing in the *Jermyn Street Gazette*, deprecates praise of his own great innings. All the while, he says, he was "longing to get back to his desk and telegraph forms."

LILLEY, writing in the *Warwickshire Clarion*, joins in the chorus of eulogy of Mr. FOSTER'S innings. "It was great," are his graphic words.

KNIGHT, in an interesting letter to the *Leicester Lynx*, remarks on the climate of Australia. It is, he says, "hotter than home for the most part, but sometimes not so hot."

HAYWARD, writing to the *Oval Oracle*, speaks enthusiastically of Mr. WARNER'S captaincy. "A little bit of all right," he calls it, in a vivid phrase.

ARNOLD, who acts as correspondent of the *Worcester Sauce-bottle*, is struck by the likeness of the Australian men and women to those of his own country. "They are unmistakably of the old stock," he writes.

RHODES has a similar comment in the *Bramall-Lane Advertiser*. He also speaks of Mr. FOSTER'S great innings as "immense."

RELF, writing in *Sussex Snippets*, paints the rigours of the voyage with much feeling. "We were all in the pavilion most of the time," he says. "They had forgotten to put the heavy roller over the sea."

TYLDESLEY, in the *Old Trafford Times*, refers to Mr. FOSTER'S great innings. "Three or four other innings like it," he writes, "and the other side would have had less of a look-in than they had."

STRUPWICK, writing in *W.G.'s Weekly*, points out that the grass on Australian pitches might be growing in England, "so little difference is there in the colour and size of the blades."

From these extracts it will be seen that, whether or not the M.C.C. team brings back the "ashes," English journalism is gaining some valuable and industrious recruits.



THE EDGE OF THE STORM.

BRITANNIA (*Owner of Yacht, to CAPTAIN ARTHUR BELFRAGE*). "WOULD IT BE INTERRUPTING YOU TO ASK IF WE ARE AS WELL PREPARED AS USUAL?"

EMOLLIENTS FOR MILLIONAIRES.

AMERICAN STYLE.

II.

THE scene is a small room in Mr. PONTIUS WATTLE's slightly palatial dwelling. On the table a few books, arranged with resolute carelessness. A bulbous portrait of Mr. WATTLE, who is pointing with demonstrative forefinger to the blue-print of a mine, hangs over the fireplace. BUFFIN throws open the door and announces to the empty room, "Mr. MARCEL TORLISK." Mr. TORLISK enters as unconsciously as if surrounded by a hundred eyes, of whose gaze a high self-respect bade him seem unaware. He walks straight to the table, takes up a book, and on seeing the author's name puts it down with a restrained yelp. He stands before the fire and takes out his watch. Mr. WATTLE appears in the doorway and looks inquiringly at Mr. TORLISK.

Mr. Wattle. Have a chair, young man. What can I do for you to-day?

Mr. Torlisk. Nothing for me, nothing for me, Mr. WATTLE. It is I who minister to you. I come from Mrs. CAY.

Mr. W. O, to be sure. And what may your line be? I've seen so many of you fellows, I'm getting rather mixed.

Mr. T. At the request of Mrs. CAY I have come to talk to you for five or ten minutes about pictures, in which your house does not seem to abound.

Mr. W. Fire away, young man.

Mr. T. You wish to buy a few paintings, I believe?

Mr. W. Sure!

Mr. T. Ah! . . . Well, the usual thing—and I employ this expression in neither an eulogistic nor a dyslogistic sense—the usual thing for an American millionaire is to be guilty of Schreyerei.

Mr. W. Steady, there. Let's have your notions without the tinfoil.

Mr. T. I mean, to buy a painting by SCHREYER.

Mr. W. Yes, I've heard he *does* have the call.

Mr. T. And then a picture by MONET. Now, don't misunderstand me. I'm not classing SCHREYER and MONET together—not for a minute. Tired as I am of the ordinary stereotyped Monet, I yield to none in my admiration for parts of his work. For example, take some among his paintings of London fog, masterpieces little known and less appreciated. If you have set your heart on one of these, I shan't say no.

Mr. W. (with resignation). No, I guess you'd say a lot more than that.

Mr. T. Pardon? . . . As I was saying, have your Monet, if you must, have your Schreyer, have even your Ziem, but . . .



BEAU NASH AND THE FOREIGN INTRUDER IN THE "PUMP ROOM."

DISGUST OF BONE-ASH (CALCIUM PHOSPHATE) ON FINDING THAT THE LITTLE PARVENU UPSTART, MONSIEUR RADIIUM (DISCOVERED BY MADAME CURIE) IS ALSO PRESENT IN THE THERMAL SPRINGS OF BATH—IN SPITE OF THE MOST STRINGENT AND EXCLUSIVE RULES TOO!

[“The Hon. R. J. STURTT has detected the presence of radium in the waters of Bath.” “The reason why the presence of radium is easily detected in spite of the smallness of the proportion present, is that the tests are so exceedingly sensitive.” “Calcium is predominant in the thermal springs of Bath.”—*Daily Papers*.]

Here Mr. TORLISK, breaking off, looks upon Mr. WATTLE, and smiles as one who would make his face subtly suggestive of great things.

Mr. T. Mr. WATTLE, have you ever considered the ground-floor aspect of art?

Mr. WATTLE gazes dejectedly about the room, as if faintly hoping to find an answer to the puzzle.

Mr. T. Have you ever thought of the fascination, the honour, the glory of dealing in æsthetic futures? . . . You see I adapt my language to your understanding . . . Do I, may I, hope you find my mysterious excitement a little—O, *si peu*—contagious?

Mr. W. (after he has spat accurately into the fire). Young man, I don't catch your drift.

Mr. T. Be careful what you say! You may chill me! Listen. Many years ago a young man named CLAUDE MONET was unknown, unregarded, unbought, unsought. No picture of his hung on the walls of the rich, no . . .

Mr. W. Wa'n't he born yet?

Mr. T. Sh! . . . No picture by him

. . . There, that phrase has escaped me. Let us pass on . . . And in those days a connoisseur, one skilled to know beauty in its bud, began to buy the pictures of MONET and of MONET's friends. He bought those pictures cheap, he kept them long, he sold them—those he cared to sell—high, very high. Mr. WATTLE, Mr. WATTLE, you can, if you will, imitate that man and gain his fame.

Mr. W. Well, you find a Monet cheap and I'll buy it. Cheapness no bar.

Mr. T. No, no. I mean this. There are in the world, at this moment, painters who are not yet the fashion, but who will be before a great while, as any competent appreciator will tell you. Men like PUTZ and LUCIEN PISSARO, who will have the vogue, whom even the public will call great, in twenty years. Buy them now, when they can be bought at a fair price, and in twenty years you will be known as a patron of art.

Mr. W. They ain't Americans? You're sure?

Mr. T. Americans! Do you suppose me capable of asking an American

millionaire to buy American paintings? My dear Sir, I take umbrages at that.

Mr. W. Well, I don't know, after all. I'm not sure as I'd mind giving our boys a show. And there'd be no duty to pay on their stuff.

Mr. T. Really? Your unconventionality will carry you to such lengths? For years, Mr. WATTLE, I've been in search of a millionaire like you. Why, I'll make you immortal!

Mr. W. Humph! I reckon I could name a certain gold mine that's done that already.

Mr. WATTLE moves his cigar along his mouth, without the aid of his hands, from corner to corner.

Mr. W. Young man, when you began to talk I wondered why Mrs. CAY sent such queer cattle here. But you're not so bad. Your idea is to have me buy some things by these fellows and then sit on my purchase?

Mr. T. In essentials, yes, that is my suggestion.

Mr. W. And in twenty years I'm to be known as a patron of art?

Mr. T. As one of our foremost patrons of art, Mr. WATTLE.

Mr. W. Very good. I'll think it over. Meanwhile, I'll take an instalment of my reputation. Go and buy me something that's not too far ahead of the push. Sorry to have you leave.

(To be continued.)

AZURE PROSPECTS.

A SELF-STYLED "chromoscopist" foretells that 1904 will be a blue year (as if 1903 wasn't blue enough!) At least, the colours of success will be the deep blue tones, such as royal blue and cornflower blue, without going into the lighter or the darker shades. Mr. *Punch's* Own Obscurantist has therefore prepared the following forecast, month by month:—

January.—If the thermometer is below freezing-point, noses, and also fingers, will be blue. A blue-blooded aristocrat will gain the hand of a rich American heiress.

February.—Blue-eyed young ladies will receive much attention about the middle of this month from susceptible bachelors, spring poets, artists and others. Dairywomen will reap some temporary advantage from the sale of sky-blue milk.

March.—Some stir may be expected in political circles, and true-blue Conservatives, who are anxious to make up their minds on the Fiscal Question, will be deeply immersed in Blue Books. Cheese will be exceptionally blue at this juncture. The Boat Race will result in

a victory for one of the contestants, though subsequent encounters this year between the rival Blues will probably end in draws, neither the light nor the dark shades portending success.

April.—Will be remarkable for the appearance of blue sky between the showers. Christ's Hospital boys will wear their accustomed uniform, and the same prediction holds good of the Royal Horse Guards, policemen, and members of His Majesty's Navy.

May.—Bluebells may be looked for in almost all the wooded parts of the country. Many blue tits also will be observed throughout the length and breadth of the land, engaged in nesting operations.

June. A large consumption by washerwomen of a well-known commodity may safely be relied upon during this month. Several engagements are in prospect for the various Blue Hungarian Bands in London and elsewhere.

July. Will be a good season for blue butterflies. Many blue-bottles will delight the householder with their merry buzz and friendly little ways.

August.—The sea, with the kind co-

operation of the Clerk of the Weather, will be of a deep blue colour in parts. Peacocks' tails will exhibit the same phenomenon.

September.—A large number of holiday-makers will "blue" their money on the Continent, and persons of linguistic ability will return with their vocabulary enriched by such expressions as "Parbleu," "Ventrebleu!" and the like. The air will thus be blue on occasion.

October.—Will mark the reassembling of "blue-stockings" at the respective ladies' colleges. Tootallers will be distinguished by a piece of blue ribbon in the coat-lapel.

November. Turquoises may now be worn with success by the wives of the well-to-do who possess these jewels. Much blue china will be in evidence in the cabinets of connoisseurs of this article. Many blue devils will arise from the London fog.

December. The favourite pantomime will be *Bluebeard*. The Christmas festivities will be fitly terminated by doses of the familiar blue pill. Prospects will be blue, as usual.



URGENTLY INVITED TO THE PLATFORM BY LORD ROSEBERY.

Chorus. "A-A-A-H, WELL TO I REMEMBER,—WELL TO I REMEMBER,—WELL! THERE NOW, BLEST IF I AIN'T A'GONE AND CLEAN FORGOT IT!!"

["It would be more use to the cause of Free Trade, if those who remembered those days, however old they may be, or however unaccustomed to public speaking—if they were to appear on the platform and say in a few pathetic words, as they would do, what they remember of the days of Protection."—*Lord Rosebery at Edinburgh.*]



TROUBLES OF A WOULD-BE SPORTSMAN.—No. 2.

Huntsman (to W.-L. S.). "JUST 'OP ACROSS, WOULD YE, SIR, AND TURN THOSE 'OUNDS TO ME, PLEASE."

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

VIII.—DO WE EAT TOO MUCH?

PRESENT.

Mr. John Trundley of Peckham (in the chair.)

Mrs. Earle.

Sir Henry Thompson.

Mr. Fortnum.

M. Benoit.

Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Sir Lewis Morris.

Dr. Farquharson, M.P.

Prof. Ray Lankester.

Rev. J. M. Bacon.

Mr. John Trundley (in the chair.) Speaking ex cathedra, as one would say, and not in my official capacity as the Fat Boy of Peckham with a desire to make your flesh creep, I must say that this is a question that cannot be too much discussed. Do we or do we not over-eat? Now—

Mr. Bernard Shaw. There is to the intelligent man only one answer. Of course we do. That is to say, of course every one else does. England over-eats steadily, day and night. Hence the absence of super men and super women, super girls and super boys.

Mr. John Trundley. O Mr. SHAW, type of true gluttony kept under! Surely there is present one super boy. How much superer would you have me? You should see my arm-chair at home.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. Not super boy but super-fatted boy. You should try protein biscuits and hard thinking.

Mr. Fortnum. A propos of hard thinking, my friend MASON asked me an excellent riddle this morning. What is the difference—

Sir Henry Thompson. A dinner party regaled only on protein biscuits would not, I venture to think, be an exhilarating function. Over-eating may be bad, but in my belief it is not so harmful as over-heating.

Rev. J. M. Bacon. I quite agree. Closed windows are the dickens. I keep my balloon most carefully ventilated. And this reminds me that to the balloonist a large meal can sometimes be of the greatest service. The other day, for example, I wished to descend in a hurry from one of my flights, but found that the escape valve would not work. There was nothing for it but to eat a huge lunch and so weight myself that I acted as the required extra ballast and caused the balloon to alight gracefully in the middle of the Round Pond.

Sir Lewis Morris. But surely—

M. Benoit. The story is true, I assure you, gentlemen. I myself supplied the intrepid aeronaut with the collation.

Dr. Farquharson. Over-eating is not to be universally condemned. The physical deterioration to which I have

recently drawn attention in the *Times* is largely due to an insufficient dietary. I am all for a free breakfast table, but I would not pamper the proletariat with plovers' eggs, or furnish recruits with a messing allowance to squander it on caviare, whatever their General might eat.

Sir Lewis Morris. Food should not merely be attuned to the environment, but to the character of the mental effort. For lyric flights I recommend ortolans, for the heroic couplet brandy and porterhouse steaks.

Mrs. Earle. Variety should be the note of an enlightened diet; not necessarily abstinence from flesh foods. Milk is essential; nightcaps of milk from the coconut are now in fashion amongst the best people.

Sir Lewis Morris. Speaking as the Hades of an epicure, I strongly insist on the necessity of making diet harmonise with environment. When during the composition of my *magnum opus* I lived on the Underground, I subsisted entirely on truffles, tubers, and other roots, washed down with subcutaneous injections of coal tar.

Mr. Fortnum. Returning to my friend MASON's riddle, What is the difference, he asked, between—

Sir Henry Thompson. Over-eating is of course a relative term. What is over-eating in one man might be a very moderate and even unsatisfying performance in another. Look at GARGANTUA.

M. Benoit. Ah, my brave countryman!

Prof. Ray Lankester. The truth of Sir HENRY THOMPSON's shrewd remark may be proved in a moment by a visit to the Zoological Society's Gardens in Regent's Park. For example, the modest meal of a quarter of a sheep which leaves a lion still unappeased would be gross over-eating in the marmoset, while what might be a frugal repast to the marmoset would doubtless prove a surfeit to the ladybird or the anopheles mosquito.

Sir Lewis Morris. As I remark in my *Songs without Music*:—

"Proud man secluded in his petty corner
May learn most awful lessons from the
faint."

Mr. Bernard Shaw. If the Zoo were strictly vegetarian, as it ought to be, the lions would be super lions.

Prof. Ray Lankester. I ought to explain, however, that the animal analogy is decidedly to the credit of man as a moderate feeder. Thus my distinguished friend Mr. J. HOLY SCROOGLING has computed that, if we took our food in the shape as well as in the quantity of that consumed by the ordinary robin, a full-grown adult would be entitled to eat daily a sausage thirty-two feet long and three inches in diameter.

Mr. Fortnum. Exactly. What is the difference, my friend MASON said, between a Cambridge sausage—

Sir Lewis Morris. That reminds me of a little valentine in verse that I once sent to Sir THOMAS LIPTON. It began:

"Pray tell me, genial Squire of Osidge,
Why is there not an Oxford sausage?"

Sir Henry Thompson. My belief is that if one eats nothing between meals one may eat anything at them. It is the pernicious habit of indulging in snacks that saps the constitution.

Mr. John Trundley. I cannot agree. Growing boys should never go without food for more than three hours. Besides, I am told that the smart set eat meat five times a day—at breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner and supper.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. Society is full of supper men.

Sir Lewis Morris. Master TRUNDLEY is perfectly right. As I remark in my *Songs from the Underground*:

Yet his voracity was such
As I too must deplore;
For he could never eat so much
That he could eat no more.

At Chatsworth the other day—

Mr. Bernard Shaw. If the aristocracy ceased to be carnivorous, it would no longer be available for obloquy. Personally I should be inclined to make vegetarianism a penal offence for Peers.

Dr. Farquharson. And, I should add, for raw recruits. It is, I believe, impossible for a vegetarian to over-eat himself, and our "Brodricks" must be over- not under-fed.

Mrs. Earle. I believe that on three helpings of *pot pourri* a British soldier could go anywhere and do anything.

Sir Henry Thompson. When I was writing *Charley Kingston's Aunt*, I lived almost entirely on seakale, widgeon, and raspberry vinegar.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. If I had written *Charley's Aunt*, it would not be running still.

Mr. Fortnum. What is the difference, my friend MASON said, between—

Mr. John Trundley. Having to put in a compulsory appearance very shortly at the Peckham Board School, I must vacate the chair; which, I may remark as I go, is the first chair in a strange house that I have not broken.

Prof. Ray Lankester. Before the meeting dissolves, I should like to point out that this cry about over-eating is no new thing. In my researches into the palaeolithic age I have discovered traces of appalling repletion in mastodons and mammoths, while the last of the dolos was obviously an insatiable devourer of light literature, and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, was ultimately choked by one of Mr. BESSON'S novels.

HUMPTY DUMPTY AND HIS YOLK-FELLOWS AT DRURY LANE.

YEAR after year and still the wonder grows that ancient monarch Pantomime in his palace at Drury Lane should yet be king of our hearts for any number of nights and matinées at close of the old and opening of the New Year, and that the present pantomimic policy of his most liberal Conservative Ministry, as directed by the powerful Premier ARTHUR COLLINS (HICKORY WOOD having a seat in the prompter's box), should have already achieved such success as will render secure the dynasty of Pantomime for many years to come on the throne it has so long and, as a rule to which the exceptions are rare, so brilliantly adorned. *Vivat Rex Pantomimus!* may his limelight never be less, and may his Chancellor of the Exchequer secure a splendid surplus! The excellent monarch deserves it: ARTHURUS DRURYLANUS deserves it: and the members of his stringed and winded band, including JACOBUS HANDANGLOVERIUS, the conductor thereof, deserve it. Certainly, judging from the enthusiastic applause dealt out with no unsparing hands to all the striking combinations and kaleidoscopic permutations of groupings, to the vivid solutions and resolutions (no connection with those "good" ones that are the subject of an unpleasant proverb) of colour, to the ever varying lights, and to all the graceful—and, it may be added, substantial—forms, whose movements are as dazzling to the eye as is the perpetual motion in a microscopic quintessence of radium, we are bound to conclude that the popularity of this present show is placed beyond the limits of speculation, and that *Humpty Dumpty* of 1903–1904 will be memorable as a magnificent and exquisitely-artistic display fairly beating the record, even in the brilliant annals of Drury Lane pantomime.

And for its fun and humour? Ah! that is another question. And the answer? We speak of a pantomime as we find the audience, and it is but strict justice to testify that all the youngsters, whose presence was strongly in evidence on the occasion of our visit, boys and girls ranging from early ten up to mature sixteen, were evidently enjoying it thoroughly, shrieking with laughter at the comicalities of DAN LENO (whose return is so welcome to all of us) as *Queen Spritely*, or HARRY RANDALL as *Little Mary* (the elders growl, *sotto voce*, "Hang Little Mary!"—the not particularly brilliant jape is played out *ad nauseam*), of that eminent all-round droll, Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL, as *King Soltumm*, and revelling in the drolleries of Mr. BASTOW as a sort of over-grown shockheaded *Peter* (his popularity being as great a puzzle to us as was the plot of the pantomime), while, as *The Seacreeper* Mr. HUGH J. WARD plays a part which, although clearly originating with *Phroso* (once of the Hippodrome), is, as originally humorous in conception as it is in this actor's dramatically comic rendering of it.

Methinks, or, as we are employing the editorial first person plural, *usthinks*, that if all political allusions were banished from Pantomime, our boys and girls would not miss the omission, while the middle-aged and elderly of both sexes would gladly welcome a neutral ground. Let "Fiscal Policy" yield to a "Frisk-all Policy" in Pantomime, and *au diable* with every JOE, except of course that chartered libertine the *Clown*, sustaining the ancient "JOEY" GRIMALDI tradition. "Honours" in political hits are fairly divided at Drury Lane, as if King CAMPBELL sings a song in praise of "Our JOE," on the other hand *The Seacreeper* puts a glass in his eye, and, with an orchid in his buttonhole and a big and little loaf in his hands, staggers about, stumbles, and collapses against the proscenium amid roars of laughter.

Miss MARIE GEORGE renews her conquests over all hearts as the sweet little *Blossom*, a part not so fascinating as her little Dutchess of last year. A handsome, dashing and



THINGS THAT ARE BETTER LEFT UNSAID.

Miss Fitz-Jones (to Smithers, who has claimed first dance). "You're quite an early bird, Mr. Smithers!"

Smithers (making big attempt at something gallant). "Ah, yes, BY JOVE, AND I'VE CAUGHT THE WORM TOO!"

sprightly pair of steppers are Miss LOUISE WILLIS and Miss RUTH LATTON as *Humpty Dumpty* and *Rudolph* respectively. Miss ETHEL NEGRETTE ("and when we called 'NEGRETTE,' ZAMBRA came"—where was ZAMBRA?) was the embodiment, a very handsome embodiment too, of the *Spirit of Mirth*; and Madame GRIGOLATI as "*Undine*" flies about—(rather a novelty this for *Undine*, except that she may be considered as a flying-fish fairy who can also swim like the little duck she is) and, adopting a new submarine line of action with striking-out effect, leads a shoal of glittering GRIGOLATIS, all as graceful and wonderful as ever.

The scenes by our artistic friends BRUCE SMITH, McCLEERY, two CASEYS, Messrs. JOHNSTONE and HARFORD and HENRY EMDEN, are as perfect as their collective and individual talent can make them.

The tableaux are magnificent: the *jeu de scène* throughout, admirably ordered by Field-Marshal MOORE; and ARTY COLLINS is to be artily congratulated on the highly efficient work done for the pantomime by his chief costume-house officer COMELLI.

We noticed that in the bill a "Harlequinade" was announced, but as the *Clown*, "Whimsical WALKER," CHARLES ROSS as *Pantaloon*, TOM CUSPEN for *Harlequin* and ROSE ROWE for *Columbine*, could not have got their chance until quite 11:30, we hereby present the joyous quartette with our compliments the most distinguished, and regret that we, being early risers (like the GRIGOLATIS), were unable to stay and see them either at "The Stores" or on "The Housetops," which two scenes constitute the harlequinade. Our loss. "So long!" Alas, poor JOEY!

M. LEBAUDY's new paper, *Le Sahara*, is not to be without rivals if we are to believe a rumour of the imminent issue of the *Timbuctooter* and the *Weekly Cassowary*.



A BLANK-BLANK-DAY!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It was with fear and trembling my Baronite opened a new book by the author of *Timothy's Quest*. The most dangerous enemies of a successful writer are those of his own household. Once a hit has been made, the public, having fresh dishes set before them by the same author, ever hark back to their first love, murmuring that the hand has lost its cunning. That is a charge that will not lie against Mistress KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN in respect of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* (GAY AND BIRD). KATE DOUGLAS does not owe her inspirations to WORDSWORTH. But in her delineation of *Rebecca* she realises the poet's idea:

A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

Child or girl, *Rebecca* is just delightful. Perhaps the girlhood scenes are more attractive as giving fuller opportunity for her freshness. The scene is set in one of those ancient, remote American villages, where, doubtless, KATE DOUGLAS herself once lived. She peoples its street, its enviroining wood, its homes and its schoolhouse with quaint but human people. All are good. Aunt Mirandy, with her sharp-tongued and acid manner; simple Aunt Jane, with memories of her lost love; hopeless, harassed Mrs. Simpson, with her seven children and food enough for three; père Simpson with his penchant for swapping portable articles that don't belong to him, a habit that leads to absences from home varying from two to six months according to the view the magistrate takes of the circumstances; and, above all, Mr. Cobb, driver of the stage-coach from Maplewood to Riverboro. The opening chapter, relating the conversation between Mr. Cobb and *Rebecca*, as he conveys her in his cart to Aunt Mirandy's, is, in its subtle humour and simple pathos, equal to any parallel passage in DICKENS. *Rebecca* is thoroughly refreshing.

Any book by the author of *Booth's Baby* commands the Baron's instant attention, and, such being the case, it is with pleasure he is able to announce that *Sly Boots*, by "JOHN STRANGE WINTER" (JOHN LONG), contains some of the best short stories, and at all events one of the most laughable, (except "*Sly Boots*," which gives its title to the volume,) that

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY
FROM THE TUBE.

LAST in the lift, first out.

The worst draught comes just before the train.

It's a wise traveller that knows at which end is the "Way Out."

He who keeps his ticket is lost.

A train at hand is worth twenty at Shepherd's Bush.

OPENING AN OLD WOUND. — It was hoped that the fierce conflicts which in 1900 raged around the question of the actual birthday of the New Century had been finally closed. It has been left, however, for the *Devon Evening Express* to fling a fresh apple of discord into our midst. "Few centuries," says that pessimistic organ, "have had a more ominous commencement than 1901."

Mrs. ST-XX-ED (thus the Baron lets out three-fourths of the author's secret) has ever given to her admiring public.

On a memorable occasion Mr. Weller observed a tea-drinking young 'ooman "a-swellin' wisely before his very eyes." My Baronite notes the same phenomenon occurring in *Who's Who* (A. & C. BLACK). This notwithstanding that there have been sliced off the original corporate body the useful Tables that formerly occupied the first part of the volume. They are issued as a separate book, called *Who's Who Year Book*. The older volume is now confined to cataloguing the names and addresses of the principal persons in the kingdom, with brief biographical notes. The volume runs to seventeen hundred closely-printed pages. At the moderate computation of eight a page, this gives particulars concerning 13,600 people — about as wide a circle of acquaintance as man desires, or woman either. The indispensability of *Who's Who*, long established, will be proportionately widened by this extended edition.

Part VI. of that excellent collection entitled *Great Masters* (published by HEISEMANN in London, and HACHETTE in Paris) is now before the public, and another number is promised for the 21st of this month. Herein are four excellent reproductions of works by VAN DYCK, HALLS, GAISSBOURG and WATTEAU. To each picture there is a well-written preface, comprehensively instructive, by Sir MARTIN CONWAY. No garnerer of reprints should fail to add these specimens to his portfolio. They all deserve hanging (which scarcely sounds complimentary), and the Baron notes that a special kind of frame is now advertised as fitting the series.

THE BARON



A HOPELESS NEGATIVE. In view of the Pope's steady refusal to grant a sitting to any more photographers, his Holiness has come to be regarded by his profession as a second Pro No-go.

A THREE-MINUTES' COMEDY.

SCENE—A room in a country house.

CHARACTERS.

Jack (25). Florence (20).

Jack. So you'll be in town all day to-morrow?

Florence. Yes—shopping. Anything I can do for you?

J. No—that is—ah, but it would be giving you too much trouble, Miss VIVIAN.

F. That depends, doesn't it? If it's a gun, or anything of that sort—

J. (hastily). Do you think I'd ask a girl to choose a—er, no—it's nothing of that sort. It's—it's a bit of jewellery, in fact.

F. What sort of bit?

J. Well, the fact is, it's a *present*—a really nice diamond brooch, I rather thought of. But if you could choose it, I should be sure it was right.

F. (with a slight flush). Very polite of you to say so. May I ask why?

J. Well, because you know her—that is, my friend's—taste. I'm sure you do.

F. (to herself, triumphantly). He *does* mean it for me! (Aloud) A diamond brooch? But they're not cheap, you know.

J. No; but then this is—is a *special* sort of occasion, you see—kind of thing that only comes once in a lifetime—don't you agree?

F. (to herself). He's going to at last—and what a delightful way of doing it! (Aloud, with an effort, not quite successful, at serenity) And you've quite decided on diamonds? Suppose one—suppose she—your friend, I mean,—preferred sapphires?

J. No, it had better be diamonds. Don't think she cares for sapphires.

F. (eagerly). But she *does*, indeed she does!

J. Fancy not, really. Heard her say by chance about a month ago that she thought sapphires unlucky.

F. (gasping). Heard *who* say?

J. Why, MARY ACTON. It's for her that I want the brooch. Surely you guessed that?

F. Yes, yes—of course I did. Of course. But—on second thoughts—I think I'd rather you—you chose it yourself.

J. (much puzzled, dimly conscious that something is wrong). Oh, I don't want to give you any trouble, Miss VIVIAN—still, as you kindly offered to undertake a commission for me in town—

F. (having recovered herself, coldly). Very well. But do you want it to-morrow?

J. No hurry for a week or so—or even a month. But the wedding's to be in February, and—



FOOLS AND THEIR MONEY—

Jones (who has been having a fair bucketing for the last half-hour, as he passes friend, in his mad career). "I'D GIVE A FIVER TO GET OFF THIS BRUTE!"

Friend (brutally). "DON'T CHUCK YOUR MONET AWAY, OLD CHAP! YOU'LL BE OFF FOR LESS THAN THAT!"

F. (in amazement). The wedding?

J. Yes, MARY ACTON's wedding to DICK GRAHAM. Didn't you see the announcement in the *Morning Post* to-day?

F. (tremulously). No—I didn't—I thought for a moment—

J. (to himself). By Jove—she really does care and—take the chance, man—now or never! (Aloud) Miss VIVIAN—if you really wouldn't mind—there is another piece of jewellery—I should love to give—to—er, to someone rather nearer than Miss ACTON—and if I might choose it with you—FLORENCE? . . .

F. JACK!

(Quick curtain.)

PROFESSOR WHELIUM RAMSAY is to lecture at the Californian University on Radium and gases generally, and on anything else that may be "in the air" discoverable between now and summer-time. It is said that the eminent Professor has invented a new and "more excellent way" of grilling psammon for breakfast. This is indeed valuable.

Prevented Suicide of a Duke.

"THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER shot the preserves at Eaton Hall last week. The Duke was unable to shoot himself owing to his recent hunting accident."—*Weekly Irish Times*.

FRAGMENT OF AN EPIC OF THE UNDERGROUND.

[A humble admirer and imitator of the author of the *Epic of Hades*, having had his attention called to certain recent confessions of the Statesman-Poet, in which he admitted that he had composed portions of that masterpiece on the Underground Railway, has attempted to follow his example, with the deplorable results set forth below.]

So from beneath the tower
Of that great Senate House, which he erewhile,
The pride of Wales, Sir LEWIS MORRIS, Bard,
Proposed to enter, on the Liberal plank,
But changed his dreadful purpose and was made
A knight for guerdon, lo! I passed within
The darkling gloom of Westminster Bridge Station,
Having the freuzy on me. Here, methought,
Where more than elsewhere on the District Rail
Mephitic vapours counterfeit the clime
Of Hades, I shall find the atmosphere
Suited to *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*,
My topic for the day. The ticket man
Handed me, by request, a third return
To Gloucester Road, for which I paid the fee
Marked legibly thereon. Adown the stairs
Two at a time with winged feet I swept,
And caught a London and North-Western train
Such as connects with Hyperborean lines
At Willesden Junction.

Partly for the sake
Of inspiration sucked from deadlier fumes,
And partly in the certain hope to mix
With female passengers, some one of whom
Might serve as model for *Eurydice*,
I chose a smoking carriage. In the hurry
My choice was careless, and I chanced to light
On a compartment of superior class,
Whose occupants numerically touched
The Muses' level, five upon the left,
Four on the right hand, women every one,
Myself the submerged tenth. Straight I surmised
That from some meeting at the Mansion House
They were returning, since their talk was loud
Of petticoats designed for heathen hips,
But nowise reminiscent of the Nine
Pierides.

Finding it in the way,
I slung my lyre upon the rack reserved
For light impedimenta, where it made
Æolian music, owing to the draught.
But scarce, in these distracting circumstances,
Had I composed beyond a score of lines
Broadly embodying the nymph's regrets,
Like this:—"Excuse me, dear, that I forgot
That silly rule about the backward glance
And thus upset our mutual apple-cart"—
And so forth—ere we reach the ensuing station,
St. James's Park, where passengers alight
For that depressing block of buildings named
From our Queen ANNE, deceased. And lo! the door
Yawned to admit a mother and her babe.
And all the latent manhood in me rose
To give them place; which they at once accepted.
So, wedged between opposing knees I stood
Until the shock of starting flung me prone
Across a picture hat; whereon the babe
Let loose an instant peal of pure delight.
But I, recovering all my feet, stood up
And mused again of Hell.

Yet not so soon
Could that elusive rapture be re-caught;
And I admit that I had barely framed

Some further dozen lines when a great voice
That cried "Victoria! Victoria!"
Brought back to me the Master's Jubilee Ode.
And, while that memory thrilled me through and
through,
A second jerk, caused this time by the brake,
Projected me, as from a catapult,
On an adjoining lap.

A second spasm
Convulsed the babe. But even as I rose,
Breathing inspired apologies, the door
Opened, and an inspector entered in
And asked to see my ticket. Not Actæon,
When the sleuth-hounds fell on him where he watched
Diana's mysteries from behind a tree,
Felt such a poignant shame as I, being found
A lonely male, and in an attitude
Not all uncompromising, as it seemed,
And made to pay the difference between
Second and third-class fare.

This done, anon,
I clutching at the rack wherein my lyre
Still fitfully discoursed Æolian airs,
The train proceeded

[Editor. Can't you stop here?

Author. If you insist. But you must bear the responsibility.

Editor. With pleasure.]

O. S.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

XI.—THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE.

"I BEG you," said the Headless Man with some agitation,
"not to dream of doing such a thing. Of course, if you
think that I am unequal to the work—" he added rather
stiffly.

"My dear Sir," I replied, "not at all. Not at all. What
a notion! I am sure there is not a spectre on the list who
could do it half so well, and what the Haunted Mill would
be without you I don't care to think."

"Then why wish to employ another ghost?"

"I thought you would like a companion. It must be lonely
for you here when I am away."

"I miss you, of course, as who would not?" replied the
Headless Man in his charming way. "But I prefer solitude
to the company of another ghost. Take my advice, Mr.
WUDDUS. Dismiss the idea of increasing your establishment."

The trouble was this. My old friend Lord SANGAZURE,
finding it necessary, owing to the expenses connected with
the marriage of his eldest daughter, to retrench, had resolved
to dismiss one of his staff of spectres, a luminous boy of
excellent character and obliging disposition. Wishing to
procure him a comfortable home in exchange for the luxury
of Sangazure Towers he had written to me, suggesting that
I should enrol him as a member of my household. "You
must want a ghost," he had said, having evidently forgotten
that I already employed a Headless Man.

I felt a delicacy in adding to my establishment without
the approval of the Headless Man, so I had told him of Lord
SANGAZURE's proposal, which, as I have shown, he had unhesi-
tatingly condemned.

"Dismiss the idea," he said again. "I have a great respect
—and I may say liking—for you, Mr. WUDDUS" (here he
brushed away the not unmanly tear), "and I should not care
to see you suffer the same fate as Mr. MOSENSTEIN."

"What was that?" I inquired; "I don't think I ever
heard that story."

"Ah, then I will tell it to you. You will find it extremely
relevant to the case in point. This Mr. MOSENSTEIN was a



NOT TO BE DRAWN.

RUSSIAN OCCUPIER (*on sufferance*). "HI! YOU THERE! WE WANT THIS DRAWBRIDGE UP!"

UNCLE SAM. "SORRY, BUT I'VE JUST GOTTEN THE PROPRIETOR'S PERMISSION TO SIT ON IT."

[In face of strong opposition from Russia, the Emperor of CHINA has ratified a commercial treaty with the United States, by which certain Manchurian towns are opened to American trade.]



"pig in clover," who, by dint of rigging the market, had risen from comparatively decent obscurity to the possession of several millions of pounds. His first act was to ensure himself a sufficiency of congenial society by settling in Park Lane, his second to look for a good house in the country. He hit upon Blenkinsop Manor, the seat of Lord BLENKINSOP, an amiable old gentleman who, through a tendency on the part of his sons to marry music-hall artistes instead of American heiresses, had been reduced to a genteel poverty. Lord BLENKINSOP closed with his munificent offer, and Mr. MOSENSTEIN took possession. Of course, as you will doubtless have foreseen, he had trouble from the outset with the resident ghost. The latter, I have heard, gave notice five times in the first week, and it was only the entreaties of Mr. MOSENSTEIN, couched in passionate Yiddish, and the tears of Mrs. MOSENSTEIN, that induced him to stop on and give them one more trial. It was a fatal move on the part of the new owner. The spectre became a tyrant. He insisted on having a suite of apartments reserved for him, dismissed several of the servants, examined every list of guests, and claimed the right to veto those of whom he disapproved. In fact, Mosenstein Manor, as it had been re-named, became a sort of lodging-house—in which the MOSENSTEINS were the lodgers. It was only the fear of losing their ghost that prevented the newcomers from rebelling. So things went on, until one day Mr. MOSENSTEIN, retiring to his study for a last cigar before going to bed, found the best chair already occupied. The occupant was a spectre. He was sitting in front of the fire, reading the *Spectral News*. He looked up as Mr. MOSENSTEIN entered, but resumed his reading without a word. The lord of the Manor smoked his cigar in the billiard-room.

"A friend of mine," explained the resident ghost, on being questioned next day. 'He has come to stop for a few days. I trust he does not intrude? If so——' He paused, and looked so much as if he were going to give notice again that Mr. MOSENSTEIN hastened to say that he was charmed to put up any friend of his, and hoped he would stop as long as he liked. Which, I may say, he did. He is still there. It was the thin edge of the wedge. During the next fortnight six other spectres arrived, and each time Mr. MOSENSTEIN was forced to give in and assure them that they were welcome. Soon there was quite a spectral house-party at the Manor. And it was not long before the human occupants of the house began to feel the pinch of the boot. Mr. MOSENSTEIN was not allowed to go into his study, because the ghost there hated



A HUMANE INSTINCT.

Snob (who has been making himself very objectionable). "I SAY, WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR GAME?"

Host. "GIVE MY FRIENDS WHAT THEY WANT, AND SEND THE REST TO MARKET."

Snob. "AH, SELL IT, DO YOU? WITH MY GAME, DON'TYERKNOW, I GIVE MY FRIENDS SOME, AND SEND THE REST TO THE HOSPITALS."

Host. "AND VERY NATURAL AND PROPER, I'M SURE. THE ONLY THING I'VE SEEN YOU SHOOT TO-DAY WAS A BEATER!"

to be disturbed. He could not use the billiard-room because two gentlemen who had killed one another there in the reign of HENRY THE SIXTH wanted the table for their nightly three rounds with the broadsword. All the best bedrooms had to be given up, and even the terrace was occupied. And, not wishing to lose his original ghost, Mr. MOSENSTEIN had to put up with it all.

To cut a long story short, when he visits Mosenstein Manor now, he stays at the Lodge; and I see in the *Spectral News* this week that even that is about

to be taken—as a bijou residence for the Countess of BLENKINSOP, who poisoned herself there in the days of the Commonwealth. So now you see the danger of having more than one ghost. One spectre," concluded the Headless Man, sententiously, "is an indispensable adjunct to domestic bliss. Two are a nuisance. Half-a-dozen spell Misery."

And, settling his head comfortably under his arm, he vanished. I went downstairs, and wrote to Lord SANGAZURE informing him—with regret—that I had no vacancy.

MY POCKET MASCOT.

NEVER could make out why I've always been a failure so far. Now I see it all! It isn't because I was born unlucky—but simply because I've been doing things at times which, for me, were the *wrong* ones! Have discovered this from little work called *Fortunate; or, The Pocket Mascot* (price 1s. net). Everybody's proper planetary table, all worked out by Chaldean astrologers of old. By sending name and particulars of precise date of my birth—which, fortunately, I happen to know—I have obtained extra edition of *Mascot* (price 5s. net), with special Chart filled in with my lucky and unlucky colours, stones, numbers, days, weeks, months, best and worst hours for business, speculation, and, in fact, everything. Ought to have a successful year at last!

January.—Circled at breakfast from German State lottery. Just about to pitch it into fire, when it occurred to me to consult *Mascot*. Chart says between 9 and 10 to-day is my "lucky hour for receiving business proposals." Send cheque for twenty tickets at once. And to think that, but for *Pocket Mascot*, I should have let the chance of a lifetime slip through my fingers!

February.—Obliged to give my landlady notice. Most reluctant to leave; very comfortable rooms, central position, and moderate rent—but no help for it. Just heard that local authorities are changing the numbering. Mine is to be No. 9 in future, instead of 52. Nine, according to Chart, is my unlucky number—so of course, as a matter of ordinary prudence, must clear out at once.

March.—Tiring work hunting for lodgings. Thought I had found the very thing, when I happened to notice—only just in time—that front of house was painted Pompeian red, my unlucky colour. Deuced narrow escape! Got rooms at last—dear, and dirty, and landlady looks as if she drank. However, curtains and furniture in sitting-room bright green—which is my lucky colour—and the number is 17, so I was sharp enough to secure them for a year. Can't think how people can get on without a *Pocket Mascot*.

April.—Should like to find some regular occupation—at least till anything happens to dear old Uncle GOLDEGGER. Hear of vacancy in leading Insurance Office. Old POSTLETHWAITE a director of the Company—any nominee of his bound to get the berth. Always been uncommonly friendly to me. Why not look him up and ask him to use his influence? Must consult Special Chart as to my "best hour for paying visits and asking favours." Find it is from 1 to 2 A.M. Chaldean astrologers seem to have been a rather unconventional lot of old Johnnies—still, hang it all, they *must* know best! Got to Prince's Gate a little after one in the morning. Butler long time in opening door. Shown into library with fire out. Old POSTLETHWAITE appearing, after an interval, in dressing-gown—having apparently been to bed. Hopes I am not the bearer of any bad news. Reassure him, and explain object of call. Sorry to disturb him, but this positively the only time I *could* pay him a visit. Left him comparatively calm, and fancy that, after sleeping on it, he will see that I'm just the man for the post.

May.—Singularity enough, some other fellow got the berth. Can't understand it, as Chart indicated 1 A.M. as my planetary hour. But perhaps it wasn't Old POSTLETHWAITE'S.

Really splendid offer by four o'clock post. Secretaryship of smart Club; pleasant duties, good salary; several old pals working for me on committee—merely to say the word, and I may consider thing settled! Still, it never does to be too precipitate in business matters. See what *Pocket Mascot* advises. There now, just shows how necessary caution is! Special Chart distinctly says: "Proposals of new work which arrive in the hours of four and five *must be avoided*." Wrote to decline; better give no reasons—they wouldn't understand.

June.—Wire from Uncle GOLDEGGER. "Feeling very unwell. Come at once." He's always fancying he's going to die—but he never *does*. Still, of course I must go. Very annoying, though, because I particularly wanted to go to that dance at the DESBOROUGHs to-morrow evening. ETHEL promised to keep two waltzes for me. However, look up trains. According to *Bradshaw*, only one train—at 11.45. Just time to catch it. Mustn't run any risks, though. Where's the *Mascot*? "Avoid travel any day this week." Then that *settles* it! If I *did* go, there'd only be a collision or something, and I shouldn't reach him after all. Wire back "regretting impossible leave town at present." Very disappointing—but quite sure dear old Uncle wouldn't wish me to get smashed up in a railway accident—he'd have nobody to leave all his money to, then!

Just back from the DESBOROUGHs' dance. I'm the happiest man in the whole world! ETHEL looking so lovely that I couldn't resist asking her to be mine after supper. And she has accepted me! No idea she was an heiress, but from what BUSBY said in congratulating me it appears she will have five thousand a year on her marriage. Not that it signifies. Whenever anything does happen to Uncle G., I shall have at least as much. Darling ETHEL! when I think that at this precise moment two hours ago—I am certain of the time, because I glanced at the clock as we were leaving the supper room, and it couldn't have been more than five minutes later that I— By the way, I wonder if I proposed in the planetary hour? Refer to Chart. . . What have I done? By foolishly neglecting to consult table beforehand, I've chosen the very worst hour for any purpose! My time for wooing, it seems, is 8 P.M. Awkward doing it just as we're going down to dinner, but I suppose those old Chaldean fossils dined early. What am I to do *now*? Can't possibly expose the poor girl and myself to lifelong misery! Write and ask her to consider proposal as never having been mad:—say I will call to-morrow at 8 P.M. and explain reasons. Then I can propose all over again and put things right . . .

Poor dear old Uncle—so it *was* serious after all! Sorry I couldn't be with him at the last, but useless to fly in the face of Chaldean astrology. I'm sure he must have understood how it was. I wonder how much—but I never *was* mercenary—let me think only of my loss. This will be something to tell ETHEL this evening. I must buy an engagement ring to take with me. Wish she had a prettier lucky stone than sardonyx.

July.—Can't make ETHEL out! Have called three times—always at planetary hour—and she's never been at home *once*! I suppose a *Pocket Mascot* can't possibly be mistaken—not the 5s. net edition, anyhow—still, there it is! And she hasn't answered my letters either—except to return them unopened.

August.—German lottery turned up trumps after all. Knew it would! Letter informing me that I've won a prize of a hundred marks! Regulations peculiar, though. The hundred marks paid in tickets for next drawing, provided I send another £5 by return—otherwise the whole lot forfeited.

Worst of it is that I haven't a psychological hour for accepting business proposals till day after to-morrow!

September.—Uncle GOLDEGGER's will in morning paper. Personalty sworn at £250,000—rather more than I expected—will dated immediately before his death—don't seem to see my name anywhere—residue left in equal shares to Home for Lost Dogs and Home of Rest for Horses. Now what *could* have induced him to make such a will as that?

October.—Feeling very, very low and depressed. It's not only that this week's *World* contains announcement of ETHEL's engagement to BUSBY. That's bad enough—but even a worse thing has happened to me! I really don't know *how* I'm to get through the rest of the year—I've lost my "*Pocket Mascot*"!!!

F. A.

VIVE LA RUSSIE?

Un café du Boulevard. M. DURAND, M. DUPONT, et M. DUBOIS entrent.

Dubois. Mettons-nous là, à l'abri du courant d'air. Qu'est-ce que vous prenez, DURAND? Quelquechose de russe, du *vodki*? Toujours russophile? Vive la Russie! Hein?

Dupont. Eh bien, que dites-vous des affaires au Japon?

Durand. Ah ça! Sont-ils embêtants, ces Japonais!

Dubois. Et cependant, mon cher, vous qui êtes toujours l'ami des peuples héroïques, vous devez être l'ami des Japonais.

Durand. Jamais de la vie! Vive la nation amie et alliée!

Dubois. Y compris les Finlandais, les Polonais, les Chinois, et les autres?

Durand. Vous vous moquez toujours de la politique russe. C'est un grand peuple.

Dubois. Lequel? Le peuple finlandais?

Durand. Ah, bah! Vos Finlandais! Je m'en fiche. Ce sont des révoltés, des révolutionnaires.

Dubois. En effet, ils pourraient devenir des républicains tout tranquilles, comme vous et moi.

Dupont. Qui est donc ce grand peuple?

Durand. Mais les Russes, naturellement. Quel pays, quel peuple, quelle littérature! Figurez-vous MAXIM GORKY—

Dupont. Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça? Encore une liqueur russe?

Durand. Et Tolstoi!

Dupont. J'en ai entendu parler. C'est un écrivain polonais, n'est-ce pas?

Dubois. Ou finlandais.

Durand. C'est le plus grand écrivain du monde.

Dubois. Vous avez lu tout ce qu'il a écrit? Ça ne finit jamais. C'est ennuyant à n'y pas croire. *La Guerre et la Paix*, vous avez lu tout ça? Et *Anna Karénine*?

Durand. C'est un chef-d'œuvre.

Dubois. Parfaitement. Mais l'avez-vous lu?

Durand. Je l'ai commencé. C'est superbe.

Dubois. Mais vous ne l'avez pas fini. Je l'aurais parié. Tous ses livres sont interminables. On dirait des *steppes*.

Dupont. Eh bien, je suis à peu près de l'avis de DURAND. Seulement j'espère que nous autres Français—

Dubois. Que nous n'allons pas nous battre. Ah, pour sûr! Et cependant, si les Anglais—

Durand. Les Anglais? Mais ça ne les regarde pas.

Dubois. Mais si. Voilà une impasse presque ridicule! Les Anglais et les Français sont à présent si bons amis.



EXTREME MEASURES.

Mother. "If I catch you CHASING THOSE HENS AGAIN, I'LL WASH YOUR FACE EVERY DAY NEXT WEEK!"

Serons-nous forcés d'attaquer l'Île de Wight, ou de voir la flotte anglaise à Cherbourg, pour faire plaisir à ces Asiatiques, qui se coupent la gorge dans l'Extrême-Orient? Sont-ils des Asiatiques, vos chers amis! Grattez le Russe et vous trouvez—le civilisateur de la Finlande. Quelle jolie façon de commencer le nouvel an! Et tout ça après avoir installé ces vieux bons-hommes à La Haye pour nous empêcher de nous battre.

Dupont. C'est bien vrai ce que vous dites là.

Durand. En effet, je n'avais pas pensé à ça.

Dubois. Et puis, pendant que nous autres Anglais et Français sommes aux prises, étant toujours bons amis, les Allemands, qu'est-ce qu'ils vont faire? Croyez-vous que ces milliers d'hommes resteront plantés là tout paisiblement?

Durand. Je n'avais pas pensé à ça non plus.

Dubois. Eh bien, pensez-y. Et en même temps vendez vos rentes russes, si vous en avez.

Durand. Comment? Mes 4%, qui sont déjà en baisse?

Dubois. Mais oui. Si la guerre éclate, croyez-vous que vos chers amis les Russes, toujours à sec, auront un seul kopek à gaspiller en payant votre petit revenu?

Dupont. DUBOIS a raison, mon cher DURAND. Etes-vous toujours du même avis? Vive la Russie, hein?

Durand. Ah non! La guerre partout, même chez nous; les Allemands à Nancy, peut-être à Fontainebleau; des impôts encore plus effroyables; mes 4% perdus? Mille fois non! Je crie de tout mon cœur—

Dubois. Vive la Russie?

Durand. Non, je vous dis. Vive la Paix! [Ils sortent.]

Parsifal at Bayreuth.

Mr. Punch desires to contradict the assertion, recently made in his pages, that the performances of *Parsifal* at Bayreuth are a source of financial profit to Frau WAGNER. Frau WAGNER, he is assured, makes no personal profit whatever out of the Bayreuth Festival. To her therefore he offers his best apologies.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

IX.—WHY ARE WE SO RUDE?

STORY.—The Saloon of the *Turkish Channel steamer*. The French Coast revisiting in the distance.

PURVEY:

Lord Archery (in the Chair).

M. Paul Gordon.

Mr. J. E. C. Rodley.

Mr. Andrew Lang.

Mr. Stephen Coffin.

Mr. George Alexander.

Mr. H. R. Marriott Watson.

Alfred Modralli (the Terrible Turk).

Mr. Charles Manners.

Lord Archery. The exquisite hospitality we have received during our stay in France only brings home to us more fully the sense of our own imperfections. I propose that we devote the transit—breath of its burners and converted into one of the pleasures of life by the triumph of science—to a discussion of the question, "Why are we, as a nation, so rude?" or, in other words, can we become more polite?

Mr. Andrew Lang. Why should we?

Mr. J. E. C. Rodley. Only those who have studied the French nation on the spot, as I have, can realise the immense gulf that exists between the manners of France and the manners of England. Even among the poorer, while, for example, the street boy of London would be advising you to get your hair cut, the gamin of Paris is placing his coat in a puddle that you may keep your boots clean.

Mr. Stephen Coffin. It was an Englishman, Sir Walter Raleigh, who taught him that trick, anyway.

Mr. Rodley. No. I have the best reason for believing that RALEIGH acquired the pretty action from a French postman.

Mr. Marriott Watson. There is no doubt that we lack manners, particularly, perhaps, when we travel. But what can you expect when the hand that ought to be rocking the cradle and ruling the world is brandishing the butcher-stick?

M. Paul Gordon (the French Ambassador). But why, if I may ask, after things are all? The Englishman is valued because he is an Englishman. Why denationalise him in order to gain a little unimportant urbanity?

Mr. Stephen Coffin. Not unimportant, surely? An easy address, a pleasant voice, and a gallant pose, are possessions which every man should strive to acquire, no matter how often he has to visit the Country Club or take leave.

Mr. George Alexander. St. James has I venture to assert, as good manners as St. Peter, and nearly better manners.

Lord Archery. The fact remains, I

fear, that Englishmen travelling abroad too seldom take into consideration their position as strangers in a hospitable house. When in Rome, it used to be said, one should do as the Romans do. Similarly, when in Paris, if I may be pardoned the somewhat audacious paraphrase, one should do as the Parisians do. For instance, we should make a point of conforming to the unwritten laws of dress that govern the Opera, and not push to our seats in suits of distress.

Mr. George Alexander. Might it not depend a little on how the distress were cut and pressed?

Lord Archery. I fear not.

Mr. Marriott Watson. My contention is that the fault primarily is with the women. If our mothers are eternally in the backy field, how can we be properly instructed in manners or anything else?

Mr. Rodley. I think the evil is more deeply seated than my gifted confidant seems to imagine. Generations back French writers commended adversely on the *marquis de Bréville*.

Mr. Andrew Lang. Surely you don't want to import the Parisian *Morgue*?

Lord Archery. I think it is generally conceded that we have much to learn, but the question is, from whom? For my own part, speaking as a sedulous squarer, I think that we might take a leaf or two from the book of the bee. Nothing could be more courtly than the obeisance with which they greet their Queen. Look as I am to indulge in a play upon words, and even more rich to mispronounce the king's English. I am yet disposed to remark that if we wish to learn how to behave we must go to the apine.

Mr. Rodley. Or to France.

Lord Archery. True. French manners are charming. Many times as I have visited that pleasant country, I have never yet heard a Frenchman say "Rude."

Mr. Andrew Lang. The decay of manners is largely due to the corrupting influence of the New Humour, which I regret to see even our Chairman has not escaped.

Lord Archery. But surely, Mr. Lang, you would not deny the humanising effect of lemons or regiments your brothers of the quill?

Mr. Andrew Lang. On the contrary, I am always ready to fall on their necks—with a butcher.

Mr. Marriott Watson. There is nothing wrong that I can see with men's manners. It is women—and, above all, American women—who are to blame. *Polémica at Chicago*.

Mr. Stephen Coffin. I am not here to defend the sex, but I cannot sit still and listen to aspersions cast upon it. Manners, they say, make the man; but the probability is that women first made manners.

Mr. Rodley. The last gentleman has spoken well. It has been said that the first part of strength is its chivalry. What does our strong man say?

Alfred Modralli (the Terrible Turk). I know nothing of the subject, but I am prepared to wrestle with it.

Lord Archery. The question before the meeting is, Can we improve our manners?

Mr. Charles Manners. On behalf of myself, of my wife Madame MOORE MANNERS, and of my cousin Mr. SALLY MANNERS, I would emphatically say No. England has the best Manners—the Manners it deserves—and all who visit Drury Lane during the cheap opera and lecture season next summer will know that this is so.

Mr. Andrew Lang. Help! Help!
(Paralysis of the Company.)

CHARIVARIA.

THE Russo-Japanese imbroglio still awaits settlement, but in the meantime the difference between Mr. A. B. WALKLEY and Mr. BUCHANAN has been adjusted.

A Port Arthur journal asks, "Would it not be possible to form a Pan-European Union in opposition to the Pan-Asiatic combination? The answer, dear Russia, is in the negative. Still, no harm in asking, of course."

Of public interest is the announcement that the Fat Boy of Peckham's favourite reading is *Indiana*.

The saying that "boys will be boys" is receiving a remarkable confirmation at Brighton. The Messenger Boy at the Post-office in that town is now aged 62.

To "get even" with his wife, with whom he had quarrelled, a Northampton boot-operative took up his furniture and set fire to his house. He carried his revenge yet further last week by getting sent to prison for a month.

A number of London clergymen have announced their intention of preaching Early Closing sermons. The idea seems admirable. The average sermon is far too long.

An instance of a lady losing her memory in a train was reported in the papers last week. Such cases are not uncommon. A short time ago a gentleman took from the rack a valuable gold-lined dressing bag, forgetting he had not brought it with him.

We are informed by the official organ of Emperor Japetus I. that "before long

the flag of the Sahara will fly from the Atlantic to the Red Sea," but we are not told who will be chasing it.

If war breaks out, the odium will rest with Japan. The Czar will be blameless. He has begged the Japanese in the sacred cause of Peace to give way to him, but Japan has refused.

Ignorance of etiquette sometimes has awkward results. It transpired at the Middlesex Sessions that, when a police officer takes a prisoner from one place to another by train, it is the custom for the police officer, on reaching his destination, to alight first, and for the prisoner to follow him. Owing to inexperience a first offender, in these circumstances, went out by the door on the other side of the carriage, and it took eighteen months to recapture him.

Four hundred and ninety-eight Boers who had declined to accept the terms of peace are now on their way back to South Africa. Mr. DELAREY harangued them for five hours at Ahmednagar, and intimated that he would continue unless they took the oath. They took the oath.

Blackbirds are said to be causing great trouble to the farmers. A proposal that policemen shall be placed at the most dangerous spots is under consideration.

A Belgian *savant* has just published a pamphlet drawing attention to the extreme danger, from a sanitary point of view, of the custom of shaking hands, especially with such persons as surgeons, nurses, hairdressers, sausage-makers, and tripe-merchants. In the case of the tripe-merchants it is even said to be safer to kiss them.

"Joeite" writes to point out that a huge business in skates is done in Norway and Iceland, while the trade in these articles in England is in a notoriously depressed state, and asks whether it is not a fact that the countries he first mentions enjoy Protection.

At the request of Mr. BALFOUR the Canadian Minister for War recently attended a meeting of our Committee of Imperial Defence. We understand that the Colonial Minister is now convinced that we did right in not risking a conflict with the United States over the Alaskan difficulty.

M. RORIX, the new President of the International Society of Artists, is proving himself a not unworthy successor to the late Mr. WHISTLER. Asked what he thought of the position of English art at the present day, he replied, "The exhibition at Burlington



NEEDLESS ALARM.

He. "THE FELLAH ACTUALLY THREATENED TO BLOW MY BOWNS OUT!"

She. "OH, HOW COULD HE? OF COURSE HE WASN'T SERIOUS."

House is unsurpassed anywhere, and I was also delighted with the Wallace Collection." There are no pictures by living English artists at either of these galleries.

There is, by-the-by, an expression, "A RORIX pickle."

As a proof of the thoroughness of the *entente* between France and Great Britain, it is announced that Colonel MARCHAND, of Fashoda fame, intends to marry and settle down.

Curiously, the Colonel's intended wife may be said to be already a Marchande. She is the widow of the former proprietor of the *Magasins du Louvre*.

King EDWARD has presented to the Royal United Service Institution the State umbrellas used in Court ceremonies by the late King CORFEE and the ex-King PREMIER. That his MAJESTY should have parted with these in the present weather renders the gift all the more gracious.



Offender (in the course of lengthy explanation). "So I ses to the Inspector as I were, as you might say, ill, an' demanded to be examined by Doctor Jones, an' the Inspector 'e ses as 'ow I must see Doctor Smith, the Police Doctor. 'No,' I ses, 'you may run me in,' I ses, 'but you ain't goin' to make me change my medical adviser!'"

TO HIS MAECENAS.

(By a Brummagem Horace.)

PAUSE, my JOSEPHUS, in your fiscal fray,
And from Imperial cares take holiday;
Quit for one night the crowded platform's glare,
And breathe beneath my roof a purer air;
In short, JOSEPHUS, hearken to my plea,
And, greatly condescending, dine with me.
Expect no luxuries, no dainties rare,
Yet can I offer you Imperial fare.
First—bacon, by Canadian farmers bred
(Canadian "pig," you know, is bounty-fed).
Then shall you feast on true Australian meat,
Newly extracted from its tin retreat.
"Home and Colonial fare;" this truth you teach,
Mine it shall be to practise what you preach.
With this high principle shall all accord:
A little loaf shall deck my modest board
(Need it be said that when that board you grace,
No jam, no pickles there shall find a place?),
No massive silver on the cloth shall gleam,
Tin-plates at present more appropriate seem.
But Bacchus too his genial aid shall lend,
And here again my choice you must commend.
You'd scorn "the foaming grape of Southern France,"
At hock or sherry you would look askance;
A flagon therefore of Australia's best
(Six months in bottle) shall await my guest.
And when the sacred hour is come that claims
Burnt offerings and sacrificial flames,
When—hunger gratified and thirst allayed—
Digestion calls tobacco to her aid,
I'll give you, since I know you love the weed,
A British-made cigar—they're guaranteed.

SIDELIGHTS FROM THE FRONT.

(From a Special Correspondent)

THE situation looks like war. It looks so much like war that they are often taken for each other.

It is almost impossible to over-estimate the gravity of the situation. But I am doing my best.

A high official, who stands close to the Czar, and does not wish to stand any closer, made a significant observation to me this evening. "We shall know more by and by," were his remarkable words. They are being widely quoted.

There is no news to-day. But by re-writing my despatches of yesterday, taking care to transpose the words Tokio and St. Petersburg, you will have a column of good, newsy matter for the *Halfpenny Headline*.

Despatches from Rio de Janeiro, saying that the Czar and the Emperor of JAPAN are planning an Arctic voyage together, are to be received with caution.

"QUIS CUSTODIET, &c.?"—Under the accusing title "A Judge and Drink," the *Cheltenham Chronicle* states that "Sir WILLIAM GRANTHAM has recovered from his indisposition." The paragraph proceeds further, but few will have the heart to read beyond this point.

DEFICIENT LOGIC.—"A Louvain Professor" is quoted by *The Tablet* as having said of the late HERBERT SPENCER, "He was not an original thinker, but he thought he was." Surely, is not SPENCER's own estimate of himself sufficient to establish the fact of his having been "an original thinker?"

Another "White Slave."

FOR SALE (seven miles from Manchester), Good Plain Cook.
Advt. in "Leicester Daily Post."



THE MODERN TARQUIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Tarquinius Superbus . . . RIGHT HON. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N.

Messenger

MR. J-SSE C-LL-NGS.

First Poppy-Head . . . DUKE OF D-V-NSH-RE.

HISTORICAL NOTE.—An envoy was sent to T^{ARQUINIUS} asking what should be done with those who refused to join the League. T^{ARQUINIUS}, who was walking in his garden when the messenger arrived, made no reply, but kept striking off the heads of the tallest poppies with his stick.



THE CRITIC OFF THE HEARTH.

(Recast at the Garrick Theatre to suit recent events.)

John Peerybungle . . . Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

The Fairy Critic . . . Mr. A. B. WALKLEY.

THE property clock in the corner struck twelve as JOHN ARTHUR PEERYBUNGLE BOURCHIER, the Actor-Manager, sat down by his fireside. If the convulsive little Haymaker at the top of the clock had been armed with the sharpest of scythes, and had cut at every stroke into the Actor-Manager's pockets, he never could have made him feel so uncomfortable as had the author whose cause he had so generously espoused, but whose latest work was now on the eve of production at the Haymarket. It was the Haymaker on the clock that had reminded him of this. Haymaker with scythe being HENRY AUTHUR JONES, with his cutting remarks on the clock, — the clock being, of course, the *Times*.

It was a heart, was the Manager-Actor's, so full of love for his own profession, so bound up and held together by innumerable threads of laudatory remembrance spun from acknowledgments of his own histrionic merits and many qualities of popularity, it was a heart with a head which, when the latter had been lost, would guide him, weak in right, and wrong in writing, into difficulties. Yet quick to perceive where he had made a false move in forbidding his Theatre to the Critic, he would cherish neither passion nor revenge, and would only pray that once again the Critic would return to his desolate Garrick hearth, and the *Times* cease to ignore poor JOHN ARTHUR PEERYBUNGLE BOURCHIER's existence.

Clasping his hands before his face, JOHN PEERYBUNGLE found relief in tears. The Critic off the Hearth came out, Walkleying, into the room, and stood in fairy shape before him.

"I like your playing," said the Voice at this critical moment, "and I say so. Have said so."

"Have said so!" cried PEERYBUNGLE. "True!"

"This was a happy theatre, ARTHUR PEERYBUNGLE," the Voice went on, "until HENRY AUTHUR——"

"JONES," groaned PEERYBUNGLE, wearily.

The Voice ceased.

And while the Actor-Manager, with his head upon his hands, continued to sit meditatively in his chair, the Presence stood beside him; suggesting such reflections that made him regret his actions in the past and dread their consequences in the future. There were sounds of gaiety outside, and a great piece, also by HENRY AUTHUR JONES, was coming over the Haymarket. There the staring figures of the night's

receipts turned upon him, one and all, and seemed to say, "Is this the HENRY AUTHUR who is no longer with you?"

More than once in the long, thoughtful night, the fairies showed him the figure of the *Times* Critic seated in his stall with calm face, unwinking eyes,

Write what you like, sit where you like! only come and see our show! good, kind, charitable gentleman! Let JONES be byjones, I mean byjones! Forget and forgive! Good *Times* come again once more! Forgi-i"

Then all was hushed.



Penitent Arthur Bouchier (John Peerybungle) implores the Good *Times*' Critic Walkley not to desert him but to return to the Hearth at the Garrick Theatre.

"Come back! Come back! Return to your first nights!"

and rigid demeanour, suddenly unbending, smiling, laughing, nay, applauding! Then the vision changed, and the Actor-Manager saw—who was that?—yes, himself, reading a newspaper, with rapturous delight, aloud to his wife and friends, all blessing the name of WALKLEY!

"And this," said the Voice, "might have been!"

The Actor-Manager fell on his knees with hands extended.

"And shall be," cried JOHN ARTHUR PEERYBUNGLE. "Come back! Come back! Return to your first nights!"

He rose up when it was broad day, washed and brushed himself, took down his exemplar of polite epistolary communication, a grammar, and a dictionary of quotations (in case of an inspiration), and indited a letter, a copy of which appeared in the *Times* and other papers of Jan. 14th, signed "ARTHUR BOURCHIER," with, beneath it, "A. B. WALKLEY'S" gracious reply.

All's well that ends well. As *Tiny Tim* says to *Terrible Times*, "Bless us all!" And so, let us hope they will live happily ever after.

EMOLLIENTS FOR MILLIONAIRES.

AMERICAN STYLE.

III.

MR. PARTON, secretary to Mr. PONTIUS WATTLE, is discovered at his desk, staring at one of the letters he has just opened. Mr. WATTLE enters and surveys Mr. PARTON with expectation.

Mr. W. Anything new to-day, PARTON?

P. Well, yes, Sir—rather! Biggest thing yet.

Mr. W. Out with it, youngster. I mean, you may proceed.

P. It's extraordinary. It's fabulous. It's a letter—O, Sir, can such things be?—a letter from Herr SCHWANGAU, Secretary to the Emperor WILLIAM. He says: "His Majesty the German EMPEROR commands me to say that if Mr. PONTIUS WATTLE is in Potsdam on Tuesday, January 5, His Majesty will be happy to entertain Mr. WATTLE at luncheon."

Mr. W. PARTON, we grow glorious.

P. It would seem so, Sir.

Mr. W. PARTON, this is too good to keep.

P. Your own honours you may be excused for concealing; but for such a combined tribute to self and nation there is only one treatment.

Mr. W. And that is—?

P. Publicity.

Mr. W. Cautious, though. We must look into this thing. The bag's got several holes, but there's only one right one to let the cat out of.

P. One of Mrs. CAT's young men is waiting to see you, Sir. Perhaps he can help us.

Mr. W. What's his line?

PARTON turns over the pages of a little book and then reads, "STANHOPE, PHILIP—Form."

Mr. W. Form! That don't mean anything. Must be a misprint. Well, show him in—and, PARTON!

P. Yes, Sir?

Mr. W. Guess I'll feel freer to tackle him alone. No offence.

P. Very well, Sir.

PARTON's exit is followed almost immediately by the entrance of Mr. STANHOPE, who is plainly—not very carefully—dressed, and who looks like a man who has the habit of trying not to smile.

Mr. W. Morning, Mr. STANHOPE. What's your line?

Mr. Stanhope. May I refresh my memory by looking at Mrs. CAT's little circular? . . . Ah, I have it. My line appears to be Form. Dress, dinner, supper after the theatre, love-making—that sort of thing, don't you know?

Mr. W. Invitations—answers to?

Mr. S. Precisely.

Mr. W. Good, let her go.

Mr. S. First, a question or two. Have

you—excuse my directness—ever studied a treatise on etiquette?

Mr. W. No.

Mr. S. Nor tried to talk like the polished patricians in a play by PINERO?

Mr. W. Never heard of him.

Mr. S. Ah, you're virgin soil, Mr. WATTLE.

Mr. W. Me! Say, that's a good one. Wonder if you know how good that is?

Mr. S. Tell me some other time. This is the time for business. And let me say, before you decide to employ me, that it is—what's the formula?—no trouble to show goods.

Mr. W. You're the best Mrs. CAT has sent me yet. Some of her chaps—but no matter. . . Let's see, where shall I begin?

Mr. WATTLE's manner becomes violently indifferent as he hands to Mr. STANHOPE the Emperor WILLIAM's invitation, and asks: How shall I answer this?

Mr. STANHOPE runs it through half to himself, half aloud, and then says unimpressed: Oh, the usual way. Write to the Secretary, in the third person.

Mr. W. But shall I accept?

Mr. S. Why, I think I should, if you can conveniently be in Berlin at that time.

Mr. W. But I have scruples, Sir, scruples.

Mr. S. (smiling). Overcome them.

Mr. W. Young man, I was brought up to despise monarchs.

Mr. S. Very well, then, decline.

Mr. W. But as this invitation is indirectly a compliment to the country of which I have the honour to be a citizen, perhaps a new and higher duty calls upon me to accept.

Mr. S. Why on earth do you call it a compliment?

Mr. W. Why? . . . Why? . . . Well, of all the cheek!

Mr. S. I mean this sort of thing is an old story now. The Emperor WILLIAM has a captain of industry to lunch with him every day, and when he can't get a captain he'll put up with a lieutenant.

Mr. W. Not every day? Surely not quite every day? I never saw that in the papers.

Mr. S. Of course not. Americans are too retiring to let people know when they lunch with royalty; and the EMPEROR only puts it in the German papers when he doesn't forget his guest's name.

Mr. WATTLE, whose face has become more and more austere while Mr. STANHOPE has been speaking, now says with dignity: Look here, young man, you may be all right in the home market, but for the export trade I'm afraid your calibre's a little small. When I need advice about tea on the Bowery I'll ask for you. Good-day.

MORE CHAT AT CHATSWORTH.

(By the Author of "Words with Wordsworth," "Harm from Harmsworth," &c., &c.)

[The DUKE is reported to have said to a policeman, who would have kept the crowd at a long distance from His MAJESTY and the other Chatsworth guests, "O let 'em all come 'an' see the sport!"]

DURING one of the rehearsals of Mr. LEO TREVOR's play, a sempstress, who was engaged in stitching together two of the back cloths, had the misfortune to slip from the step-ladder on which she was standing, and fall heavily. "What ho, she bumps!" exclaimed the DUKE, and, reassured and sustained by the good humour which these timely words aroused, the sempstress, who was happily unhurt, resumed her work with unabated diligence.

An odd incident occurred during one of the big shoots. On rounding a corner in the three-thousand-acre spinney His MAJESTY and fellow-guests suddenly came upon an elderly beater dressed, although it was a sharp morning, in a complete suit of gold-beater's skin. Directly he saw Mr. BALFOUR, who was walking with the guns and munching a biscuit, the man cried out several times in a loud voice, "Your food will cost you more." "Balmy on the free crumpet," was the DUKE's laconic comment, as he significantly tapped the massive frontal development for which the CAVENDISHES are so famous.

At lunch on the same day the conversation turned on the idiosyncrasies of the guests in regard to the way in which they liked to be helped to the huge baron of beef which, in accordance with the practice prevailing among the upper ten, invariably graces the board on these occasions. After everyone had expressed his or her opinion, appeal was made to the host to state his predilection. "O, just a little bit off the top," was the cheery response of the great Derbyshire magnate.

Golf, as is well known, formed a prominent feature in the pastimes of the Chatsworth week. But none of the press representatives recorded the interesting fact that the DUKE renamed all the principal hazards on the course in honour of the occasion, the most formidable bunker being christened "Joe." When, therefore, Mr. BALFOUR carried the hazard with a fine tee shot, the DUKE exclaimed with extraordinary readiness, "Well played, BALFOUR. Glad to see you're 'not for JOE' this time." This happy revival of a mid-Victorian jest so convulsed BEN SAYERS, the famous professional, who was partnering the DUKE, that he had to be carried home in a Swedish oven.



WHAT HE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Gushing Lady. "Oh but, Mr. Jones, I should love to be beautiful—even if for only half-an-hour!"
Jones. "Yes; but you wouldn't like the coming back again!"

It is universally admitted that vivacity at the breakfast-table is the severest test of a good conscience. From this ordeal the Duke of Devonshire invariably emerged with the utmost distinction. For example, his favourite mode of saluting his titled guests on their entering the *salle-à-manger*, was, "Good morning. Have you used Peers' soap?"

Finally, when, after the departure of the Royal guests, the house-party were indulging in a game of "I spy," the Duke, emerging from cover during an animated rally, petrified the assembly by daunting Mr. BALFOUR with the gay challenge, "Chase me, ARTHUR!"

A PROTEST.

[A writer in the *Genealogical Magazine* has taken upon himself to fix the order of precedence of the most important cities of the three kingdoms. He assigns the first place to London, having clearly overlooked the claims of a certain burgh in the kingdom of Fife.]

O' a' the havers heard by me—
An' havers I've heard mony—
I doot this last appears to be
About the worst o' ony;
An' when I read yon feckless loon
It puts me on my mettle
To see a place like Lunnon toon
Set up aboon Kingskettle.

What's Lunnon? Fog that fills your
lungs,
An' air ye canna swallow,
An' people speakin' in sic tongues
A body canna follow.
Eh! sic an awccent as they lairn
When schule they have attended,
While here the vera weest bairn
Is easy comprehended.

It's no a hame-like place at a';
It's fu' o' noise an' worry,
An' nae one kens nor cares wha's wha,
An' a' is hurry-scurry.
Ye'll wanner up an' doon the street
Through myriads o' men, Sir,
An' never ken a soul ye meet,
Or meet a soul ye ken, Sir.

How different in bonny Fife!
Here fouks are mair than ciphers;
A man's a man an' life is life
Among the canny Fifers.
Bot pit your heid outside the door
Ye'll get some conversation
About the prospects o' a war,
Tariffs or education.

Things bein' sae, a Fifeshire man
Maun ave be, willy-nilly,
Mair highly educated than
Thae fules o' Piccadilly.
Sae I wad ask yon feckless loon
Gin he decides to settle
That Lunnon is the foremaist toon,
Whaur will be pit Kingskettle?

"THE LONG RESULT OF TIME."

"*Tout vient à point pour celui qui sait attendre.*"

[“After forty-six years, the Chatham Army and Navy Veterans' Association has obtained for the widow of an Indian Mutiny veteran her husband's share of the Lucknow prize-money.”—*Daily Express*.]

THAT the Government does not neglect its executive duties merely because a matter under consideration cannot be disposed of in an instant, is evidenced by the following items of intelligence:—

The Home-Secretary, Mr. ARETAS AKERS DOUGLAS, has intimated his intention to reprieve the convict GUY FAWKES, condemned for an attempt to blow up the Houses of Parliament, the sentence to be commuted to one of penal servitude for life. An intimation of the reprieve has been forwarded to the secretary of the extensively signed petition placed before the KING at the time of the prisoner's conviction.

The Secretary for Scotland has ordered a strict enquiry into the alleged massacre at Glencoe.

Mr. BRODRICK, having encountered a report of the severe rule maintained in India by Mr. WARREN HASTINGS, has forwarded a note to that gentleman informing him that unless the rigour of his government be mitigated the Secretary for India will be unable to continue Mr. HASTINGS in his position.

Mr. ALFRED LITTELTON has intimated to the inhabitants of Boston in America his intention to recommend the immediate repeal of the obnoxious duty on tea.

The Public Prosecutor has received instructions to take proceedings against the Directors of the South Sea Company.

LORD SELBORNE has issued an order reprimanding Admiral Sir FRANCIS DRAKE for temporary neglect of duty in continuing to play bowls after the Spanish fleet had come in sight. The First Lord of the Admiralty adds, however, that he is unable to refrain from congratulating the Admiral on the result of his operations when once they were put in hand.

O. P. GOSSIP.

It is rumoured that among the artistes engaged to appear at the inauguration performance of M. LERAUDY'S Imperial Theatre will be Madame SAHARA BERNHARDT.

The efforts made by "walking" ladies and gentlemen to effect an adequate recognition of their status in the profession has assumed definite shape. The Theatrical Supernumeraries' Association announces a performance at an early date of Mr. BERNARD SHAW'S *Man and Superman*. It is rumoured that the Marquis of ANGLESEY will take both the title parts.

The plea put forward by the Water Babies that the licence for *Madame Sherry* allows only for consumption "off the premises" is being opposed with the utmost vigour by the Licensed Victuallers.

The report that Mr. TREE refused a part in the same play, on the ground that good wine needs no bush, is wholly without foundation.

BREAKFAST-TABLE PROBLEMS.

(With acknowledgments to the D—ly M—l.)

FOR THE BOARD OF TRADE.

THE distance from London to Dulham Rye is 8½ miles, and is covered by the lightning expresses of the London and Slackham Railway in eighty-eight minutes, the principal stoppages being between the stations. State whether more important results are likely to flow from electrifying the line or from electrocuting the Directors?

FOR THE BANK CLERK.

If, instead of waiting for a bus at the Marble Arch, you decide to walk along the Edgware Road and it begins to rain, how many buses going the other way will pass you before you are caught up by a bus with a vacant seat inside?

INDUSTRIAL AMENITIES.

If a British workman can lay 500 bricks in eight hours, how long will it take him to heave half a brick at a total stranger?

MATHEMATICAL CRICKET.

If Mr. P. F. WARNER scored 46 in a Test Match, 21 in a match against fifteen of Bendigo, and 38 against eighteen of Woolloomooloo, how many will he make against twenty-two of the Never Never country?

AN EASY ONE FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

If a herring and a half cost three halfpence, what is the Billingsgate value of a good-sized cachalot?

SIMPLICITY ITSELF.

A stockbroker walking to Brighton at the rate of 3 miles 47 yards an hour, starts from Westminster Bridge at 6.5 A.M. At 6.7 A.M. a stockbroker walking from Brighton to London, at the rate of 2 miles 3 furlongs and 16 yards an hour, leaves the Pavilion. The distance from Brighton to London (and *vice versa*) is 52 miles. After walking 37 minutes the first stockbroker contracts a stitch, which reduces his speed by 14 per cent. After walking an hour the second stockbroker takes a pick-me-up, which accelerates his pace one third for the first eight minutes, one fourth for the second four and a half minutes, and leaves it where it was afterwards. At what point on the road will they meet?

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XXVIII.—THE ANIMAL-LOVERS.

ALL the afternoon the sun has hung a blood-red ball in a sky of leaden grey. Lower and lower it has sunk over the houses, until now it has diffused itself over the western sky in a faint red glow. The lamps are already alight in the little side-street, and shine steadily in the half light; a small boy on a bicycle zig-zags unstably down the middle of the road; a group of vague undefined figures stand conversing outside one of the houses.

I pass on down the street towards the warm glow of a diminutive oil-shop at the further end, faced at the other corner by a little shanty with dirty windows purporting, in shiny white letters, to be "The Ideal Laundry: Gents' shirts and collars dressed and got up equal to new." I cross towards this unique establishment and survey the window show, consisting of a stiff and immaculately white collar on the one side, contrasted on the other with a disreputable strip of limp linen that has apparently been rescued from a street fight. Pinned to the curtains behind is a picture of an immodest infant, delivering itself with a smirk of the outspoken statement:—

ALL MY CLOTHES ARE AT
THE IDEAL LAUNDRY
WHERE YOURS OUGHT TO BE.

I do my best to swallow this indignity, taking so long over it that a towseled lady with a flat-iron appears at the curtain and regards me through it with undisguised suspicion. As I turn away I become conscious of a low sobbing sound proceeding from the other side of the road.

Leaning sideways against the doorway of the illuminated oil-shop, his frame shaken from time to time by a smothered sob, is a man of ruffianly aspect in a dirty muffler. One arm supports him against the door-post, while with the sleeve of the other he wipes the tears from a stubby cheek. A plump tabby kitten with arched back rubs itself sympathetically between his open legs.

As I approach, an unrestrained fit of sobbing bursts from the figure; I stop short, loth to intrude upon his grief, and glance into the shop, seeking in vain some clue to his trouble. An oil-



UNHAPPY THOUGHT.

Literary Man. "WELL, GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN. I'VE GOT TO GO IN HERE TO BE SHAVED."

His Friend. "SHAVED! WHY, IT'S A PICTURE SHOP!"

Literary Man. "YES, AND A BARBER'S. I SHALL PROBABLY COME OUT, LIKE MY WORK, ILLUSTRATED WITH CUTS!"

lamp hanging from the ceiling gleams luridly in the centre of the deserted shop; at the back a red-curtained glass door stands half open, affording a partial view of a woman busy with tea-things in the firelight.

Distressfully conscious that I am in the presence of some deep bidden tragedy I turn, with the intention of departing as quietly as possible. At the movement he raises his head, and ceasing his sobs for a moment surveys me with dimmed eyes. Then he speaks:

"Pore lil bloomin' kitten lost 'isself an' can't find 'is bloomin' 'ome, pore lil blighter."

I must admit that for a moment I am at a loss what to do or say. The kitten continues to rub itself against his legs. I pull myself together and feel for my handkerchief.

"Starvin' an' cold," he observes, wiping the tears from his cheek.—"Got a sop o' bread on yer?"

A long and fruitless search in my pockets convinces him that I have not. I express my regret, explaining that I left home in a hurry to-day.

"I'm a lovervanimals," he remarks.

"Ever since I left my wife I've bin a lovervanimals."

I stoop hastily and stroke the kitten.

"My wife's conduct," he explains, "in summonsin' me fer 'ittin' of 'er destroyed my belief in 'uman nachur. I'm a lovervanimals."

I admit the discretion of this transfer of affection. "They never summons you," I remark sympathetically.

"They're faithful dumb creechurs," he observes.

I congratulate him on his choice of adjectives.

"I shall 'dopt the pore little blighter," he informs me. "I shall take 'im 'ome. It ain't a pallis, but it's clean an' respectable."

I stoop and reassure the kitten upon these points. My companion's tears have altogether ceased, and he is wreathed in smiles.

"Com 'ere yer bloomin' little blue-eyed blighter," he exclaims, stooping and snapping his fingers. The kitten approaches him sideways with arched back.

The animal-lover secures its back in a clumsy grasp, and lifts it from the ground. The kitten raises a loud yell of pain.

"Orl right," exclaims the animal-lover, holding the vituperative animal at arm's

length in the air and surveying it reproachfully. "Wot's the matter with yer? Can't yer see I'm adoptin' of yer? Chuck it, d'ye'er?"

The kitten's language is becoming a disgrace to the neighbourhood. At last the animal-lover withdraws his arm and places his protégé under his coat, where it remains perforce struggling hard and cursing under its breath.

"You're a nice little blighter, you are," observes its guardian indulgently.—"Don't 'arf lay 'is tongue to it, do 'e?"

"Now then," breaks in a voice from behind us,—"*when you've finished.*"

We face round in surprise. Standing in the doorway of the oil-shop is a woman of formidable build nursing a baby. She looks squarely at my companion.

"*When you've finished,*" she repeats.

The animal-lover, without relaxing his grasp of the kitten, surveys her for a moment in silence.

"I'm a lovervanimals," he observes.

"What are yer doin' ter that kitten?" demands the lady.

"I'm takin' of it 'ome," he replies. "It's cold an' starvin'."

"Takin' it 'ome, are yer?" demands the lady indignantly.

"It nint a pallis—" begins the animal-lover.

"Takin' it 'ome!" repeats the lady. "Ho, indeed! An' where do I come in?"

I cannot help thinking this a somewhat forward remark on the lady's part. My companion seems to share my view.

"You ain't cold an' starvin'—" he begins defensively.

"Look 'ere," breaks in the lady, "you jest put my kitten down!"

"Your kitten!" exclaims the animal-lover.

"Yes, you jest put it down," replies the lady.

The animal-lover stares at her for a time, but without complying.

"If the kitten's yours," he observes argumentatively, "wot's it doin' outside?"

The lady shifts the baby to one arm.

"Jest put my kitten down," she commands formidably. The animal-lover regards her for a moment, then lowers the kitten, which, loud-voiced and with uplifted tail, retreats hastily past its owner into the shop. The lady replaces the baby in its former position, and surveys her opponent sideways with triumphantly compressed lips.

"Comin' 'ere interferin' with other people's animals," she observes.

"Wot's the kitten doin' outside?" demands my companion. "That's wot I wanter know. You must 'ave bin ill-treatin' of it."

"There'll be some ill-treatin' in a minute," remarks the lady, rocking the baby with determination. "I can tell yer."

"Croolty an' neglect," observes my companion.

"I'll give yer some neglect," says the lady, still rocking the baby, "if yer don't move away from my shop."

The animal-lover turns to me.

"This," he observes solemnly, "is case fer the Serciety Preventin' Croolty Tanimals. This is matter fer th' Inspector."

"P'raps you're the Inspector?" suggests the lady, sarcastically.

The animal-lover regards her with dignity.

"P'raps I am," he observes. "An' p'raps I'm not. Any'ow I've got my eye on you.—Make a note o' the number, Mate."

Carried away by my interest in the situation, I scribble on my shirt-cuff.

"Look 'ere!" cries the lady, shifting her baby to one arm again, "if you don't

move away from my shop I'll show yer the way. And quick. Both of yer."

I suddenly awake to an unpleasant consciousness of the danger of my position. My companion edges away a little from the shop, and I follow suit. So as to be ready to back him up.

"Go on—orf with yer!" commands the lady loudly. "Comin' 'ere interferin' with my kitten. Go on—orf with yer!"

"I shall report this matter," remarks my companion, watching the lady warily, "ter the Serciety preventerootytanimals. I'm a lovervanimals. I—"

"Cat-stealin'!" suddenly exclaims a voice from the road. "That's what they're after, is it!"

I turn and recognise the lady of the Ideal Laundry. She still holds her

ward. "You corl me a medical stoo-dent?" he demands.

"E's the ring-leader," cries the laundress, pointing to me, "im in the bowler 'at. They're vividissectors, that's what they are!"

"Oh the white-livered curs!" cries the enlightened oil-shop lady. "Medical stoo-dents! I've 'eard o' their doin's! Oh the white-livered curs!"

"You corl me a medical stoo-dent?" repeats the outraged animal-lover. "I'm a workin' man, I am, an' I earn my livin'."

"An' we earn our livin'!" cries the oil-shop lady. "And 'ave ter work 'ard for it! We don't want no medical stoo-dents 'ere!"

I hasten to observe that I also earn my living. And not very easily either in these hard times.

"I wish," observes my companion bitterly, "I wish I was your 'usband. I wish I 'ad the 'ittin' of yer."

"You?" screams the oil-shop lady furiously, shifting her baby to her left arm and making a dash at him, "you 'it me? Take that, yer white-livered cur!"

"Oo yer 'ittin' of?" whines my companion, shielding his head and retreating hastily. "Oo yer—"

He is interrupted by a rain of blows from his assailant, who, with the baby tucked under one arm, has followed him into the middle of the road.

"I'll teach yer ter come vivisectin' my cats!" she screams. "Take that, yer mangy tike! Take—"

At this point my part as spectator is cut short in the most painfully unexpected

manner by a blow on the back of the neck with a flat-iron.

"We'll teach yer!" screams a strident voice by my ear, "we'll"—(thump!)—"teach yer—"

I have no desire for further tuition.

In barely twenty seconds' time I stand breathless at the top of the street, looking back upon the distance. All is quiet; apparently my companion has drawn the pursuit. The glow has disappeared from the sky, and the little gas-lamps blink in the darkness. Long thoughtful shadows lie upon the road, deepening towards the houses. Peace reigns over the scene.

No Permanent Harm Done.

"In two or three days after taking your pills, my wife was quite well again."



Bob. "COULDN'T I BE THE MOTHER SOMETIMES, INSTEAD OF ALWAYS BEING THE DOCTOR?"

Nellie (scornfully). "HOW COULD YOU BE THE MOTHER WHEN YOU HAVEN'T GOT A LAP?"

flat-iron, which with her bare arms gives her a more formidable appearance than I altogether care for.

"Comin' 'ere," explains the oil-shop lady indignantly, rocking her baby, "tryin' ter make orf with my kitten. I'll soon shew 'em the way."

The Ideal Laundress approaches nearer.

"It's a gang!" she declares with conviction. "I see the taller one, 'im in the bowler 'at, 'angin' about our plice ten minutes ago. I knew 'e wasn't up ter no good. It's a gang."

"Allow me to explain—" I begin.

"Don't you talk ter me!" cries the Ideal Laundress, turning swiftly on me. "I've 'eard all about your sort! You're medical stoo-dents, that's what you are!"

This seems to anger my companion very much. He pushes his way for-

CHARIVARIA.

THE announcement that the Duke of DEVONSHIRE has sold his baths at Buxton has foolishly given rise to a rumour that his Grace intends to become a Labour Leader.

The dangers of the dinner-table become more and more alarming. According to the *Express*, it is the custom of certain English firms "to ship American hogs to Ireland, and then tranship them to London, and place the bacon and ham on sale as *Irish meat*. The same thing was done, said the American Minister of Agriculture, with horses."

The Municipal Milk movement has received a check from the district auditors, who have surcharged the Battersea Town Council with its expenditure in this field. A proposal has now been made to extend the powers of the Water Board, so that it may become a Milk and Water Board.

The Lord Chamberlain has objected to a play being called *The White Slaves of London*, on the ground that "there are no slaves in London." But what of the dramatists, who work under this kind of mediæval bondage?

The *Daily Graphic* has published the portraits of two young German giants, ADOLF and FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER. Their girth is enormous, and it is stated that Mr. JOHN TRUNDLEY of Peckham has become a follower of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Lord CARRINGTON has issued a circular to his tenants containing a number of pertinent questions on the Fiscal Problem. The last question is a veritable poser. It is:—"If unable to do these things at once, how long would it be, in your opinion, before we should reach this desirable state of things? Yes, or no?"

Last week's *Gazette* announced the resignation of Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P. Mr. O'BRIEN has not resigned since 1895.

It is denied that the new play at the Savoy, *The Love Birds*, is to have a political colouring, with all the Liberal leaders in the title rôle.

We understand that the chief difficulty which prevents Russia from giving way in the present dispute is the fear that, if she now carries out her promises as regards Manchuria, a dangerous precedent will be created.

It is persistently rumoured in some quarters that, after all, there is to be



"WARE WIRE!"

"HALLO, JACK! WHAT'S UP?"

"DON' KNOW. I'M NOT!"

no war. If this be true, it can only have one meaning: Japan and Russia are in ignorance of the fact that the *Daily Mail* has gone to the expense of preparing a special map of the scene of the conflict.

An annoying state of affairs prevails at Berlin, according to *Dalziel*. The KAISER and his son do not see i to i. The KAISER, instead of being deified, is being defied. As a result the Crown PRINCE has been placed under arrest.

"Germany first in the world!" cried Count von Bülow mysteriously the other day, in a speech which, so far as we can make out, had nothing to do with brutality to soldiers.

We are pleased to hear that a gold medal has been awarded to Dr. JULIUS HANN for his services to the science of meteorology. We consider that too much cannot be done for those whose profession brings them into even closer contact than ourselves with the weather.

There is great excitement in the animal world. Last week a cow wrecked

a train near Chester, and a sheep upset sixty waggons between Festiniog and Portmadoc. As a consequence of this proof of their power, animals all over the kingdom are reported to be becoming trueulent, but there is still no confirmation of the rumour that on the 25th instant a butterfly barked at a Guardsman.

A SONG OF REAL DIFFICULTY.

I KNOW how WARNER's team will fare,
What weather LÉNT will bring,
The way of worms beneath the soil,
Of condors on the wing:
But one hiatus in my lore
I cannot yet make good:
What kind of wood would a woodchuck
chuck,
If a woodchuck could chuck wood.

I know the mystery of tides,
The height of Captain KIDD,
Why JUNIUS wore an Iron Mask,
Where each medallion's hid:
But one strange problem hitherto
My onslaught has withstood:
What kind of wood would a woodchuck
chuck,
If a woodchuck could chuck wood.

STUDIES OF BLIGHTED LIVES.

V.—THE HIGHER KIND OF POET.

[Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN is about to lecture before the Royal Institution on "The Growing Distaste on the part of the Many for the Higher Kinds of Poetry."]

The laws that treat of rights and wrongs
I care not greatly who composes;
Let me construct the nation's songs,
And someone else may be her MOSES:—
So (roughly) ran the immortal phrase,
And though I can't recall who said it
Full well I know that nowadays
He wouldn't earn the faintest credit.

How sadly changed the prospect seems
From what beguiled my early summers,
Passed in the haunt of poets' dreams,
The breeding hive of brainy hummers!°
O age of unrecorded feats!
How fair the hopes our boyhood built on
Who meant in time to coo like KEATS,
Or have an organ-mouth like MILTON!

What bard has ever rightly sung
The thoughts that made our bosoms swell up,
When not the biceps, but the lung
Was what we panted to develop!
When, careless though our fame was mute
Upon the school's athletic panels,
We let our swift ambitions shoot
Down purely literary channels.

Spurning the rude barbarian sport
That makes the modern youth's diversion,
We found our leisure all too short
For WORDSWORTH's nobly-planned *Excursion*;
Avoiding scenes of vulgar mirth,
We trod the track of *Goneril's* treasons,
We dived with DANTE under earth,
We strolled with THOMSON round the *Seasons*.

So, when I reached a riper age,
And recognised my vocal mission,
And found my glorious heritage
Wrapped up with England's best tradition,
I had a passion all along,
Deep in my inmost vitals rooted,
To keep intact the well of song
Which CHAUCER left us unpolluted.

Speechless at times, through want of thought,
I burned the dim nocturnal taper;
At times my brain was overwrought
With serving on a daily paper;
But oft I soared with SHELLEY's lark
Through the adjacent empyrean,
And spent the day till after dark
Emitting one continuous pen.

Vain, vain employ! The common ruck,
That raves of RANJIT, TICH, or VARJON,
How could it have the taste to pluck
The precious blooms that prank my Garden?
What hope for horny-handed churls
That seem to take a wanton pleasure
In overlooking obvious pearls,
While hunting discs of dubious "treasure"?

° "What is more gentle than a wind in summer?
What is more soothing than the pretty hummer
That stays one moment in an open flower
And buzzes cheerily from bower to bower?"—KEATS.

Not for myself I mourn so much,
For though my private larynx varies
I joy to keep in constant touch
With England's roll of pure canaries;
That legacy, the "Higher Kind"
To which a Laureate owes his billet—
Though lavished on the deaf and blind,
No mere neglect can wholly kill it!

Yet I am something more than bird,
I am the nation's seer and mystic,
Ordained to lift the humble herd
By efforts largely altruistic;
And if I cannot move the mob
And leave them rather less benighted,
Why, then I score a futile blob,
And must regard my life as blighted.

O. S.

RECENT COLLAPSE OF THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S.

(An "Intelligent Anticipation.")

It now appears that the catastrophe to the Dome was not caused by any subsidence of the foundations, but that some of the readers of the *Hidden Treasure* serial in *High Thinking*, being under an impression that a disc entitling the fortunate finder to fifteen thousand farthings had been concealed in the masonry of the Whispering Gallery, employed cordite cartridges in the hope of dislodging the spoil.

Our Representative called yesterday on the Proprietor of *High Thinking*, who courteously consented to state his views, as follows:—"It is a regrettable incident, of course, but I should hardly think any of our readers will go quite so far another time. In any case, we cannot be held liable for miscalculations they may make in following our 'clues.' I have taken Counsel's opinion on that point. We were most careful to warn our readers that the money was not placed inside any building, or even immediately near it. As a matter of fact, the building indicated was not St. Paul's at all, but a sacred edifice of even more ancient and historic associations. We could scarcely be expected to foresee that any treasure-hunter would resort to an explosive of such high power. It is really marvellous what things some people will do for money. But, as I said before, we admit no legal responsibility whatever. Our aim has always been to awake the dormant intelligence of the Public and teach them to use their brains. Yes, the collapse of the Dome is a magnificent advertisement for *High Thinking*—the circulation has been going up by leaps and bounds ever since."

A NEW OPENING FOR ACTORS.

[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech went from the Guildhall to the Queen's Hall and the People's Palace, where it was repeated to two great audiences by "trained orators," members of the theatrical profession.]

WANTED, First-class Comedian to repeat T. P.'s popular lecture, "Peeps at Parliament," to overflow audiences in the Provinces.

DRAMATIC ACTOR, disengaged, can hear of good opening in the "Repeat Department" of the Passive Resistance movement. Must have starred with WILSON BARRETT'S companies. No other need apply.

WANTED, strong, able-bodied, fear-no-foe-in-shining-armour orators, to repeat in Birmingham Town Halls, and other Protection centres, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE'S addresses on Free Trade, Peace, Reform, &c., &c. Must pay own insurance premiums.

THE SALE SEASON.—Notice outside the London shop of an alien immigrant:—

MY ANNUAL SELL IS NOW ON.



USEFUL INFORMATION.

Jones (who has forsorn toin life for a more healthful existence, to hired compendium of agricultural knowledge at 14s. 6d. a week, with cottage and 'tater patch), "Do you know ANYTHING ABOUT BEES, ISAAC?"

Isaac. "Yes, THEY STINGS!"



FISCAL LETTERS.

(Being Mr. Punch's Guide to the writing of them.)

No. I.

To the Editor of (any paper will do, but the "Times" preferred.)

SIR,—May I crave a small amount of your space in order to point out to your correspondent, H. A. DEWTHAIR, that the figures he cites to prove the prosperity of the country are entirely misleading? He takes iron and steel f.o.b., c.o.d., f.i.c., and by the simple process of adding corn, coal and timber (planks, not logs—the distinction is important), and then multiplying the result by the square root of foreign dairy produce, less the usual percentage for butter and cheese consumed *in transitu*, he produces the startling figure of £99,000,000 7s. 2½d. But he has utterly failed to take into account the figures of the glass-eye industry as shown in the Blue Book at page 15,645. Even before these were published, it was well known to all who took an interest in the question that, owing to the prevalence of cheap sand in the northern parts of Africa, our glass-eye manufacturers were being driven out of the markets of the world. Now, it seems, we are losing the home-market as well. In the year 1902-3 only 679 native eyes were sold, as against 1,141 in the year 1872-3. What does Mr. DEWTHAIR say to this? Is he going to take it lying down? Or will he add his weight to those who are endeavouring to cement the Empire together by the steel bonds of preferential tariffs? Let him consider ere it be too late. Yours, &c., JAMES JOBSON.

No. II. (Answer to above).

SIR,—Sir JAMES JOBSON has endeavoured to impugn the accuracy of the very striking figures I laid before your readers. How has he done this? Not by proving that I erred even by so much as a halfpenny in my calculations (which must therefore, I take it, be accepted henceforth as sound), but by bringing forward the case of glass eyes. Sir JAMES points to the state of that industry, which he appears to think has been ruined by the importation of cheap African eyes. What he wants, no doubt, is a heavy duty. I beg to ask him, first, what he proposes to do about the drawback, and in what category he means to place the semi-finished eye imported in bond and left to be worked up by English labour? Then again he must remember that the finished article of one industry is the raw material for others. To Sir JAMES a glass eye is a glass eye. To a one-eyed man it is the raw material by which alone he can carry on successfully such industries as (1) associating on equal terms with his fellow men; (2) making love. Finally I beg to protest once more against the scandalous way in which the year 1872-3 is brought against us. Everybody knows, even if Sir JAMES does not, that it was affected by the Franco-German war and cannot therefore count. Taking the usual quinquennial periods we are steadily increasing our output even of glass eyes. What our manufacturers require is enterprise and skill, not protection. For instance, what is the use of sending a consignment of pale blue eyes to the South of Italy? You may ask me who did this? I reply, Sir JAMES JOBSON. Yours, &c. H. A. DEWTHAIR.

The letters that continue this correspondence grow gradually more and more animated and recriminatory, until in his last letter Sir JAMES JOBSON insinuates that his opponent is "no gentleman and a very ignorant one at that," to which Mr. DEWTHAIR retorts that Sir JAMES has feathered his nest by a long career of sweating, and has a brother, deceased, who was convicted of bribery in a municipal election. The controversy is then transferred to the Law Courts.

In the next example Mr. Punch endeavours to fuse into one those two Tariffian protagonists, Sir H-NRY H-W-RTH and



AN AL FRESCO LUNCH AT THE ZOO.

Neglected Visitor. "AVE YOU FORGOT ALL ABOUT US, WAITER?"
Teutonic Waiter. "ACH NO! YOU VAS ZE TWO 'COLD LAMBS.'"

Mr. J-M-S L-SLIE W-NKL-N. He has tried to combine the profound learning of the one with the glittering humour of the other, while preserving the *verve* and violence of both, and avoiding the extreme length of Sir H-NRY.

No. III.

SIR,—Events are now eventuating precisely as I ventured to predict they would when I addressed you last week and showed how a good man, for we were entitled at that time to consider him a good man, as he had not yet given in his adhesion to the malevolent designs of an abandoned and disappointed time-serving lawyer, may in spite of those who call out to him, as I have endeavoured to do, be dragged at the heels of those who are not and never have been any better than what they ought. I want to ask the Duke of DEVONSHIRE a plain question, to which I trust—I say, I trust, though that trust has hitherto been basely abused by those who, to gain their private ends, have shipwrecked the Empire, thrown a great party on its beam-ends, and seriously annoyed Mr. BALFOUR, whose duties at this time are so important that common prudence should warn us not to add by even a straw (and straw comes from corn) to his many troubles—he will answer as plainly as it is put. Let him come to Bradford. He'll find me there ready for him day or night, rain or shine. We Yorkshiremen are a hard-headed lot, and I'll engage to give the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, or, for the matter of that, Mr. Cox, two stone and a beating over any course they like to name. We must of course feed on Quaker Oats and wear wool next our skin. That is where the true remedy will be found. Yours faithfully,

H. H.
I. L. W.

AMONG THE IMMORTALS AT THE BURLINGTON.

LET no one with an hour to spare miss the present chance of scraping acquaintance, or of renewing it, with the Old Masters now hibernating at Burlington House. For those who have a bare sixty minutes at their disposal this guide to certain important points in the show is primarily intended: but it will serve as a gentle reminder for such as "have been there and still would go."

1. A "Pietà" by MEMLING, lent by Sir HENRY THOMPSON, Bart. "Rocky and wooded landscape, with water in the background." Absolute freedom from dust-carts here, concerning which necessary nuisances Sir HENRY has recently been writing to the *Times*. "Dust like the picture?" as Claude Melnotte asks. And the spectator, who may not be in sympathy with the figures in the foreground, will answer, "Distance lends enchantment to the view."

2. "Portrait of a Lady," of the Early French or Flemish School. We are not informed how early the school was, nor whether it was an infant or day school. She is a pretty lady, with an artistically arranged coif. Probably representing a Mistress, or, to put it more correctly, a female teacher, in either school. If you ask, "Where are her pupils?" *la réponse saute aux yeux*.

"Portrait of a Gentleman," by FRANÇOIS CLOUET, called JANET. Why "FRANÇOIS" should call himself "JANET," unless he were hopelessly effeminate, is a puzzle. However, we leave it at that. This picture, numbered 7, is unique in the collection, for it is the one and only "Portrait of a Gentleman" at this moment within the five Galleries of Burlington House! Fact. Probably unprecedented. There are two or three single ladies represented in this exhibition, likewise "A Man," 40; and if age be indicated by number, the "Man" is decidedly eligible, though otherwise not good enough to pair with "A Lady" at present hanging out at No. 2.

Also there is "A Spanish Gentleman" (JUAN BAPTISTA DEL MAZO created him), who might possibly be paired off for a coranto with "A Lady" by REMBRANDT, but for the fact that the lady is 77, and the "Spanish Gentleman" is 83, and so their dancing days are over.

There is, too, a "Young Man," 32 (he doesn't look it), "with hand on skull" (not his own, but the skull of somebody else, defunct), who may probably be an amateur playing *Hamlet*, or giving a phrenological lecture, or a University man of the period explaining the use of the skulls, boat-racing, and bumps. But, as has been noticed above, as worthy of remark, No. 7 is the one and only "Portrait of a Gentleman," whose artistic qualification for these Galleries is that he looks as if he deserves to be hung.

8. "Lady Reading." There is no mention or allusion to "Lord Reading," so we may suppose the title extinct. The painter of it is unknown, but he was "M.A." in the great Flemish School.

27. "Landscape with Figures," by GIORGIONE. Done probably when his mother gave very young Master GEORGY OSA a shilling box of paints just to keep him out of mischief.

35. "Three Children playing Music" (by FRA BARTOLOMMEO). Never was titular description more misleading. The one thing correct in it is that there are three children. They have "noddings on," and, wherever their shamefully neglectful parents and guardians may be, these infants are apparently seated on the base of a stone pedestal, such as you may see in Trafalgar Square, for example, in a state of nudity that ought to, and it is to be hoped will, attract the attention of the police. The central infant has possessed himself of a lute and is playing at playing it, while his companion in mischief, on his right, is pretending, "only purtendin'," to hold a music-book for him. The other little chap, on his left, has his eyes fixed longingly on the

instrument which he evidently intends to secure for his own delectation on the very first opportunity. This picture might aptly be presented, with Dr. BUCHAN's compliments, to a "Smack Boys' Home."

41. This picture shows what a very queer sort of idea CARLO CRIVELLI had of "St. George." The painter represents him as a sort of hero of comic opera, holding in his left hand a barber's pole which he has been using as a lance. Compare this with a model in wax for a statuette on same subject (Case J., No. 1), and you will see what a *St. George and Dragon* can be when they like.

Let us say at once that all the Lawrences are simply delightful. "Lady Hamilton" (44) lovely; "Countess of Leitrim and Daughter" (60) charming, and so perfectly natural as to present the strongest possible contrast to (62) "Mrs. Angerstein and Child," a melancholy self-conscious couple, treated in summery fashion as to costume, though they are represented as walking out in very doubtful weather by the sad sea wave.

46. Spirited picture, representing "Mrs. Maguire" in her heroic act of preventing a big dog from eating little ARTHUR FITZJAMES by grasping the topjaw of its open mouth. Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

52. How his parents ever came to allow dear little Master LAMBTON, dressed in his best black velvet suit, with very much open collar, to sit out on a stormy day, and to perch himself up on a dangerous height in order to oblige Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, is a puzzle; and where Sir THOMAS placed himself in order to take this portrait, must ever remain one of the mysteries of Art to the delighted spectator.

54. "Portrait of Mrs. Gott." Sir THOMAS shows her as a very determined-looking but dashing style of lady: of a certain age 'tis true, "with," evidently, "a past," yet still with a roguish eye, so expressive of her being "*capable de tout*," that the descriptive title of the portrait might truly be "*Hard and Fast*."

We will pause for a moment in Gallery No. III., before PARMEGGIANO'S "Portrait of an Italian Lady." With her pallid face, strained attitude, and fearfully pained expression of countenance, she might have sat for her portrait as a "sufferin' lady," or "*Maria piccola*" of Signor BARRIE'S eccentric creation.

Our time is limited, and regretfully we must bid adieu to our most approved good Masters. Fortunate is the visitor who can pay several visits, or who is able to pass on to Galleries IV. and V., and thence to the bronzes.

FROM AN EARNEST STUDENT OF ANCIENT HISTORY.—SIR,—Can you inform me who was "Episodes?" Was he a Greek Philosopher? Did he, as other philosophers did, keep a school, weekly or monthly? My immediate reason for asking is because I see in the advertisement of the *National Review* an article on "Episodes of the Month." I confess this philosopher's name, though not unfamiliar, is somewhat new to yours truly, SCHOLIAST.

NEW TITLES FOR DRAMAS AT HIS MAJESTY'S.—As *The Darling of the Gods* has caught on, it will probably be followed by *The Pet of the Pit*, *The Fancy of the Stalls*, *The Charmer of the Upper Circles*, and so forth.

"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY, &c."—Several young and inexperienced singing birds were deceived by the recent spell of mild weather; but the *Daily Mail* is surely old enough to know better. Yet it has, with singular ingenuousness, already flung open its columns to correspondence on such Spring fancies as Love and Matrimony.

THE DOOM OF BEHEMOTH.

On a reported movement for the extermination of the Hippopotamus.

Woe unto thee, BEHEMOTH!

Thy victims' cup is full.

Long have they borne thy yoke, and torn

Their garments and their wool!

Afrie is roused; the vengeful foe

Encompass thee about

To lay th' Abominable low,

And wipe the Tyrant out.

Song of the Boatmen.

"As o'er the placid waters

We ply the frail canoe,

BEHEMOTH comes, with bristling gums,

And bites the barque in two.

A thousand times we suffer wrack;

A thousand times we feel

The horror of his mounting back

Protuberant 'neath the keel."

Song of the Husbandmen.

"Our fields were fat with harvest

Of rich and kindly grain,

But he has made felonious raid,

And havocked thro' the plain;

Our little children cry for bread,

Our wives for corn to grind;

The scars of his disastrous tread

Are all he leaves behind."

General Chorus of Insult.

"Does aught of outward favour

Belie his evil fame?

Squat limbs and short, that scarce

support

His gross, unwieldy frame;

Ferocious front, beslavered skin,

And reeking gape, afford

Fit index to the Brute within—

BEHEMOTH the Abhorred."



SO SYMPATHETIC!

Young Yeomanry Officer (airing his exploits in the late war). "AND AMONG OTHER THINGS, DON'T YOU KNOW, I HAD A HORSE SHOT UNDER ME."

Fair Ignoramus. "POOR THING! WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH IT?"

THE THEATRICAL "PAR."

(Of the Future.)

[In two or three of the best West-End theatres it is regarded as part of the duty of the attendants in the auditorium to start the applause . . . Sometimes the commissionaires from outside and the firemen from the stage are requisitioned for the purpose of augmenting the effect, their hands being larger and their arms stronger.—*Daily Paper.*]

In spite of the gloomy prognostications of certain old-fashioned and Cassandra-like persons, who said that the Agamemnon of ÆSCHYLUS in the original Greek would be a "frost" at the West-End, the revival of this tragedy was greeted with tumultuous applause, and showed how little such persons know of the resources of a thoroughly up-to-date management. Though it might perhaps be said that Miss LOUIE FREEAR was essaying in the part of

Clytemnestra a somewhat new line of business, the contingent of handy men from Chatham Barracks, who had been invited to man the front row of the gallery, greeted her every appearance with deafening rounds of Kentish fire. With the overwhelming moral support thus secured for the company the success of the piece was assured; and if the verdict of the scattered occupants of the stalls was not heard it was probably because they had forgotten their classics.

We understand the various schools of physical development are being besieged just now by dramatic critics, who find it increasingly difficult to follow their calling without unimpeachable testimony of the abnormal character of their biceps muscles. Before granting passes most Managers now require in addition a declaration by the applicant that he takes nine and three-quarters in gloves.

Then woo to thee, BEHEMOTH; for the circles round thee close;
Ruthless and fierce, thou shalt not pierce the cordon of thy foes.
Go seek thy reedy fastnesses—go walk the nether mud—
Do as thou wilt to hide thy guilt, they mean to have thy blood.
Cunning shall nowise aid thee; every side disaster lurks;
Thy leathern mail shall naught avail to guard thine inner works;
For thee they bring the "reeking tube" to perforate thy hide
With iron shard, and hit thee hard with things that burst inside.
Thy ghastly spouse shall follow, and the death ye twain shall die
With icy grip shall seize thy Hippopotamunculi!
None shall escape the massacre, save, haply, one or two
To beg the sons of men for buns, all in a shameful Zoo! DUM-DUM.

THE WOMAN'S CORNER.

(Conducted by the Lady Virginia Cavendish.)

WHAT SHOULD WOMEN SMOKE?

I HAVE been much amused by an absurd story that is being cruelly circulated just now at the expense of a certain Ladies' Club. On dit that a notice is displayed in the Smoking-Room requesting members "not to smoke their pipes when gentlemen visitors are present!"

Now where in the world have these dear good ladies been vegetating all this while? I should have thought it absolutely impossible that there could in this year of grace be so grotesque a survival of the ridiculous prudery which once restrained a woman from producing a pipe in the presence of Man.

Do none of the committee of this benighted Club ever patronise the Park on a fine Sunday morning after church? Apparently not, or they could hardly be unaware of the vogue which the pipe has obtained in the mouths of all women with the least pretensions to smartness.

It is not too much to say that it is now firmly established as the essential badge and symbol of up-to-date femininity. As for the cigarette, that has long since been relegated to the High School Miss and the Factory Girl, and even the once fashionable cigar has come to be considered distinctly dowdy. Of course I do not forget that Lady "VEVIE" LONG is still faithful to her inseparable Italian weed with a straw down the middle—but then dear Lady "VEVIE" always was a little slow to catch up with new ideas; I happen to remember that it was years before she could be persuaded that anything *could* smoke as cool as a Malacca cane!

It seems settled that pipes this season are to be bent, not straight; I noticed at Sandown last Saturday that every well-turned-out woman affected the curved stem, and though this shape is a little apt to send the smoke up under the veil it undoubtedly has a far smarter appearance.

In material, cut, and style generally the widest margin will, as heretofore, be allowed to individual taste and fancy. The Duchess of DILWATER has been seen motoring lately with a perfectly fascinating pipe in the form of an alabaster vase, set with her coronet and cipher in small brilliants. I am told, however, that her Grace seldom smokes anything stronger than *pot-pourri* in this particular pipe.

Another pipe which was greatly admired was between the lips of Lady ARCADIA CRAVEN, who is, I always maintain, quite the best-piped woman in London; it was a charmingly delicate creation in old Venice glass, festooned with silver bullion fringe.

Mrs. "JACKY" TWISTE was at Prince's the other day, puffing a ducky little ivory death's-head with real ruby eyes, trimmed with black *crêpe de soie* and *paillettes*. She looked so sweet, but a little pale, I thought. She tells me she never smokes any tobacco now but the strongest shag, for which she pays a quite incredible price per pound.

Miss "CHUNKIE" DOTTILL (whose mother, Lady NICOTINE's, first "Chewing" party the other Tuesday was, I hear, such a success, nearly everyone staying till quite the end) prefers negrohead, which she scrapes from the cake herself; she caused some sensation last Sunday by appearing at Church Parade with a long cherry-wood pipe with a painted porcelain bowl and bright crimson *pompons* precisely matching those in her hat—the effect was rather striking, but did not appear to me to suit her complexion.

I noticed one or two women smoking perfectly plain French briars, without even an emerald green or old rose bow to redeem their severity. I cannot too strongly condemn this as a 'mannish' affectation which is not only *fast*, but positively *vulgar*. It is almost as bad a solecism as to

adopt the male billycock hat without some such feminine adornment as a few stuffed bullfinches or a brace of kingfishers. We should never forget that by surrendering the little elegances and refinements which are the appurtenances of our sex we infallibly forfeit the esteem and respect that it should be our aim to exact from Man.

On the rare occasions when good form still requires that the pipe should be temporarily put away, as for instance while dancing the Cake-walk, or attending Divine Service, a pipe-case is almost a necessity, unless one happens to be carrying a muff.

But, should the muff be preferred, I must caution my readers to be careful to knock the red-hot ash out of the pipe *before* consigning it to such a receptacle. Only a few Sundays ago, owing to neglect of this simple precaution, I had the mortification of seeing a valuable skunk muff smoulder away to ruin under my very nose during the Litany! Indeed, had it not been for Mr. "CONKY" BUSZARD, who was the first to perceive that something was amiss, and kindly drew my attention to the fact, both my hands would have been severely burnt as well! Since then, needless to say, I have never stirred out without a pipe-case.

I was shown some last week, at BOOFULL'S in Bond Street, which were quite twee; one in *souris noyée* velvet with old gold *passementerie* particularly took my fancy, and another simply tipping one was of old Italian brocade studded with imitation turquoises, and edged with pink paste buttons. They are not at all expensive, which is just as well, considering how apt one is when calling to leave one's pipe-case on a side-table or in a flower-pot. I lost a lovely one in strawberry crushed-morocco with ornolu fastenings at Bridge the other day; I must have dropped it under the table—and, of course, I have never seen it since.

A pathetic little letter has just reached me from an Anxious Mother with three daughters, the eldest of whom is to come out this season. My correspondent complains that her girls cannot get through the smallest pipe without being utterly prostrated, and wants to know what she is to do about it.

Certainly, if a girl suffers from constitutional weakness of this kind, she will be very severely handicapped in the struggle for social success, for no really nice man will take the trouble to notice a *débutante* nowadays, unless she is prepared to join him in a quiet pipe after meals. But, after all, much of this girlish prejudice against pipes is purely fanciful, and can be overcome by a little perseverance. Does "Anxious Mother's" Governess smoke? If not, I should strongly recommend that she be dismissed, and a person engaged in her place more in touch with modern requirements, and able to impart an accomplishment that is of infinitely more social importance than foreign languages or the piano. Let her *insist* on her daughters practising daily on churchwardens, until they are proficient enough, if not to enjoy the sensation, at least to control its effects. Otherwise, I am afraid, they can never expect any real success in Society.

F. A.

The *Daily Telegraph*, describing the overflow meeting in Guildhall Yard, says, "Just before four o'clock . . . Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, accompanied by the hon. secretaries of the demonstration *wearing small Union Jacks and several ladies*, appeared on the platform." No greater testimony could be paid to the unlimited enthusiasm by which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S audiences are expected to be carried away on these occasions than the fact that the *Daily Telegraph* did not think it worth while to employ italics in its report of the above feat.

The *Daily Chronicle* informs us that one day last week Pope Pius blessed a pen. Noteworthy; as a rule His Holiness blesses the sheep.

COUNSEL TO CORRESPONDENTS.

By the Expert Wrinkler.

THE CHOICE OF NOTE-PAPER.

A GENTLEMAN, it has been shrewdly said, is known by his correspondence. It is impossible to overrate the importance of having good note-paper and envelopes. Whether or not one writes a good legible hand is immaterial; but there must be no relaxation of effort towards acquiring a sound variety of cream-laid note. At the head of the paper should be one's address neatly stamped, also telegraphic address and nearest station. The colour in which the stamping is done is a matter of taste, but the most toney people, I have noticed, affect either black or plain relief. On the other hand, Lord —, from whose hospitable Castle I brought away by inadvertence some few quires of note-paper, and envelopes to match, has chosen a chaste blue ink. The best hosts invariably place a liberal allowance of writing necessities in their guests' rooms.

The shape of note-paper is not less important than its quality. The best people often affect very large sheets, hand-made, gilt-edged, and endowed with marks of the first water. Again, there is a Duchess of my acquaintance who writes in violet ink in an infinitesimal hand on infinitesimal sheets of perfumed paper. She has written me several letters, which may possibly have been *billets doux*, and possibly reminders of Bridge debts, but being quite unable to read them I cannot say. I need hardly add, however, that they are among my most cherished possessions. Personally, I write in a large bold hand on Hieratica, small octavo, a variety of note which is said to approximate most nearly to that used by the ancient Egyptians, who were in their day, as you are doubtless aware, in the vanguard of civilisation.

HOW TO SELECT A PEN.

The question of pens, though less vital, is not to be dismissed lightly. By keeping my eyes open on week-end visits to various ducal homes, I have noticed that the geyser pen is steadily gaining ground, and will soon be in everybody's mouth. Since my tailor, however, has so strong an objection to this invention that he refuses to build me a special pocket to hold it (such as



VICTOR VERNER.

RETALIATION.

"TUT, TUT, MY BOY! YOU MUST NOT BEAT THAT LITTLE DOG SO. HAS HE BITTEN YOU?" "No, 'E AIN'T. BUT 'E'S BIN AN' SWALLERED MY FARDIN!"

the Duke of — possesses), and since my man is not sufficiently expert with the needle to make a pocket at home, I am compelled to adhere to pens of the old-fashioned type. The best people, I notice, scatter quills very liberally over their writing-tables; but the quill is too fretful a weapon for me—a simple "J" pen suits me best, used in a holder fitted with spaces on which to place the fingers and thumb. To the steady employment of the helpful restraint of this kind of pen I attribute the clearness of my caligraphy.

SHOULD ONE PAY ONE'S HOSTESS FOR STAMPS?

Although writing necessities are supplied with generosity, it is unusual for stamps to be added too; and I am frequently asked by my readers the question, Should one pay for stamps which one obtains from one's hostess downstairs? This is a thorny point, not to be answered offhand. My own way, when my man has foolishly forgotten to pack my stamps, is to watch the face of my hostess, and also her hand, very narrowly, although, I need hardly say, without allowing her to detect the scrutiny. If I see the least suspicion of eagerness in her expression, or any twitch of her fingers suggesting their anticipatory closing over a coin, I at

once tender the penny. Otherwise I accept the stamp in the spirit in which it was given, and we are the better friends for it afterwards. But, of course, so delicate a game of *finesse* can be played only by those who have been blessed with exquisite tact.

MISTER OR ESQUIRE.

If I have had one letter on this subject I have had a hundred. But the matter is as plain as a pikestaff. All commoners with incomes of over £1,000 a year may be safely addressed as Esquire, and all tradesmen as Mr. But I have found that if a tradesman duns you for payment, you can generally stave him off a bit by addressing him as Esquire, or in extreme cases by adding J.P. In addressing a letter to a Peer, neither Mr. nor Esquire is required. But in writing to the son of a Baron it rounds off the address very nicely, as thus: "Honble. MARMADUKE PLANTAGENET, Esquire."

Another point raised by a correspondent is this—How should the wife of an officer be addressed? Should one

write simply Mrs. JENKINS or Mrs. Major-General JENKINS? I think there can be no doubt that the latter form is preferable. But the rank of the officer should not be added if it is below that of Major. Certainly one should never write Mrs. Lieutenant SMITH.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GOLDEN PLOVER, Bickley.—Wafers are no longer a *sine qua non*; but a good seal with one's armorial bearings upon it is a pleasant possession. If you have no armorial bearings your monogram, neatly intertwined, with a suitable motto, is desirable—such as *Cave canem* or *Ieh dien*.

CAPTAIN WOODWARD.—Yes, it is better to remove the signet ring from the finger before sealing hot wax.

CHATSWORTH.—"Yours faithfully" ought to meet the case—unless you really wish to keep up the acquaintance.

JOHANNES TERTIUS.—Kisses are indicated by small crosses at the end of the letter. Six should be enough, except in exceptional cases.

THERE is a certain excellent public association to which neither Mr. CHAMBERLAIN nor any one "stumping the country" could conscientiously belong, and that is "Our Dumb Friends' League."



GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY.

SCENE—At the Golf Club.

She. "GOOD-BYE, MAJOR. WHAT'S THE PROGRAMME FOR TO-MORROW?"

The Major. "OH, EITHER SKATING OR PUNTING, ACCORDING TO THE WEATHER."

SOME FRESH DEVELOPMENTS OF THE TREASURE-HUNTING CRAZE.

OWING to the inadequacy of the returns from the Shepherd's Bush Gold Mine, where a £50 medallion still escapes detection, an influential syndicate of the leading capitalists of Backyard Alley, E.C., has been formed to exploit the services of one thousand able-bodied Chinese, who will be imported almost immediately. It is confidently expected that a very handsome dividend will thus be realised, as no stone will be left unturned to ensure success. Already the shares are quoted at three farthings. Meanwhile, it must be admitted that the native population of this district is greatly agitated over the new departure, and at a mass meeting of ticket-of-leave-men, rag-pickers, gutter-searchers, and out-of-works, held last Saturday night on the Green, some strong resolutions were passed to protest against the latest alien invasion and the infringement of

the rights, privileges and enterprise of the true-born Briton. The assembly was unanimous in favour of Protection in this instance. A large body of police has been drafted into the neighbourhood in anticipation of disturbance. The extra charges thus incurred have been debited to the local ratepayers, who are preparing to organise a counter-demonstration.

There has been of late a steadily-increasing demand for truffle-dogs. The breed is nearly extinct, and the supplies of these useful and intelligent animals from the New Forest and certain parts of France are now quite depleted. The few obtainable have been trained to distinguish the presence of muriferous tubes or metal vouchers at a few inches beneath the soil, and consequently command sensational prices. An up-to-date American firm, in view of this canine shortage, has put a number of learned pigs upon the market. Their detective abilities are guaranteed, and a

rapid and remunerative turnover may be expected. The same company also furnishes tame clairvoyants and metal-finders who have not yet been convicted of obtaining money under false pretences, and makes a speciality of wizards, dowzers, and experienced clue-trackers, whose services may be engaged by the week or month. They are warranted to continue a search until the patience or funds of their employer are exhausted.

The treasure-seeker's mania has been the practical joker's opportunity. This is proved by the large number of metal discs recently unearthed, authorising the finders to obtain fabulous sums from the Editors of the *Times*, the *Financial News*, the *Family Herald*, the *Bullionist*, and other papers who cannot be accused of wild-cat proclivities. A similarly playful spirit has pervaded the police force, who are indiscriminately arresting any person caught stooping to tie up a boot-lace or appearing in public with a newspaper in his hand. The joke has thence extended to the Bench. Some of our wittiest stipendiary magistrates have been awarding real or suspected lucre-hunters a few terms of seclusion of quite a humorous length, such as fifty-one days or nineteen weeks, and the public at large have thoroughly entered into the sport. It has been a great time for Mr. Pl-wd-n.

A handy and ingenious case of implements is now procurable at most iron-mongers. It contains a pocket pickaxe, some miniature dynamite cartridges, a combination compass and sandwich case, a penny theodolite, a life-preserver for use against rival hooligans, some sticking-plaster, an automatic camp-stool, a machine for calculating horoscopes, an acetylene lamp, a set of cooking utensils, a copy of "*The Complete Path-finder; or, the Tracker's Guide*," a list of Police Courts and Lunatic Asylums, and an Insurance policy. The whole is made up in the form of the rucksack, popular in Alpine resorts.

A NEW SIDE-DISH.

OR, PREVENTION VERSUS CURE.

[According to *The Daily Paper* a well-known firm of West-End chemists are making up pills as silver-coated bonbons to be handed round on silver dishes immediately after the *entrée*. By this beneficent means the unsuspecting gourmand is enabled the next day to applaud his host and hostess for the excellent cookery and perfect wines of the previous evening's repast.]

Is days gone by, when we were ill,
The nurse knew what to do;
She gave us sweetstuff with a pill,
And so she pulled us through.

But when the modern diner eats,
His hostess sends a tray
Of silvered pills round with the sweets—
He blesses her next day!

GUILDHALL.
THE
DUKE
IS
COMING!
FEB: 8TH 1904.



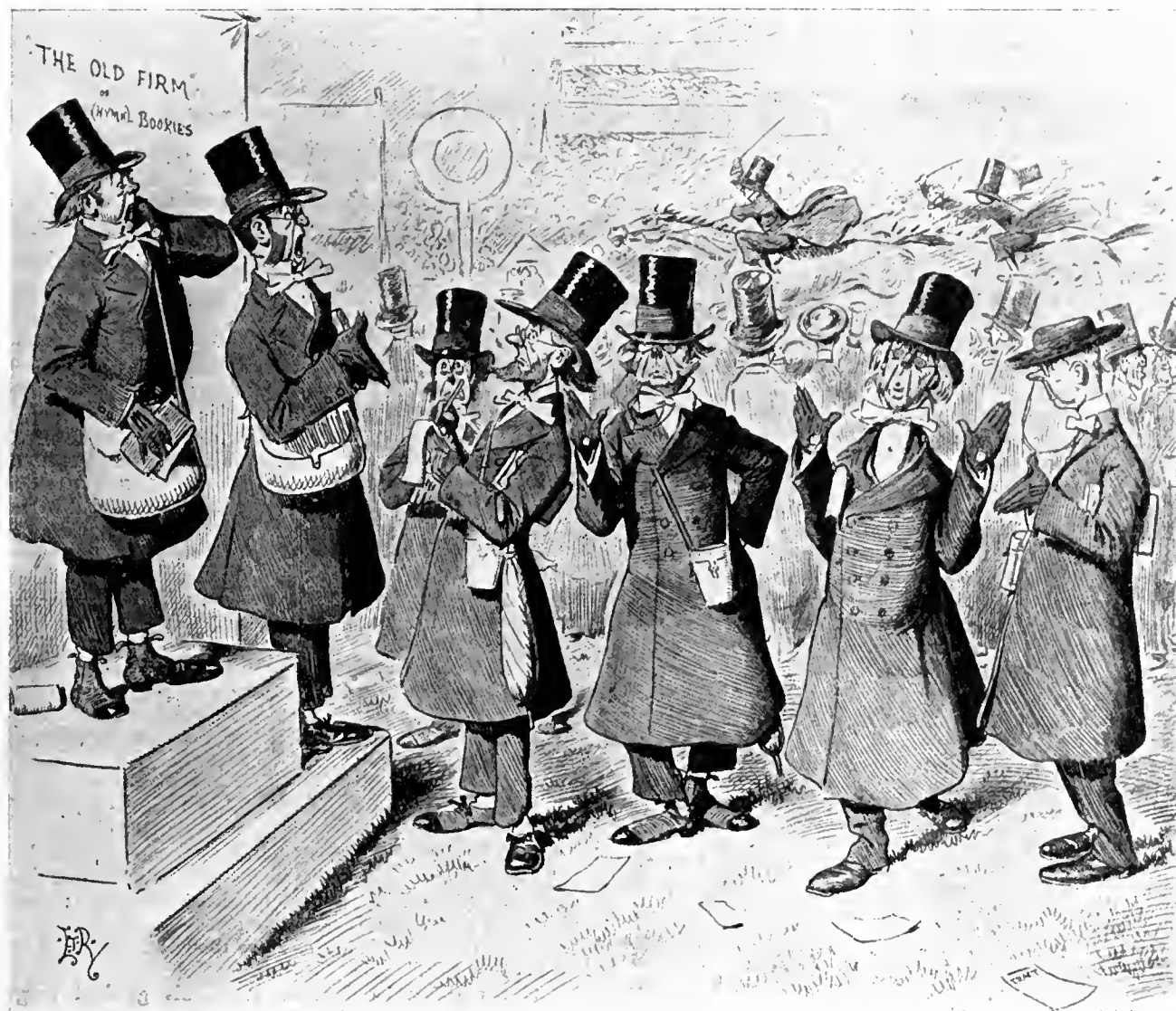
Bernard Partridge.

A FAMILY JAR.

PROTECTIONIST GOG. "YAH, YOU OLD DUMPER! WHAT D'YE SAY TO *THAT*?"

FREE TRADE MAGOG. "ALL RIGHT, OLD FOOD-TAXER! YOU WAIT TILL I GET THE DOOK HERE!"

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"THE VERY GOOD"-WOOD RACES.

A Fancy Picture of the British Turf, 1901—suggested by a phrase in the most admirable Anti-betting Speech of the Duke of Portland to the Y.M.C.A. at Mansfield.

"If the Turf was a hotbed of roguery he should have nothing to do with it. But it was really quite the contrary."

KNOT FOR JOE.

Joseph Entangled is not a good title, but it is a most amusing comedy. The ingenuity of its construction from the commencement up to a certain point makes it all the more puzzling to comprehend why the author, at the last, had recourse to that oldest and stagiest of old stagey devices for either clearing up or causing a difficulty, namely, listening behind a curtain. This is the disappointing part of it. If after his brilliant and most amusing First Act and his carefully written Second (which would be still better for condensation), HENRY AUTHOR JONES had only devised an original surprise for us in the Third, the comedy, as far as writing and construction go, would have been reckoned as his very best since he gave us *The Liars*.

Whatever may be weak in authorship is lost sight of in the strength of the cast at the Haymarket. With Mr. CYRIL MAUDE as *Sir Joseph Lacy*, not a fault can be found. The smart man, with a gay-doggish reputation, taking himself

seriously as a lover, and ready as a true knight to defend a lady, whom he has unwittingly and quite accidentally compromised, against all comers, is a type of the true plucky English gentleman which Mr. MAUDE represents easily, without pose, without affectation, in fact to perfection. THACKERAY would have loved this character as AUTHOR JONES has drawn it, and as CYRIL MAUDE plays it. And who better for the very fascinating, rather feather-headed lady, the *tête de linotte*, honest and true wife, than Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS? My sincere compliments to Messrs. CYRIL MAUDE and FREDERICK HARRISON on the carefully selected cast.

To give the part of the impulsive, thick-headed, hot-tempered ("shallow pot soon hot") rude-mannered *Hardolph Mayne* to Mr. HERBERT WARING was a happy thought on the part of author and manager. This character never once wins the sympathy of the audience; it only arouses their commiseration for the strangely-assorted pair. We feel when the curtain descends on the restoration of their domestic felicity—ahem!—that they will not, can not, "live happily ever

afterwards." The club scandal-mongers and smoking-room gossips are capitally typified by Mr. SAM SOTHERS as the timorous much-married *Harry Trender*, by Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS as the youthful and not particularly bright husband of *Lady Joyce* (Miss WINIFRED ARTHUR JONES) who is the unobtrusive cause of all this trouble, and by Mr. CHARLES SUGDEN as *Jermyn Pyecroft*, the typical modern man-about-town, "neat as a new pin" in his get up, thoroughly experienced in the ways of the world, professing no principles, and disguising even from himself that he has a keen sense of honour and a true appreciation of friendship.

Mr. EDMUND MAURICE is most amusing in the superfluous character of *Professor Tofield*, while, as the primary contributories to the entanglement of *Joseph*, Mr. FREDERICK VOLFE, as the butler, and Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT (the inimitable), as his wife, housekeeper in the service of *Hardolph Mayne*, are two of the most humorous creations that the author's study of life below stairs has given to the stage.

As Mrs. *Trender*, the sharp-sighted little wife of a weak husband, with a nose for the slightest scent of a scandal, and the utmost aversion to anything like responsibility for her words or actions, Miss BEATRICE FERRAR sustains her well-earned reputation as a genuine actress of comedy.

The two hours occupied by the comedy pass quickly, and a more artistic performance, all round, of a well-written play, with the one defect already mentioned, it would be difficult to find in London or Paris. It is preceded at present by a short one-act piece, *The Widow Woos*, by M. E. FRANCIS and SYDNEY VALENTINE, which, commencing at 8.30, and acted as it is by Mr. CHARLES ALLAN, little Master WALTER CROSS, a rising young actor of about fourteen, and by that sound comedian Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE as a carpenter, well-mated with clever Miss MARY BROUGH as *Barbara Couell*, should not on any account be missed by visitors to the theatre as love good acting.

THE DESCENT OF MAN.

["Quite the latest thing in 'cures' is that known as the 'four-footed' cure, made in Berlin. It consists in making the patient walk on his hands and feet, keeping the knees stiff, four times a day for twenty minutes at a time. The origin of the idea is to be found in the belief that standing upright is, after all, only a comparatively novel human invention, the natural way of walking being that still in use by the rest of the quadrupeds. Patients soon grow accustomed to it, and the results . . . are said to be marvellous."—*Manchester Guardian*.]

"Upright was man made"—so the sage averred,
And man, delighted with the novel attitude
Which marked him from the beasts, received the word
And cherished it, of course, with pride and gratitude.
I now declare the utterance a fiction,
And meet it with the flattest contradiction.

Man made himself upright. Ere he could talk,
Deep in primeval woods he used to tear about
On hands and feet; he only learnt to walk
Some hundred centuries ago or thereabout.
I hold his present mode of locomotion
A passing whim, a vile new-fangled notion.

Why be such slaves to fashion? Let us not,
Merely to gratify our human vanity,
Condemn ourselves to one long lingering lot
Of indigestion, sickness and insanity—
Just punishment of those who outrage nature
To add a paltry cubit to their stature.

Then lose no time! Down on your hands and feet!
The new position, when you're first reduced to it,
May not be all that you consider sweet,
But only wait until you once are used to it!
In a few generations you'll be swearing
'Tis the one attitude there's any bearing.

Think what it means! Primeval man was free,
So far as history records, from many a
Disease which saps the modern race, e.g.,
Appendicitis, phthisis, neurasthenia;
Nor did he send his pale anemic daughters
To take electric baths or tonic waters.

Therefore I say: Down, down upon all fours!
Run like your simian sires! Only the stupid'll
Laugh when they see you. Vigour will be yours
When you have once again become quadrupedul.
Thus only may you banish, if you care to,
The thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to.

ARE BIG MEN DOOMED?

THE statement recently attributed to Professor RAY LANKESTER, that fossil remains of sharks measuring 240 feet long had been discovered in the myecene formation, has naturally created considerable sensation in scientific circles.

The editor of the *Daily Inquisitor* accordingly lost no time in sending a representative to wait on the eminent *savant* at South Kensington. Professor RAY LANKESTER was discovered in the act of reconstructing the skeleton of a magnificent *tauralectryon*, portions of which had been presented to the Museum by Professor TRUNDLEY, of Peckham, but he good-naturedly desisted from his labours when our Representative was shown in.

"About this shark, Professor?"

"Well, there has been a slight but pardonable exaggeration as to figures. What I said was 80 feet, but the rule of three is generally followed in these cases. This does not, however, in the least impair the momentous significance of the discovery."

"And what might that be?"

"Why, that the size of all living creatures is steadily diminishing."

"Does that apply, Professor, to the human species?"

"Certainly. There is now little doubt but that prehistoric man was naturally of Brobdingnagian proportions; there is also little doubt but that at the present rate of diminution the normal stature of man in a few thousand years will never exceed four feet."

"Can nothing be done to stem this gradual progress towards dwarfishness?"

"Nothing at all, I fear," replied the Professor sadly. "We must resign ourselves to the prospect of continuous shrinkage. The big men are doomed. Yet recent discoveries may possibly provide an antidote. Something, for example, may be hoped from the process of stopping teeth with pitchblende, in the hope of stimulating radio-activity in the Eustachian tube. Mr. WELLS is experimenting with a patent food, and has already had to raise the roof of his house at Sandgate by nine inches. I myself am giving a six months' trial to a self-raising flour, and"—here the Professor gazed complacently at his massive proportions—"the results are not altogether discouraging."

"But why, Professor, should we endeavour to resist the inevitable march of Nature, especially as animals are growing smaller also?"

"Ah," rejoined Professor RAY LANKESTER, gloomily, "that is where the mistake is made by optimistic sciologists. The terrible truth is that man is growing smaller far more rapidly than any other living creature. Look round at all our leading men, and what do you see? The stage led by LITTLE TICH. The bar dominated by Sir EDWARD CLARKE. Literature in its highest flights represented by Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, Mr. HALL CAINE, WEE MACGREGOR and Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING."

Conscious at this moment of a sudden shrinkage myself, in the region of the waist, I hurried away to lunch.

**RATHER PROUD OF IT.**

Landlord (who is having a shoot for his tenant-farmers). "GOOD HEAVENS, MR. MANGOLD! THAT BIRD CAN'T HAVE BEEN MORE THAN A COUPLE OF FEET OVER MR. BUTTER'S HEAD!"
Mr. Mangold. "OH! THAT'S WHAT I CALL SHOOTIN'!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Evelina (MACMILLAN) is, in its way, a notable book. The authoress, FANNY BURNET (Mrs. or Miss?), has attempted, not altogether without success, to reproduce a picture of the manners and customs prevalent in London Society towards the close of the eighteenth century. Whether a lady, young or old, married or single, was well-advised in laboriously treading these ancient pathways when, close at hand, she has models of literary style and workmanship in Miss MARIE CORELLI and Mr. HALL CAINE, is a matter for private judgment, a practice to be encouraged or deprecated by public taste. However that be, my Baronite, uninfluenced by prejudice, admits that the effort is well-sustained. It is not accomplished alone by cheap references to Ranelagh in its prime, or to talk about "a ridotto" and the like. As an instance of the care with which *craieusement* is maintained may be noted a reference to "the celebrated Mr. GARRICK" performing at Drury Lane Theatre. On referring to that indispensable work of reference, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, it will be found that GARRICK was flourishing between the period 1770—5, during which the story purports to have been written. This has twofold interest. It vindicates the accuracy of Mrs. BURNET's studies, and it shows that the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is up to date—which indeed it ought to be, since my Baronite subscribed for his copy by telephone on "The Last Day." Mr. HUGH THOMSON embellishes the little comedy with a series of charming pictures of girls' frocks of the time when GEORGE THE THIRD was King. Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON contributes what looks like a learned Introduction. This my Baronite has skipped, shrinking from the discipline of italics in which it is printed, and repelled by the frequent occurrence of the remark "and which." That may have been good style in the days of Queen ANNE, an Augustan age in whose literature Mr. DOBSON is said to be versed. But Queen ANNE is dead, and in this twentieth century there is a rooted prejudice against the pronoun with or without the conjunction.

["N.B.—This is a goak," as ARTEMUS WARD used to say when he feared he might be taken seriously. By the way, my Baronite's studious ignorance as to whether FANNY BURNET was Mrs. or Miss shows how history repeats itself. In one of the earliest notices of *Evelina*, appearing in the *Critical Review* five quarters of a century ago, the author was throughout alluded to as "he."—THE BARON.]

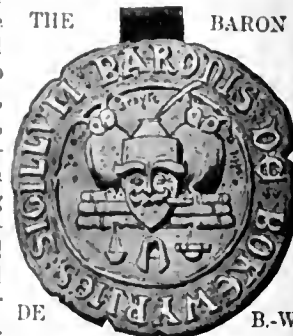
Though in *Toy Gods* (JOHN LONG) its author, PERCIVAL PICKERING, does not treat us to a very intricate plot, yet, as full compensation for deficiency in this respect is made by variety and distinct delineation of character, the story will be found thoroughly interesting, and one that will well repay careful study. Decidedly it is not a book for the light-hearted volatile "skipper." *Amelia Bradshaw*, who struggles up from gutter to drawing-room, is so cleverly drawn, and so true to human nature, as to win the hearts of all who have the pleasure of making her acquaintance. My Baronitess cannot accept the author's charitable excuses for the conduct of *Sir Geoffrey Hope*, whose behaviour will be set down by all readers, in spite of anything apologetic that the author of his existence may put forward in his favour, as that of an unutterable cad. My Baronitess is of opinion that by this time she has said enough to excite the curiosity of all who value a clever piece of novelistic work.

From the same publisher comes *The Lady of the Island*, which, as the first of a collection of short stories by GUY BOOTHBY, gives its name to the volume. This tale, *A Professor of Egyptology*, *The Convict Catcher*, and *A Strange Goldfield*, are "the pick of a basket," in which nearly all are well up to the author's best standard of work.

In *The Yellow Diamond* (METHUEN) ADELINE SERGEANT,

following the example of MOLIERE, who took his good things where he found them, boldly annexes *Sherlock Holmes*. She affixes her own label, calling him *Julius Quayle*. Otherwise she is content to adopt the system and even the mannerisms of Sir CONAN DOYLE's famous hero. His "onlie begetter" in a moment of impatience once killed *Sherlock Holmes*. Miss SERGEANT treats him even more despitely. She gives him away in marriage, a state of life wholly incompatible with such an existence as the amateur detective devoted himself to, involving guarded movements and the keeping of profound secrets. For the rest my Baronite finds *The Yellow Diamond* a well-constructed story, bristling with interest. There is a jewel robbery, an escape from Dartmoor, a *rencontre* between two deeply-dyed villains, complicated by the fact that a son and daughter, unknowing their parents' past, desire to engage in matrimonial relations. Finally there is a murder. Over all these scenes *Julius Quayle* hovers, with *Sherlock Holmes's* wan smile and his rare gift of putting two and two together in the way of clues to mysterious crimes.

The authoress of *The House on the Marsh* is one of the Baron's favourite romancists. When she sets herself to make your flesh creep she can do it in a manner that would have caused "young Touch-and-go," otherwise the Fat Boy (so styled by Sam Weller), to quiver like a *blanc-mange*. With this preface the Baron begs permission to introduce, to those who honour him by accepting his recommendation, FLORENCE WARDEN's latest, entitled *The Mis-Rule of Three* (FISHER UNWIN). The sole objection to the book is its title, which is, the Baron supposes, intended to be humorous, and achieves its object in much the same way as Mr. *Peter Magnus* achieved his when in hasty notes to intimate acquaintances he sometimes signed himself "Afternoon," which, observed Mr. P. M., "amuses my friends very much." However, as the rose, even with the prefix of cabbage, retains its own peculiar perfume, so this romance remains a seriously-written, sensational story, with a startling *dénoûment*, thoroughly original in conception and artistic in construction. The Baron refuses even to hint at what the mystery of the story is: for not only is it a lady's secret, the inviolability of which he is bound to respect, but also it is not his to give away, and were he to betray his trust he would be ruining the enjoyment of those among his followers who, on his advice, will seize this book with avidity, and not let it out of their hands until they have exhausted its contents to the uttermost line of the last chapter. One word of warning: don't expect too much from the first two chapters, wherein three jolly companions, apparently suggested by the celebrated trio of musketeers, threaten to become so many twaddling nuisances. Bear with them patiently; they don't last long, and when they do drop up now and again the wearisomeness of their *ensemble* has entirely disappeared.



"CONFOUND that young fellow fresh from college," growled an eminent conversationalist, now in the sere and yellow of his anecdote, "he always caps my best stories."

"Very good manners, specially in a University man," observed a convive.

"Good manners!" returned the other irascibly. "How?"

"Why," explained his friend, "when he meets with a story or joke as venerable as it is excellent, he caps it as he would a respected old Don of his college."

EMOLLIENTS FOR MILLIONAIRES.

AMERICAN STYLE.

IV.

THE scene is a large New York office, with abundant light and air, in a high steel-frame building. Architects and engineers have a quarter to themselves, and lawyers another quarter. All this is visible from the private office of Mr. BODGE, junior member of the firm of STUNKLE AND BODGE, consulting philanthropists. Mr. BODGE is a spare man of thirty-five or forty, with a quiet, alert manner. He has grey hair and a dark moustache. He takes a card from the office-boy.

Mr. Bodge (examining the card). Very well. I will see Mr. WATTLE immediately.

As Mr. WATTLE comes in, Mr. BODGE bids him good-morning.

Mr. Wattle. Mr. BODGE o Mr. STUNKLE?

Mr. Bodge. Mr. BODGE. Mr. STUNKLE is in London, superintending the lighting of the British Museum for Mr. CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

Mr. Wattle. Ah! Well, it's something along those lines I'm after, Mr. BODGE.

Mr. Bodge. We have a number of things to offer. There's the Parthenon—it's really impossible to see it after dark. An illumination every evening, or twice a week—how does that strike you?

Mr. Wattle. Can't say I'm struck on the idea.

Mr. Bodge. Something nearer home then. The Mammoth Cave, for instance—the light is very bad in some places, I'm told. Your name might be cut in the rock at the mouth—"Mammoth Cave: Darkened by Nature: Lighted by Electricity and PONTIUS WATTLE."

Mr. Wattle. H'm! Better leave out electricity.

Mr. Bodge. Or, if lighting isn't the thing, there are plenty of other departments.

Mr. Wattle. Such as libraries?

Mr. Bodge. Hardly, I'm afraid. There is only one town left in the United States without a Carnegie Library.

Mr. Wattle. Where is it?

Mr. Bodge. It's called Boston. Mr. CARNEGIE began negotiations with the Bostonians, but they insisted on naming the library after MAXIM GORKY, so the matter fell through.

Mr. Wattle. The field's pretty well exhausted, I guess.

Mr. Bodge. I think not. Do you mind being a little ahead of your age?

Mr. Wattle. I'd rather be in the fashion.

Mr. Bodge. Have you any other preferences—donations to nation, state, city?

Mr. Wattle. I don't care. I just have some money to give away, the same as other folks.

Mr. Bodge. If you would like to give to a city, a nice bridge is a handsome present, very handsome. Or what do you say to a couple of tunnels?

Mr. Wattle. If I can't be in the fashion I'd rather inaugurate quite a new departure. I mean I want what I do to

Mr. Bodge. Oh, the place doesn't signify. Peoria or Baraboo or Omaha or Terre Haute.

Mr. Wattle. Is that fashionable?

Mr. Bodge. It was. By this time perhaps it is rather an old story.

Mr. Wattle. There must be something.

Mr. Bodge. Plenty of things, plenty of things, Mr. WATTLE. But this is a business of the first importance. Better go slow and sure.

Mr. Wattle. I'd rather do something this week. Fact is I must sail next Tuesday. Got a date with the Emperor WILLIAM.

Mr. Bodge. I see. Well, here's a little thing I've been working up, and though it's not really done I suppose I could get it into shape in a few days.

Mr. BODGE takes a packet of papers from his desk and removes the elastic bands.

Mr. Bodge. Here's the idea. Lately the statesmen over in England have got into the habit of leaving the Cabinet for conscience' sake, or principle's sake, or something just as extraordinary. Our plan—which we call B. 148,—is to pay 'em their full salaries if they'll spend their vacations over here.

Mr. Wattle. What for? I don't see the point.

Mr. Bodge. Oh!—an experiment. Just to see if their scrupulousness is catching on our side of the water.

Mr. Wattle. Never, Sir, never. I call this scheme of yours downright unamerican.

Mr. Bodge. No offence intended. . . . By the way, I forgot one thing. What do you say to chasing ANDREW CARNEGIE round the country and filling his libraries with . . . what do you think?

Mr. Wattle. I don't think anything.

Mr. Bodge. With books! No Carnegie library without a book on its shelves! Sounds well, eh?

Mr. Wattle. Say, that's a new one! I rather cotton to that. Sure the old man won't mind?

Mr. Bodge. I don't believe he would. As I understand it, he has no objection to books, though he likes shelf-room better.

Mr. Wattle. Well, I'll sleep on it. Good-morning.

When Mr. WATTLE has gone the office-boy comes in with another card.

Mr. Bodge (reading card). KIMBARK? KIMBARK? . . . O, to be sure. The man who wants to give London a pavement that can't be torn up. Show him in.



'SLUM UP-TO-DATE.'

Polly (to District Visitor). "PLEASE, MISS, MOTHER SAYS SHE'S NOT 'AT 'OME' TO-DAY. YOU SEE SHE'S TRIMMIN' HER 'AT TO GO TO A PARTY"

be not only new as philanthropy, but new in itself. And tunnels, Mr. BODGE, tunnels are as old as the hills.

Mr. Bodge. Not quite, I imagine. Let me see. You wouldn't care to endow a select leisure class, whose members would show their fellow-countrymen how to do nothing unostentatiously?

Mr. Wattle. Not a bit. I'm a plain man, Mr. BODGE, and I don't take any stock in this talk against ostentation.

Mr. Bodge. You haven't thought of education?

Mr. Wattle. I got through with all that when I left school.

Mr. Bodge. Of course. It has never occurred to you that you might found an university?

Mr. Wattle. Where, for instance?



HOW THE LAST RUN OF THE WOPSHIRE HOUNDS WAS SPOILT.

VIEWS ON THE CRISIS.

Mr. Punch has great pleasure in placing before his readers the views of some of our leading publicists on the great question of the hour, as expressed by them in conversation with his Representative:—

Mr. A. C. MACLAREN said that though depressed by the result of the third Test Match he did not give up hope. There were still two matches to be played, and if the M.C.C. team won the next the rubber was assured; even if they lost it, there still remained a reasonable chance of their pulling off the final contest. The battle was never lost until it was won: contrariwise it was never won until it was lost. He reminded the interviewer that hope springs eternal in the human breast, and that what Lancashire thought to-day England would think to-morrow.

Mr. C. B. FRY remarked to our interviewer that the situation, though serious, was by no means desperate. In cricket, as elsewhere, the unexpected frequently happened. Furthermore, it must not be forgotten that the climatic and atmospheric conditions of the Antipodes differed from those of the mother country. Personally, he set great store on the contagious example of personality. WARNER was the "Sunny Jim" of cricket.

Finally, he pointed out that it would be premature to indulge in pessimistic anticipations when two matches still remained to be played.

Prince RANJITSINGH said that he endorsed every word that fell from his gifted *confrère*. WARNER was a man of most commanding personality, but so on the other hand were TRUMPER, NORLE and HOPKINS. He thought the return of TRUMBLE to the arena one of the most touching incidents in the annals of our times. It reminded him of BELISARIUS or was it CINCINNATUS?

GAUKBOIGER said that he had been deeply affected by the news of WARNER's defeat. But every cloud had a silver lining, and he earnestly hoped that they would have better luck next time. In reply to the interviewer GAUKBOIGER further stated that he had never heard of Mr. ANDREW LANG.

THE statement, frequently found in St. Petersburg journals, that the aims of Russia are "Pacific," must of course be taken in a littoral, rather than a moral, sense.

VENTNOR, on the "English Riviera," must look to her laurels. The *Liverpool Echo* records the following phenomenon: "Southport—24 hours' bright sunshine registered yesterday."

A MODERN PASTORAL.

THROUGH the meads as STREPHOX goes,
He bewails his hapless lot;
In his heart are bitter woes,
For his CHLOE cometh not:
To a strain of fond recall
Oft he tunes his oaten reed,
But its echoes idly fall;
Somehow CHLOE does not heed.

Huddled kine would gladly greet
What they've never found to fail:
Welcome patter of her feet,
Merry clatter of her pail;
Ah, no more with laughing lip
STREPHOX's favours will she don,
Never down the meadows trip—
CHLOE's occupation's gone!

STREPHOX! since we daily see
Hustling Science will not wait,
Lend thy pipe a newer key;
CHLOE's done and out of date;
When you give us songs to rouse
Thoughts of pastures lush and green,
Sing *The Milking of the Cows*
By Electrical Machine!

LEGAL TITLES. — "The last of the Barons" ceased to exist some years ago. But there is seldom a case brought into court without any number of "Counts" appearing in it.

MR. PUNCH'S FISCAL BALLADS.

A SERIES of visits at short intervals to the Alhambra Music-hall has convinced *Mr. Punch* that the management are greatly in need of a new song on the Fiscal Question. The impassioned appeal to

"Buy! Buy! Buy! at the JOHN BULL'S store,"

however admirably rendered, palls somewhat with repetition, and even the portrait of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN thrown upon the screen by a magic lantern after Verse 3 is only mildly stirring to the jaded spectator. To help the Alhambra management out of their difficulty *Mr. Punch* would be happy to supply them with a succession of Fiscal Ballads, either pro-tariff or anti-tariff, for use in their excellent programme at a moderate figure.

If they prefer to keep to the pro-CHAMBERLAIN side the following ditty, sung with due heartiness, should attract enormous audiences nightly. It might be called :

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.

In the golden days of GEORGE THE THIRD
You'll find in history written
That no complaints were ever heard
Of dumping goods in Britain.
Our import duties were so high
They prevented BONEY'S landing,
And GEORGE THE FOURTH and the late Lord NORTH
Kept British trade expanding!

CHORUS (*tempo di valso*).

*If our exports exceed our imports,
Britannia will rule the waves.*

*If our imports exceed our exports,
Then Britons will soon be slaves.*

(*Da capo*.)

But now our Trade is Free to all,
And so it's not surprising
That while each year our exports fall
Our imports still are rising.
On every side our industries
Are crying for Protection,
(*ff.*) So we must go and vote for JOE
At the General Election!

(*Chorus as before*.)

This is quite in the best style of Fiscal ballad. A faint flavour of history, mostly wrong. A mingling of economics and patriotism so complete that you never know whether the singer is running up the Union Jack or a column of half-pence. And a chorus of concise mis-statements. What more can a popular audience ask?

Should the Alhambra public evince a desire to hear the Free Trade side of the question wedded to lyric verse, *Mr. Punch* recommends the following. The verses should be sung jauntily, as befits their galloping rhythm, but the chorus gives opportunity for the most heart-breaking pathos:

AND THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF!

Britons, don't be led away by CHAMBERLAIN'S predictions,
His prophecies are mostly lies and half of his facts are
fictions;
He'll tax the boots upon your feet, the wool your clothes are
made of,
He'll tax the wheat the poor must eat—and *that's* what I'm
afraid of!

CHORUS (*adagio ma non troppo*).

*Your food will cost you more!
This fact you can't ignore:*



MANNERS IN THE FIELD.

ALWAYS BE PREPARED TO GIVE A LEAD TO A LADY, EVEN AT SOME LITTLE PERSONAL INCONVENIENCE.

*Your bread will be dear,
And so will your beer—
(f.) Your food will cost you more!*

Britons, don't be led away by tariff agitation.
The Cobden Club is still the hub of the glorious English
nation!
Don't believe the figures JOE has made so much parade of.
They're rather long and he adds them wrong—and *that's*
what I'm afraid of!

CHORUS (*andante espressivo*).

*Your food will cost you more!
I've told you this before:
Your American wheat
And your Argentine meat—
(ff.) They both will cost you more!*

A magic-lantern portrait of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN arm-in-arm with the Duke of DEVONSHIRE would be a fitting pendant to this ditty, and win a host of adherents to Free Trade.

Mr. Punch's attention has been called to the fact that *The Guardian* is "Entered at the New York Post-office as Second-class Matter." The communication comes from a clergyman, and is borne out by a printed statement at the head of the journal in question: otherwise *Mr. Punch* would not have given it credence.

ANOTHER STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE!—An elderly gentleman, a respected member of a certain Borough Council, who a few days ago entered a protest, has not been seen again. For the present we suppress names, as the mysterious affair is in the hands of the police.

MR. SEDDON INTERVENES.

[The COLONIAL SECRETARY, replying to Mr. SEDDON's protest against the employment of Chinese labour on the Rand, pointed out that "the Imperial Government could not refuse to accede to the wishes of one part of the Empire . . . in deference to the wishes of another part indirectly interested"]

NATIONDON of the Empire's utmost seas,
In bulk a giant and for work a glutton!
High Arbiter of Britain's destinies,
And champion of the cause of frozen mutton!—

Tower of defence, impenetrably thick,
Our shield against the coming Armageddon,
Known to familiar friends as "Good Old Dick,"
And to the common mass as "Kaiser SEDDON"!—

Whose word on questions which admit of doubt
Clinches the problem like a pair of tweezers;
Whose warmth and tireless tendency to spout
Betray the influence of local geysers:—

Sir, we are greatly favoured by your last
Imperial Bull (received and noted duly),
In which your Excellency deigns to cast
Animadversions on the heathen coolie.

Your eagle orb, annihilating space,
Has looked askance upon your Afrie neighbour,
Fearing to have your own adjoining place
Contaminated by celestial labour.

Or else a filial motive fanned your zeal.
England had need of you; you would not leave her
In lack of counsel, wondering how to deal
With symptoms indicating yellow fever.

A plain acknowledgment must here suffice,
So full of speechless thanks the parent State is,
Antipodean Sir, for your advice,
Tendered unasked and absolutely gratis.

But if *her* sense of gratitude is such,
How can the bursting heart convey its tension
There on the actual Rand that owes so much
To you and your so timely intervention?

No doubt the infant means to pay his debts;
He'll write a protest, eloquent and flowery,
Inquiring if the Motherland abets
The way in which you pamper Little Maori.

And England, treating all alike by turns,
Will gravely read each question when they ask it,
And, having bid them mind their own concerns,
Depose the fragments in the paper-basket. O. S.

A Safe Billet for Burglars.

The *Newcastle Chronicle* has published the following advertisement:—

NIGHT WATCHMAN Wanted for Engineering Works, accustomed to Abstracting preferred

But (Quis uno may well ask) *custodiet ipso custodes?*

BOHEMIAN BIRDS.—In the *Times* last week is recorded, under date January 26, the shooting of "a Bohemian Chatterer." It was said that the specimen in question was a *rara avis*. Not a bit of it. There are lots more "Bohemian chatterers" in London. But as to the advisability of reducing their number by shooting some of the biggest, well—that is a matter for further deliberation.

PIECE WITH HUMOUR.

CAPTAIN ROBERT MARSHALL describes his most amusing play in three Acts as "A Farceical Romance," and thereby serious criticism is at once disarmed. All that has to be decided is whether such a piece acts up to its description, and whether the farceical be so adroitly mixed with the romantic as that neither shall unduly preponderate. Captain MARSHALL has achieved this result to a nicety: the balance is artistically preserved; probabilities are dispensed with; and, on the whole, sentiment is so adroitly introduced as to intensify the humour. The actors, thoroughly in earnest, play as if the characters they are rendering were real people moving in actual life; and so the audience, taking the right tone from these well-qualified representatives of the author's bizarre idea, heartily join in the joke, and acclaim the piece and its exponents with enthusiastic delight.

Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE is unconventionally light-comedian-hearted as the still youthful *Duke of Killiecrankie*.

Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH, who was last in evidence on the roof of a sinking house in an overflow performance at Drury Lane, is now landed securely on the stage of the Criterion, and has taken his seat in this house as *Henry Pitt-Welby, Esq., M.P.*, though what constituency has the honour of having him for its Member is not quite clear. His politics are nebulous, his M.P.-canniness most decided. As a character he is a queer mixture, and Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH plays it for all it is worth and a good deal more. As an actor he is a man of business, that is of stage-business, just as Miss MARIE ILLINGTON, who so amusingly impersonates the rich widow, *Mrs. Mulholland*, whose wealth has attracted this Member for an empty-pocket borough, and whose charms have fascinated him, is, as an actress, a thorough "woman of business." "Sure such a pair," playing into each other's hands, would make the fortune of a less excellent piece than this.

Miss HELEN ROUSE gives the requisite tone to the *Countess of Pangbourne*, and Miss EVA MOORE as *Lady Henrietta Addison*, the sweetly capricious *Beatrice* to the *Duke's Benedick*, adds one more portrait to her gallery of such exceptional successes as she has already achieved in *Billy's Little Love Affair*, and in *Old Heidelberg*.

As the sedate *Alexander Macbaine*, "caretaker of Craig o' North," Mr. JOHN KELT has a worthy partner in that respectable Scotch body *Mrs. Macbaine* (Miss FLORENCE HAWWOOD), the pair being evidently second cousins once removed, and perched on a Gaelic branch of the family tree, to *Mr. and Mrs. Knapman*, now in the service of HENRY ARTHUR JONES at "the little House in the Haymarket."

From so perfect a cast must by no means be omitted the butler, Mr. HORTON COOPER, and the footman, Mr. SYDNEY FENTON. In the Castle scene they play a waiting game to perfection; each has his *entrées* and his exits. There are also two ladies' maids in the play, though unnamed among the *dramatis personæ*, so that these two very capable young women are in their places as domestics without characters; that is, they are not "down in the bill." I think it as well to draw the attention of Mr. ARTHUR CHURLEIGH to this fact, and, of course, whether he will mention it to either his partner, Mr. FROMMANN, or to the Manager, Mr. FRANK CREXON, is a matter for his own discretion. These two young ladies fill these small anonymous parts so well that I am sure no respectable management would wish to take away their characters, and, that being the case, why not "call them names" instead of waiting until each has made a name for herself? The stage-management of the play shows the expert hand of Mr. DION BOCCICCIER. And so, congratulations all round!

ROYAL ACADEMY NOTE. The recently-elected is quite Fruse class.



Bernard Partridge.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

[“The Korean Government has decided to preserve a strict neutrality in the event of war between Japan and Russia.”—Daily Paper.]

WILLIAM L. HARRIS

CHARIVARIA.

THE Rev. A. J. KAYLOR, in the course of a sermon, in a New York church, on the subject of Wickedness in that city, put his arm out of joint while gesticulating, and had to retire. He ought certainly to have left it to the wicked to flourish like a green bay tree.

An English schoolboy has won £4,000 at Monte Carlo. It is said that he intends to purchase his school with a view to closing it.

Apparently there was some truth in what was said as to the antiquated equipment of some of our troops in the Boer War. It is announced that the officers of the Dorset Imperial Yeomanry have decided to present the two guns which they had with them in South Africa to the Dorset County Museum.

By some mistake, during prize-firing at Malta, one of the *Venerable's* guns, instead of being directed at the target, was fired point blank at the *Gladiator*. Fortunately the shot passed over her. Yet there are those who would improve the marksmanship of the Navy!

The tendency to define the scope of our places of amusement, as shown in the recent litigation between the theatres and the music halls, is still further exemplified by the hint which the Fire Committee of the County Council has given to Drury Lane to see to it that the Home of Melodrama does not become the Home of Tragedy.

A gentleman has written to the *Pall Mall Gazette* to complain that his children's latest game is "Find the Hidden Treasure." "My copy of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*," he says, "has been desecrated by the insertion of discs, my carpets have been torn up, and no room in the house is sacred to the hiders and the seekers." We strongly recommend Papa to become one of the former, employing either a birch or a buckly strap.

A man who was accused at the Mansion House of stealing a cheque successfully pleaded an *alibi*, proving that he was in prison at the time. He left the Court without a stain on his character.

In Peckham, Dulwich, and Camberwell there are 404 licensed houses. We are gradually approaching the British Workman's ideal of "One man, one pub."

A frantic attempt is being made to induce Germans to wash more. The *Vossische Zeitung* is publishing the



THINGS ONE MIGHT HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Elderly Party (who fancies herself young). "Ah, MILDRED, YOU AND I MUST ONE DAY LOSE OUR YOUTH AND BEAUTY!"

Mildred. "OH, YOU MUSTN'T BE DOWN-HEARTED. YOU HAVE WORN SO WONDERFULLY WELL!"

advertisement of a Company which offers to supply linen free if the recipients will only pay for the washing.

As showing the extreme state of tension existing between Russia and Japan, it is rumoured that orders have been issued by the Russian War Office for the immediate mobilisation of HACKENSCHMIDT.

And the Russians at Port Arthur are laying in supplies against a siege. "In view of the need which may arise for horses and ponies," says *Reuter*, "the military authorities are taking measures to secure an adequate supply."

The Students of Edinburgh University made a deafening noise all the while their Lord Rector was addressing them, so that he could not be heard, and after-

wards presented him with a small black doll. And yet the Scotch are said to have no sense of humour.

The report that the KAISER was not born yesterday is confirmed. He celebrated his 45th birthday on the 27th ult.

We were recently informed that the dietary of the Navy had been improved; yet, on Friday last, the *Express* published an article entitled:—

TO FEED THE NAVY.

SUGGESTED PURCHASE OF WELSH COAL MINES.

The members of the British Colony of St. Petersburg are organising a great bear hunt. So are the Japanese.

SIR HENRY THOMSON'S MOTTO.—"Down with the Dust!"

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

X.—SHOULD NOVELISTS ACCEPT DECORATIONS?

SCENE—*The Press-Cutting Club.*

PRESENT:

Mr. Anthony Hope (in the chair).
Sir A. Conan Doyle.
Sir Gilbert Parker.
Mr. William Le Queux.
Mr. A. E. W. Mason.
Mr. Hall Caine.
Mr. Guy Boothby.
Mr. Henry Harland.
Mr. Rudyard Kipling.
Mr. Henry James.
Miss Marie Corelli.

Mr. Anthony Hope. I have been asked to initiate a discussion on a subject which touches authors keenly. Musicians, artists, and actors, are decorated for their work. Why should novelists be denied this elevating and stimulating recognition?

Sir A. Conan Doyle. There seems to me no question whatever. Sooner or later such authors as are worthy of distinction receive it; others do not. Those that are thus singled out from among the ruck are properly grateful.

Sir Gilbert Parker. I agree.

Mr. Anthony Hope. The button of the Legion of Honour is a neat and pleasant decoration. Why not adopt it here?

Mr. Henry Harland. Part of us, at any rate, would then be red.

Mr. Hall Caine. But who should decide upon the fitting recipients?

Mr. Henry James. That should be done with exquisite care. The little badge should instantly blazon its wearer as one of the minority that is always right.

Mr. Hall Caine. I was afraid that some of that cant about small circulations would creep in.

Mr. Guy Boothby. It always does. There is no better guide to merit than popularity.

Sir A. Conan Doyle. Or an *édition de luxe*.

Mr. Hall Caine. I would suggest with all humility that a plébiscite of *MURRE*'s readers be taken. I am a great believer in the wisdom of crowds.

Miss Marie Corelli. O yes, yes.

Mr. Kipling. The publishers might insert a blank page in every book asking for the reader's opinion as to the decoration the author deserves. These papers might be collected from time to time by a house-to-house visitation.

Sir A. Conan Doyle. But who would make it?

Mr. Kipling. I have no doubt that an organisation could be easily perfected. Perhaps *Mr. BUCKRICK* would assist.

Mr. Henry James. I should not care for such a test.

Miss Corelli. (It would be admirable: *Mr. Hall Caine* in most excellent idea.

Mr. Anthony Hope. An equally important point is, What decorations would you like when the decision is made—titles or orders?

Sir Gilbert Parker. I think it must be conceded that titles are not within the reach of all. But everyone may aspire to a decoration.

Mr. Anthony Hope. New orders are continually being established. Why not have our own? For example, C.F.P. (Commander of the Fountain Pen); E.T.T. (Employer of a Thousand Typists); I.F.A. (Inspirer of the Fulsome Ad.).

Mr. Le Queux. I like the word Chevalier. It has a romantic ring about it which banishes all association with the sordid actualities of the moment, and justifies the adoption of a picturesque costume.

Sir Gilbert Parker. True, costume is often an incentive to inspiration. I myself have found a scarlet cummerbund invaluable in the delineation of tropical character. But the title Chevalier is not recognised by *BURKE*, *DEBRETT* or *DODD*.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason. No novelist can really do his work properly unless he is an M.P. That should be the distinction for which novelists should strive. For my next book, which is to be called *GODIVA of the HASTINGS*, I must have Parliamentary experience.

Sir Gilbert Parker. I sympathise with *Mr. Mason*'s aspirations, but I warn him that Politics is an exacting mistress. Since I joined the Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons my literary output has dwindled by 250 words daily.

Mr. Hall Caine. An interesting problem occurs to me. Ought writers who habitually employ a pseudonym to append the decoration to their real or their assumed name? Or, to take a concrete case, would our gifted chairman elect to be known as *LORD ANTHONY HOPE*, or as *LORD HAWKINS*?

Mr. Harland. Obviously the choice would be determined by the laws of euphony. A much more subtle point is whether ladies who write under a masculine *nom de guerre* would be eligible for decorations. *SIR JOHN STRANGE* WINTER sounds—

Mr. William Le Queux. Honours are certainly worth having; but it makes one more happy if one knows for what particular work they are given. My investiture as a Chevalier of the Golden Eagle came immediately upon the publication of my romance *The Three Glass Eyes*, but I cannot feel quite comfortable in my mind that the events were related. Again, my *Secrets of the Foreign Office* was followed by the award, by the Ban of Croatia, of the order of the Beautiful Blue Danube.

Mr. Hall Caine. I see no reason why

an author should lose in dignity by being made a Count of the Holy Roman Empire. The honour is not one that I have sought, but were it conferred upon me I should take less than my usual precautions to have it kept out of the papers.

Miss Marie Corelli. Decorations seem to me idle vanities. To find a medallion entitling one to hidden treasure to the extent of a farthing is a better way in which to advertise one's worth.

Mr. Hall Caine. I once read a book called *A Flat-iron for a Farthing*.

Miss Marie Corelli. I do not see that that remark has any relevance.

Mr. Hall Caine. I am often irrelevant; but I always sell.

Sir Gilbert Parker. I see that the Emperor of KOREA has been advertising for a resident dentist. He will be wanting a resident author next. That will be an opportunity for one of you.

Mr. Harland. Why do you think he will want an author?

Sir Gilbert Parker. It is a logical progress. A dentist leads to the study of the illustrated papers; and from them we pass to fiction.

Mr. Hall Caine. True, true. How much does his serene magnificence offer?

Sir Gilbert Parker. He offers the dentist three hundred yen.

Mr. Hall Caine. What is a yen?

Sir Gilbert Parker. I don't know, but no doubt *MR. KIPLING* does.

Mr. Kipling. Four shillings.

Mr. Hall Caine. Is that net?

Mr. Kipling. Certainly.

Mr. Hall Caine. O, not enough, not enough. And so far from Greeba!

[*Left disagreeing.*]

"LONDON TO PARIS WITHOUT CHANGING!"—This has been announced as a most desirable object of attainment, and as being at present an impossibility! Why? Unless the traveller gets wet through during the Channel passage, why should he change? In such a case he would be most fortunate to have a quick change handy, and would eagerly avail himself of the wash and brush up department to put himself all right in the twenty-five minutes of "while you wait" at the Calais Station.

"ANTIQUARIAN" puts us this question: The old slang (nautical slang, I think it was) expression for a kiss was "buss." Can anyone inform me if lips were known as "buss-conductors"?

If any of the new multi-medallionaires are wanting a legend for a ready-made coat of arms we recommend "*They sought it with forks and hope*" (*Hunting of the Snark*).



A LAST RESORT.

Miss Armstrong (who has fozzled the ball six times with various clubs). "AND WHICH OF THE STICKS AM I TO USE NOW?"
Weary Caddie. "GIE IT A BIT KNOCK WI' THE BAG!"

FRESH FIGURES FROM THE FIRST TEST MATCH.

["An enterprising Australian tradesman advertised an offer to pay any Australian batsman who scored 50 runs in either innings of the first test match a sovereign, and for each additional run sixpence. A 'century' was to receive five sovereigns extra; and a sovereign was to be the price of every catch that dismissed an Englishman."]

WHEN NOBLE had made £1 15s. 6d. he was badly missed at square-leg. He quickly reached his £2. HILL next dispatched RHODES to the boundary for 2s. A short run gave HILL another sixpence, and a lucky snick for eighteenpence by NOBLE brought the latter's score to £2 1s. 6d. Ultimately he amassed no less than £8 1s. 6d. . . . TRUMPER is to be congratulated on having made £9 7s. 6d. not out in the second innings.

The Australian fielding was excellent, NOBLE alone making £3 worth of catches.

A curious misunderstanding arose. Mr. FOSTER was under the impression that the scheme was extended to the English side. During an interview he is understood to have told a representa-

tive of the Press that he certainly should have thought twice about raising his score to 287 had he been properly acquainted with the rules. Much sympathy was felt for Mr. FOSTER, and it was only by an oversight that no collection was taken for him on the ground.

MANNERS MAKETH BOY.

["Manners should be the foundation of all education—of all book-learning and 'schooling' of every description. Our schoolboys, instead of being harassed and stupefied with Euclid and Greek, should be instructed in mental deportment."—Hon. Mrs. R. ENSKINE in *Court Journal*.]

SCENE—A schoolroom during evening "Prep."

Brown (to Smith, who is sitting next him). Pardon my seeming rudeness, my dear SMITH, in interrupting you in your studies, but may I venture to point out that (no doubt quite unwittingly) you are giving me exquisite pain by pressing with your foot upon a small hard growth (resulting no doubt from an increase in the thickness of the cuticle) which I am unfortunate enough to have on my large toe?

Smith. A thousand apologies, my dear Brown! So engrossed was I in perusing the chapter on Affability for to-morrow's lesson that I was quite unaware of the pain I was inflicting, although I must at the same time confess that I was dimly conscious of the fact that my left foot was resting on something which moved about in a manner indicative that I was not in contact with the solid floor.

Brown. Ah, you are reading the work of that noble gentlewoman who war instrumental in abolishing from our educational system Greek and Euclid and those other shibboleths, and substituting that Mental Deportment which we take so much pleasure in learning. Do you know, my dear SMITH, I suppose in the rude old days I should have said to you just now, "Here, SMITH, you jolly well take yourself off my bally bunion, or I'll bloomin' well punch your head."

Smith. Oh would you? And I suppose I should have retorted by jolly well punching your beastly nose like that, eh?

[They go for each other in the old way. Manners are forgotten till the Deportment Usher interposes.]

THE ENDOWMENT OF RESEARCH.

(A Forecast of the next phase of Philanthropic Journalism.)

Preliminary Announcement in that public-spirited and enterprising periodical, "The Sunday Tiddler."

NEXT week we commence our New and Thrilling Serial: 'UP, JENKINS! OR, UNDER WHICH THIMBLE?' It will provide the Masses, not only with Bright, Pure, and Wholesome Fiction, but also with the means of securing FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS WEEKLY, by following Clues which ANY CHILD CAN EASILY UNRAVEL!

We do not propose to Bury any Money, as that Plan has now been very properly condemned as a Public Nuisance.

Our system is Simplicity Itself. It will work as follows:—On a given day every week our Confidential GOLD-BEARING AGENTS will Secrete Five Medallions, each entitling the Finder to ONE HUNDRED POUNDS sterling, in some part of the Garments of FIVE POPULAR CELEBRITIES, who (together with the precise portion of their Attire in which such Medallions have been deposited) will be indicated by Clues given in the current instalment of our Serial.

You may ask: "What is to prevent the Celebrities themselves from discovering their Medallions and cashing them first?" We are going to tell you. We have taken Precautions against Sharp Practice or Collusion of this kind. It is not likely, to begin with, that those we may select as Depositories for a Medallion will be in the least aware of the fact. Be that as it may, we shall Cash No Medallion presented to us by Any Celebrity on whom it has been concealed, or by any of his Relations, Friends, or Domestics. The Public can thus rely on having ABSOLUTE FAIR PLAY.

"But might not a Celebrity who discovers that we have so distinguished him destroy or get rid of his Medallion?" He will do so At His Peril. These Medallions are the Property of *The Sunday Tiddler*, and our idea is Strictly Patented. We have the Highest Legal Authority for the statement that Any Celebrity dealing with one of our Medallions in any way calculated to interfere with the Rights of our Readers will render himself liable to Criminal Proceedings!

But of course no Celebrity will act in this selfish and short-sighted manner. He will have Sense enough to see that we are giving him a FIRST-CLASS ADVERTISEMENT, and he will Play the Game by assisting us in the EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

For we need scarcely say that we are actuated by the Highest Motives. We are not pandering to any morbid craving for Unearned Riches. We are simply inducing the Democracy (through the medium of Literature superior in Style and Quality to Anything yet Produced) to take a more intelligent interest in the habits and personalities of its Foremost Citizens, who are too frequently, alas! Mere Names to the Man in the Street! So Look out for Chapter I. of "UP, JENKINS!" and KEEP YOUR EYE on the DESCRIPTIVE CLUES!!!

From the *Pall Mall Gazette* (ten days later): "So it seems that our Troglodyte Free Foodlers were just a trifle too previous in chortling over the little incident at Birmingham on Monday last! In storming Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S platform and compelling our only Statesman to escape by a back door in the disguise of a baker, his audience, as has since been satisfactorily explained, did not intend, after all, to suggest that their views on Protection had undergone the slightest modification. They were merely under an impression that he was the 'Heaven-born Politician' indicated in a certain Sunday journal as the involuntary custodian of a £100 medallion, which was understood to have been concealed in

his left coat-tail pocket. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, though much gratified by learning that the affair had no political significance, very properly declines to state whether the inference drawn by the meeting was correct or otherwise."

From the *Westminster Gazette* (same date): "General B-D-X P-W-LL must have fancied himself back once more at Charterhouse in the thick of a football 'scrum' yesterday afternoon in Pall Mall, where, on descending the steps of his Club, he was surrounded by an enthusiastic mob of admirers, each endeavouring to be the first to relieve him of his head-gear. Needless to say, the popular General made a stubborn and gallant defence, but eventually he had to behold his silk hat, a new one, snatched from his head and instantaneously reduced to fragments. However, as soon as the genial 'R. P.' was informed that one of *The Sunday Tiddler's* £100 medallions had been found secreted in the lining, he quite understood the situation, and was one of the first to congratulate the fortunate finder—a chimney sweep, we understand, of the name of EMANUEL GRIMES."

From the *Evening News*: "Although we are willing to admit that the latest development of the 'Hidden Treasure' craze may entail a certain amount of inconvenience in individual cases, we still think that the Royal Academician, whose studio in St. John's Wood was so unceremoniously invaded yesterday afternoon, displayed an irritability quite out of proportion to the occasion. For, beyond ripping open one or two canvases on which he was engaged for the Spring Exhibitions, his visitors did little appreciable damage, and to call in the police and give the ringleaders into custody was surely rather a high-handed proceeding! Does Mr. BLANK, R.A., at all realise what a godsend even £100 may be to many of the Unemployed amongst us, and cannot he see that to be identified by the People as 'A Mid-Victorian VELASQUEZ' is no mean compliment—even for an Academician? As a matter of fact, so the proprietor of *The Sunday Tiddler* informs us, no medallion was ever secreted in any canvas, as his agents have the strictest instructions to respect all private property. Also the Painter really indicated by the clue was a totally different person. We cannot but consider that too much fuss has been made about what was, after all, a paltry misunderstanding."

From the *St. James's Gazette*: "It is reassuring to hear that the P-t L-r-t-e's injuries are not of so serious a nature as was at first reported. Still, it must have been sufficiently upsetting to find oneself, as he did yesterday in Piccadilly, suddenly pounced upon by a crowd of perfect strangers, and shaken violently, upside down, for several minutes. They turned out to be merely 'Treasure-seekers' who had concluded, from a 'clue' in one of those serial fictions which now provide our Middle Classes with their sole mental pabulum, that the unfortunate L-r-t-e was the 'Greatest Living English Poet' down the back of whose neck a £100 medallion had been surreptitiously inserted. We are bound to say that, though the search proved fruitless, the crowd bore their disappointment with considerable good-humour, while Mr. ALFRED A-ST-X himself admitted that the mistake was a very natural one in the circumstances."

Sir L-w-s M-m-s left England yesterday afternoon, and will remain abroad for some time."

From *The Academy* and *L-r-t-re*: "We understand that Mr. PANSLEY GREWELL, F.S.A. (author of *In Jaeger Clad*, *Semolina Plaxmon*, *The Love-ditties of a Vegetarian*, and other works which will probably be remembered by all who have read them) is the writer of the letter in last Monday's *Times*, protesting in indignant terms against the journalistic methods of *The Sunday Tiddler* as an outrage on the privacy and liberty of distinguished literary characters, and complaining bitterly that he cannot leave his residence at Peckham except under a strong police escort."

F. A.

PICKY BACK.

(Being the Sixth Passage from the reincarnation of Picklock Holes.)

THE STORY OF THE LAMPLIGHTER.

It was evening, a Sunday evening, in Baker Street. The lamps were nearly all lit, and the intellectual features of the domestic architecture for which that thoroughfare is celebrated were thrown into high relief by the rays emitted from the tops of the somewhat inartistic lamp-posts that had lately flashed into sudden life as the swift foot of the lamp-lighter approached, stopped for a moment, and then rapidly passed on in his path of duty, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but, like a true Imperial Briton, ever upward to higher things. Usually the man went forward alone: none cared to follow him in a progress so frequently interrupted by the pauses required by the modern torch-bearer's employment. But on this particular Sunday evening those who kept their eyes open might have observed that, as he passed the house before which stood the twenty-seventh lamp-post, the front-door swiftly but quietly opened, and two figures, heavily hatted and cloaked, emerged into the half-light of Baker Street, and promptly fell into line behind the unconscious but dutiful employé of the Gas Company. One of these figures was tall and thin; its muscles seemed made of steel; it had a pale, thoughtful and ascetic face; its forehead was high, its sentences were short, and its fingers were lean, meditative and impressive. At a casual glance it might have been mistaken for a prosperous undertaker retired from the active pursuit of business, but still taking an interest in the mortuary arrangements of his former rivals in the pall and coffin trade. A second and more careful look might have convinced the observer that he saw before him an exiled Emperor, and it would have required a third and a piercing scrutiny to prove that this was none other than PICKLOCK HOLES. With regard to the second figure it is only necessary to mention that it was addressed by PICKLOCK HOLES occasionally as "friend Potsox," but more frequently as "Tush! nonsense," or "Pooh, absurd." In fact, not to put too fine a point upon it, it was me.

You may ask what brought us into Baker Street on the track of a lamp-lighter on a Sunday evening in mid-February. The fact is, the town had lately been thrown into a fever of excitement by a series of extraordinary and hitherto inexplicable disappearances. All the victims—for we could not doubt that in some sense they were victims of somebody—were of the male sex, and what was even more remarkable they were all grandfathers of an advanced age. Matters had been brought to a crisis this very morning by the disappearance of Mr. PICKLOCK HOLES's own grandfather on the mother's side, almost before the eyes of his grandson.

"This," said HOLES, when he realised that his grandsire was unquestionably gone, "is too much," and he had at once thrown himself into the detection of the crime with all a sleuth-hound's ardour. As a first step he had called upon me in my Baker Street lodgings, and had spent some hours in planning out the process by which he intended to convict the guilty. This was how his argument ran:—

"A grandfather," he began, "is not exactly like an ordinary citizen. It may be assumed, I think, that he is no longer in the first flush of his youth and beauty, and it is therefore unlikely that a barmaid, for instance, or even a chorus girl, will have run away with him. By a further process of elimination we arrive at the conclusion that only an Italian marchioness (I spare you the steps by which I reach this point) can have had anything to do with it. But mark my words—there are at this moment no Italian marchionesses in London. What then? Remove the marchioness and you leave a void or vacuum. To fill this



A HORSE-MARINE.

Club Wag. "WELL, GOOD-NIGHT, ADMIRAL."

Warrior. "THERE'S A STUPID JOKE. 'ADMIRAL!' CAN'T YOU SEE MY SPURS?"

Wag. "OH, I THOUGHT THEY WERE YOUR TWIN SCREWS."

in accordance with the preferences of nature you must select a—hush! I hear him passing."

It was at this moment precisely that, dragging me with him, he dashed out of the front-door and flung himself into the chase of the lamp-lighter.

Before the next post was reached HOLES had closed upon his prey. In a moment the man was bound and gagged and hurled into a passing four-wheeler, which immediately set off on its way to the family mansion lately inhabited by Mr. THOMAS BALTIMORE JUBLEY, HOLES's maternal grandparent. I followed as fast as I could on foot. When I arrived I witnessed a touching family scene. Old Mr. JUBLEY himself was standing in the drawing-room warmly embracing PICKLOCK HOLES, who was shaken with an emotion to which he rarely gave way.

"My boy, my lion-hearted boy," said Mr. JUBLEY, "you have found me. How shall I thank you?" Then turning to me he continued, "I was in bed; I overslept myself, and had but lately descended when Picklock arrived."

After warmly congratulating both gentlemen, I withdrew, fearing that even so intimate a friend as I was might be *de trop* at such a moment.

I ought, perhaps, to mention that we never heard anything more of the lamp-lighter. HOLES had left him by mistake in the cab, which had driven off before any of us noticed it. We applied, of course, at the lost property office at Scotland Yard, but all in vain. The cabman, with a lack of honesty unusual in his calling, had failed to deposit our lost captive, and all further trace of him disappeared.

It is confidently asserted that the Japs are "ready to face the Monjick."



"I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOU'VE BEEN AILING AGAIN, JOHN. I MUST SEND YOU DOWN SOMETHING FROM THE RECTORY. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE SOME SOUP?"

"THANKY KINDLY, MUM—BUT I HAIN'T SO TERR'BLE WRAPPED UP IN SOUP!"

"TRICKS OF THE BRAIN."

(Vide the correspondence on Precognition in the "Daily Mail.")

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is really quite a common experience to be seeing, hearing, saying, doing, or feeling for the first time what you think you have seen, heard, said, done or felt already some time before. Let me give a few instances:—

I was walking down Piccadilly for the first time to-day, and in a normal state of mind—of course I have traversed this street before in my life, but what I want to say is, that I usually go up and down Piccadilly several times in the course of the day, but this occasion was the first of these perambulations—when I met a great number of people I didn't know, and all at once it flashed across me that the same thing had happened to me at least once before. I immediately precognised that I was not recognised.

Again, I encountered Brown, whose

remarks I may say are rather stereotyped, on the platform at Victoria the other day (I run up against him about once in two years). The moment I saw him I felt he was going to say, "Well, and how's the world treating you?" and no sooner were the words out of his mouth, than I could have sworn I had heard him ask the same question before. How do you explain this extraordinary phenomenon?

Then as to *speech* in connection with tricks of the brain, I was telling Jones last Monday—I meet him regularly in the Club smoking-room—my great anecdote (about the speech of the Bashful Bridegroom) which I learnt at school in '79, and when I had got three-quarters through I caught a look in his eye which instantly gave me the impression that I had told him the story previously. Was this an hallucination or not? I am ordinarily most careful to let each person have it only once, and there are heaps of people in London still whom I haven't yet buttonholed for the purpose.

Next, regarding the apparent mental repetition of an act, just a second ago I was scratching my head while inditing these words to you and seeking to frame my ideas in the most lucid and beautiful language, and it was borne in upon me that I was, after all, repeating myself—whether as to the titillation of the cranium or the search for expression I am not quite clear, but it all helps to prove my point, whatever it is.

Lastly, as to matters of *feeling*, I dreamt a few nights ago that I was flying through a sky full of brickbats on a pink-eyed octopus pursued by a Græco-Roman barrel-organ, a pair of hard-boiled boxing-gloves, and a feeding-bottle on the hunt for hidden treasure, when I felt certain that something was going to happen. Sure enough, I awoke with a start and found my alarm in the act of going off.

I could give many further instances for brain specialists to wrestle with, but at present will content myself by remaining

Yours supernormally, *Psychosis.*



Stanley Parkinson Del.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE HIDDEN TREASURY.

THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR Balfour. "WELL, IF THEY FIND *THIS*, IT WON'T BE THROUGH ANY CLUE I'VE GIVEN THEM!"





OPENING OF THE "DUMP PARLIAMENT," 1904.

ARRIVAL OF THE "LORD PROTECTOR."

O! GENTLE SLEEP!

[The Rev. Dr. BIGELOW, in *The Mystery of Sleep*, propounds a new theory to explain the phenomenon. Here is the book in brief.]

SLEEP mere repose? What! Think you, man

Must spend a third of his brief span
In order that he may repair
The daily waste of wear and tear?
Perish a thought which speaks so ill
Of Nature's economic skill!
For such a shocking waste of time
There could be one name only—crime.
Rest? Nature rests not. Does the sun
Sleep when his daily course is run?
Do the stars nod, or does the stream
Pause in its ceaseless course to dream?
No, rest is nothing—just a sound
For that which is not to be found,
An idle word, a breath of air,
For rest exists not anywhere.

Then what is sleep? A dispensation
For psychical regeneration,
Its end and object to refresh
The earth-worn spirit, not the flesh.

If in this sordid world the mind
Was always cabined and confined,
Seeing alone the sin and woe
We mortals witness here below,
How could it but become as base
As its unholy dwelling-place?
No, when we sleep the soul flies free
To realms no fleshly eye may see,
And passing swiftly through the air
Communes with purer spirits there,
Till, having tasted the ideal,
'Tis strong once more to face the real.

You may not, when the morning light
Scatters the visions of the night,
Remember all the thoughts that teemed,
Sublime, inspiring, while you dreamed;
You may instead recall some freak
Of foolish fancy: flesh is weak,
And will not always play the game,
As one may put it;—all the same,
Your "nobler faculties" were kept
At their employment while you slept.

What proof of this? you ask me. Take
Your happy temper when you wake.

You laugh to hear the housemaid's
knock;
How welcome sounds her "Eight
o'clock!"

How joyfully you lift your head!
How nimbly do you leap from bed!
However loth the sun to rise,
The world is rosy in your eyes.
You are again a careless boy—
The bath is bliss, the shave is joy.
And when, through January gloom,
You seek the cheery breakfast-room,
What mirth is there, what sparkling wit
As o'er the ham and eggs you sit!
Each fresh from his refining dream
Bids gay good humour reign supreme,
And none are ever cross or shirty
At that angelic hour, eight-thirty.

LONDON'S RADIO-ACTIVITY.—The statement that London is built largely upon radium has now been capped by the discovery that the Houses of Parliament are full of "N-rays," chief of whom is Sir N-RAY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

THE MUD.

(From a Newspaper of the Near Future.)

YESTERDAY several more accidents in the streets were reported. A gentleman, who had been riding in the Park, was passing along Piccadilly when his horse stumbled at the top of St. James's Street. To the horror of members standing at the windows of White's, Boodle's, and other Clubs, the unfortunate gentleman and his horse were carried by the current down the hill. As our readers are aware, the average depth of the mud in Piccadilly is now about three feet. Happily the gentleman was swept against a pantechnicon van at the corner of King Street, and by clinging to it was saved from drowning. His horse was less fortunate, and perished in Pall Mall.

About eleven o'clock in the morning an elderly gentleman, who had arrived by train from the country and was unaware of the condition of the Strand, stepped out briskly from Charing Cross Station and instantly disappeared. A policeman, with a rope tied round his waist, gallantly plunged in, and after heroic efforts, assisted by information from spectators on the top of an omnibus, succeeded in finding the old gentleman. Pluckily grasping his collar, the policeman held on bravely to the upper part of a lamp-post, and was soon rescued by some of the station officials mounted on the roof of a four-wheeled cab. The old gentleman at first used regrettably strong language, but after the present condition of all the London streets had been described to him he remarked that it was different when he was a boy, and that, though they might call every infernal vestry a corporation, London was simply going to the dogs. Then he handed a rather moist five-pound note to the policeman, and retired to a bath-room of the hotel.

Rather earlier in the day some members of the Stock Exchange Hidden-Treasure Hunt, after wading down Ludgate Hill, with their specially-trained otter hounds, attempted to proceed along Fleet Street. They were rescued with the greatest difficulty, ropes and life-belts being thrown to them from the neighbouring houses. Some of the hounds escaped by swimming into the offices of the *Daily Telegraph*. It is needless to point out the foolhardiness of such attempts. Although the continued depression in the City may excuse these efforts to supplement a greatly diminished income, no man ought to endanger his life, or the lives of the local lifeboatmen, by endeavouring to walk along any London street. It is true that these gentlemen believed that it was about the time of low mud, whereas it was nearly

high mud, when an ordinary cab or carriage is almost submerged. Besides, as the London tides are quite irregular, and vary in each parish, it is impossible to compute accurately the time of low mud.

In the afternoon one of the new lofty motor-cars, specially constructed to rise above the mud, was proceeding westward along Piccadilly. The driver, by some mischance, did not observe the buoy specially fixed by the Trinity House on the hoarding at the corner of Arlington Street, where the roadway is still being repaired. As it was about the time of high mud in Piccadilly, and also a spring tide, the hoarding itself was of course invisible. The motor-car dashed into it and became a complete wreck. The Bond Street slush-escape was brought out with splendid promptitude, and the two ladies in the car, as well as the driver, were happily rescued from a muddy grave.

THE INNER CIRCLE.

["A Countess," writing in *The Outlook*, states that nowadays, to the majority of people in Society, "anything north of Portman Square, east of Carlton House Terrace, south of Eaton Square, or west of Prince's Gate is unfashionable. Visiting much beyond these confines is an effort; far beyond, an excursion. There is a wild west in Earl's Court, and a highly respectable north above Hyde Park, but they don't come within the range of practical society."]

JOHN SAMUEL SMITH, the plutocrat,
Elite of the elite,

Once occupied a roomy flat
In Upper Bloomsbury Street.

In those far days of lost delight

Two friends he had in town;

The one ELIJAH TOMKINS hight,

The other, HENRY BROWN.

Years sped, and nothing could eclipse

The light of friendship's smile,

Till SMITH, alas! got certain tips,

Plunged deep, and made a pile,

He took a house in "Kaffir Lane,"

The smartest he could find,

And, pulverising friendship's chain,

Left both his chums behind.

He had, it must be understood,

No wish to prove untrue;

For BROWN had said the tips were good,

And TOMKINS helped him through.

And even BROWN and TOMKINS thought

He'd done the proper thing.

Until they found their friend was caught

Within the fatal ring.

So now, Fair Fortune's pampered child,

SMITH dwells in lonely state,

For TOMKINS hugs the howling wild

Just west of Prince's Gate;

No longer can he sally forth

To BROWN's suburban lair,

For that lies in the dismal north,

Two doors from Portman Square.

THE TORTURE.

THE braves bore out the strong, courageous man from the wigwam. Without flinching he had endured every refinement of torture to which his callous captors had been able to subject him. He had suffered his eyes to be plucked out, his nose to be cut off, his every tooth to be drawn; yet no word had he breathed which would betray the whereabouts of his comrades. His feet had been placed against hot irons, he had been cut with knives, his scalp was gone; yet he made no sign.

Then he had been borne forth and chained upright to a tree. But no muscle moved. The strong man was still "captain of his soul." When he had been bound, the braves drew together in earnest conclave. How was this mute Paleface to be compelled to speak, to reveal what he knew?

"Cut off his arm," said one.

"His legs," said another.

Then a grey, wizened old chieftain who, until now, had been silent, drew near. A hush came over the assembly as it observed that he would speak. The old man knew that his reputation as a refiner of cruelties was at stake; never before had anyone been proof against his hideous arts.

But now he felt that he had met a new kind of man. He must rise to the utmost of his powers or fail utterly.

"Braves," he cried. "The Paleface has resisted every torture. Neither loss of limb, loss of sight, burnings or brandings have moved him. But there is one thing yet may be done."

He paused significantly, and an expectant thrill went through the assembly as it marked that even the old chief himself seemed to shrink from naming the last dread alternative. Then, while his dusky audience was aching with the tension, he went on:—

"Let some brave come forward and let him draw near to the ear of the Paleface. And then let the brave—let him—let him—sing 'Hiawatha!'"

A piercing shriek of anguish rent the air. The prisoner had overheard.

"No! no! no! Not that! Oh, spare me that," he cried. "I will tell you all, all—but spare me that!"

Then his voice failed, and the braves looking saw that in his terror he had swooned away. The old chief turned to the others. There was a light of triumph in his eye. "That will draw him, when he comes to," he said.

It is hoped that the Duke of PORTLAND may see his way to lecture before the combined members of the London Missionary Society and the Jockey Club on the subject: "Tibet or not Tibet."



THE MEREST ACCIDENT.

She. "So you failed in your VIVÁ VOCE EXAM.?"

He. "Yes; BUT IT WAS PURELY FROM ABSENCE OF MIND."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Is the course of reading a delightfully simple story entitled *Four Red Roses* (JOHN LONG), charmingly told by SARAH TYLER, the Baron wondered whether the talented authoress had ever seen TOM ROBERTSON'S *Caste* in the early days of the little Prince of Wales's Theatre, up Marylebone way, and if so, whether, unconsciously, she has not founded the story of the eldest of the sisters whom she styles "the Four Red Roses" (so unfortunately suggestive of "the four red noses") on the plot of that popular domestic drama. The girl, the officer lover, the marriage, the departure of GEORGE D'ALROY (here Captain TOM BARRER) for the Crimea (here for the Transvaal), the welcome little stranger arriving in his absence (rocked in his cradle in the last Act of *Caste*), and then the sad news of the husband's death on the Veldt, which turns out to be just as false as was the report of the fatal termination of GEORGE D'ALROY'S martial career at the battle of the Alma,—are not these coincidences difficult to account for except on Mr. Puff's ingenious theory that two people happened to hit on the same idea? and that SHAKESPEARE (in this instance TOM ROBERTSON) "made use of it first—that's all." But there are three other charming sisters, and theirs is quite another story which makes very pleasant reading.

The welcome which, at first sight, the Baron was inclined to give to *The Ingoldsby Country*, by C. G. HARPER (A. & C. BLACK), is of a less enthusiastic character than he would otherwise have accorded it had its author restrained himself from occasionally indulging in certain expressions of strong sectarian feeling, utterly out of place in such a work, and very foreign to the generous spirit of the Rev. RICHARD BARNHAM, who had a sincere reverence for all that men of various opinions hold sacred, while unable to restrain himself from persistently seeing the burlesque side of pious legends, and expressing it in eccentric, jingling, rhythmical verse. With the Rev. FRANK MARION ("Father PROT,") the sweet singer of Irish verse, admirable classic and finished scholar, RICHARD BARNHAM shared the mantle of Rabelaisian humour, unequally divided between the pair of them, PROT coming in for the larger part of the roguish old Canon's robe, and both habits being cleaned, scoured, sweet-scented, and cut to suit the fashion of the day. However, Mr. HARPER'S book is a most pleasant guide to the Isles of Sheppey and Thanet, and to the County of Kent, from Canterbury to Rye, as well it should be, seeing that Mr. HARPER has been harping on such themes for many years, and has given to the travelling world books descriptive of the Brighton Road, the Portsmouth Road, the Dover Road, and some eight or nine other roads, so that, in this line of business, he has well earned for himself the title of *The Colossus of Roads*. Pleasant it is for the students of Ingoldsby to identify the haunts of *The Spectre of Tappington*, to regard with awe the "take off" of *The Smuggler's Leap* (BARNHAM excelled in any "take off"), to visit the tomb of Sir ROBERT DE SHURLAND, and finally to dump down at Margate, and, in company with Ingoldsby, to go upon the pier, and meet "the little vulgar boy," and ask "what do you here?" When summer-time arrives, an *Ingoldsby* tour with this work for a guide would give a good week's outing with a genial companion.

Most persons who may happen to be acquainted with the now quite-out-of-date expression, "old codger," would spell it as it is here set down, and as it was spelt by GEORGE COLMAN the Younger in *Knight and Friar* (1801), where he rhymes "codger" with "Rogier," and as, probably, some twenty years later, did his clever clerical imitator RICHARD BARNHAM, of whom the Baron has just made mention in the foregoing paragraph, though at this moment the Baron fails to recall an instance of it. Now it appears that

"codger" has nothing whatever in common with "Coger": no, not even in sound; as the "o" in the latter is long, while the "o" in the former is pronounced as it is in "cod." A "cöger" then may be taken to mean "a thinking person," the substantive being derived from "cögite," and the "Cögers" were a number of thinkers who constituted themselves a debating club entitling itself "Ye Ancient Society of Cögers." An interesting and amusing history of this same ancient society, from 1755 to 1903, has been compiled and written by PETER RALEIGH, and illustrated with some delightful little sketches by HERBERT CESCUSKY and some quaint ones by G. B. POOCK, H. ST. GEORGE and the author. It is published by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co., Ltd. By literary men, whether politicians or not, by journalists and by all interested in journalism, this book will be found both entertaining and instructive. The record is brought up to October 31, 1903, and it is therein suggested by the Committee that, "The Society having been founded in January, 1755, next January would be a fitting time to celebrate in some way the commencement of the fourth half century of its career." The Baron, as an ex-cogitator, in begging leave to support that proposal, expresses his hearty wish for the continued success of "The Cögers of Cögers Hall."



THE VAGARIES OF MISS PRINT.

"Everybody was surprised the other day to learn that there were 3000 Boers in Cuba, but it appears there was a mistake in reckoning. The number is not 3000; it is 3!"—*Westminster Gazette*.]

THE friends of Mr. RAPHAEL LENE, the poet, were astonished to learn that 51,000 copies of his latest book of verse, *Uhlations from the Crula*, had been sold. On inquiring at the publisher's it was discovered that the initial figure as well as two of the noughts had crept in by mistake.

The proprietor of the *Half-penny Handglass* was much distressed recently by the announcement that the circulation of the *Daily Medallion* had gone up to 300. It should, of course, have been 3,000,000.

The allegation that the Duke of Devonshire recently went round the Chatsworth links in 19 strokes has elicited an explanation from the noble amateur. The correct number is not 19 but 190.

The statement that the English cricketers dropped 14 catches in a recent match was grossly inaccurate. They dropped 13.

No one who has ever heard him sing can fail to have been astounded by the statement that, at a recent concert, Signor BELLO BELLO'S "vocal chords were received with rapture." What the critic really wrote was that his "vocal cords received a rupture."

Cap'n Tommy Bowles.

THE *Daily News* remarks that the popular conception of Mr. BOWLES as possessing only one arm arises from the caricatures in *Punch*, which picture him as *Cap'n Cuttle*. "As a matter of fact," says the *Daily News*, "the honourable Member's limbs are normal." A correspondent points out that the gallant gentleman is himself largely responsible for the error, since he commonly represents himself as single-handed and doing all his work with a single eye.

Soft Going.

"STAGE.—Wanted, ladies and gentlemen, to walk on."
Advt. in the "Sun."

TOILET TRAGEDIES.

(By the Expert Wrinkler.)

BAGGY TROUSERS AND BULGING SHIRT-FRONT.

PATHTIC appeals for counsel reach me almost hourly from wearers of baggy trousers in all parts of the United Kingdom, except, perhaps, the Highlands. The disease, though without cure, is not without remedy. There are, of course, many varieties of trouser-stretcher and press, none of which, in my experience, excels the inexpensive device of placing the garment, carefully folded, under the mattress at night and sleeping upon it. I say "carefully folded" advisedly, because I remember that once, when I was in Leicestershire, shooting with the Quorn, I inadvertently folded my evening trousers the wrong way, and was a laughing stock for the remainder of my stay. The benefits conferred upon one's trousers by a night, even a long night, are, however, soon undone the next day, in the storm and stress of bending the knees when walking or sitting. The only wrinkle I can offer against this is the adoption of the plan invented by an ingenious friend of mine, who fills the ends of each trouser—the part which is usually turned up—with a plentiful supply of buck-shot. This serves to keep the trousers continually taut. Finally, I need hardly impress upon all who wear trousers the importance of keeping the legs as stiff as possible, and refraining under any provocation from kneeling on the ground or sitting in the narrow seats of the cheaper parts of the theatres.

Bulging shirt-fronts are less easily tackled. My own practice is to wear a very tight-fitting vest next my skin, to which I get my man to fasten the sides of my shirt-front with a few strong stitches. These keep it fairly flat. Another way is to fasten a considerable weight to the tab. But best of all, perhaps, is to get your man to lace them up at the back.

WHAT TO DO WITH FRAYED CUFFS.

One of the greatest trials to which a man of limited income and refined intellect is subjected is that of dealing with frayed cuffs. The difficulty can of course be surmounted by wearing a flannel shirt with a "dickey" and

detachable cuffs, but I know that there is a certain prejudice amongst the smart set against the use of these substitutes. In any case do not have cuffs of celluloid; besides, there is always the danger, supposing you are warming your hands at the fire, toasting muffins, or lighting an Absolute Flora, that the cuffs will ignite. If then your cuffs are frayed, the only remedy I can suggest is to snip them neatly with a sharp pair of scissors. The process, I admit, is like that of administering stimulants to a dying man, but I can think of none

WHAT A GENTLEMAN SHOULD NEVER BE WITHOUT.

It is typical of the best people that they are ready for any emergency. Motherwit, tact, and general "savvy" count for a good deal, but equipment must not be altogether disregarded, and the demands of civilisation increase with every year that passes. I am led to make these remarks by the request constantly received that I will enumerate the articles which no gentleman's pockets should be without. To reply is not difficult.

To begin with, no man should be without his latch-key, as otherwise there is always a certain risk about returning home late, and I have noticed that the best people are more and more inclined to postpone the hour for retiring to their downies. Besides, servants are notoriously heavy sleepers, and I have more than once, after a heavy night at Bridge, found it impossible to wake my man, and have had, in consequence, to spend the small hours in the Tube, or leaning against a hot-potato barrow.

Next to the latch-key comes money. Notes are best carried in a card-case, though there is much to be said for the practice invented by a crony of mine, of secreting them in the lining of a silk hat. This plan, however, does not answer very well in the summer, as it is apt to make the notes limp, and the moral impression created by a banknote is practically *nil* unless it crackles. I remember my old friend Sir WALDO PENIBANK remarking at a Queen's Hall concert to which I had taken him, that there was no melody in the world to touch the sound of a crisp banknote.

Gold should, of course, be carried in a sovereign case containing no fewer than ten of these useful "yellow boys," but it creates a good impression to have a few loose with your silver, so that when you put your hand in your pocket you bring up one or two. If you must carry bronze, it is best to keep it in your revolver pocket, or in a special pocket in the back of the waistcoat, though I prefer to reserve that for my snuff-box. Personally I do not snuff, but the habit is coming into fashion again, and I find the box useful for pepsine lozenges, without which I never go out. Stamps I carry in the back of my watch, and my cigar-case and flask in a patent chest-protector which gives the figure that beautiful pigeon-breasted



Auntie (to little niece, aged seven, who has been left temporarily in charge of brother, aged three). "WELL, EFFIE DEAR, I HOPE YOU HAVE BEEN QUITE A MOTHER TO HIM WHILE MUMMY'S BEEN AWAY."

Effie. "OH YES, AUNTIE DEAR, I HAVE! I'VE SMACKED HIM THREE TIMES."

other. The application of cold cream will cause the loose ends to lie dormant for a while; but it is not an absolute cure.

As for the even more trying case of enlarged buttonholes, snipping is obviously of no use. Here the only thing to be done is to buy bigger studs. If anyone devises a plan for reducing the size of an enlarged buttonhole he will be a true benefactor to the human family. Holes on the instep of evening socks are simpler. These can be dealt with by a dab of ink, black paint, or Aspinall's Enamel, but the last-named is not easily removed without the use of sandpaper or pumice stone.

effect which sets off the look of a good frock-coat so splendidly.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[The Expert Wrinkler is prepared to do his best to answer any reasonable request put to him by perplexed readers. He is nothing if not helpful.]

D'OBISAY (*Potter's Bar*).—I see no advantage in having your dinner-jacket water-proofed.

M.R.V.O.—(1) No. (2) Trousers should be turned down before entering a drawing-room. (3) Only when the deceased is a near relation; hardly for one's wife's second cousin.

HACT TON (*Crouch End*).—In default of real astrachan you might try poodle-skin on your great-coat.

EARNST INQUIRER.—Walking behind Lord — the other day, in Bond Street, I noticed that he used an amber cigarette-holder; but, to my own way of thinking, amber and meerschaum are more toney.

UNDERGRADUATE.—When wearing evening dress the handkerchief may be carried in the cuff, but not inside the collar.

LANCASTER GATE.—Opera hats at weddings are not *de rigueur*.

EMOLLIENTS FOR MILLIONAIRES.

AMERICAN STYLE.

V.

MR. POSTHUS WATTLE, sitting in the library of Mrs. RONALD CAY'S "House of Correctness," New York, looks a little like a changed man. His port shows more pride, his speech more authority. Mrs. CAY regards him with the complacency of a manufacturer examining her tolerably finished product.

Mr. W. And you remember my first visit to you? How far off it seems!

Mrs. C. As far as from the reception room to the library.

Mr. W. You know better than that. I'm not the same. Then I was just a plain millionaire. Now I am a philanthropist, a world-figure, a friend of Kings.

Mrs. C. You might have been more. If you had taken my advice you would now be a Queen's husband.

Mr. W. That's so, that's so. But none of the marriageable Queens on the list you gave me would do. They were Queens in such a small way of business. And, to be honest, they didn't like me. Not even after they knew how I stood in with the Emperor WILLIAM.

Mrs. C. They are an odd folk, Queens.

Mr. W. Queerest you ever saw. I only got far enough with one of 'em to talk abdication and marriage. And she was a strictly one-horse show.

Mrs. C. Not pretty?

Mr. W. You bet your life she was pretty—pretty as a peach—pretty as a red wagon. But guess what she said?

Mrs. C. I can't guess.

Mr. W. Said she'd like to quit queen-ing, and reckoned she could stand me, but she'd never live in New York. She'd consider—what do you think?—Idaho.

Mrs. C. Idaho! Are you sure?

Mr. W. Said she'd like a real Wild West life, a place where she could put her feet on the table, and drink whisky out of a tin cup, but that New York wasn't anything, not civilised and not barbarous—just rich.

Mrs. C. My dear friend, I cannot accuse myself of inexperience, but this is the first time I have heard "rich" used as a word of reproach.

Mr. W. Same here.

Mr. WATTLE gets up, walks about aimlessly, then comes to a halt in front of Mrs. CAY.

Mr. W. See here, Mrs. CAY. I did a lot of thinking coming home on the steamer. I said to myself, "WATTLE..."

Mrs. C. Don't you call yourself by your first name?

Mr. W. No, but you can, if you like. I said to myself, "What you want is an American woman for a wife, some top-notch who understands business. Not a party whose position's doubtful in Society, nor one who hasn't sense enough to see that the only real kind of aristocrat hasn't got to have family or manners, or even money—though I've got it, lots. The only real aristocrat's the man who's naturally the boss, no matter where you put him.

Mrs. C. You, for example.

Mr. W. Me, of course. Well, what do you say?

Mrs. C. I'll try to find somebody.

Mr. W. Haven't anyone in your head?

Mrs. C. No.

Mr. W. Well, I'm durned. This is an offer of marriage.

Mrs. C. To me? You're joking.

Mr. W. You're what I want—an American Society working-woman. I said to myself on the boat, "Ask the Widow CAY."

Mrs. C. The Widow CAY! But my... Well, I don't say no. Give me a little time. You have—how many millions?

Mr. W. I'll bring you a schedule of my property to-morrow.

Mrs. C. If I accept I shall drive a hard bargain.

Mr. W. That's all right. You'll find me an easy mark. I don't suppose you're marrying me for the fun of the thing.

Mrs. C. People will laugh at us, don't you think?

Mr. W. What of it, so long as they eat our dinners?

Mrs. C. And then, you see, I'm happy enough now.

Mr. W. That reminds me. You must give up this thing—this millionaires' training-school.

Mrs. C. Why? It's rather good fun, and it's the best school of the kind in New York.

Mr. W. That's just it. I ain't going to have any more fellows like me coming here from Idaho or Montana or Colorado and bucking against me in this Society business. I won't stand it. If I marry you I kill the most dangerous kind of competition. The only man you train will be POSTHUS WATTLE. And I'll go far, with you to back me.

Mrs. C. Do you mind my asking if that's the reason you wish me to marry you?

Mr. W. About twenty-five per cent. that. About twenty-five per cent. your position and efficiency. And say twenty-five or thirty your personal charm.

Mrs. C. That makes eighty per cent. And the rest?

Mr. W. I haven't figured it so close. Let you know to-morrow.

Mrs. C. Well—perhaps. Come early—about three.

Mr. W. Three sharp. Good-bye.

Mrs. CAY, left alone, contemplates the ceiling with a little perplexity.

Mrs. C. (*to herself*). "The Widow CAY"!... I wonder what made him think me a widow?... I shall have to go to Dakota and get a divorce from RONALD.

O. P. GOSSIP.

THE end of the close season at the Savoy Theatre will be marked by the production of *The Love Birds*. We would suggest that Sir WALTER PARRATT be engaged to lead the orchestra.

Topical allusions seem to be going out of fashion. "JOHN STRANGE WINTER" wishes it to be understood that the name of her new play, *The Question*, has no political significance, and that the reference to the English climate which has been discovered in her pen-name is purely fortuitous.

The Lord Chamberlain having insisted that the name of a new play entitled *The White Slaves of London* should be altered "because there are no slaves in London," we feel justified in announcing the following revisions:—*Alice through the Looking Glass* will be known in future as *Alice's Dream*, because it is obviously impossible to get through a looking-glass; and *A Chinese Honeymoon* is to be called *A Chinese Partnership*, since, as everybody knows, a properly constituted honeymoon, even in China, can only run for a month.

A SOIRÉE AT OLYMPIA.

It was indeed a Græco-Roman evening, or rather, a Terrible-Greeko-Turko-Russian gathering, with a very strong flavouring of most other nationalities thrown in, with the accent on the *thrown*. We had a Græco-Roman time of it, getting into the huge building, while seven thousand other competitors were endeavouring, pretty well simultaneously, to shove-in-as-shove-can. However, once inside the arena under the genial direction of the American manager, Mr. CHARLES S. WELLS, we were enabled to secure front seats, with plenty of elbow-room and no "half-nelsons." Then, under the glare of thirty arc lights touching one another in a row half round the "ring"—which was an elevated square with sloping carpeted sides for wrestlers who couldn't help it to toboggan down—we sat in comfort and marvelled.

First the troupe of the Terrible Greek, ANTONIO PIERRI, took the floor at eight o'clock. The Alarming Spaniard, CHORELLA, after a spill-and-tumble of eighteen minutes' duration, beat the Bewildering Belgian, LE MEUNIER. For part of the time the latter was teetotumming on his head, walking like a wheelbarrow on his hands, or wiping the perspiration off his brow on the Spaniard's back. The next bout was between two Formidable Englishmen, J. WHISTLER and T. BARKER, who caught-as-catch-could until the former upset his opponent in about nine minutes; whereupon CARROLL the Dreadful and FOURNIER the Fearsome had a "fall" (which was no fall, but ended in an *entente cordiale*) for the space of ten minutes.

Then came the event of the evening. Mr. FRANK GLENISTER proclaimed with a megafunnel to the four corners of the earth that between the Terrible Turk MADRALI and the Leonine Russian HACKENSCHMIDT there were to be three bouts, and no "rolling fall" would be allowed, but only a "fair pin fall." True enough, you could have heard a pin fall in the breathless silence of expectation ere the arrival of the Two Tremendous Ones at 9 p.m. MADRALI with his top-knot, wherewith to be hauled into Paradise, and the little black leather charm around his neck, came first, accompanied by his seconds, TOM CANNON and PIERRI; a minute later "HACK," with his Teutonic supporters, KOCH and GRUHN, and Mr. DUNNING the referee. A handshake followed, and then came 44 seconds of distinctly crowded life and a dislocated elbow for the SULTAN's champion. Has it not all been recorded already in the Press (an appropriate word)? When the next Appalling Encounter occurs, may we be there to wrestle with it—on paper!



THE MAGIC WORD.

Huntsman (having run a fox to ground, to yodel). "RUN AWAY DOWN AND GET SOME O' YOUR FELLOWS TO COME UP WITH SPADES, WILL YE? TELL 'EM WE'RE AFTER HIDDEN TREASURE!"

"LIKE AS WE LIE."

THE Editor of the *Spatchcock* requests us to give prominence to the following:
THE "SPATCHCOCK" GREAT NEW COMPETITION.

£1,000—ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

It gives us great pleasure to announce that, fresh from our recent competition triumphs, we have prepared a new contest which we believe will surpass anything ever previously placed before the public.

We offer then the sum of *One Thousand Pounds* to the person who can tell

THE BIGGEST LIE

with reference to any subject which the competitor may select.

N.B.—No member of our staff will be permitted to compete.

No COUPON IS REQUIRED,

but every attempt must be accompanied by a cutting from the fiscal statistics which appear in our columns.

You may possibly imagine that you have as little chance in such a competition as the late GEORGE WASHINGTON. Do not be discouraged. Look around you. Study our Japanese intelligence. Read Mr. CROSLAND on Woman. Ponder the anecdotes of your American friends. You will get a hint somewhere. *Then Tell Your Lie.*

A Competitor may send in any number of lies, but if, having sent in his first lie, he wishes to TELL ANOTHER, he must forward a second cutting.

ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, WAR LORD.

[In view of the proposed military changes, Mr. BALFOUR is said to be qualifying for the position of Chairman of the Defence Committee by a course of tuition at the hands of an Army crammer.]

THE gifts that Heaven on Man bestows
Are more than at first he might suppose;
Myself I hadn't included Mars
Among my various natal stars,
But always imagined I had to cope
With a merely civilian horoscope.

Early I found that I could pitch
Better than most in a bunkered ditch;
Early I saw my powers cut out
For dealing with Philosophic Doubt:
But I shouldn't have said I was fashioned for
The perilous post of a Lord of War.

It came but lately within my ken
That I was a natural Leader of Men;
Still later I found that I was made
Expressly to probe the laws of Trade:
But I never surmised by the inward sense
My singular talent for Home Defence.

It's true I had shown that mounted forces
Might be crippled for want of horses,
But nobody guessed from that one fact,
Proof though it was of martial tact,
That I could assume the nation's sword
As an *ex officio* First War Lord.

Duties of so select a kind
I always approach with an open mind:
For matters there are of grave concern
Which even a layman has got to learn;
Nobody—not the purest dunce—
Has settled convictions all at once.

I needed to know from coloured types
The rules that govern a non-com.'s stripes;
To learn what difference lay between
A bombardier and a horse-marine;
And whether your chest or the small of your back
Was the usual site for a haversack.

So, in the intervals hard to steal
From the business of doing a fiscal deal,
I take my satchel in hand and go
To an Army Coach for an hour or so,
And shape myself to a warrior's mould,
Cramming as much as I can hold.

I sit at my meals imbibing lore
From WINSTON's works on the Art of War;
From *Uncle Toby* I grow expert in
Fossé and counterscarp and curtain;
And, when my energy droops, I twitch it
With *Fights for the Flag*, by the Reverend FITCHETT.

So much for theory. Next, my plan
Involves the career of a Fighting Man.
I mean to encourage the present war-stir,
Going one better than ARNOLD-FORSTER;
Risky, I grant, it may appear,
But I think of becoming a Volunteer!

Already my heart conceives a hottish
Passion to 'list in the London Scottish;
And, if my serpentine length of leg
Looks out of place in a phillibeg,
I purpose to pass, in a few brief moons,
Into the Westminster Dragons.

I cannot say if a soldier's death
Will follow upon my final breath;
But, failing this, I were well content
(Leaving my actual blood unspent)
To prove to the KAISER, spurs on heel,
That two can play at his *Weltkriegspiel*. O. S.

AN UNDERGROUNDING IN LITERATURE.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS's recent admissions as to the inspiration he drew from the Metropolitan Railway have not been long in producing imitations. The following literary items should be of general interest:—

Mr. CLARK RUSSELL has taken a pipe belonging to one of the water companies, where he will shortly produce a stirring romance of the main.

Mr. MAXIM GORKY is in treaty for a Very Much Lower Depth somewhere in the Caucasus, to be approached by a flight of Steppes.

Mr. GUY BOOTHBY has leased a coal pit so as to counteract his tendency to soar above the heads of the British Public.

Mr. HENRY JAMES has secured a disused shaft for the purpose of greater Obscurity.

Mr. ALLEN UPWARD (who is expected, in the circumstances, to adopt a pseudonym) hopes to acquire the basements of a couple of oubliettes, under the palaces respectively of King PETER of Servia and the Prince of MONACO. Here he will pursue his investigations into the "Secrets of the Courts of Europe."

Mr. CROCKETT has taken a small abyss for the Spring Season, and looks forward to completing a new story with more than usual precipitation.

It is hoped that the difficulties experienced in the South African Deep Level Labour Market may yet be met by the importation of some myriads of miner poets from the Mother Country.

The Metropolitan Railway is shortly to tempt young authors with season tickets at reduced rates, including guarantee of a fixed circulation. The Company is also prepared to hear from authors desirous of taking up a continued residence in the tunnels. Amateur Versifiers are invited to compare the Company's evenly flowing lines with their own. And to all writers suffering from the fickleness of the public the Company says:

TRY OUR PERMANENT WAY.

ABANDONED.

GOODBYE, dear, goodbye! Though it's always delightful
To live in your mild and magnificent eye;
Though I pine when we're parted, this weather's too
frightful;

So I've made up my mind I must bid you goodbye.

You must stay, dear; your duty demands it: you're never
A rebel when duty requires you to stay.

You'll be rained on and hailed on and snowed on for ever;
You'll be flooded and fogged, but I know you'll obey.

And I from our limitless lake-land near Marlow,
Where the Thames runs as high as a river can run,
Like a swallow in autumn shall seek Monte Carlo,
And watch the blue wavelets and bask in the sun.

And, oh, if at home, dear, you faint not nor slumber,
If your course and our interests you straitly pursue,
I'll put a small stake on your favourite number,
And invest the result in a present for you.

Ask for the new novel dealing with a national problem of the day—*Great Britain; or, The Treasure Island*.



AS WE LIKE IT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Rosalind

BRITANNIA.

Orlando

MR. ARN-OLD-FIRST-R.

Charles the Wrestler

OLD WAR OFFICE SYSTEM.

ROSALIND. "SIR, YOU HAVE WRESTLED WELL."—*As You Like It*, Act I., Scene 2.



Lady (who is posing and rather tired). "OH, MY DEAR MR. DOOLAN, HAVEN'T YOU YET GOT IT ALL RIGHT FOR TAKING ME?"

Mr. Doolan (amateur photographer). "MY DEAR LADY, IT'LL BE FINE! YOU'RE JUST IN THE VERY ATTITUDE! COME ROUND NOW AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!"

THE DECAYED DRAMA AND SUBMERGED STAGE RESCUE SOCIETY (LIMITED).

Report of the First Annual Meeting, April the First, Nineteen Hundred and—(precise date still uncertain).

The Eminent Philosopher who presided said he thought they had, on the whole, some reason to congratulate themselves on the results of the past year. The Society's Training School now numbered fifty pupils of all ages, sorts and conditions, every one of whom had obtained prizes for proficiency in Oratory, Gesture and Pronunciation. (Cheers.) The high-class permanent theatre the Society had established by private munificence was not, perhaps, everything they could desire as regarded either comfort or accessibility. (Hear, hear!) If members were under any impression that they could run a West-End theatre on their annual subscriptions, all he could say was, they were vastly mistaken. Still, on the Society's stage, such as it was, they had already produced a continuous series of the dramatic masterpieces which had outlived the fashion of the moment. (Cheers.)

Among them he might mention those racy old English comedies, Gammer Gurton's Needle, and Ralph Roister Doister (Applause); ADDISON's sublime and classic tragedy, Cato; and Dr. JOHNSON's equally immortal Irene. (Loud applause.) Coming to more recent authors, they had given representations of TALFOURD's Ion; BAILEY's Festus; and BROWNING's Paracelsus. In spite of all this activity, he was bound to say that they had not as yet succeeded in attracting

the General Public. Why, he could not say, unless it was because their performances began at six. It was notorious that even Pittites nowadays were ashamed of dining earlier than eight, and had a servile horror of being seen of an evening out of an "evening suit." Possibly that, together with their prurient incontinence in the matter of tobacco, might account for it. Anyhow, they stayed away. (Cries of "Shame!") He feared that even Members of the Society were not so constant in their attendance as they might be. At the performance of SHERIDAN's Pizarro, for instance, he was [informed that there were only five people in the Stalls, fifteen in the Dress Circle, and two (counting a child in arms) in the Pit! When Members subscribed for seats, they really ought to sit in them, occasionally—if only to encourage the performers.

A Leader of Society said she had sat through the whole of the first two performances. Since then she had been unable to go herself—but she always made a point of sending some of the servants. She could not say, of course, whether they went or not. They said they did.

A Distinguished Painter said he seldom went to the play himself. He preferred sitting at home after dinner, and dreaming dreams more beautiful than anything in the British Drama. But his heart and soul were with the Society in their efforts to regenerate it.

A Well-known Barrister said so were his. But, after all, it was the Public who wanted educating—not themselves. For his part, after being in court all day, he did not feel

much inclined to turn out of an evening, even to enjoy the Society's productions. And if it came to that, how many of them had their Chairman attended?

The Chairman said that was *his* affair. A man in his position had his evenings pretty full—especially during the Season. He could assure them it was a continual hurry from one Society crush to another. Besides, he was obliged to drop in on the un-intellectual Drama now and then—just to keep his eye on it.

A Lady Novelist thought people would go more regularly if they could see our leading actors and actresses taking part in the Society's performances. *She* would, for one. Several of them were members, why were they not invited to give their services?

A Popular Actor said all the parts with any "fat" in them were allotted to the Training School pupils, and he could hardly be expected to play subordinate characters in six different dramas every week for such remuneration as the Society seemed to think sufficient. He was willing to make almost any sacrifice to preserve the Drama—but, naturally, his wife and family came first. He didn't think it was the *acting* that kept people away. It was not at all bad, considering. Indeed, his old friend and manager, *Mr. Fitzroy Flair*, a most enthusiastic supporter of the Society, had considered some of its pupils so promising that he had actually given them engagements to "walk on" at his own theatre! (*Cheers.*) No, it wasn't the acting—it was the pieces they put on. They might be classics—but they were good old chestnuts, every one of them! (*Murmurs.*) If they wanted to rake the Public in, they must try and get hold of something that would be a draw—a "winner," if they knew what he meant.

An Able Editor agreed that they had not done much, as yet, to encourage Contemporary Genius. He believed that *Mr. THOMAS HARDY* was publishing a drama. It would be a great feather in their cap if they could be the first to introduce such a work to the stage.

An Accomplished Critic said there was only one objection—the play in question was a Trilogy in Nineteen Acts, and a hundred and thirty scenes, and was intended for mental performance only, and not for the stage.

An Earnest Literary Lady said surely it was precisely plays of that kind that their Society had been established to produce.

A Cosmopolitan Composer suggested that there were several unacted masterpieces by *ECHEGARAY*, *MAETERLINCK*, and *GORKY*, which were admirably suited for the education of the British Playgoer.

A Gallant General said he didn't know much about such things, but he rather fancied that none of the gentlemen who had just been mentioned were what you might call *British Dramatists*, exactly, eh?

The Previous Speaker said that *was* so, and the more shame to the British Drama that it *should* be! For his own part, he never went to *any* play that wasn't written by a foreigner.

A Broad-minded Bishop said he could not go quite so far as his friend who had just sat down. A play might be English, and yet have much that was good in it. Their Society included more than one—er—fairly brilliant British Dramatist. Why not commission one of *them* to write a play for their purposes? It must be a *moral* play, of course.

The Chairman intimated that one of such members had already been approached, and had actually promised them a comedy. But for some reason or other he had backed out at the last moment. (*Cries of "Shame!" and "Name!"*)

A Brilliant British Dramatist said he supposed the Chairman meant *him*. He would tell them exactly how it was: The Comedy he had sent the Committee had cost him eighteen months' hard labour—"Oh, oh!"—he meant

work. As they were unable to guarantee him more than a month's run of two nights a week, it was obvious that any percentages he might receive would be less than he could count upon from any West-End house. But he did not mind *that*—the honour and glory of a production under the auspices of such a Society as theirs would have more than compensated him. (*Applause.*) He didn't "back out," as the Chairman called it, till he saw the lady and gentleman whom the Committee insisted on casting for his heroine and hero.

A Member of the Committee said perhaps the last speaker was not aware that they were their two very best pupils, and had each taken the Society's Silver Medal for Earnestness and Intelligence.

The B. B. Dramatist said what *he* objected to was that the gentleman, besides being undersized, was a trifle uncertain about his "h"s, while the lady, who he admitted was a competent elocutionist, suffered under the disadvantage of a marked visual obliquity. All his characters were titled people, and he could not think that either pupil would quite look the part.

A Leading Manager said that didn't matter a straw so long as they could *act* it. Any capable actor could, by sheer histrionic ability, sink his identity, and give life to characters seemingly opposed to his personality. (*Applause.*)

A Dramatic Poet said he did not mind *who* acted his play, so long as it *was* acted. There was a little thing of his own, a blank verse Tragedy in a Prologue and Five Acts, which, for the sake of resuscitating the British Drama, he was perfectly willing to place at their disposal. (*Applause, during which several other members who had little things of their own displayed a similar generosity.*)

A Learned Professor said he had been endeavouring of late to determine by a process of selection and synthesis the necessary components of the kind of piece most calculated to rejuvenate the British Stage, and bring about a healthier condition of things. He really believed he had succeeded at last. (*Applause.*) Perhaps some of his ideas might seem rather revolutionary at first—but anyway, he would tell them the conclusions he had arrived at. The ideal Play should be original in form (*applause*); it should not be too long. (*Some dissent.*) Well, really, some of the Society's productions had struck him as *rather* long! (*Renewed dissent.*) Then, he thought the Plot should be not too involved—in fact, he wasn't sure that it might not be dispensed with altogether. The Scenery should be simple—only one scene for each Act—but that one beautiful and harmonious in colour, like the costumes. Next, the story should be illustrated from time to time by Songs and Dances. (*Murmurs.*) Why *not*? What was the use of teaching their pupils singing and dancing if they were to have no opportunities of exhibiting these accomplishments? Lastly, he would introduce a Chorus, somewhat after the old Greek fashion, only with this difference—his Chorus should always be of the gentler sex, and of comely appearance—the older he got, the fonder he was of seeing young and pretty faces about him. (*Interruption.*) As for the story, that was of minor importance, the one essential was to have something bright always going on at any given moment. If all these conditions could only be fulfilled—and *he* thought they *could*—they would at last see—Eh? what? was that so?—He was informed by his friend the Chairman that what he had just been describing exactly corresponded to the type of "Octopus Musical Comedy" which had seized upon the majority of their playhouses! If so, it was a *most* singular coincidence—because, as it happened, the only theatrical representations he had witnessed for fifty years were the performances of the Society!

[*Confusion, amidst which the Meeting adjourned.*

F. A.

THE PURSUIT OF PERIPHRAISIS.

HINTS TO YOUNG AUTHORS.

No literary vice is more calculated to make the judicious grieve than that of repetition; none, on the other hand, within certain limits, is easier of avoidance. For example, if you have mentioned Berlin in one line and are obliged to refer to that capital in the next sentence or paragraph, it is easy enough to obviate the monotony of bald repetition by some such synonym as "Athens on the Spree." Similarly, if it is desirable to evade a second use of the name Bacchus, one can always substitute some artistic phrase such as "the pagan deity who was neither Mealer nor Teetotaler." If it be objected that some of our most eminent authors have lent the weight of their authority to the contrary view, *e.g.*, SHAKSPEARE, who is responsible for such solecisms as "To be or not to be," instead of saying "not to exist," it cannot be too strongly emphasised that between SHAKSPEARE and modern journalism a wide gulf is fixed; and that whatever merits the Swan of Avon may have possessed, he would never have made his mark as a leader writer, or even a high-class descriptive reporter.

But periphrasis, like all fine arts, is not to be mastered in a moment. I have given one or two instances in which the phrase leaps to the pen. But in the higher walks of modern journalism, in which the personal note is so persistently sounded, it is not everyone who can devise a really choice and up-to-date circumlocution. In such a case precept is useless unless reinforced by concrete examples, and I propose to illustrate the true and artistic method of dealing with this problem by a few specimens of illuminating periphrasis which may serve as models to the aspiring scribe.

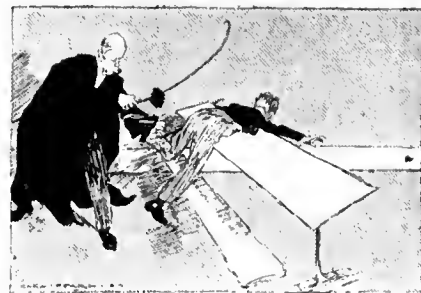
POLITICAL SYNONYMS.

Here of course the way in which the personal equation is solved will depend largely on the context. If, for example, you are dealing with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in connection with Mr. BALFOUR, it is subtle as well as apt to describe him as "The Fiscal HASKELL." If your attitude approximates to that of the Cobden Club, he may be safely labelled "The CATLINE of Highbury": if to that of the 'Tariff' Reform League, do not hesitate to call him "The Birmingham ARISTIDES." It is the greatest mistake to suppose that a little learning is a dangerous thing.

In journalism a classical name or quotation, no matter how incorrectly given, invariably impresses the man in the street. From Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to the Duke of DEVONSHIRE the transition is



ANTICIPATION.



REALISATION.

easy. Here the note to strike is the sudden and unexpected animation of the Liberal Unionist leader, and I would therefore suggest such arresting phrases as "The Chanticleer of Chatsworth," or better still, "The ex-Ephesian." As I have said above, make a point of salting

your periphrasis with topicality. Should, therefore, President ROOSEVELT be the subject for the display of the evasive art, give the preference to "The HACKEN-SCHMIDT of the White House" over such musty and moth-eaten circumlocutions as "The ci-devant Cow-puncher."

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS PERIPHRASES.

It is, perhaps, in the department of art, pastime, the drama, above all letters, that the widest scope for the display of this delicate accomplishment is found. Mr. SARGENT may be transformed into "The GREVILLE of the Brush," or "The Debrett Scarifier." Sometimes again the best results may be attained by a severe and chaste simplicity, as when Mr. C. B. FRY is styled "The English RANJITSINHJI," and Prince RANJITSINHJI "The Indian FRY." The claims of *Lemprière* are satisfied by applying the imaginative metaphor, "The Achilles of Old Trafford," to Mr. A. C. MACLAREN. Turning, as one naturally does, from cricket to the footlights, do not fail to note as suitable phrases for Mr. BEERJOHN TREE "The Mikado of Mummies," or "The Great Japanjandrum of the Stage," while if repeated reference to Mons. WALKLEY be necessary "The mobilised MEZZOFANTI" should meet the case. Where omniscience is the theme, periphrasis becomes a pleasure. Thus Mr. ANDREW LANG's Protean versatility suggests in rapid succession "The Merry One," "The *Ency. Brit.* of St. Andrew's," "The Old Humourist," or (in a psychical context) "The un-canny Scot." For Mr. HENRY JAMES "The Lycophron of Rye" or "The Cinque Ports Cuttlefish" may be confidently recommended, while Lord AVEBURY's literary, financial and apiarian interests are neatly hit off in "The City Centlivre" or "The MAETERLINCK of Lombard Street." With the Poet Laureate, as with Mr. LANG, the difficulty is not that of creating but of choosing. Some of the happiest euphemisms that have occurred to me are "The Tyrtacus of the Alhambra," "The Grand Old Gardener that we love," "The Swinford Old Manorist" and "The Paid Piper of Windsor." Lastly, the gifted and generous writer whose residence has cast a fresh lustre on SHAKESPEARE's birthplace may be suitably described as "The new ANNE HATHAWAY," or "The ANNIE S. SWAN of Avon."

FUR-COAT FASHIONS.

(By the Expert Wrinkler.)

REQUESTS for advice regarding the care of fur coats are so numerous, that, as a gentleman, I can no longer postpone my reply. To begin with, the commonest ailment to which the fur coat is addicted is, perhaps, baldness. For this I recommend the frequent application of Tatcho or some other equally efficacious capillary restorative. Better still, however, is it to take time by the fetlock and prevent the disease. As to the best antiseptics, opinions differ. My man makes an excellent mixture of assafoetida and cayenne pepper, sulphur and green tea, which he burns in a



THE VALENTINE.

"'ERE'S A PRETTY GO! I CAN'T REACH 'ERE, AND IF I TAKE IT TO THE POST-OFFICE THEY'LL KNOW WHO SENT IT!"

small brazier practically continuously through July and August, when moths' appetites are at their sharpest. Old cigar-ends steeped in resin are also useful. My grandmother had an old-fashioned country recipe for preserving tippets and muffs. It consisted of powdered toadstools, fir-cones, and the legs and tails of fieldmice, all worked up into a paste with paraffin and ignited in the fur closet. No moth could survive it.

THE CURE OF MOULTING.

Moulting is a calamity to which all fur coats, even the best cared for, are liable. When the attack comes on the best course is, perhaps, to consult a Vet., but home treatment is possible too. I attribute my own success with fur coats to a conversation I once had some years ago with JAMRACH, in which I received some priceless hints. Ever since then I have kept JAMRACH's ointments at hand, all ready to apply in case any of my coats throw out signals of distress. For the Polar bear I use nitro-glycerine; for astrachan, cream of tartar; for sable, anchovy paste; for chinchilla, Elliman's embrocation; and for mink, golden syrup.

A COMPLETE FUR OUTFIT.

The reader may gather from the foregoing remarks that I have too many fur coats. But I can assure him that in our variable climate no leader of fashion could do with fewer. My plan, which I can

recommend with the utmost confidence, is to be guided partly by the thermometer, and partly by the nature of my engagements. For example, if I am calling on a very cold day at a house which I specially desire to honour, I don the Polar bear. On an equally cold day, in less influential company, the leopard suits my purpose. For the opera, my lion-skin Chesterfield; for musical comedy, my zebra Raglan; for the pantomime, my marmoset covert-coat. My mole-skin aquascutum I reserve exclusively for travelling in the Tube, while for motoring I have had built a special crocodile skin Newmarket, lined with a judicious blend of ermine, lambs-wool and eiderdown. Between the outer and inner lining there is a water-tight compartment, which can be filled with hot water whenever the temperature falls below freezing point.

Nothing is so misguided as to restrict the use of fur to one garment. In winter one should present a symphony in fur. For instance, when I am patronising the Polar bear, I wear also reindeer mocassins, tiger-skin spats, python puttees, seal-skin knickers, a hair shirt, eel-skin braces, and a beaver hat. I may add that, in order to prepare himself for the custody of my sartorial menagerie, my man spent some weeks under the late Mr. BARTLETT as an underkeeper at the Zoo.

THE FUR COAT IN THE OFF-SEASON.

The fur coat, when not in use—that is to say, in the milder days of winter or in the summer months—may be employed in other ways. I have known a fur coat become quite a steady wage-earner for its master by being rented to a photographer for the use of his clients. Another fur coat of my acquaintance lent an illusion of prosperity to a theatrical manager on the brink of disaster (at half a guinea a week). But not everyone cares to see his garments worn by another. To these off-season uses I would add that the fur coat makes an admirable portière and an excellent hearthrug, while it is invaluable in private theatricals. A naturalist friend of mine kept his in the garden all through the summer, where it not only served as an efficient scarecrow but provided, in the pockets, a nesting-place for numberless wrens and tits, owls and orioles, to his no small delight.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUTDA.—If the Moths become very truculent, squirt the coat with a garden hose charged with ammoniated quinine.

ANTHONY ROWLEY.—Frogs certainly have a very stylish appearance, but should not be sported unless you hold a commission in one or more of the Services.



"VERY LIKE A WHALE."

Lady Visitor (who has been listening to Piscator's story). "I DIDN'T KNOW THAT TROUT GREW AS LARGE AS THAT!"
Piscator's Wife. "OIL, YES, THEY DO—AFTER THE STORY HAS BEEN TOLD A FEW TIMES!"

A VANISHED ART.

[“The once famous wit of the London cabman has degenerated into a mere capacity for profane abuse.”—*Vide New Liberal Review.*]

DELIGHTFUL Jehu, whose prolific wit
 Seemed to our wistful ears a joy for ever,
 Whose lips were nicely fashioned to emit
 A discourse no less opportune than clever;

Whose face, surmounted by the well-poised tile,
 Bespoke (concealed inside) a soul seraphic,
 And aimed seductive pleasantries the while
 At casual pilots of competing traffic;—

What ails thee, gentle Jehu? People cry,
 Who travel much in cabs and omnibuses,
 That all thy wit is now supplanted by
 A vulgar stream of paralysing eusses!

The easy quirk, the quaint but artless quip,
 The free but never questionable banter,
 The answering sallies of a fellow whip,
 Extremely pointed and evolved instant;

The well-directed flow of repartee
 Touching the moral tone, the near relations
 Of passers by; the searching simile
 That hailed a rival's facial malformations;—

We never hear them now, the art is dead
 That raised thee from the ruck of base humanity;
 Our ears are now astonished in their stead
 By undiluted gusts of sheer profanity.

At least they tell us so: oh is it true?
 Has trade depression plunged thy soul in gloom or
 Has England been developing a new
 And more fastidious idea of humour?

Perehance our intellects are growing dense
 That hailed thee years ago the prince of japers,
 Perhaps the passenger's prehensile sense
 Is clogged by extracts from the comic papers.

Maybe a strain of humour still appears
 Amid the flow of alien imprecation,
 Which, if we didn't have to stop our ears,
 Might still revive thy tarnished reputation.

It's hard to say: but I've a lingering doubt,
 A fear, perhaps unworthy, that a brother
 Author was short of things to write about,
 And thought thee just as likely as another!

MOTTO FOR ENGLAND, when everything is excluded from the
 country by the New Tariffs—“*N'importe.*”



THE DANGERS OF SCIENCE.

IT HAS BEEN IMPRESSED UPON MASTER TOM THAT HE MUST NOT STARE ABOUT HIM DURING THE SERMON, BUT MUST KEEP HIS EYE ON THE CLERGYMAN. AN UNFORTUNATE BIRTHDAY PRESENT ENABLES HIM FOR ONCE TO DO THIS!

CHARIVARIA.

"UPPER Street, Islington, is the worst road for mud in London," said Judge EDGE at Clerkenwell County Court. We consider this attempt to make trouble with the Strand authorities most deplorable.

A writer in a lady's journal declares that the mourning fashions are now so pretty that the loss of a husband is no longer the terrible calamity it once was.

A contemporary stupidly wonders

"What the War Office will think of its proposed abolition." It is well known that the present War Office has no thinking department.

An interesting centenary has taken place. Trousers are a hundred years old. But not everybody's.

A dispute is raging as to who invented the Roddy Owen Collar. One would certainly like to drive home the responsibility.

There are traitors even among doctors.

A medical man has just published a book entitled "How to keep well."

In these days of publicity it becomes more and more difficult to keep a secret. The manager of the Hotel Cecil has informed a newspaper interviewer that in his hotel there are private detectives on every floor, and that not a soul outside the management knows it.

"Nonsense, by H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON," is the title of an article in the *Daily Mail*. Not every author is so modest.

Where will the Puzzle Competition Craze stop, we wonder? Six hundred and twenty guineas were given at a London sale-room last week for Sir ALMA TADEMA'S "Who is it?"

The London Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial has produced some remarkable examples of persons who have been buried while only in a trance, and the Duke of DEVONSHIRE is stated to be seriously alarmed.

Admirers of Lord ROBERTS will be glad to hear that the sensational statement of several papers to the effect that the Commander-in-Chief is to be abolished is happily untrue. The abolition refers only to the office he holds.

Through the efforts of the State Department, a former Chinese Minister to the United States, who was beheaded on the outbreak of the Boxer troubles, has now been pardoned.

"The Terrible Turk" does not strike us as being a very happy name for a new brand of cigarettes.

It is untrue that at Lord WIMBORNE'S Reconciliation dinner-party plain clothes police-officers were placed between each couple of friends.

The Liberal Party to the Liberal Unionist Party:—"Up with your Dukes!"

The Jailbirds made their appearance last week at Wyndham's Theatre. *The Arm of the Law* will not, Mr. BOURCHIER informs us, be ready till the 16th inst. The Law's delays again!

To the delight of all good Britishers Japan's financial position has suddenly been improved. An American Correspondent has been fined ten shillings for photographing fortifications at Moji.

MISUNDERSTOOD.—*Enthusiastic Musical Amateur*. I say, old fellow, come and hear the "Kruise Quartet."

Apathetic Friend. Thanks, no; I don't care about nautical music.



A TOUGH CUSTOMER.

(Drawing the Badger.)

KEEPER OF THE DOG. A GOOD DOG. BENCHING THE DOG.

Hindley Sandhu

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday night, February 2.—A great deal has happened since the prorogation last August.



REYNARD AMONG THE ROOSTERS.

(Mr. Chamberlain takes his seat between Mr. Gladstone and Sir Edward Grey.)

Indications of extent and direction found in both Houses on this our opening day. In the Lords COUNTY GUY, strolling in only a few minutes late, passed the Front Bench where late he sat as Leader, and dropped into corner seat on front bench below Gangway. In the Commons AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Chancellor of the Exchequer, stood by the brass-bound box, spokesman of the Conservative Ministry, defending "my right hon. friend the Member for Birmingham" from the base attack of truculent C.-B.

Here at this very spot, eleven years ago come next April, stood Mr. GLADSTONE hailing the new-born morn with passionate pleading for his Home Rule Bill. In the midst of the crisis, on the eve of the Division, with no man sure what an hour might bring forth, the chivalrous veteran reined in his horse and lowered his lance in salute to the son of his ablest, relentless foe.

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, not then dreaming of Chancellorships of the Exchequer, his furthest view modestly bounded by possibility, in some far-off day, of a Junior Lordship of the Treasury, had made his maiden speech. Of course it was against the war-worn chieftain's cherished Bill. What it could do in the way of riving it was done smartly. Recognising talent, remembering former

days, GLADSTONE turned, not towards the youth who had spoken, but upon the proud parent seated on the very bench he occupied to-night, acclaiming the speech as "dear and refreshing to a father's heart."

Here we are again, as used to be said at old Drury in Christmas-time. Eleven years have passed, the whole Eleven bowled out by Time. And behold the scene to-night. A slim, straight, youthful figure stands by the Box in bygone days battered by the vigorous palm of a great orator. Last Autumn the proud and pleased father, having plunged the Cabinet into dire perplexity, humbly fared forth, taking on himself once more the vesture of the private Member. To-night his orchid gleams from the very seat below the Gangway whence, eleven years ago, he bowed his head in almost reverential acknowledgment of his old captain's courtesy to the boy—the boy now a man, in the very prime of life, Privy Councillor, Chancellor of the Exchequer, successor to PITT, PEEL, GLADSTONE, DISRAELI, who, not puffed up with pride, mindful of past favours, takes under his protection "my right hon. friend the Member for Birmingham," letting whom it may concern know that those who strike at him will smite the shield of his son.

The Lords also had their personal dramas beyond the passing of COUNTY GUY skirting the Ministerial Bench with thankful thought that no more for him will be necessity for seeking his place sharp on the hour of the meeting of the

House, no more need of sitting out long speeches by prosy Peers.

For thirty-five years there has been in the House of Lords a Marquis of SALISBURY on the front bench, either to right or left of the Woolsack. Under whatever circumstances he presented himself he was the predominant figure of the hour. Of late years, whilst he sat on the Ministerial bench, with chin sunk on his breast, fists dug into the cushion in support of a tired and drowsy body, he was still the centre of interest. At any moment he might wake up and plunge into debate, his lambent wit scorching some hapless Peer, not necessarily selected from the ranks of the Opposition. AMURATH to AMURATH succeeds. The MARKISS is dead; long live the MARQUIS. To-night he came up and signed the roll of Parliament, taking his seat near his father's old place in his new capacity as Lord Privy Seal.

Il y a fagots et fagots.

"And there are Marquises and Marquises," said the MEMBER FOR SARK. "Since we are dropping into foreign languages, perhaps I may add there is also *longo intervallo*."

On a night saddened by the illness and absence of PRINCE ARTHUR one other touching episode struck the eye and will dwell in the memory till death do us part. When Parliament prorogued, LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH occupied an appreciable space on the Ministerial Bench. He was Secretary of State for Scotland, and an uncommonly good one too. Then came the dramatic series of alarms and excursions from the Cabinet chamber in Downing Street. Under



"KING CHARLES'S HEAD, MR. SPEAKER!"

"I noticed a perpetual endeavour and an earnest desire under all circumstances, at all times, to bring in somehow or other King Charles the First's head—the ex-Secretary of State's head—and to present it on a charger for the repudiation and the derision of the House."—Mr. Chamberlain.



"PORTIA" WYNDHAM.

"Therefore, Robson,
Though Justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of Justice, none of us
Should see salvation . . .
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh :
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Tory blood, thy lands and goods
Are . . . confiscate."—*Merchant of Venice*, 1904.

circumstances not altogether free from surprise, but highly honourable to him, B. of B. found himself out of office, he and COUNTY GUY walking hand in hand, like Babes in the Wood, with a vague but unmistakable conviction that somewhere about was a Wicked Uncle.

Where would the ex-Secretary for Scotland sit under the new circumstances?

It seemed probable that, having preceded COUNTY GUY in leaving the Cabinet he would follow him to his new quarters below the Gangway. The LORD CHANCELLOR took his seat; business was entered upon, speeches were made.

"He cometh not," said COUNTY GUY.

Suddenly the curious eye, wandering round the crowded Ministerial Benches, lighted upon BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH throned among the Bishops! To-night he wore layman's attire. But what with the subtle force of saintly companionship, what with spare surplises hanging round in the robing room, who shall say what the morrow may not bring forth?

Meanwhile BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH has fled to sanctuary, sitting among the Bishops with complacent confidence that if there is any fresh manœuvring in Cabinet circles it cannot in his new surrounding affect him.

Business done.—The KING opens Parliament with Royal pomp and ceremony.

Friday night.—Through the week Parliament has sat on four days. This Diary, which purports to cover the full period, is, as the keen-sighted reader will observe, confined to a single entry. The circumstance seems to require explanation, but no apology—at least, from me.

I do not, this week, describe or comment upon proceedings in the House of Commons for reasons analogous to those which, on a historic occasion, prevented the Spanish Fleet being despatched. The Spanish Fleet "was not yet in sight," and the doors of the Press Gallery having, by order, been closed against me, I have not passed them.

The whole story has an archaic, musty flavour pungent in the nostrils of the so-called Twentieth Century. Man and boy I have for thirty-two years had my box in the front row of the Press Gallery. For more than twenty years I, by favour of the constituency of Barks—that is to say, of the English-speaking race whose area is encompassed by Mr. Punch's "far-flung battle-line"—have, with more or less prosaic accu-

raey, recorded Parliamentary events on this page. But opportunity was not derived from the renown or position of my esteemed Master. Mr. Punch's *Chronieler* has no *locus standi* in the Press Gallery. It was by connection with a long-established London morning paper that entrance was permitted. It happens this Session that that particular section of the *Chronieler's* services has been transferred to another London daily paper of modern birth, a vigorous infant with a daily circulation exceeding 600,000.

Nominally admission to the Press Gallery is within the province of the SPEAKER. Actually the department is administered by the Sergeant-at-Arms. And the Sergeant-at-Arms courteously but relentlessly refuses to recognise the existence of this 600,000-pounder even to the extent of issuing for its service a single Gallery ticket.

The reason alleged is that there is "no room." Last Session it happened that two of the older London morning papers dispensed with the services of their reporting staff, thus clearing out of the Gallery an aggregate of fourteen gentlemen. Have these empty places been filled up? If so, how? If not, what becomes of the plea of no room?

The fact is, the whole relations of the Press and Parliament are tainted with the arbitrary conditions that marked them at an epoch when the freedom of the people was at its lowest ebb. To this day there stands in the Order Book a provision which makes it a high crime and misdemeanour for any newspaper to report Parliamentary proceedings. The enactment is a dead letter; but its spirit is not laid.

The London Press, being perhaps the most decently mannered, certainly the most impecable, in the world, is also the most powerful. Yet it meekly suffers a condition of things that would not be permitted to exist for a week in the relations of the local press with a Town Council or Parish Vestry. The Sergeant-at-Arms is animated by no other motive than desire impartially to administer the business remitted to him by ancient usage. This he does with a courtesy that disarms resentment in individual hard cases. But, naturally, he knows little or nothing of the relative positions of the Daily Papers. The consequence is that the avowed desire of giving fair representation to the Press is even grotesquely frustrated. One journal has at its exclusive disposal three Boxes and admission for over a dozen reporters. Others have two Boxes and a proportionate number of tickets. Whilst a paper supplying the Parliamentary needs of a public wider than the aggregate circulation of three or four of these journals



IN LEAP YEAR.

Hopeless Widower. "NOTHING CAN MEND A BROKEN HEART."
 Hopeful Widow. "EXCEPT REPAIRING."

put together, is denied the privilege of admission for a single representative.

The House of Commons is slow to lay reforming hand on the Ark of its procedure. Within the last ten years it has, under sheer compulsion, applied itself to the task with the happiest results. It is time the anachronism of the supervision of the Press Gallery was dealt with through the machinery of a Select Committee.

Meanwhile, as far as I am personally concerned, the restriction that governs the chronicle this week will henceforward be inoperative. When the circumstances became known, TOBY, M.P. was overwhelmed with proffers from all parts of the House, not excepting the Treasury Bench, of good offices, Members placing at his disposal their personal privilege of obtaining admission for a "Stranger." For this demonstration of friendliness to a faithful servitor, Mr. Punch offers his thanks.

Business done.—TOBY, M.P.'s intermitted; but only temporarily.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A *Criminal Cræsus*, by GEORGE GRIFFITH (JOHN LONG), is a genuine romance, smacking of JULES VERNE and BULWER LYTTON at their best, and unsurpassed, as a work of imagination, by any work of either of the above-mentioned authors that the Baron can at present call to mind, except perhaps *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, and *The Coming Race*. The plausibility of the probabilities in the story is so convincing that any reader would not be surprised to find some extract from a daily paper confirming the most startling events and dramatic situations as they are described in this novel.

Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON has the precious gift of writing in the simple style of good talk. Reading *Fanny Burney*, the latest contribution to "English Men of Letters" (MACMILLAN), my Baronite has the pleased feeling of being seated in an easy chair, with a companionable cigar, listening to the scholarly chat of one who knew everybody worth knowing when GEORGE THE THIRD was King. In a volume of moderate size, and alluringly cheap price, Mr. DOBSON presents a charming picture not only of the author of *Evelina* but of her *entourage*. Not led away by habit of hero-worship, he presents to the student of literature a valuable judgment on FANNY BURNES's works and her place in literature. His summary of *Evelina* and of *Cecilia* is excellent, whilst he skims much of the cream from the diary of the lady who became Madame D'ARBLAY, and had her fame trumpeted by MACAULAY. On the whole a delightful work, unsurpassed in the series, possibly to some extent because in this case the Man of Letters chances to be a woman.

Parody is an evidence of popularity, and parody by an eminent parodist is a tribute to the exceptional popularity of the original. So that when that clever humourist in art, Mr. CARRUTHERS GOULD, the now well-known F. C. G., hits upon the idea of adapting Sir JOHN TENNIEL's immortal illustrations of *Alice in Wonderland* to the purposes of political caricature, the success of the venture is assured. And so it comes about that *John Bull's Adventures in the Fiscal Wonderland* (METHUEN), a clever political parody on LEWIS CARROLL's well-known and universally popular *Alice*, smartly

written by Mr. CHARLES GEAKE, and most amusingly illustrated by F. C. G., delights persons of all shades of politics possessing any particle of humour. In some few instances the parodying artist has so exactly reproduced the spirit and the lines of the original, as, at a first glance, to deceive even those most intimately acquainted with Sir JOHN TENNIEL's immortal work.

In MAX PEMBERTON's latest sensational novel, *Red Morn* (CASSELL & Co.), a sister is determined to avenge her brother's murder,—if murdered he was, which has to be proved. That a man should be shot in a duel which he himself has provoked can hardly be considered in the light of murder, where the adversaries are equally skilled in the use of their weapons. The cleverness of this novel is in the devising of the strange characters that carry on the story, and the sensational incidents wherein they appear. The description of the storm at sea and the horrors of a mutiny are given with a power that raises this book as romantic literature far above the ordinary run of modern novels.



NURSERY NATURAL HISTORY.

Dolly. "THERE'S HONEY FOR TEA."

Bob (always glad to give Dolly information). "YES. BEES MAKE HONEY."

Dolly. "AND WHO MAKES JAM?"

Bob. "BEETLES, OF COURSE."

prefer being, as the late Lord BEACONSFIELD quaintly expressed it, "on the side of the Angels." The notes from the Heralds' College, the excellent photographic reproductions, and the article headed "Cases from Early Chancery Proceedings," all combine to make this a volume equal to any of the foregoing.

Last week, in mentioning The Cogers of Cogers Hall, the Baron said he was certain that, somewhere or other, *Ingoldsby* had rhymed "codger" with "Roger," following COLEMAN the Younger. A contributor supplies the line:—

"A thirsty old codger the neighbours called ROGER,"

vide "Lay of St. Nicholas, *Ingoldsby Legends*, First Series."

THE BARON



An Unfortunate Exposure.

[Two butchers were recently mulcted in a large sum for "exposing" horseflesh as human food without indicating the nature of the meat.]

INDEED things are not always what they seem;
Perchance at times, when on "roast beef" she fares,
Dear Little Mary from the knacker's team
Doth entertain a gee-gee unawares.

SWORD AND PEN.

HOWEVER successful Captain BASIL HOOD may have been, and we believe has been, as a purveyor of eccentric libretti to the management of the Savoy Opera, and as writer of an amusing and very light piece, his previous good luck has apparently deserted him in attempting what he describes as "A New Comedy in Four Acts, entitled *Love in a Cottage*," at Terry's Theatre, now under the management of Messrs. GATTI and FROHMAN, who are presumably the managers responsible for this production. As the play had the advantage of having been "produced" "under the personal direction of the author," we may be quite sure that the gallant Captain will not flinch from accepting the entire responsibility of its success or failure, *moyennant* the *corps dramatique* practically and artistically carrying out their (temporary) superior officer's commands. It may be that the absence of the professional stage-manager would account for a certain conventionality in the situations, and a meagreness in the *jeu de scène*.

The best Act of this play is the one in "Creagh's Cottage," used as Officers' Quarters by Mr. FRANK COOPER, a good actor bravely struggling with a difficulty, and stoutly representing the honest, light-hearted, peremptory *Captain Ulrick O'Brian, D.S.O.*, as well as author could wish, and by Mr. SYDNEY BLOW, who, in a spirited manner, plays the aforesaid Captain's subaltern, *Lieut. Thompson*.

Mr. VANE TEMPEST, as the indifferent motorist and amateur conjurer, is very funny in the little bits where he comes into the show (the notion of this character is excellent), though why he, as a gentleman, when tied and bound into a chair as an amateur DAVENPORT Brother, and hidden behind a screen, does not make his presence known, as any gentleman would have done, in order to avoid hearing the private chat of three ladies, is one of those things that the author would find it hard to explain satisfactorily. We should have thought that this weakness must have been detected, and therefore remedied, at rehearsals.

As the *Earl of Kinooth*—"with a song"—Mr. BRANDON THOMAS is thorough-going, and revives memories of the fine old Irish gentleman in the time of CHARLES LEVER's *Knight of Gwynne*. He sings "*On the High Road*," which the programme informs us "was specially written by BASIL HOOD and composed by HAMISH MCCUNN at the invitation of the Military Authorities for inclusion in a Soldiers' Song Book to be published by the War Office." Fancy musical inspiration coming from the War Office! Mr. BRANDON THOMAS and everybody on the stage joining in the chorus, evidently



TRUTH AT ALL HAZARDS.

Footinitt (energetically helping at Bazaar). "WO'N'T YOU PUT IN FOR A RAFFLE FOR THIS CUSHION?"

Visitor. "OH, NO, THANKS."

Footinitt. "OF COURSE IT'S RATHER USELESS AND GAUDY, AND SO FORTH; AND PERSONALLY I THINK THE DESIGN'S ROTTEN. BUT DO PUT IN FOR IT."

Visitor. "NO, THANKS. I MADE IT!"

may yet be worked up and come out at the top, but 'tis doubtful.

AN INDEX OBJURGATORIUS.

It is stated that a Non-Swearer's Pocket Dictionary is to be published under the auspices of the Society for the Suppression of Profane Language. Mr. *Punch* therefore begs to contribute some emergency expletives.

For a Golfer, on smashing his Driver—Well, I'm Tee'd!

For the Same, on missing the Ball—Confoozle it!

For a Gentleman, on failing to find his Collar-stud in the morning—Dash my buttons!

For a Ditto, on missing his Train—Deary me!

For a Person with the Toothache, on being annoyed (i) with his Dentist—By gums, how you hurt! (ii) with 'Things in General—Suspend it all!

For a Fare, on remonstrating with a Cabman—Go to Heligoland!

For a Cabman, on disputing with his Fare—Assistme-robert, wot do you tyke me for?

For an Able-bodied Seaman, on all Occasions Lawk-a-mercy!

For the Same, a Simple Vocative—You creature of Culinary Parentage!

For a Navvy in Distress—What the red-corpuscular, vital-serumy, &c., &c.!

"SOME STARTLING FIGURES."—Spectres.

do their best with words and music. All in the cast are eminently satisfactory, including Mr. BOXFIELD in the thankless part of *Ashley Nugent, M.P.*, and Mr. HERBERT VYVIAN in the strongly-marked but very small character part of *Matthew* the butler. As *Johnson* the 'soldier servant, Mr. BENTHAM is excellent, as also is Miss DOROTHY DRAKE as *Norah*, his sweetheart. Not much "character" falls to the lot of Miss FILIPPI as *Lady Margaret*, the match-making aunt; the eldest of the Earl's three daughters, the *Lady Sheila*, unhappily married, is sympathetically played by Miss IRENE ROOK, while the two others, who are to be happily married, find charming representatives in Miss JANET ALEXANDER and Miss EVELYN BEAUMONT. Mr. HANFORD has but small chance for any great effect in scenery, and the selection of music on the night of our visit seemed to indicate that Mr. WALTER SLAUGHTER was not in the best possible spirits. The piece

IMPERIAL (CRICKET) EXPANSION.

["A large company had assembled on the Melbourne ground when NOBLE, having won the toss, decided to take first innings on a perfect wicket. In the first over after TRUMPER had scored four he was bowled by a swerver from HIRST. Another disaster soon followed, for off RHODES' first ball DUFF was given l.b.w."—Typical Press Association Cable.]

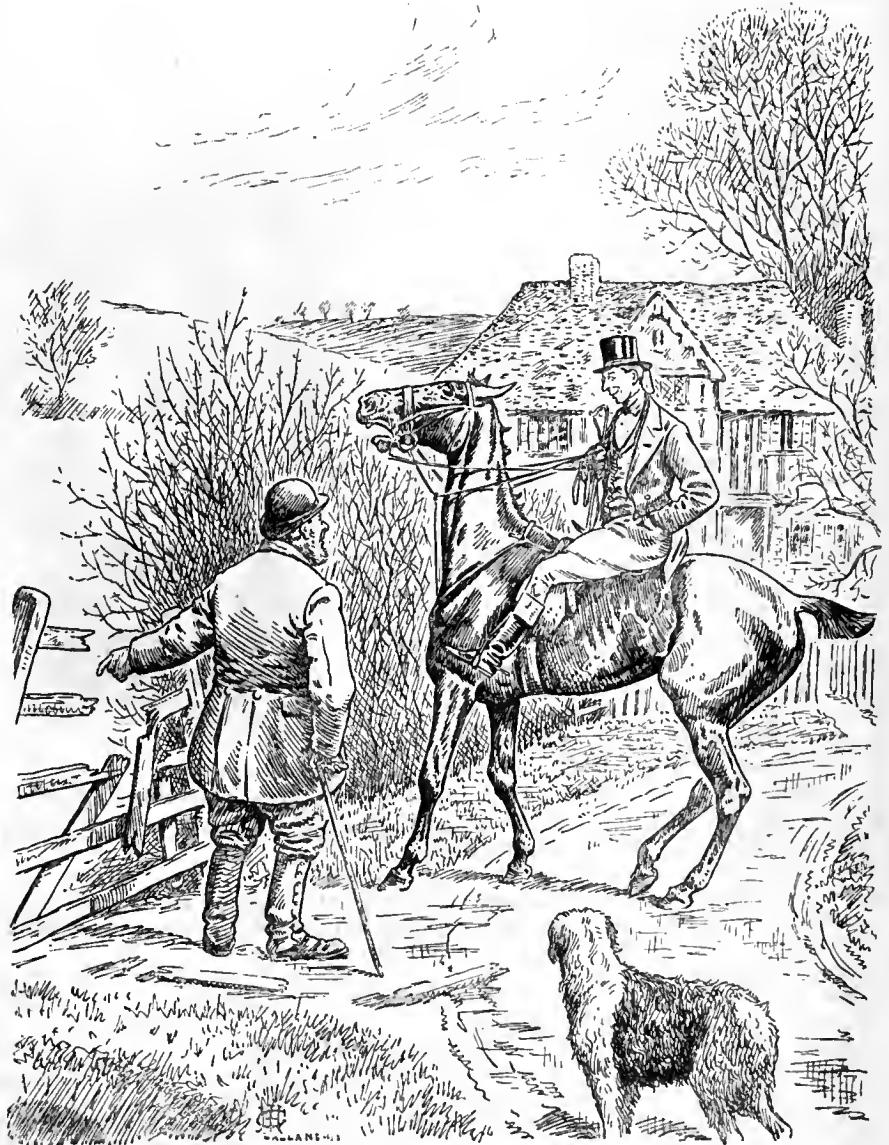
From the "Vesper Mail."

(As printed, after sub-editorial revision and additions, presumably by Marconigram.)

ALL roads at Melbourne led to the cricket ground this morning, and long before the hour for the start the ring was thronged with eager spectators. Larrikins and stockmen, sundowners with their blue-blanketed swags over their shoulders, blacks with narrow shields on their forearms and boomerangs in their hands—all sat in the shade of the eucalyptus trees waiting for the great conflict to begin. Soon the two great Captains strolled forth to examine the wicket; MONTAGU NOBLE, his intellectual countenance bearing an anxious look, and the irrepressible, boyish "PLUM," with a broad smile on his youthful face. A roar of "My word" from the crowd and a war-dance by enthusiastic blacks proclaimed that Australia had won the toss.

Then the English Captain led forth his men from the pavilion, and the crowd gasped as they saw the stolid HAYWARD, the lithe and strenuous BRAUND, gigantic ARNOLD, little JOHNNY TYLDESLEY, broad-shouldered HIRST, FOSTER of Fostershire, BOSANQUET the smiter, the tenacious LILLEY, RELF—the Sussex all-rounder, and last of all a pleasant-faced youth. Could that be the Kirkheaton Demon—the deadly RHODES? A shudder of doubt ran through the crowd. Could even United Australia face such an array of talent? Yet when cheery TRUMPER and sturdy DUFF stepped forth to do battle their hopes revived.

The Admirable CRICHTON of cricket was to face the first over. Who would be put on to bowl? WARNER tossed the ball carelessly to HIRST, and the Huddersfield Paragon, with a broad grin on his face, prepared to take the first over. A death-like silence crept over the ground. When one of the umpires sneezed it sounded like a cannon shot. "Play"—a rush—a whiz—and the ball which TRUMPER has never seen is safe in LILLEY's hands. Again and again this happens, but at the fourth ball a click is heard. BRAUND leaps wildly in the slips, but the ball expresses past him to the boundary. Hats wave—dingos bark—exultant boomerangs circle through the air. The next ball—a deadly Yorker—TRUMPER just manages to come



A PSEUDO-THRUSTER.

Farmer (to Sportsman, returning from the chase). "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT AIN'T YOU THE GENT THAT BROKE DOWN THAT THERE GATE OF MINE THIS MORNING?"

Mr. Noodel (who never by any chance jumps anything—frightfully pleased). "ER—DID I? WELL, HOW MUCH IS THE DAMAGE?"

down on in time. HIRST goes back to deliver his last ball—the dour look of stubborn Yorkshire on his face. Whiz—where is it going? The umpire opens his mouth to cry "Wide" when a crash of stumps is heard. The great Victor has been bowled by a ball which swerved right round the umpire standing at square leg.

CLEM HILL comes out grimly determined to stop the rot, and DUFF, taking careful centre, prepares to meet the elusive RHODES. The crowd laugh as the innocent-looking boy bowls a few practice balls to LILLEY. How slow and simple they seem! "Watch for the break, DUFFY," shouts an experienced

cricketer. With easy, graceful action the Kirkheaton Terror delivers his first ball. So slow and simple it looked—too simple, thought the great batsman, as he prepares for the deadly curl when it rises from the pitch. But there is no curl, and the straight, easy ball taps the batsman on the pad. "How's that?" roar the English team. "Out," says the umpire, and the puzzled batsman retires. Two wickets for four runs—there's life in the old country yet.

(Owing to the exigencies of space we regret being unable to quote more than a description of the first seven balls in the match from our esteemed—and enterprising—contemporary.)

THE OBITUARIST'S GUIDE.

EVERY precaution is now being taken by the Editor of *Willow's Annual* to prevent a mistake similar to that by which the author of *The Shutters of Silence* has been declared to be dead on the strength of the resemblance between the title of that novel and of *The House with the Green Shutters* by the late GEORGE DOUGLAS BROWN.

The editorial sanctum is in future to be placarded with some such monitions as those which follow, calculated to check the enthusiasm of the too intrepid necrologist.

It is well to remember that different books whose titles chance to contain the same word are not necessarily from the same pen. Thus *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* was not written by Mr. MARION CRAWFORD, although the circumstance that he is the author of *A Roman Singer* might of course naturally lead to that belief.

Kindly do your best to bear in mind that Sir LEWIS MORRIS is not the author of DANTE'S *Inferno*. The *Epie of Hades* was composed on the Metropolitan and District Railways, not among the Tuscan vines.

Abstain if you can from committing the error of supposing that "The Poet's Diary," now appearing in the *National Review*, is from the fountain pen of the late JANE AUSTEN.

Be careful not to be beguiled by partial resemblances, however striking. Although it is true that Sir George Tressady and Sir Richard Calmady are both baronets, and although the last two syllables of the surnames of each are identical, there is no relationship whatever between Colonel ENDERBY'S wife and Lady ROSE'S daughter.

It is much more comfortable for all concerned not to confound the authors of *The Christian* and *The Master Christian*.



Doctor. "WELL, MRS. MUGGERIDGE, HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON? TAKEN THE MEDICINE, EH?"
Mrs. M. "YES, DOCTOR. I'VE TAKEN ALL THE TABLOIDS YOU SENT, AND NOW I WANT A NEW PERSECUTION."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE gentleman who has written to the *Athenæum* to endeavour to recover the proofs of a work entitled *The Literature of Swimming*, which he mislaid on the top of an omnibus, is not alone in misfortune. A little while ago the manuscript of an exhaustive monograph on Drought was left on the deck of a submarine, and it has not since been seen. As to *The Literature of Swimming*, one of our representatives having called at the offices of the London General Omni-

bus Company was informed that the proofs were perhaps wisely confiscated by the omnibus driver, with an eye to what will probably be required of him if the present mud continues and we have another summer like the last.

THERE was a young man of Devizes,
Whose ears were of different sizes;
The one that was small
Was no use at all,
But the other took several prizes.

ARMS AND THE WOMAN.

*Being a privileged account of an Election at
THE LADIES' CAVALRY CLUB.*

It was a solemn *séance* composed of martial dames,
Discussing likely candidates with military claims;
The doors were doubly bolted; but, through a little bird,
I am enabled to report exactly what occurred.

The Amazon presiding over the lists of Mars
Was Lady SUSAN CROPPER, of the Eighty-eighth Hussars,
And she had just put forward the name of BELLA SQUEERS,
Third cousin to a Captain in the "Bounding Buccaneers."

Then spoke a Horse Guard's lady, a welter-weight was she,
And rode her husband's chargers to hounds at sixteen-three:
"I ask for information; pray, *who* is 'BELLA SQUEERS'?"
And *who*, by all that's holy, are the 'Bounding Buccaneers'?"

"Cavalry of the Line I know; one meets them here and
there;"
("The *Liner she's a lady!*" observed the angry Chair);
"But if you mean to keep select, you simply *can't* allow
The claims of fancy regiments raised Heaven alone knows
how!"

At this a stout Yeowoman repressed a rising sob,
And called the previous speaker a horrid, horrid snob;
And said that if the Junior Arm should fail to get its dues,
Herself would bar all candidates related to the Blues.

Dare I describe the issue, what language rent the air,
What sudden transformations took place in people's hair,
Or how a West Kent's aunt-in-law had both her *pince-nez*
broke,
And something awful happened to a Kitchen Lancer's toque?

A Colonel's wife ("The Dye-hards") betrayed a natural pique
On being drenched with coffee all down her dexter cheek,
And, though of temperate habits and never known to faint,
Swore frankly like a trooper, and swooned from loss of paint.

I shrink to estimate the cost in limb and even life
Had not a nervous member screamed, "I disapprove of strife;
Stop! or I fetch my Father, a noted man of gore,
Experienced in handling a 'Gypsy' Camel Corps!"

Great peace ensued. They kissed again, like dear mock-
turtle doves,
Household and Line and Yeomanry, and called each other
"loves";

And by unanimous consent elected BELLA SQUEERS,
Third cousin to a Captain in the "Bounding Buccaneers."
O. S.

A DISCLAIMER.—We are authorised to state, clearly and emphatically, that Mr. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, speaking as *The Darling of the Gods* and of other parts of the house, absolutely declines to accept the very slightest responsibility for the present unhappy rupture of amicable relations between Russia and Japan. He has looked at matters by the light of the Red Lamp, and tried to bring about a personal meeting between the astute Russian diplomatist who was the principal personage in that play and *Zakkuri*, the Mikado's Minister of State, now on a visit to His Majesty's. Mr. TREE regrets being compelled to declare such contemplated meeting to be absolutely impracticable.

In real life, the London letter-writer on the *Westminster* informs us, the real name of "Mr. MAARTEN MAARTENS" is "JOOST M. W. POORTEN-SCHWARTZ." Joost so.

PICKY BACK.

(Being the Seventh Passage from the reinconanation of Picklock Holes.)

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SWISS BANKER.

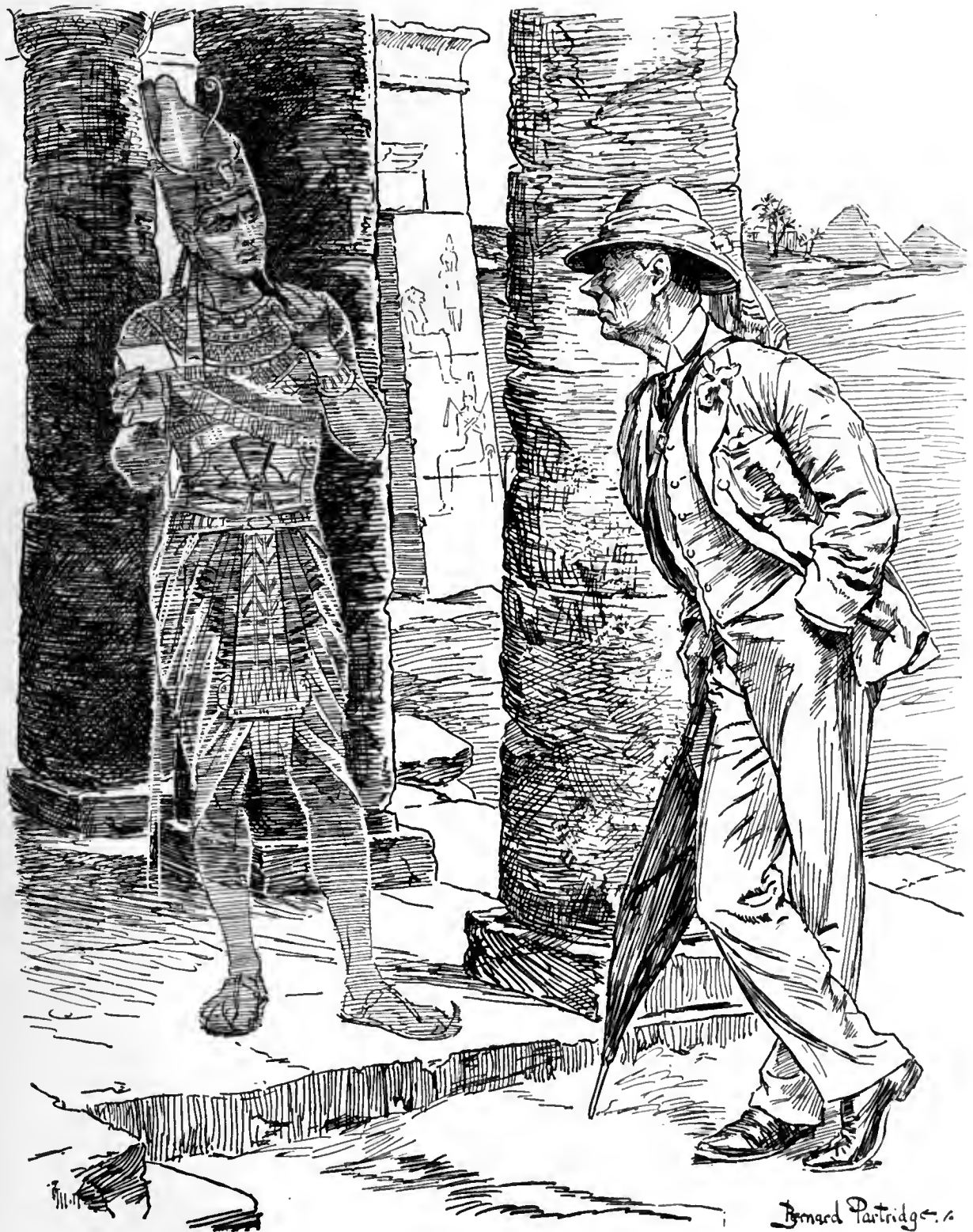
ONE incident—I might almost call it an adventure—which diversified and added zest to the relations between PICKLOCK HOLES and myself is of a character so astounding as to completely and without the possibility of denial cast into the shade all those adventures which my duty to posterity no less than my vehement admiration for our one and only unparalleled detective marvel has hitherto compelled me to narrate. I will now endeavour to set it down, though I am fully aware how inadequate my humble powers of literary composition are to the task of doing justice to one so *primus inter pares* as was (alas! that I should have to use a tense which, as applied to him, is his only imperfection) as was PICKLOCK HOLES.

Much against our will we had temporarily left our comfortable *bourgeois* quarters in Baker Street. It was no easy matter for us, as may well be imagined, to tear ourselves away with so many investigations unfinished. When I say that the shocking murders in the *Rue Morgue*, and the all but inexplicable mystery of MARIE ROGET—affairs which had been so disgracefully bungled by M. DUPIN and Mr. POE of the united Paris and New York police—had been but recently confided to Mr. HOLES, it will be understood that our natural reluctance to depart had become well nigh insuperable. Still, duty is duty, and when the Duke COSIMO DI MONTE CARLO called upon us one day and offered HOLES a year of his ducal income if he would discover the whereabouts of his erring son, the Marchese CASINO DEI ROULETTI, we could no longer hesitate.

Having, therefore, given the landlady strict instructions to keep the Baker Street Rifle Club in full activity and to put any inquirers from the Free Trade Union off the scent, we departed one morning from Charing Cross with two black bags and a guide to polite conversation in four languages, and on the following morning, HOLES as usual taking the lead and driving all the railway engines, we found ourselves deposited in a bright little town on one of the many shores of the Mediterranean. Why we had come to that precise place I know not, nor did I gather its name. It was enough for me that HOLES was my leader. I ought to add that, the better to conceal ourselves and our mission from prying eyes, HOLES had assumed the disguise of a Swiss banker, while I was garbed as his sister, a not unprepossessing lady of forty-five summers, wearing a large hat with plumes and carrying a small yellow reticule suspended by a gold chain from my left wrist. Thus attired nobody could possibly have suspected that it was us, nor, if we could have seen ourselves, could we have imagined that we were other than what we appeared to be.

The scene as we entered what I afterwards learnt was the Ducal Palace was indeed a brilliant one, with its gathering of rank and fashion and beauty and wealth from all the quarters of the globe. HOLES, however, paid no attention to it, but, brushing his way haughtily and inductively past the innumerable obsequious and liveried attendants, he made his way swiftly to a gorgeously decorated inner hall, where crowds of Europe's bluest-blooded aristocracy were mingled with all that America could show of millionaires round numerous large tables on which was proceeding a game that was as obviously moneyed as it was manifestly mysterious.

"Potson," said HOLES in a tremor of excitement, as we paused before one of these tables, "Potson, do you see that man?" He pointed to an individual decently dressed in black, who was spinning a small ivory ball in a wheel set in the centre of the table. "That, unless I am mistaken—but tush! listen to him."



JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

SHADE OF PHARAOH. "‘JOSEPH?—JOSEPH?’ I SEEM TO KNOW THE NAME, BUT I CAN’T RECALL YOUR FACE."



THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD



FEBRUARY, 1904.

Dealer. "E JUMPS LIKE A CAT, SIR, GALLOPS LIKE A RACE-HORSE——"

Customer. "OH, BOTHER ALL THAT! CAN HE SWIM?"

Saying this he pushed me into a chair next to the person in question, at the very moment when the weird phrase "*Renny var plo*"—the meaning of which I did not understand—fell from his lips.

"Do you hear that?" hissed HOLES. "The last word was '*ploo*,' which rhymes to 'you.' Changing the pronoun we get 'I.' The other words you heard are Roumanian for 'am the missing heir,' and the full sentence, therefore, is 'I am the missing heir.' The fool has betrayed himself, and the reward will certainly be ours."

"But, HOLES——" I began.

"Silence, POTSON," whispered HOLES menacingly. "Silence, and observe me."

At this instant the massive figure of Duke COSIMO was plainly visible on the opposite side of the table. Horror was depicted upon his brow; his mouth was working convulsively. HOLES waited no longer. Taking a roll of banknotes from his pocket he handed them to me, instructing me where to place them. I did as he ordered me, and in a moment the notes were swept away. Again, again, and yet again the same proceeding took place, until at last I heard HOLES say, "The trap is baited. Now for the revelation."

With these words he made his way through the crowd, seized the man I have described, and, having ordered me in

a low voice to lay hold of all the money within my reach, shouted out in clear tones so that the whole astonished room could hear:—

"Duke, this is your son, the Marquis COSIMO! He has led the life of a *croupier*"—this, I have been told, means the life of a rake—"but it is yet time for him to reform, and to cast new lustre on the great name he bears."

The excitement and the confusion were at first frightful, but order was at last restored, and the Duke was eventually compelled to acknowledge his son, and to pay to HOLES the stipulated reward of ten million francs in gold.

"POTSON," said HOLES, as he pocketed the sum, "I shall place no less than one hundred francs to your credit."

"HOLES," I sobbed, "you are too generous. To be known as your friend is credit enough for me."

ANOTHER CASE OF PRECOGNITION.

MR. WILLIAM SYKES writes:—"An experience of mine will, I think, interest your readers. A little while ago I was, through a misunderstanding and some hard constabulary swearing, sentenced to six months in one of His Majesty's prisons. On entering the cell I was suddenly conscious that I had been there before."

PHILOSOPHER AND PHILANTHROPIST.

"YEARS ago," confesses Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON in *The Fortnightly* for February, "I wrote a piece urging Millionaires to consider if their public benefactions might not be as usefully bestowed on the drama as on libraries and laboratories."

If, as seems a plausible conjecture, the "piece" Mr. HARRISON wrote was a dramatic composition, it is a thousand pities that no Manager has, as yet, had the enterprise to produce it.

Is it possible that the following scene (which has been communicated to *Mr. Punch* "from a usually well-informed source") may be a fragment from this colossal work? Mr. P. himself prefers to express no opinion, merely remarking that the hero's name, "DERFERIC RASHIRON," reads suspiciously like an anagram, while, from internal evidence,—but the scene had better be left to speak for itself.

ACT VII., Sc. 21.—*The Study of Mr. CADMUS K. VOLLUMDUMPER, the American Multi-Millionaire. Mr. V. discovered at work with a cigar in his mouth.*

Butler (announcing). Mr. DERFERIC RASHIRON!

[Mr. RASHIRON enters. Butler retires.]

Mr. Rashiron. Mr. VOLLUMDUMPER, I come in the hope of enlisting your sympathies on behalf of—

Mr. VOLLUMDUMPER (genially). That's all right, Mr. RASHIRON. Sit right down. Any little thing I can do for you in the nature of a library or a laboratory—

Mr. Rash. (sadly). Thanks—but neither would be of any appreciable benefit in this case. I am here, Mr. VOLLUMDUMPER, to plead the cause of a once great educational instrument, now fallen from her high estate upon evil days.

Mr. Voll. (with ready sympathy). Some decayed School-marm? Well, I've never forgotten all I owe to my old School-marm. Say now, Mr. RASHIRON, how would it be if I purchased one of your leading Public Schools as a going concern, and fixed up your on-fortunate client as head-mistress?

Mr. Rash. You mistake me. The client I represent is the British Drama.

Mr. Voll. You don't mean to say the British Drama is as reduced as all that!

Mr. Rash. (impressively). It is suffering from a complaint which afflicts us all—an impatience of continuous attention, of serious thought, of any hitch in our ease, our luxuries, or our indulgences—in brief, a sort of tarantula of restlessness, which makes us skip from one pleasant spot to the next without greatly enjoying any one in peace!

Mr. Voll. (concerned). Mr. RASHIRON, if you're feeling so bad as all that, you want to go right home and take a Nerve Tonic. That's what you want to do. You've been using up the grey matter of your brain, Sir!

Mr. Rash. (slightly annoyed). When I said we were afflicted in that way, I did not mean Myself—I meant almost everybody else.

Mr. Voll. This is an age of Hustle, Sir, and that's a fact. But where does the British Drama come in?

Mr. Rash. It doesn't come in—it is going out. I assure you that the People who will sit steadily through three hours of intellectual drama is really very limited.

Mr. Voll. I guess that don't astonish me. Three hours on end of intellectual drama would be apt, in my case, to result in considerable cramps.

Mr. Rash. It may cramp the body, but it enlarges the mind. However, the modern Playgoer cares for nothing but "Stars," gorgeous robes, and nauseous sensations.

Mr. Voll. (interested). Is that so? And among your popular "Stars," Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM, Mr. JOHN HARE, Mr. TREE, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, Mr. BOURCHIER, and so on, which should you consider was dressing himself up most gorgeous, and providing the most nauseous sensations just now?

Mr. Rash. Why—er—to tell you the truth, I haven't had the patience to go and see any of their productions lately. I know that, as Drama, they would be beneath my contempt. I was referring more particularly to the deplorable craze for Musical Comedy.

Mr. Voll. Then it's Musical Comedy which supplies the demand for nauseating sensations?

Mr. Rash. So I understand from my friend Mr. JOHN HARE. I need hardly say I do not patronise such entertainments myself.

Mr. Voll. Well, you seem pretty well posted anyway. But what I don't catch on to at present, Mr. RASHIRON, is just where you imagine I'm going to be of any use to you.

Mr. Rash. (eagerly). If you only would, Mr. VOLLUMDUMPER, you might be the *Herodes Atticus* of a revived Athenian Drama!

Mr. Voll. I'm ever so sorry to disappoint you, Mr. RASHIRON, but I never had any gift for play-acting. I guess if I was to make my *début* on the boards in an Athenian drama, I shouldn't get bouquets flung at me—not to any great extent. Besides, I've no opinion of these old Athenian writers. I once dipped into *Homer* in a translation—but I couldn't get along with him. No, Sir!

Mr. Rash. (pained). I am not asking you to act in a theatre, my dear Mr. VOLLUMDUMPER. I merely ask you to endow one.

Mr. Voll. Is that your idea? But what am I going to endow a theatre for?

Mr. Rash. Why, to enable it to produce a constant succession of all the great British masterpieces that have been undeservedly forgotten, and make it independent of the cash taken at the doors.

Mr. Voll. I reckon that item would be a negligible quantity anyway.

Mr. Rash. Possibly. Then we should put an end to the detestable 'Long runs' which are almost forced upon Managers nowadays by our five or six million playgoers. We should give no play for more than two or three nights together.

Mr. Voll. Not even if all those five or six million playgoers were yearning to come and see it? That does sound harsh! I presume you have a sufficient stock of forgotten British masterpieces to enable you to worry along for a year or so at three nights apiece?

Mr. Rash. We need not depend entirely on the Past. If one of our leading playwrights were to offer us a drama that struck us as possessing sufficient merit, we should not be unwilling to produce it.

Mr. Voll. And may I take it your leading playwrights are all in revolt against this detestable 'long run' system?

Mr. Rash. I have received assurances of sympathy from no less than five of our principal dramatists, who would, I am sure, all consider it an honour to have their works performed on such a stage as ours, quite apart from any sordid pecuniary considerations.

Mr. Voll. They'd rather have a three nights' run with you than a year at the ordinary playhouses? Well now, that's vurry creditable to them! And who are going to perform in these dramas?

Mr. Rash. A cultivated and highly trained company, engaged at small permanent salaries, with a perpetual interchange of parts.

Mr. Voll. And will they be equal in talent to the ordinary popular theatrical "Stars"?

Mr. Rash. Equal? The additional experience they will acquire will soon render them infinitely superior.

Mr. Voll. And yet they'll stay on with hard work and small salaries, and never want to set up as Stars on their own account? I'd no idea such beautiful natures existed, Mr. RASHIRON! Seems a pity, though, there'll be no Public to appreciate their self-denial.

Mr. Rash. No Public? Out of five or six million playgoers! My dear Sir!

Mr. Voll. I understood you to remark that these five or six million playgoers were skipping about so under the influence of bites from restless tarantulas they can't give their attention to anything but nauseous sensations?

Mr. Rash. That unhappily is so. But an Endowed Theatre will educate them to appreciate the Intellectual Drama.

Mr. Voll. But they've got to come to it first to be educated. And they ain't likely to come till they are. That's where the sawdust seems to me to sort of trickle out of your scheme, Sir.

Mr. Rash. Putting that aside, is there no glory in being the very first philanthropist to endow a theatre? Is it nothing to feel secure of the applause of Posterity?

Mr. Voll. I guess you can't fill a playhouse with the applause of Posterity. It appears to me that a vurry essential requisite to an endowed theatre, with a permanent company on permanent salaries, is a permanent audience. And I don't just seem to see that permanent audience.

Mr. Rash. I have a list here of distinguished people who have signed an appeal for a Subsidised Stage, most of whom, I should say, would probably attend its performances. (*Proudly*) The signatories number over seventy already.

Mr. Voll. Quite a nice little crowd, Mr. RASHIRON! But say, don't you think they'd feel a bit lonesome inside a palatial subsidised playhouse? What's the matter with inducing your friends to club together for themselves and endow some suitable back-drawing-room?

[*The remainder of this scene is unfortunately missing.*
F. A.

VANISHING CHANCES.

[*Speaking of the new Defence Act, under which the State is in certain cases to bear the cost of defending prisoners, Mr. Justice BIGHAM, at the Manchester Winter Assizes, was tempted to regret the various steps by which our legislation had gradually taken away from the unfortunate prisoner every chance of escape.*]

THERE was once a time when Justice was more merciful by far, And, if blinder, she was kinder to the prisoner at the bar, For she bade him stand in silence while the tear-drops in his eyes

Mutely glistened as he listened to the prosecutor's lies. There is nothing like dumb sorrow in the rhetorician's art For appealing to the feeling of a jury's tender heart: So the culprit wept his hardest, looked a martyr, and in short He was pitied and acquitted by a sympathetic Court.

Then said Justice, "Give him counsel if he's got the means to pay,"

And she surely meant it purely in the very kindest way; So the culprit was defended and his case could set no more Legal science at defiance as it used to do before. But his counsel still could argue, "Lo! my client's lips are shut.

Could you hear him, you'd revere him as an injured martyr, but—"

And the aposiopesis might be calculated to Rob the jury of their fury and to bring the culprit through.

Next said Justice, after pondering the problem in her breast— Need I mention her intention was entirely for the best? —

"Let the prisoner summon witnesses to strengthen his defence, If he fancies there are chances thus to prove his innocence." So the witnesses were summoned to the sessions, as you know; They were flustered, and they blustered, and they made a sorry show;

Even jurymen saw through them, their offences were so rank, So their fictions brought convictions and the prisoner's chances sank.



THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

"ONE HUNDRED PENNY CIGARS. THAT WILL BE EIGHT-AND-FOURPENCE, PLEASE, MADAM."

"THANK YOU. NOW WILL YOU JUST PUT THEM IN A FLOR DE CUBA BOX; BECAUSE THAT'S THE ONLY SORT MY HUSBAND REALLY CARES FOR!"

Yet again said gentle Justice, "I will let him speak himself, Nor restrict him, hapless victim, to a tongue that pleads for pelf."

So she took away the muzzle which was seldom known to fail, And his stammer went to hammer in his coffin one more nail; But he still could tell the jury, "I am poor and cannot pay Huge expenses for defences as a richer person may"— 'Twas the only trump-card left him, but it even yet might win On occasion his evasion from the consequence of sin.

Then a last time kindly Justice: "Never, never let it be Said or written that in Britain I'm a thing of £ s. d. Let the State provide him counsel, let her stick at no expense To befriend him and defend him with the rarest eloquence." Cruel kindness! for no longer as a victim can he pose Of a system which dismissed him undefended to his woes— When he's every opportunity, the chance that's left him still Of acquittal, lately little, now is practically nil.

Stage Actuality.

SCENE—*His Majesty's Theatre during an Interval.*

First Stalled Lady. Isn't it wonderfully realistic? I can't think how any critic can say it's not like the actual thing.

Second Stalled Lady. Nor can I. And a friend of mine who is just back from the Far East says that Mr. TREE has quite caught the Japanese accent.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

If Mr. JAMES MACLAREN COBBAN had bestowed a trifle more care on construction when developing the well-imagined plot of *The Iron Hand* (JOHN LONG), he would have given us a story, not less absorbing, but far easier to follow through its various scenes. Pity that to this author it should be so difficult to keep out of his romance a kind of inferior *Sherlock Holmes*, instead of taking the trouble to invent a brand-new type exactly suited to his purpose. The characters are well devised, the dialogue is generally to the point; and the action throughout stimulates the reader's curiosity.

In *The American Prisoner* (METHUEN) Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS makes a new departure from the novels that have justly established his fame. It and they have in common the plains and hills of Dartmoor and the vigorous life of Dart. In his latest work Mr. PHILLPOTTS has essayed a more elaborate plot, which takes longer in working out, and demands fuller muster of *dramatis personæ*. My Baronite cannot say it lures him from his early love, *The River*. But it is a masterful book, grounded upon historical interest, full of dramatic episodes, enriched by the talk of rustics recalling THOMAS HARDY at his best. One of the strongest characters is *Lovey Lee*, the gipsy miser with a capacity for miscellaneous crime perhaps not rare in woman. *Peter Norcot* is another type of villain drawn with strong sure hand. Apart from rustic humour the sombreness of the story is relieved by the nobility and self-sacrifice displayed by the half-gipsy youth, *John Lee*. In sternly realistic manner the narrative recalls scenes in Merrie England during the time of the titanic struggle with NAPOLEON.

To their series of *Highways and Byways* Messrs. MACMILLAN have added a volume on Sussex. Mr. E. V. LUCAS supplies the letterpress, which is charmingly and liberally illustrated by Mr. FREDERICK GRIGGS. The work is less a guide-book than prattle, light but learned, about the districts dealt with. As Mr. LUCAS puts it in happy phrase, his aim has been rather to gather a Sussex bouquet than to present facts to the prosaic traveller. The result is a charming volume. My Baronite fancies the next best thing to going on a little tour through Sussex is to sit down and read Mr. LUCAS's chat about its highways and byways, the eye dwelling with pleasure on the sketches of Mr. GRIGGS.

Thoroughly appreciating the lightness of touch and the delicacy of humour that are the characteristics of Mr. ARCHER's journalistic work, the Baron hailed with pleasure the appearance of a volume from his pen entitled *Real Conversations* (HEINEMANN), to which he expected to find some sub-title qualifying the descriptive adjective. But he was disappointed: it turns out to be a plain though not very simple record of his dialogues with various persons, most of whose names are as household words to all who, in England at least, are in any way conversant with literature and drama. Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER pays twelve visits and (alas, the word!) "interviews" twelve different persons, each one in his own home. We know now what Mr. ARCHER says when he calls upon Mr. PINERO, how he commences a conversation with Mrs. CRAIGIE or with Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, and how pleased Mr. W. S. GILBERT appears to have been to receive the genial interviewer at his country house: and so with all his other smiling victims. Well, this sort of thing is a matter of taste; as JEREMY BENTHAM puts it, "it may not be my taste nor your taste, but I have no right to condemn it as bad taste." The last (but one or two) of the Barons, is content to let it rest at this; and

personally, he will rejoice to hear the last of "The Last of the Interviewers."

L. T. MEADE's story of *Nurse Charlotte* (JOHN LONG) is pathetically interesting, and told with charming simplicity. The Baron takes it for granted that the author's graphic sketches of Hospital work (which, as being quite free from anything approaching false sentimentality, are neither particularly attractive nor peculiarly repellent) are true to life. If so, the moral of this portion of the story will serve an excellent purpose.



NOTE ON A RECENT APPOINTMENT.

THERE was a French piece produced some few years ago entitled *Les Deux Gosses*, played at the *Ambigu*, a theatre nominally most appropriate for its production, there being evidently a certain ambiguity about the title. Of course, there never were *Deux Gosses*—il n'y en a qu'un, and that is EDMUND GOSSE, author of, amongst some twenty volumes of prose and verse, "*Gosse sips in a Library*," so suggestive of not drinking too deep of the Pierian spring; and now, having been appointed Librarian to the House of Lords, he will be able to indulge to the full his thirst for knowledge. For his rare wit and humour Mr. GOSSE was created a Knight of the Royal Norwegian Order of St. Olaf, the patron, as the sound of the name implies, of merriment. Mr. GOSSE speaks French like a Frenchman, English like an Englishman, German as well as a German, and in various other languages he can lecture, converse, write poetry and prose. And with all these accomplishments his taste is purely Gossemopolitan.

LITTLE FARCES FOR THE FORCES.

THE NEW ARMY COUNCIL.

SCENE I.—*The ante-room to the Council Chamber at the Horse Guards. The Four Military Members are chatting together rather nervously.*

First Member. Everything is to be after the strict Admiralty pattern, I understand. I do hope we shall not be asked to go to sea in the *Enchantress*.

Second Member. I trust not; I suffer very severely from *mal de mer*. I have had an anchor tattooed on my forearm to give local colour, and am using a strap with my overalls instead of braces in order to hitch them up occasionally. I trust that will give the necessary seafaring touch to my appearance.

Third Member (producing a telescope). I have brought this with me to carry under my arm. I have never seen any distinguished sailor painted without one.

Fourth Member. I proposed to rub my hands this morning with a pennyworth of tar and to chew a quid, but my wife dissuaded me.

First Member. We shall smoke long churchwardens and drink hot rum-and-water, I presume.

Second Member. I think that is only done in *Black-eyed Susan*.

Third Member. A great command of nautical language is no doubt necessary.

Fourth Member. I have memories of some of MARRIAT's novels.

[A Messenger attired as a Margate Pier Official appears, touches his cap and tells the Four Military Members



BETWEEN THE ACTS.

Governess. "WELL, MARJORIE, HAVE YOU DONE CRYING?"

Marjorie. "No—I HAVEN'T. I'M ONLY RESTING!"

that the Secretary of State awaits them in the State Cabin. The Fourth Member says "Ay, ay" feebly, and they follow the Messenger through the door.

SCENE II.—The interior of the Council Chamber, which is decorated with stars of cutlasses, chain shot, captured naval ensigns, handspikes and coils of rope. The Secretary of State for War, in a frock-coat with epaulettes stitched on to it, a patch over one eye, and a cocked hat with skull and cross-bones on it, sits at the head of a long table with a cutlass, a sextant, and a book of Admiralty Regulations before him. The Financial Secretary and Permanent Under-Secretary, similarly disguised, sit at the other end.

Secretary of State (as the Military Members enter). Ship ahoy! Bring yourselves to an anchor, my brave lads.

First Member. Ay, ay, Mate. I'll pick up my moorings here. [He sits.]

Secretary of State (to Second Member). Go under the Under-Secretary's stern and haul up alongside here.

Second Member. Ay, ay. England expects that every man— Ay, ay, Sir. [Sits.]

Secretary of State. You other sons of sea cooks sling your hammocks where you like.

Third Member. Then we'll bring up with a round turn where we are.

[They sit.]

Secretary of State. How many bells have gone?

Permanent Under-Secretary. Eight, your honour.

Secretary of State. Make it so! (With change of manner) Gentlemen, you will pardon me if my nautical language fails me, but I have a horror of the sea and all appertaining to it. However, with the assistance—the kind assistance—of the experts who secured the NELSON statuette, I have transformed this room into an exact model of the Admiralty Board Room, and I congratulate you on your striking resemblance to Lords of the Admiralty.

[The Members rise and bow.]

First Member. We reciprocate your sentiments unanimously.

Secretary of State. We shall naturally proceed at once to remodel the Army on the lines of the Navy.

Third Member. I would suggest that Army Corps should be hereafter known as Fleets.

Fourth Member. A General transmuted

to an Admiral will ipso facto become an efficient officer.

Second Member. And the substitution of "A Life on the Ocean Wave" for "The British Grenadiers" will enable Tommy the Handy Man to go anywhere and do anything.

Secretary of State. The Hornpipe will of course be taught both at Sandhurst and at Woolwich, and I have instructed the Clothing Department at Pimlico in future to cut the biennial issue of trousers tight at the knee and loose over the shoe. I feel sure that the pæan of delight with which the country has received the conversion of the War Office into an Admiralty will be repeated if we can only make of the Army a first-class Steam Reserve. Now to details.

[They become absorbed in details.]

LATEST FROM THE FAR EAST.—It is semi-officially stated that as a result of her efforts to obtain an ice-free outlet Russia has already succeeded in getting into warm water, but is still searching for the way out.

SPORTING MOTTO.—"Give a fox a bad name and hunt him."



Loafer.—"WOULD YOU KINDLY OIMME A SUBSCRIPTION, MADAM, FOR A SOCIETY AS I BELONGS TO?"

Lady. "WHAT'S THE SOCIETY?"

Loafer. "IT'S—ER—WELL, IT'S A PUBLIC SOCIETY. WE ENTERS 'OUSES, MADAM, FOR THE PURPOSE O' PUTTIN' DOWN THE DRINK."

SYMPATHISING WITH JAPAN.

EVERYONE is, or ought to be, praising "the plucky little Japs." No one, not even the *New York Herald* writers, could admire the methods of government and diplomacy which prevail in Russia. But the idiots in a provincial theatre, who hissed some quite inoffensive performers because they were Russians, were sublime in their stupidity. If our neutrality, combined with reasonable personal sympathy for Japan, is to be displayed in this manner, we may soon expect to read such items of news as the following:—

A fearful scene was witnessed yester-

day evening at the Amphitryon Restaurant. One of the diners ordered some caviare. The waiter explained that caviare was no longer served. The gentleman complained to the head waiter, who offered him Japanese rice instead. By this time the dispute had attracted the attention of the other diners, who rose in a body. When peace was restored, the unfortunate gentleman was rescued from a position of great discomfort under a broken table, and proved not to be a Russian at all, but a Mr. JOHN ROBINSON of London.

Yesterday a lady walking in the Park was followed by a hooting crowd. The

police, after repeatedly charging the mob, saved her from attack. It was then discovered that she was supposed to be wearing a mantle of Russian sable. However, when she explained that it was only imitation, and almost certainly made in London, the crowd cheered her loudly and dispersed.

A bootmaker's shop in Oxford Street was entirely wrecked the night before last. Just as the magistrates were about to send for the military and read the Riot Act, the cause of the tumult was explained. It appeared that a pair of brown boots in the window was labelled "Best Russia." A passer-by, assuming these words to imply the superiority of the Muscovite Empire, for he was too excited to notice the boots, raised a cry of indignation, and the building was almost completely wrecked before the mistake was made clear.

A gentleman of studious appearance, and wearing spectacles, was yesterday observed to be reading the English translation of a novel by Tolstoi in a District Railway train. The other occupants of the compartment nearly tore his clothes off his back, and threw him out on the platform at South Kensington station. It was then found that he was a schoolmaster at Ealing, and not a Russian professor, as was supposed.

The establishment of a provision merchant and grocer at Brixton was burnt down yesterday evening, after an extraordinary outbreak of popular violence. It appears that he sold eggs at various prices, and that a customer, who had bought some of the cheapest quality, stated publicly, or in a public-house, that they were imported from Russia. About seven hours later, in the early hours of the morning, when the building was entirely gutted, and the mob was kept back by the infantry drawn up at the end of all the neighbouring streets, the grocer was able to prove, to the satisfaction of the police authorities, that the eggs were new-laid and came from Canada.

Without waiting for the Borough Council to take action, the residents in St. Petersburg Place, Bayswater, fearing popular violence, have removed all the inscriptions of the name in that street, and have substituted the words "Tokio Terrace."

A New Vogue.

Lady Caller. Is Mrs. HAMILTON at home?
Maid. No, Mum.

Lady Caller. But I thought this was her "at home" day.

Maid. So it used to be, Mum, but she's had no time for it since she took up Cruelty to Children.



“CATCH AS CATCH CAN.”

RUSSIAN BEAR. “HERE! I SAY, AVAST HEAVING! I WASN'T READY!”



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, February 8.—Have often observed that depth of dulness is plumbed in Commons when it enters upon debate with long preparation. Here we are at last unmuzzled, as Mr. G. said when in an earlier century he, thrown out at Oxford University, went down to Lancashire. Last Session none of us dared open our mouth on the Fiscal Question under pain of PRINCE ARTHUR's shocked displeasure. Members grew accustomed to beholding sudden transformation. One moment he would be sitting smiling, debonair, on Treasury Bench. Someone, greatly daring, asked him what Ministers were going to do about DON JOSÉ's scheme of Fiscal Reform. Instantly transfiguration took place. Secret was disclosed that behind a smiling countenance PRINCE ARTHUR hid an angry face. His anger was terrible to look upon.

By and by it became the practice of Members about to put the question to assume a position equivalent to being in laager. On the Opposition side the brothers WASON found themselves in singular request. At question time their company was sought with a pertinacity that became embarrassing. No one is quite certain which is the loftier height. Clackmannan claims pre-eminence for EUGENE; Orkney and Shetland swear (in Gaelic) for CATHCART. However that be, there is historical record that united height of Bounding Brothers is 12 ft. 6 ins. and their aggregate weight 36 stone 5 lbs. avoirdupois. To whatever lengths PRINCE ARTHUR's anger might carry him, howsoever his eyes might flash, his brow frown, a man firing off a question about Fiscal Policy entrenched behind either WASON was physically safe.

These little manœuvres no longer necessary. Yester year, driven into a corner by DON JOSÉ's activity, having, as he frankly admitted, no settled convictions on question of Fiscal Reform, PRINCE ARTHUR hit upon happy device of appointing departmental committee of inquiry. It was a sort of Vehmgericht, meeting in secret. Few knew where, not many could repeat the names of the Members composing it. What the House of Commons knew only too well was that as long as this dread inquest was going forward no Member must speak of Fiscal Reform in hearing of Prime Minister.

Little game now played out. Embargo removed; the most inconsiderable Member may say "Fiscal Reform" without danger of losing his head. Nay, amendments may be moved and Ministers are boldly challenged to declare on which side of the fence they mean to descend. It is true that, owing to accidents all deplore, there is no one



"HEAR, HEAR!" FROM THE DUKE.

"Mr. Chamberlain possesses in marked and peculiar degree the genius of friendship."

to reply. Let us be thankful for small mercies. It is at least something to have regained the privilege of being allowed to ask.

It must be confessed that the Millennium has brought not ecstasy but depression. Already on this, the first, night of the far-trumpeted advance in battle array, Members on both sides are yawning and wondering when it will be over. Only interesting feature in to-night's debate was to watch ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS trying to walk on both sides of the way. An avowed Free Trader, he cannot enrol himself under the flag unfurled by DON JOSÉ. JOHN MORLEY's amendment, before the House to-night, is aimed directly at the twentieth century Unauthorised Programme. But, being cast in the form of an amendment to the Address, it is technically a vote of no confidence in Ministers. If carried, they must go, and C.-B. would march in.

Now ST. MICHAEL has a horror of C.-B. that finds no justification in that much-abused statesman's character or career. To the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer he is what the historical sherry, advertised as an antidote to gout, was to Lord

DERBY's grandfather. As between C.-B. and Protection ST. MICHAEL has tried both and prefers Protection. So, having extorted applause from the Opposition by hesitating dislike of DON JOSÉ's policy, he sat down amid ringing cheers from Ministerialists hailing his declaration that he would vote against the amendment which denounced it.

Business done.—Debate on Fiscal Reform dully opened.

Tuesday night.—Except the MEMBER FOR SARK and the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD few Members in present House were present at the historic scene when Major O'GORMAN made his maiden speech. It was à propos of NEWDEGATE's annual motion relating to conventual institutions. Desirous of enabling his audience to realise enormity of proposition the Major attempted to sink his thunderous voice to a feminine whisper, put on mincing manner, and related imaginary conversation between a Nun of Royal birth and one of NEWDEGATE's inquisitors.

Said the Nun (according to the Major), "My sire is a king; my mother was the daughter of the sixth JAMES of



THE MARIONETTES AT LOGGERHEADS.

In the absence of the master-hand the wires would appear to have got a bit mixed, and the figures are all dancing different steps.

(Mr. G-r-l-d B-l-f-r and Mr. Alfr-d L-t-t-l-n.)

Scotland and the first JAMES of England. His mother, Sir, was Queen Regent of Scotland—"

The Major climbed no higher up the genealogical tree. Laughter grew so boisterous the Nun was inaudible, even when she roared in the Major's natural voice.

Since that far-off time—it was thirty years ago next June—House has heard nothing more delicious than ROWLAND HUNT's speech. Don't know the gentleman; never saw him before; evidently a recent importation; certainly his maiden speech; carefully prepared, fully written out, read with unction. First thing that attracted House was emphasis with which, after consulting MS., he declared the line, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Seem to have heard it before. Quite new to HUNT, who looked round searchingly to see how the novelty struck Members.

"I know a man," he added a few minutes later. This not unusual in individual cases. Long, anxious pause followed, HUNT looking up his man through disarranged leagues of manuscript. House, now on the alert, eagerly awaited introduction. And what a man he was when found! Had set forth on a voyage, whether to Southend or more distant Margate not mentioned. On the voyage a great change was wrought. Stepping on board a Free Trader, the starry silent firmament, the illimitable, inscrutable sea, the changed circumstances of his sordid life, worked a miracle.

He came back a convinced Chamberlainite.

This impressive. Mr. HUNT could be

sarcastic too. His voice vibrated with scorn when he pictured "the spirit of the mighty COBDEN, quitting his home in some distant star, returning to earth to find his ancient foibles no longer predominant."

Climax reached in passage almost a paraphrase of Major O'GORMAN's glowing prose.

"Seated under one of England's mighty oaks," observed Mr. HUNT, turning over a fresh page, "was an ancient Druid. There came by BOADICEA, Briton, Warrior, Queen, her back seared with the Roman lash."

BOADICEA's remarks and the Druid's rejoinder were unfortunately lost in the prolonged shout of laughter that followed. Mr. HUNT, looking up over the rim of his manuscript, regarded uproarious scene with curious interest. What on earth were they laughing about? Couldn't imagine. However, this was the prize passage in his essay; cost him a lot of work. They should have it all. So he pounded along, mixing up the Druid with COBDEN, BOADICEA with DON JOSÉ, whilst Members rolled on their seats in paroxysm of laughter.

Business done.—Further debate on JOHN MORLEY's amendment.

Friday night.—That was high praise, finely phrased, that JOHN MORLEY bestowed upon DON JOSÉ. "He possesses in marked and peculiar degree the genius of friendship." *Experientia docet.* J. M., as he said, has known DON JOSÉ during half a lifetime, and has within that period had opportunity of testing friendship's varying moods. As COUNTY GUY discovered when he differed from his Unionist

ally on the question of Free Trade, adhesion to DON JOSÉ's views at a particular epoch is indispensable to maintenance of friendly relations.

With that reservation the tribute paid in the House on Tuesday night was well deserved. Relentless as an enemy, DON JOSÉ is priceless as a friend. He will do anything, and, what is sometimes even more valuable, will insist upon others doing something, for faithful adherents. There is a touch of pathos in his relations, running back for more than thirty years, with the late POWELL WILLIAMS and the happily still living JESSE COLLINGS.

"My dear TOBY," he once said to me, "you may gird at me as you like; say what you please. I don't care. But I do beg you as a personal favour not to hold up to ridicule JESSE COLLINGS or POWELL WILLIAMS."

Rarely has friendship laid on a coffin so costly a garland as was placed on that of POWELL WILLIAMS by the hand of a statesman who on the Continent is regarded as a sort of man-eating ogre, who by a large section of the public at home is looked upon as a relentless, adamantine-hard, self-seeking politician, eager only to serve his own ends, relentless in trampling down any who stray in the way. On the eve of a great Parliamentary battle, where he alone had skill and strength to withstand a combined attack personally directed against him, eager as ever for the delight of battle, conscious of the value of this last opportunity of defining and defending his position, he withdrew



ANOTHER UNCONSCIOUS HUMORIST.

"Seated under one of England's mighty oaks, Mr. Speaker, was an ancient Druid—"

(Screams of laughter.)

(Mr. R-wl-nd H-nt.)



LOGIC.

Scout Party. "WHAT! NO ROOM! AIN'T THAT MAN JUST GOT OUT? IF PEOPLE CAN GET OUT, PEOPLE CAN GET IN!"

from the fight, shrinking from breaking the silence of his old friend's newly-dug grave by the brawl of political faction.

There is nothing novel or surprising in this for those who know Don José behind the veil of private life. It will, I fancy, strike an unexpected chord in the public breast.

Business done.—Still harping on the MORLEY amendment.

CHARIVARIA.

UNIVERSAL indignation is expressed in Russia that Japan should have commenced hostilities without consulting Russia as to whether the date was a convenient one.

War is a very terrible thing, but I fancy we all agree with the *Daily Mail*, that better war than that the *Daily Mail's* forecast as to the inevitability of the conflict should have proved wrong.

A correspondent complains of the difficulty of getting hold of a Japanese flag. The Russians are experiencing a similar difficulty.

The CZAR has been kissed by a large body of naval cadets. Our natural prejudice in favour of our own allies still leaves us some humane feelings for the other side, and we therefore proffer to His Majesty our respectful sympathy.

The latest war news is that Holland will be neutral, also Switzerland, and that Monaco and Sahara will, of course, play the game.

It seems to be the eternal misfortune of Russia to be misunderstood. The Blue Book on Tibet which has just been published shows that a Russian Mission to that country, as to which our Government had its suspicions, proved on inquiry at St. Petersburg merely to have been sent to convey the hope that the DALAI LAMA was very well to-day.

An Alien has bequeathed £300,000 to the London hospitals. A Desirable Alien.

Mr. REDMOND is stated to have asked for a day to be set apart for the discussion of the Cause of the Deterioration in Limericks.

Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL has been asking a question in the House to show his disapproval of the wholesale destruction of stores by the military authorities at Durban. That other anxious inquirer, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who had a regrettable experience at St. Albans (Hurts), holds



FRENCH TOURIST, ON A VISIT TO LONDON FOR THE FIRST TIME, MAKES A NOTE IN HIS POCKET-BOOK OF THE NAME OF THE STREET IN WHICH HIS HOTEL IS SITUATED.

that, if there were any eggs among the stores, the destruction was entirely justifiable.

An aged Malay trader, on trial for attempted murder at Capetown, confessed to having had twenty-seven wives. The fact was mentioned in mitigation of punishment.

We would respectfully draw the attention of *Truth* to a disgraceful case of 5,200 per cent. per annum being charged in respect of a loan. A small boy borrowed a penny, and the lender—another boy—made it a condition that the borrower should pay him twopence for it at the end of a week.

"Spring hats have already made their appearance," says a writer on "Dress and Fashion." For ourselves we cannot imagine a lady looking attractive in a Gibus.

A Cardiff gentleman has issued a sheet entitled, "How to tell the time by the stars to the fifth of a second every night for ever and ever." A rival publication is promised which will give the same information for ever and ever and ever.

The *World* has come to the conclusion that Woman is not clubable. We thought that it had always been conceded that it is bad form to hit a woman.

"PLAIN LIVING."

"QUITE SERIOUS," in the *Daily Mail*, writes on the subject of University allowances:—"I should like to say that many undergraduates are living respectably and comfortably on £700 a year—certainly at the smaller colleges." Mr. Punch has received the following additional letters on this subject:—

SIR,—You will be surprised to learn that last year I only overdraw my father's allowance to me, of £650 a year, by £400. After this can it be honestly said that the old Universities are expensive? My father is a country parson, and has only nine sons. *Verbum suff.*, as we say in the "Little-Go."

Yours, &c.,

ECONOMY IN SMALL THINGS.

SIR,—I am glad this correspondence has been opened. It will do good. Undergrads at the 'Varsity are needlessly swindled. Thus my tailor's account in my first year for fancy waistcoats was £47. I determined to economise, and found in my second year that my bill for the same necessity only touched £43 10s., and for that sum I obtained sixteen of them. This saving involved hardly any deprivation.

Yours, &c., CAREFUL.

SIR,—The question entirely hangs on the style of motor-car you go in for. Personally I have found that keeping the hobby within due limits and only having three of them considerably decreases one's expenses. One can hardly include the initial outlay of £1870 as an annual expense. I give an epitome of my last year's expenditure at College. It will show how a young man of simple tastes may live, if he wishes, comparatively cheaply.

	£	s.	d.
Clothes	118	10	0
Chauffeur's wages	93	12	0
Repairs to Motor-cars	277	8	0
Petrol	32	2	0
Private Dinners	101	10	11
Wine bill	69	2	0
Tobacconist's bill	82	7	4
Subscription to drag	30	0	0
Occasional visits to Town	233	8	0
Proctor's fines	17	13	4
Private coaching for "Little-Go" (this might easily be sacrificed)	9	9	0
	£1065	2	7

Yours, SIMPLICITY.

P.S.—This excludes a few misfortunes I had in Turf matters.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XI.—CAN MILLIONAIRES LIVE ON £250 A YEAR?

SCENE—*The Mint.*

PRESENT:

*Lord Burnham (in the Chair).**Sir Ernest Cassel.**Sir Thomas Lipton.**Mr. Pierpont Morgan.**Mr. Bradley Martin.**Mr. Andrew Carnegie.**Mr. C. Arthur Pearson.**Mr. L. G. Lozzo Money.**Mr. Rockefeller.*

Lord Burnham. Gentlemen, I recently read in an American paper that Senator WIGGS of Oklahoma had declared that no self-respecting citizen ought to have more than 1000 dollars a year. Coming so close upon Mr. JOHN BURNS'S famous dictum that no man's services were worth more than £500 a year, this statement has naturally created a great sensation on both sides of the Atlantic. I have therefore convened this meeting to discuss the question, which is bound to throw a flood of light on the Fiscal controversy, —Is it possible to live on £250 a year?

Mr. Rockefeller. I think the advantages of a strictly limited income are greatly overlooked. Think of the pleasure of being exempt from begging letters.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Or from the necessity of founding free libraries.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Or from putting your trust in steel.

Sir Thomas Lipton. Or from yachting.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson. Or from gilt-edged food. Personally, I should prefer a cup of cocoa at the Express Dairy Company.

Mr. Lozzo Money. I wonder what it feels like to be really hard up—to be in want of a good meat meal.

Mr. Rockefeller. I don't know. You see, I'm a vegetarian, and no ROCKEFELLER was ever stony. The wheels of life have with us been well oiled from the beginning.

Lord Burnham. Wealth certainly has its drawbacks, and it has its duties too.

Sir Ernest Cassel. Yes, indeed. Not only in life, but in death.

Mr. C. A. Pearson. In the case of the affectionate millionaire the prospect of translation to another and better world loses half its charm when he thinks of the extortions to which his heir will be subjected.

Mr. Bradley Martin. The so-called poor man does not know the misery of preparing for a fancy-dress hall.

Sir Ernest Cassel. The poor man and the rich man, however, I have noticed, meet on common ground much oftener than the hurried observer supposes. No matter how one tries, it is impossible to pay more than a penny for a box of matches.

Lord Burnham. Or for the *Daily Telegraph.*

Mr. Bradley Martin. I have done all I could to induce the firms to bring in a gold-tipped match, but without effect.

Mr. Lozzo Money. It is very difficult to pay more than twopence for a glass of beer.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Indeed? The beer industry must be looked into.

Mr. Carnegie. Many a Bank clerk on the income named has a larger store of



Customer (who has ordered a book). "HAVE YOU GOT THE ENCYCLOPEDIA?"
New Assistant. "OH NO, SIR! IT'S NOTHING INFECTIOUS!"

neckties than I can ever aspire to. I should put down the requirements of a millionaire in the matter of neckties at not more than fifteen shillings a year.

Mr. Rockefeller. Unless of course one must have cigars, I should fix the tobacco limit at about two shillings a week. There is no reason why a millionaire should smoke two pipes at once.

Lord Burnham. A millionaire does not need more boots than an ordinary person. Indeed he could do with fewer than, say, a postman or a shop-walker.

Mr. Lozzo Money. Yes, and you can now get very useful india-rubber things to prolong the life of a sole for some weeks.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan. True; and have you seen that admirable device for preserving cuffs by covering them during the day with note-paper fastened with a clip?

Sir Ernest Cassel. It comes to this, that if we except yachting, picture collecting, entertaining, deer-stalking, racing, owning newspapers, opera syndicates, and dining at the Carlton, the millionaire and the ordinary man have identical tastes.

Mr. Bradley Martin. In other words, after deducting the cost of such special expenses as appertain inseparably to the millionaire class, their expenditure is the same as that of the man in the street.

Sir Ernest Cassel. Yachting, for example, could not be given up by a millionaire any more than his extra supply of Saturday soap by a chimney sweep. It is a case of luxuries becoming necessities.

Mr. Lozzo Money. Even DIOGENES, poorest of cynics, had his tub.

Lord Burnham. It is not as if it is any pleasure either to the millionaire to yacht or the sweep to wash. Seasickness is no respecter of Bank balances.

Mr. C. A. Pearson. Deer-stalking again is a fatiguing series of disappointments; yet we must do it.

Sir Thomas Lipton. There is no slave like the millionaire. For my part I feel the bondage so acutely that I make a point of never joining in "Rule Britannia."

Mr. Pierpont Morgan. She certainly doesn't rule the waves in the neighbourhood of Sandy Hook.

Sir Ernest Cassel. And the worst of it is, the millionaire, condemned by the iron laws of his class to do a number of things he does not care about, is debarred from the pleasures which he loves.

Mr. Carnegie. Ah yes, how true! I don't mind confessing that during the recent treasure-hunting craze I was filled with the desire to go out and find a disc. Not for £50, but for the fun of it.

Mr. C. A. Pearson. And did you?

Mr. Carnegie. No, I didn't dare. I might have been detected. Then what an outcry! I can see the headlines in the papers.

Mr. C. A. Pearson. Not in mine. *Noblesse oblige.*

Sir Thomas Lipton. The pit is the only part of a theatre that I really care for; yet I have to attend first-night performances in a box. There are lots of things one cannot see from a box.

Mr. Bradley Martin. I know a millionaire whose taste is wholly for chromolithographs; but his house is full of French impressionists.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan. That reminds me that an income such as that prescribed by the American incendiary who has brought us together (at, I may interpose, great inconvenience to myself) would seriously impede one's operations



THE ADVANTAGE OF EDUCATION.

M.F.H. (who has had occasion to reprimand hard-riding stranger). "I'M AFRAID I USED RATHER STRONG LANGUAGE TO YOU JUST NOW."
Stranger. "STRONG LANGUAGE? A MERE TWITTER, SIR. YOU SHOULD HEAR OUR MASTER!"

at Christie's. We should be confined as collectors almost exclusively to the works of the early Victorian R.A.'s.

Mr. Carnegie. And no more MILTON manuscripts!

Mr. Pearson. Would not Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's autographs do as well? I have several.

Lord Burnham. What then, gentlemen, is our decision? Shall we reduce our incomes to £250 a year—which, by the way, is about the interest at three per cent. on the Nobel Prize money—or shall we make a sacrifice and go on as we are?

[On a vote being taken, the company decided to go on as they were.]

SPARKLETS FROM THE SPRINTERS' CAZETTE.

Mental meat juice, stimulating and nutritious, distilled from the bulkiest brains of to-day.

WATT Ho!

No man was ever killed by reading a novel.—*Mr. A. P. Watt.*

A NORTHERN LIGHT.

Without energy and will power we can effect nothing.—*Leo Tolstoi (specially translated for the Bristol East Anglian).*

ACCURACY ABOVE ALL THINGS.

We must never forget that two and two make four.—*Sir Robert Giffen.*

NEED OF KNOWLEDGE.

Mother wit, minus a scientific education, is like a battleship without armour plates.—*Sir Norman Lockyer.*

THE PROPHECY OF A PASSIVE RESISTER.

What will be the issue of the grave and reprehensible struggle that has just commenced between Russia and Japan no one can yet tell.—*Dr. Clifford, on Sunday, February 14.*

WHAT A GREAT HUSTLER SAYS OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

I consider that, next to the initiation of the Missing Word Competition, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's advocacy of Tariff Reform is the greatest event of modern times.—*Mr. C. A. Pearson.*

A PEER'S DILEMMA.

I cannot say which affords me the more exquisite pleasure, to bring down the house by an effective exit or to break the bank at Monte Carlo.—*Lord Rosslyn.*

THE DEARTH OF GENIUS.

There is only one great poet living, and he is no longer young. It is a sad truth that the height of perfection is the beginning of decay.—*Mr. Alfred Austin.*

WHAT THE HISTORIAN OF THE MAMMOTH THINKS OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

The vindictive treachery of the Duke in attempting to stab Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in the back while holding up both his hands in sanctimonious horror, has fortunately no parallel in our political annals.—*Sir H. H. Howorth.*

EQUINE INCONSISTENCY.

A child may succeed without undue difficulty in inducing a two-year-old filly to approach the tank, but not all the trainers in Arabia could force her to imbibe its liquid refreshment against her will.—*The Paddock.*

THE LUMINOUS COMMENT OF A GREAT FINANCIER.

Directly we cross the frontier we may be said to set foot on foreign territory. An exception, however, must be made in the case of those who, like ourselves, live on an island.—*Lord Avebury.*

CHARIVARIA.

"HITHERTO," says the *Kölnische Zeitung*, "Russia has played first fiddle in the concert of Europe. Now the German Empire will play it." This should be a pleasant change from the customary Trumpet.

A correspondent, in a letter to a contemporary, asks whether at the present moment there are pro-Japs in Russia and pro-Russians in Japan, or is anti-Patriotism a purely British product? As a matter of fact, here is just the one point as to which the *Daily News* is willing to concede Great Britain's superiority.

It is not, we believe, generally known that the Government offered Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the use of a Protected Cruiser for his holiday trip, but the head of the Fair Trade party thought it would look like advertising.

When in Cairo Mr. CHAMBERLAIN paid a visit to the local Zoo. While there, it is said, a great wave of home-sickness passed over him as his thoughts wandered to the House of Commons.

"Owing to the clearness of the air," says the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, "conversation in the Arctic regions can be carried on by persons two miles apart." This explains why the inhabitants so bitterly oppose the introduction of cats into those parts.

A company has been formed in Paris with a capital of 350,000 francs to

establish a cemetery for domestic pets. The rent of a tomb will be five francs for dogs, cats, and birds, with a slight extra charge for elephants.

the result." We agree with the *Court Journal*.

While always ready to admire enterprising novelty in advertisement, we cannot help thinking that the following form of appeal is somewhat unfortunate:

GEMS FROM OUR
GERMAN GRAMMAR.

"Has the foster-brother of the butcher's great-aunt the tooth-ache? . . . No, but he has No. 1 of THE RAPID REVIEW."

The gentleman who, on the 14th inst., sent a valentine to a lady acquaintance bearing the inscription, "Darling, my heart's on fire," is to be proceeded against for Valentine and Arson.

Piccadilly is up, and St. James's Street is up, and visitors arriving in London imagine the Season has already begun.

"We are nearly all teetotalers in the business now," declared a publican in the Southport County Court last week. This is not the first complaint we have heard as to the quality of the liquor obtainable at the average public-house.

An article in a contemporary on

"Terrors of Modern Warfare" omits to mention the newspaper articles by Military and Naval Experts.

Everybody longing for April, when it is hoped we shall only have showers. Meanwhile those persons who had only put by for a rainy day are feeling the pinch of poverty.



ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

She. "BUT IF YOU SAY YOU CAN'T BEAR THE GIRL, WHY EVER DID YOU PROPOSE?"

He. "WELL, HER PEOPLE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN AWFULLY GOOD TO ME, AND IT'S THE ONLY WAY I COULD RETURN THEIR HOSPITALITY."

The *Court Journal*, in drawing attention to the fact that Charity Bazaars are going out of fashion, says, "An amateur Academy would surely prove a great attraction. If some hundreds of well-known people were to promise to paint a picture in the cause of charity, all London would rush to see

LETTING LOOSE THE WILD DUCKS OF WAR.

ULTIMATE source of England's vital sap!

Ye of the Press who trade in seasoned Truth
And find in this affair of Rußs and Jap

Dainties to touch the town's fastidious tooth,
Filling with spice of purple-hued despatches
The yawning void between Australian matches:—

'Tis not within my province to review

The methods you employ to raise the wind,
With what imposing colours you endure

The cause to which the people's faith is pinned,
Or how you gather, by instinctive gumption,
What suits you best for popular consumption.

Each to his taste; demand provokes supply;

The hook that Londoners elect to bite

Is baited with another brand of fly

Than that which titillates the Muscovite;

And from its local news each several nation
Sucks matter for profound felicitation.*

Yet, though you justly hold that wars are made

To serve the pressman's ends for primal use,

O'n, kindly bear in mind the fatuous raid

That checked the output of the fabled goose;

It was an act unspeakably absurd

To wring the neck of that auriferous bird.

Frankly, I think you started far too well;

Those early legends were a little stiff!

Shadows of doubt already dim your spell;

Men pass your posters by and shrewdly sniff.

What will be left to pique our sated senses

In two years' time—just when the War commences?

For, if I read my *Chronicle* aright,

That date will mark a full-accomplished feat;

In fact, the Russians, working noon and night,

Will have their commissariat complete;

And then, on one of these fine frosty days,

The struggle might assume an active phase.†

In yonder spacious times, when things will hum,

And larger breezes fill your fancy's sail,

The chance, if long deferred, will surely come

Of telling lies upon a loftier scale;

Meanwhile I would suggest the better course is

To hold your breath and husband your resources.

See, too, that if the Russian bides his hour

The smouldering ash may burst in redder flame;

A prudent print will therefore use its power

Farsightedly to urge the waiting game,

Nor bid the Christian Tartar sink his *credos*

On the receipt of five or six torpedoes.

But, most of all, eschew a martial air;

Beat not the tocsin like a butler's gong;

No doubt a general European flare

Would suit your book, but not for very long;

With German squadrons anchored off Blackfriars,

Your primrose path would soon be choked with briars.‡

Enfin, "beware of entrance" to a feud;

Adopt a more detached and neutral tone;

And imitate the blameless attitude

Of men like CAINE, who leave these things alone;

A bright ensample! Think what might have been

Had he encouraged Man to intervene! * O. S.

FOOTWEAR FANCIES.

(By the Expert Wrinkler.)

THE FULLY-FURNISHED FOOT.

I HAVE often been asked how many pairs of boots and shoes a gentleman should possess. After giving much thought to the subject I reply, forty. These are divided thus: ordinary pairs for walking, four black and two tan; shooting boots, two; spring-side Wellingtons for cub-hunting; silver-plated sand shoes for Trouville; a pair of Alpine waders for climbing the Wetterhorn; hob-nailed elephant-hide boots with shark-skin laces for receiving duns; other boots of various kinds; court shoes with paste buckles; and dancing pumps. The above are obligatory, but personally I keep a pair of full morocco Bluchers for calling at the *Times* Office. My friend Major Howe, who fought in Bhootan under Field-Marshal DOWIE, once remarked to me on the supreme importance of having enough boots, and I have never forgotten his advice.

UNDERSTUDIES FOR TREES.

The question then comes, Should one have separate trees for each pair? Being always, to the best of my ability, the friend of the economical, I say, No. There are various methods by which one may contrive inexpensive substitutes for trees. To fill the boot with moist plaster of Paris is a sure preservative of its shape, but to extract the cast is sometimes a little tedious. A better plan is to place a pair of shooting stockings in the boots and, after hermetically sealing them, to apply a bicycle pump and inflate them to their fullest extent, renewing the operation whenever the air seems to have escaped. The inventive mind will doubtless think of other expedients.

SANDALS NOT RECOMMENDED.

The fashion of wearing sandals has come in a good deal of late, but after giving them a good trial I have come to the conclusion that they are not suited to our climate in the winter months. As I was crossing the Strand one wet day in December one of my sandals came off, and, before I could recover it, was run over by an omnibus. In any case do not wear spats with sandals. Another point on which I am often consulted is whether one should wear yellow boots with a tall hat. My man, who is rather a purist in these matters, discountenances the habit, but, on the other hand, I have seen the Hon. REGIE DOUBLEWELT wearing the combination in question in Piccadilly. No hard and fast rule can be drawn: it all depends on the social status and position of the individual. I know a Guardsman who wears anatomical boots; on the other hand, Lord NETHERSOLE always shoots in patent leathers, and the Marquis of — skirt-dances in elastic sides. As the saying is, *de minimis nil nisi bonum*.

TO AVOID WET FEET.

An excellent preventive of the too rapid deterioration of the sole is to paint it morning and evening with a thick coat of creosote. It is also on wet days a good thing to fill the interstices between the soles and the uppers with

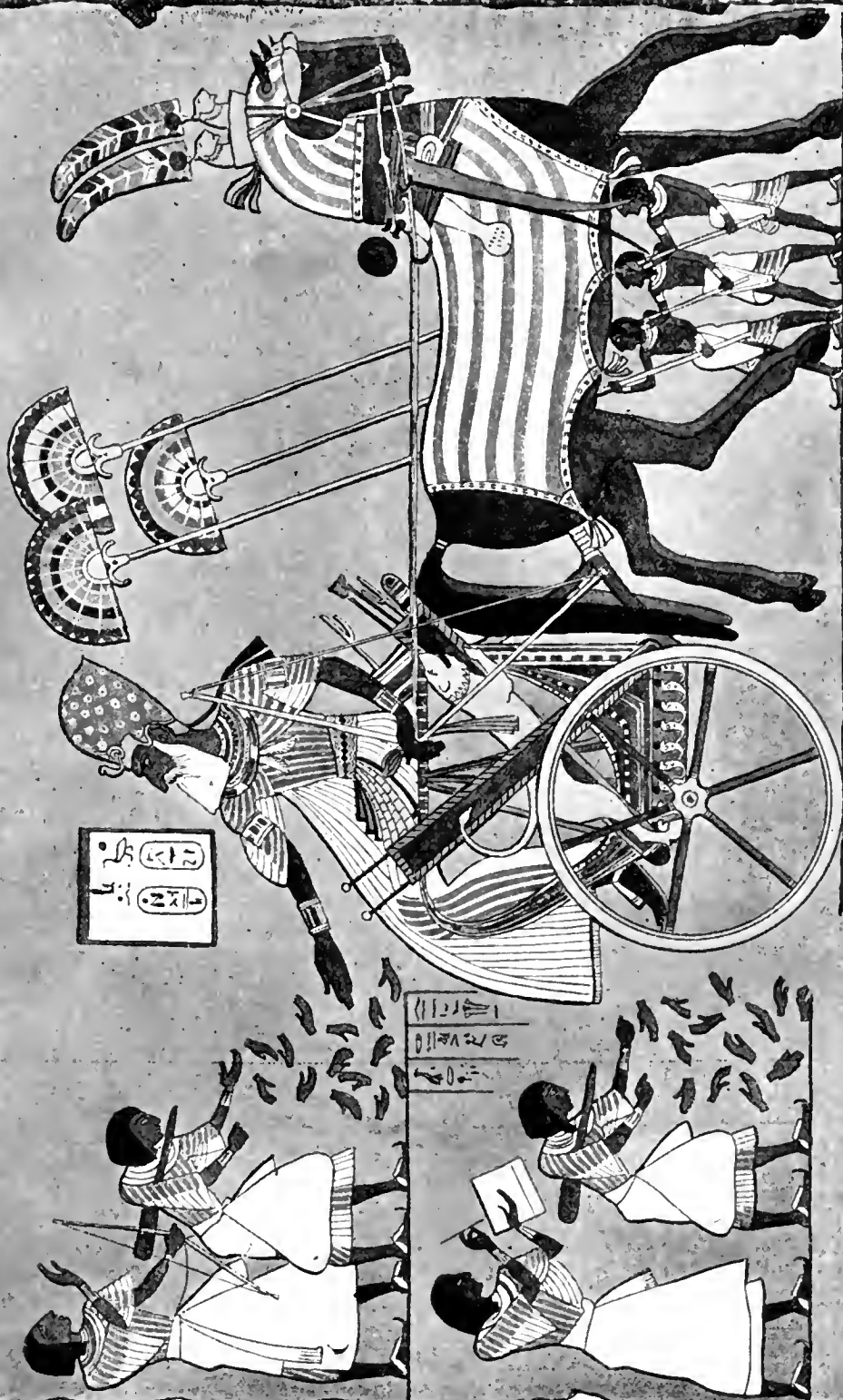
* "Admiral ALEXEIEFF is receiving congratulatory telegrams from all parts of Russia."—*Reuter's Agent at St. Petersburg*, February 17.

† "By the end of the second year we may expect to see the Russian troops take the field . . . with perfected commissariat and transport arrangements."—*Military Expert in "Daily Chronicle"*, February 18.

‡ "There was nothing to stop a German gun-boat from coming up the Thames except a few police boats."—*Admiral Close at the Royal United Service Institution*, February 17.

* "A proclamation has been issued in the Isle of Man commanding that the declaration of neutrality shall be strictly observed by the inhabitants."—*Daily Press*, February 18.

After the coloured sunk-relief from the great temple of RAMESES III., at MEDINET HABOO, near THEBES.



Benard Partridge.

PROGRESS!

EGYPT, c.1200 B.C. (UNDER RAMESES III.).

The Hatach Ramesses Mai Anun, of the 20th Dynasty, is represented in his chariot, attended by his fan-bearers, while the royal scribes count over the *number of hands cut from the*

DELTA CONGO, A.D. 1901 (UNDER LEONARD II.).

Each time the corporal goes out to get rubber, cartridges are given to him. He must bring back all not used, and for every one used he must bring back a *right hand*. — Report of



1877

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

putty, carefully blackened with Day and Martin. This will exclude much moisture. Or you may acquire from any builder a pint or so of damp course, to which has been added a sufficiency of some nigri-fying powder, such as triturated charcoal biscuits or granulated truffles. In fact no gentleman who knows his way about need suffer from wet feet.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF LARGE FEET.

One of the severest taxes on the purses of men with refined tastes but limited incomes is that entailed by the necessary outlay on boots. You know the French proverb, "With good boots no man ever was ill-dressed: with bad boots no man was ever well-dressed," and there is undoubtedly a great deal of truth in the maxim. Some men, however, are cruelly handicapped in the race of life. There was my friend, Sir ALGERNON TREADWELL, for example, one of the finest fellows who ever stepped, but his feet were so large that he had to put his trousers on over his head. They were, in fact, if I might venture on a pleasantry, regular cubic feet, and he was never at his ease in company or indeed anywhere until he emigrated to Colorado and received a large salary and a public testimonial for his efforts in crushing the beetle. Sir ALGERNON's boot bill was something tremendous. No good maker would build him a pair under three guineas, and when he was hard up—which was not uncommonly the case—he was sometimes driven to stay in bed for days at a time rather than venture forth in boots unsuited to his social status.

CHEAP BOOTS. A HAPPY DISCOVERY.

Hitherto I have set my face like a

flint against cheap boots. Letters have poured in containing agonised appeals to me to sanction the purchase of Abyssinian or Borneo boots at 7s. 6d. the pair. I have always replied that no self-respecting member of the Mayfair inner circle should think of paying less than half a guinea for his boots. But one lives and learns. Within the last week I have had a sample pair at 6s. sent me by the "Majestic" Boot Com-

pany. Do not speak of "goloshers."

DEBRET.—One's blood must be intensely blue before one can wear carpet slippers at a *levée*.

It is reported from America that a sun-fish has just been captured off the coast of California weighing a ton. The cable informing us that it was caught by a little boy with a piece of string and a bent pin has not yet come to hand.



American Hostess in London. "BUT WHY HAVEN'T YOU BROUGHT YOUR FIANCÉ?"

Guest (from Dakota). "I RECKON HE'S THROWN ME OVER. HE DON'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND OUR WAYS OUT WEST."

Hostess. "WHY, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE NOW?"

Guest. "NOTHING. I JUST ASKED HIM, 'SAY, WILL YOU LOVE ME ALWAYS, ALWAYS, EVEN AFTER WE'RE DIVORCED?'"

pany, which have emerged with distinction from a succession of the severest trials. On Monday morning I stood in them for half an hour in my bath without feeling the slightest sensation of cold or damp. In the afternoon I wore them at a medallion-digging picnic at Wormwood Scrubs, and in the evening at a subscription dance at Pinner. One peculiar merit of the "Majestic" boots is that they are not severely right and left, but can be worn indifferently on either foot, thus requiring only a single tree and not the customary forest. A superior quality with elastic sides and toecaps, at 6s. 6d., is also to be had, and is an extremely dressy type of footwear. Indeed, I cannot imagine a more useful christening gift or wedding present. The leather of the uppers is perhaps a little hard at first, but I got my man to wear them for a day or two, and they were thus thoroughly broken in before I put them on.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILLIE WORKIN-FAST.—No; natural wool socks should not be worn with pumps.

(K. BOOTLE).—Always remove your gums before entering the house on an afternoon call, but do not carry them into the drawing-room with

ROYALTIES I RECOLLECT.

By H-L-E V-C-R-S-O.

XLVII.—THE KING AND QUEEN OF PANTOMIMIA.

NEVER shall I forget the nerve-thrilling emotion with which, after duly presenting my credentials to one of the officials, I found myself inside the royal and ancient palace at Drörilehn-Boestriet, awaiting the entrance of that august couple, King SOLLEMM and Queen SPRITELY of Pantomimia.

A gaudy multitude has gathered in the splendid hall at the foot of the grand staircase; there is a pause; the hangings of the arch above part, a glittering *cortège* of pages and *dames d'honneur* descend, two by two. Then a flourish of silver trumpets, and, in a flash, the Queen has fallen down the entire flight of steps, and picked herself up with the serene nonchalance that only long habit can impart.

Must I confess that my first sensations were scarcely those which I usually experience in the presence of Royalty? The Queen has hardly a trace of the majestic bearing, hardly a hint of the easy dignity, that distinguish so many Sovereigns of my acquaintance. Her appearance is quaint, almost to homeliness. I had an instant intuition that my verses were not only unknown to her, but that probably she would be even unaware that they had had the honour of being crowned by the French Academy. It crossed my mind, indeed, that her Royal Consort must, like King COPHETUA of old, have chosen a bride who was not altogether his equal in rank.

But any suspicion of this kind was immediately put to flight by the arrival of the King. He came in, looking radiant, though very grave; he wore no smile on his massive countenance, though I fancied I could detect a twinkle of humour in the small, wonderful eyes, whose colour and depth reminded me of those *solitaires* in which twisted strands of blue and green are embedded, as prawns in translucent aspic.

The Queen's eyes, deep set and lustrous, with a fixed appeal in their dark, inscrutable gaze, are decidedly her best feature; the nose is too sharp and too highly coloured at the tip, the flexible mouth too wide to be strictly beautiful, and she evidently concerns herself very little about the style and arrangement of her *coiffure*. Still, hers is a face that cannot easily be forgotten by those who have ever been privileged to look upon it.

I was amazed by the extreme condescension and affability of her manner with her Court. On the evening when I had the honour of being admitted to her audience she entertained us all by an inimitable account of her previous matrimonial experiences, for it appears that she had been a widow at least once before His Majesty invited her to share his throne.

Her former husband had not, it seemed, borne the most exemplary of characters, and she even hinted that certain eccentricities on his part had been cruelly misunderstood by the police, but with a delightful freedom from false shame she kept her hearers in ripples of uncontrollable mirth by revealing matters on which most Sovereigns I have met would prefer to observe a discreet reticence.

Both she and the King speak the English tongue with perfect ease and fluency, and a complete mastery of colloquialisms, though with a perceptible accent.

His Majesty is a keen student of English politics, and has been known, so I was informed, to express fervent sympathy with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in his fiscal campaign; on this occasion, however, he was more guarded in his references to the subject.

He is a powerful if not a melodious vocalist, but affects the ballads of the people rather than more ambitious compositions.

Like other monarchs I might mention, King SOLLEMM is

addicted to frequent and rapid changes of costume. When I first saw him he was wearing a brown and gold Court suit, set off by the crown and Royal robes; on the next occasion his portly form was enveloped in a dressing-gown of startling hue and design.

Subsequently he was in a bold-patterned tourist suit, with a hat several sizes too small for him, appearing a little later clothed in a military uniform which I was unable to identify. Yet when again he met my view, to my unspeakable surprise another change of dress, another change of face and humour, was presented for our admiration; he was encased in a waterproof suit and diver's helmet.

From all I could gather, His Majesty is no *gourmet*, and is content with fare of the simplest description, his favourite *menu* being bloaters and beefsteak pudding.

The Queen exercises the strictest supervision over the household expenditure. I happened to be present at an informal visit which she paid to the Royal kitchen, where she held a consultation with her female *chef*, who is rather on the footing of an intimate friend than an ordinary domestic.

It was marvellous to see how searching was Her Majesty's scrutiny of every item in the accounts; not a detail escaped Her Majesty's comment—from the market price of tomatoes and potatoes to the excessive consumption of soap and lard; from the condition of a steak and kidney pie to the abnormal appetite of the Royal cat—a remarkably fine animal, by the way, of the rare breed which Pantomimia alone produces.

Later on, this same female *chef* and her son (a youth whose natural intelligence is refreshingly free from any precocious tendency) were honoured by the Royal command to play "Bridge" at their Majesties' own table—the Queen herself condescending to instruct them in the rules of the game. I was positively aghast at the want of tact and *savoir faire* with which the Minister of the Interior accused her Royal Mistress of a revoke—a *bêtise* that would, in at least one Court where, though a youthful foreigner, I have been treated like an honoured guest, have certainly been regarded as *lèse-majesté*.

Imagine my surprise on finding the offenders shortly afterwards included in the party on board the King's submarine house-boat!

I cannot conclude without making some reference to certain startling events which took place during my visit, and which for a time seemed likely to render the King and Queen permanent exiles from the throne and kingdom.

This was brought about by a mysterious usurper of obscure origin, who was alleged—though I cannot vouch for the authenticity of the statement—to have recently emerged from the interior of an egg. But the plot, which had something to do with the possession of a ring and the identity of a long-lost Princess, was so involved that I shall not attempt to unravel an intrigue which perhaps will never be completely understood except by those behind the scenes.

Fortunately, everything ended in the happiest possible manner, and when the Royal pair finally passed from our view they were bowing right and left in a blaze of colour, amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of the admiring multitude.

But even at that moment I could not restrain a half childish disappointment. Of all the many Monarchs by whom I have been entertained, these two were the only Sovereigns who had neither requested a copy of my Roumanian Ballads, nor entreated me as a boon to inscribe an original poem in their autograph book!

F. A.

O. P. GOSSIP.—It is reported that Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH is about to dramatise his novel *The Shaving of Shagpat* as a certain-razor.

LITTLE JACK IN A CORNER;

OR, THE INVISIBLE BOY OF ROSEDALE COURT.

A mystery in Four Acts now being played at the New Theatre.

"To be seen, but not heard," is the condition on which, from time immemorial, children are permitted by their parents and guardians to appear in the drawing-room when visitors are present. That a child should be neither seen nor heard may be a kindness to visitors; but would not such conduct be considered rather harsh on the part of the parents? Now the son of *Herbert* and *Sylvia Fitzallen*, called "*Little Jack*," on whom the whole plot of the play entitled *My Lady of Rosedale* really depends, is heard of throughout the piece from the First Act to the last, is affectionately alluded to, or, so to put it, "honourably mentioned," and yet never "gets a look-in!" The audience is on the tiptoe of expectation, anxiously expecting the appearance of this little person of considerable importance, aged seven, whose name they are surprised to find does not appear in the programme. This omission is naturally attributed by the spectators to a mere oversight, or to some printer's error easily remedied in the next issue. The old song, "*Jack's the boy to work, Jack's the boy to play*," seems specially applicable to this little chap, as, unless he be asleep, or at play, and he is always doing either one or the other, he is invariably represented as unable to come to his mother *Sylvia* (Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS), who is so devotedly attached to him that, apparently, she permits him for the greater part of the day to be out of her sight. May be, as a judicious mother, she does not wish to bore her friends by bringing him with her on a visit; but be that as it may, when the presence of *Master Jack* is most particularly requested, and when all the house, in the middle of the most interesting Third Act, is on tenterhooks of expectation for the entrance of this child of promise, the nursery governess, *Helen* (Miss LILIAS WALDEGRAVE), descends the steps of the terrace with the information that the bright boy in most joyous mood has been taken by his amiable father, as a great treat, for a drive with him in a dogcart. His mother is in despair, for her reckless ill-conditioned husband, from whom she is expecting to be legally divorced, has thus asserted his authority, and she may be compelled by maternal instinct to follow wherever her crafty worse-half may have taken their child. She does not even feel sure of ever seeing the boy again, and the audience sympathise with her most sincerely, for they have never seen the boy at all up to now, and now, if he does not turn up in the course of the last Act, they will have to leave without ever having caught a glimpse of this invisible child! Cruel on the mother, hard on the audience, unkind of the French author and English adapter, Monsieur ALFRED CAPUS and Mr. COMYNS CARR.

The Fourth Act is played, and not a sign of the boy! He is not lost; no—for value received, and because his father can do without his family ties, the boy is to be returned to his mother, with care, right side up, after the play is over; and his mother is to be free to go for her divorce and then to marry *Ralph Wigram* (Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM), the kind gentleman who has saved her credit at her banker's by giving thirty thousand pounds for a place worth about a third of that sum, with the female fixture, however, *Sylvia Fitzallen*, thrown into the bargain. *Voilà tout*. Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM makes the part fit him, and has a good scene or two with the somewhat unemotional *Sylvia*.

Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON may, in the course of the run, perhaps make more of scheming *Lady Prothero* than she did on the first night.

Both Miss MARY MOORE as *Lady Mordaunt*, and SYDNEY BROUGH as her husband, do and say nothing in particular in the most effective manner.



SUCH AN EXAMPLE.

Wife (to husband, who has barked his shins violently against the bed, and is muttering something to himself). "OH, JACK, HOW CAN YOU! SUPPOSING BABY WERE TO HEAR YOU!"

Mr. ALFRED BISHOP is excellent in one of his elderly gentleman parts, *Sir Arthur Prothero*, a judge.

Mr. NYE CHART and Miss LETTICE FAIRFAX excite as much placid interest in their characters as can be expected to be taken by third parties present in any ordinary pair of youthful lovers.

The one part that stands out from all the *dramatis personæ* is that of the scoundrel *Herbert Fitzallen*, most admirably played by Mr. EILEE NORWOOD.

The dialogue is good, as anything written by Mr. COMYNS CARR is sure to be. But we cannot but consider Messrs. CAPUS and CARR as two wicked uncles, who have barked the one babe in the wood, the unfortunate *Little Jack*, the Invisible Boy!

History Corrects Itself.

THE floods in the low-lying environs of Windsor have caused a question to be raised as to the authenticity of WELLINGTON's remark upon the cause of his victory at Waterloo. It now appears that the Iron Duke has been wrongly credited with a phrase which was after all only an adaptation from a *mot* of NELSON's, uttered just before his fatal wound; and that it was not the Battle of Waterloo, but that of Trafalgar, which was "won on the playing-fields of Eton."

WAR NOTE.—The "Czar of all the Russias" must not be confused with Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, who is known to admiring Tariff reformers as merely the "Prince of all the Hustlers."

THE *Daily Chronicle*, under the heading "*M.C.C. v. New South Wales: Fine Batting Display by KNIGHT*," said, "The wicked played admirably." Can this gallant KNIGHT be really so Black as he is painted?

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

"THE more one considers the question," remarked the Librarian of the House of Lords the other day, "the more is one amazed at the want of enterprise displayed by the publishers of the seventeenth century." Nothing could be truer. The result was that books, which now, if properly exploited in the advertisement columns of the *Westminster Gazette* and other journals, would sell in their thousands, then sold only in their tens.

Yet how much better for all concerned, manufacturer and consumer alike, had some of the really excellent literature of the time been rightly brought beneath public notice! As thus:—

It's no use talking. The only way to be *up-to-date* is to read the books of the season.

Cut out the following list and send it to your bookseller or librarian:—

HOLY LIVING. By JEREMY TAYLOR.

SAINTS' EVERLASTING REST. By RICHARD BAXTER.

SIGHS FROM HELL. By JOHN BUNYAN.

Do not neglect this opportunity of enriching your posterity.

Buy a First Folio

SHAKSPEARE

while they are cheap.

The price is sure to rise.

A Pantomime between Two Covers.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

By DANIEL DEFOE.

Don't be afraid of the title.

Ask your Bookseller for
THE ANATOMY OF
MELANCHOLY,

By ROBERT BURTON,
and see that you get it.

BEN JONSON, the famous playwright, after reading a chapter at the "Mermaid," remarked, "This Burton is Double X and no mistake."

THE SORROWS OF SATAN INDEED!

Read

PARADISE LOST.

By JOHN MILTON.

A distinguished gentleman who has seen this manuscript writes as follows:—

"A novel in blank verse may daunt frivolous minds, but this richly variegated Epic will appeal to intelligences of every calibre. In evidence of the thoroughly up-to-date character of the poem it may be noted that the tactics of aerial warfare are discussed in full detail. A touching feature in connection with the work is the fact that the author is afflicted with blindness, and, being unable owing to straitened circumstances to afford the luxury of a typewriter, dictated a great portion of his poem to the two Mrs. MILTONS."

READ THE EPIC BY A BLIND MAN.

At all Bookstalls.

FRAGMENTA AUREA.

By Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

N.B.—The rumour that this work has been Bowdlerised is totally without foundation. The publisher cannot think how it got about, but he is delighted to be able to contradict it.

The Book that beguiled a
Great Statesman.

Before leaving for the French Court yesterday the Duke of Buckingham was observed to alight at his favourite bookshop, and after a rapid examination of the shelves to take up

HYDRIOTAPHIA, OR URN
BURIAL.

By Sir THOMAS BROWNE.

On the news becoming known twenty copies were at once sold to gentlemen of the Court.

If you must lose your head,
do it with dignity.

Ready to-day at all the Libraries.

EIKON BASILIKÉ.

Was he Mad?

Read the new problem play,
HAMLET.

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

The publishers earnestly hope that no intending reader will be put off by the homely title of this superb and engrossing drama. No one who wishes to be in the movement, to know how smart society occupies itself and what intellectual people are thinking, can afford to be without it. Toxicology, parricide, duelling, private theatricals, the reform of the lunacy laws, phantasms of the dead, marriage with a deceased husband's brother, rat killing as a fine art—these are only a few of the topics treated in this record-breaking congeries of scalp-raising incidents and searching analysis.

A Genius at last.

An Epic Poem in 12 books.

KING ARTHUR.

By RICHARD BLACKMORE.

The publisher is confident that he has here discovered a work of enduring splendour. Too often have geese been mistaken for swans; there is no such error in the present instance! The publisher is convinced that long after MILTON and SPENSER are forgotten the epic of *King Arthur* will still be arresting attention.

On the vexed question of the distinction between "whole-hoggers" and "little-piggers," Lord HUGH CECIL has sent the following protest to the *Daily Mail*:—

"My free-food tastes are not porcine at all. They are intensely human."

This is the first known case in which a CECIL has openly confessed to cannibalistic tendencies.

It is rumoured that in the event of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN forming a Ministry, Sir CONAN DOYLE's political services will be rewarded by an offer of the posts of Holmes Secretary and Secretary for Scotland Yard.

MOTTO FOR THE JAPANESE. — *Cedant arma Togo.*

BALM FOR THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

THROUGH the courtesy of a certain Editor, who placed it at our disposal, we are able to publish the following letters, selected from the contents of a waste-paper basket which has a circumference enormously larger than that of any other:—

SIR,—The accident of which your correspondent complains is one that might happen to anybody. All that he needs, in my opinion, is a little perseverance and determination. Perhaps travel would prove as efficacious in curing him as it was in curing me under similar circumstances. The object of my devotion was a lady whose refined singing and dancing had created something of a furore at the music-halls. My life was temporarily blighted by the discovery that she was already married, and that her youngest son was then playing *Hamlet* in the provinces. But I soon recovered on joining my ship and going for my first voyage, and since then her memory has cost me scarcely a pang. Like the good sailor I am, I have now a wife at Marseilles, a second at Amsterdam, a third in London, and others at Nagasaki, New York, Athens, Archangel, and, I believe, Constantinople.

I am, yours, &c., VIKING.

SIR,—Your correspondent might derive consolation from the history of the Israelite kings. King SOLOMON was in all probability jilted—perhaps frequently—in his salad days. Yet in the end, by persevering and not giving way, he amassed the substantial total of one thousand (1,000) wives. Without counselling him actually to go and do likewise, I should like to point out to your correspondent that *this is the right spirit*.

Yours, &c., THEOLOGIAN.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,—Take my advice, and look on the bright side. What seems a misfortune at first sight, often proves in the end to be a blessing. Many years ago I was engaged for six months to a lady who afterwards refused to marry me. What was the result? Misery? Gloom? Not a bit of it. I wrote and placed to great advantage articles on "How to Propose," "Buying the Ring," "Do Girls

like Presents?" "The £ s. d. of Courtship," "Should Kisses be Taxed?" and "How to write a Love-letter;" also two hundred and four sets of verse, and a powerful story called *The Jilting of Joshua Jenkins*. I attribute to my engagement and the experience I derived from it my present position of sub-editor on *Blogg's Weekly Nuggets*. Verb. sap. Yours in haste,

ENERGETIC JOURNALIST.



PROFESSIONAL PARTNERSHIP.

Village Organ-blower (to Lady Organist, who has been trying a new voluntary). "How did it go, MARM?"

"OH, ALL RIGHT. WHY DO YOU ASK?"

"WELL, MARM, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I WAS A BIT NERVOUS ABOUT IT. YOU SEE, MARM, I'VE NEVER BLOWED FOR THAT PIECE AFORE!"

AN END TO GAUCHERIE!

AN Ambidextral Culture Society has lately been formed by Sir JAMES HENDERSON, Dr. CUMMINGS, and General BADEN-POWELL (amongst others) as Vice-Presidents. This should be joined off-hand. Consider the advantages of bi-lateral development. To begin with, there would be no getting out of bed on the wrong side in the morning—the public would emerge from under both hems of its counterpane with equal dexterity. Impartial serenity and good temper would thus reign throughout the day.

A gentleman could devote each arm simultaneously to the opposite sex without invidious comment. Similarly, each ANGELINA might be escorted by twin EDWINs, neither of whom could claim precedence. Here there is a future of great possibilities.

Every one would learn to reverse in dances—and dance in reverses, fortified by the ability to rotate withershins as well as clock-wise. There would be no

carving nor shaving—these two expressions are not intended to be synonymous against the grain. Sinistral operations need then not necessarily end in sinister results. When man is truly bimanous there will be no "off-side" to a horse or a cricket-pitch—spinal curvature, on the one hand, will be unknown among equestriennes; on the other, there will be no dislocation of the field, caused, as now, by temporary appearance of a left-handed batsman. Each willow-wielder will stand l.b.w. and cut to leg or pull to thirdman indifferently. The uncertainty of the noble game will be more glorious than ever.

Picture, too, the saving of time when Paterfamilias, in a hurry to catch the city train, lights his cigar with one hand and kisses his wife or finishes his breakfast with the other. His spouse will be able to take her hair out of curling papers with a dexter movement, and at the same time deal out sinister spansks to her rebellious offspring. The descendant in question can be pulling the cat's tail and pouring ink over the table-cloth contemporaneously.

It will be an undoubted advantage to squint. Individuals with independent optics under the new régime may engage two persons' attention or wink two

separate winks at once. Parties who have celebrated the occasion will know how to deal with a double moon without further difficulty or loss of equilibrium.

Gauche and gaucherie will lose their present signification. We may even come to say, "She was so dexterous that she smashed the china," or "He is his master's left-hand man!"

If the Society needs assistance in its double-handed dealings we shall be happy to lend them a hand. Only let them not ask us to become quadrumanous—such a reversion *Mr. Punch* does not bargain for!



FICKLE FORTUNE.

"AND ONLY YESTERDAY I WAS FINED FIVE POUNDS FOR DRIVING AT EXCESSIVE SPEED!"

ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK.

February 22.—This day four years ago was remarkable for the fact that there were three hours of sunshine and only two heavy showers, in the course of which a church in the Midlands was destroyed by lightning.

On this day, 2900 years ago, the editor of the first halfpenny paper in Japan had his head cut off for circulating a false report of the fall of Troy.

February 23.—Thirty-second anniversary of Canon RAWNSLEY's first sonnet. Since then he has written upwards of 3000, many of which have appeared in the local papers. When this number is multiplied by 14, the number of lines in a sonnet, it will be seen that Canon RAWNSLEY is one of the most voluminous poets of the century.

February 24.—On this day, just 1908 years ago, the Roman Senate suppressed the *Speculum Diurnum* for encouraging the Roman matrons to play cards and desert their spinning-wheels.

February 25.—Five years ago to-day the mansion of the Earl of BLARNEY was broken into and pillaged by burglars. As a writer in the *Blarney Sentinel* observed at the time, "After a fruitless search all the jewels were recovered except one pair of boots."

Dr. JOHNSON was born on this day in the early part of the eighteenth century. In spite of his uncouth exterior and ungracious manners, he endeared himself so much to his contemporaries that DAVID GARRICK, the eminent actor, publicly saluted him as "Rare BEN JOHNSON." Amongst those who joined him in his revelries at the "Mermaid Inn" were EDMUND BURKE, Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, OLIVER GOLDSMITH, Dean SWIFT, JOHN DRYDEN, and WARREN HASTINGS.

February 26.—On this day three years ago there was heavy rain coupled with a high wind, during which Mr. CHAPLIN's umbrella was blown inside out as he was walking from the House of Commons to the Carlton Club.

Just seven years have elapsed since

on February 26, 1897, Mr. H. G. WELLS, on the recommendation of his medical adviser, abandoned Indian for China tea.

Precisely 6480 years ago to-day the foundation stone of the Pyramid of Cheops was laid in the presence of a distinguished company.

February 27.—On this day, just half a century back, the Poet Laureate shot his first rabbit and commemorated the event in the following epigram:

Alas, poor Bunny!
Nor love nor money
Can splice life's thread
Once you are dead.

February 28.—SEMIRAMIS vaccinated B.C. 2431.

In connection with the *Strand Magazine* articles entitled "Sovereigns I have Met," a Mr. STONEY BOLINGBROKE writes from a Monte Carlo address to say that he could produce a much more extended series on the subject of "Sovereigns I have dropped."



THE RETURN OF ARTHUR.

"AND ALL THE PEOPLE CRIED,
'ARTHUR IS COME AGAIN.'"—Tennyson.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday morning, February 16.—The first hour of a new morning was half sped when a solitary pedestrian might have been observed crossing Palace Yard. In height, in breadth, and withal a certain swinging stride of the right limb, there was something familiar in the figure. As it passed under the gaslight by the iron gates and cast up a furrowed countenance to regard the gloomy night, recognition was complete.

It was, in truth, the Right Honourable ARETAS AKERS-DOUGLAS, Principal Secretary of State, late Captain in the East Kent Yeomanry, at the moment looking as if he were sadly in need of a remount.

Metamorphosis created and completed by a fortnight's experience of Leadership of House of Commons; seven days spent in charge of debate on DOX JESÉ's new crusade. Hard enough at any time to be suddenly summoned to box-seat. In existing circumstances the trial sufficient to age an amiable man seven years in as many days. AKERS-DOUGLAS an excellent Whip in more senses than one. For twelve years he whipped-in Conservative Party. Men of his time at Oxford will remember the tall slim figure, proudly set aloft on box of dog-cart as he drove his favourite pair tandem-wise.

"Strange," he murmured to himself in voice whose hollow sound startled him, "how well I managed them. Here when I, so to speak, go out with WALTER LONG in the shafts and GERALD BALFOUR tandem, as soon as ever we start, President of Board of Trade turns round in harness and looks me straight in the face. Tried t'other way about; just the same. Changed horses every night; no two will pull together."



"Akers-Douglas had a smile that went a long way . . ."



THE UNIONIST BUCKINGHAMS ARE LED OFF TO (POLITICAL) EXECUTION.

Chorus of Doomed Ones—

"Go with us, like good angels, to our end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on us,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice.
Lead on."

Hen. viii., Act. 2, Sc. 1.

(Mr. W-nst-n Ch-rch-ll, Lord H-gh C-e-l, and Major S-ly; Sir Al-x-nd-r Acl-nd-H-d, and Mr. J-sse C-ll-ngs.)

For a mild-mannered man, modest by nature, silent by intention, the week just closed has certainly been a sore trial. In days of old, whilst still Whip, later still when at the Board of Trade, AKERS-DOUGLAS had a smile that went a long way at particular crises. It was non-committal; it was reflective, ingratiating; possessed the advantage, incalculable in certain circumstances, of having nothing whatever to do with the question at issue. More hot-headed Ministers saying Yes or No, or even taking refuge in the ejaculation "Ah!" (capable of many meanings) might have got themselves into trouble, even embarrassed the Government. AKERS-DOUGLAS filled up the awkward pause with a meaning smile—meaning anything or nothing.

Tried the smile on during early days of his lieutenantancy. Had no effect in curbing the impetuosity of BOXER LAW, who insisted upon showing his nominal chief at Board of Trade that he was utterly mistaken in his fiscal ideas, knew absolutely nothing on the critical matter of the exportation of iron ore from Canada to Westphalia, a transaction which, in able hands, is completed entirely at the foreigner's expense, leaving a handsome profit in the hands of shrewd Scotchmen. Then there was WALTER LONG, irritating the young bloods below the Gangway by "saying things" about them to the constituency. Next, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, with the carelessness of youth, selected Friday for the delivery of a speech naturally looked for with extreme curiosity. Everybody knows Friday is an unlucky day. The MEMBER FOR SARK cites a case where, it being inadvertently selected as the occasion for launching a lifeboat, men whose courage had been proved in a hundred storms declined to put to sea.



"QUOTH THE RAVEN, 'EVERMORE.'"

Mr. G-rge W-mth-m. "Confound that bird! I thought I'd settled it!"

What happened in connection with the CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER's speech? Why, the Front Opposition benchmen, resolved to make half-holiday, sent across to AKERS-DOUGLAS note to that effect. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, dying to deliver his carefully-prepared speech, was obliged to step aside, leaving debate on Ministerial side to a child in finance like EDGAR VINCENT, and a mere twin like FREDERICK LAMBTON. *Pour comble de malheur*, both these loyal Ministerialists went dead against the Government, whilst the House remains ignorant of the view the CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER would have taken of evidently growing intention on part of former colleagues to throw over "my right hon. friend, the Member for West Birmingham."

This last the record of single day; and there were seven of them, more than an ordinary Parliamentary week. Small wonder that the smile shrivelled on the lips of the HOME SECRETARY, that his manly figure seemed positively shrunken as he wearily walked home, wondering whether anything was worth while anyhow.

Business done.—Ministers declare JOHN MORLEY's amendment to Address a vote

of No Confidence. On division majority run down to less than one-half normal figure.

Tuesday night.—Amid dreary drip of speeches of multitudinous words ALWYNE COMPTON dropped a gem. It was one of those jewels, four words long, which, stretched on the forefinger of Time, will sparkle through the ages.

HENRY SAMUEL moved new amendment to Address, denouncing employment of Chinese labour in the Transvaal. Made a speech that would have been twice as effective had it been half as long. For an hour and a quarter he stood in the breach. Major SEELY, seconding amendment, spoke for fifty minutes. Here, out of a sitting providing maximum of eight hours' talk, equally apportioned among six hundred and seventy Members, two appropriated a full quarter of the allowance!

MACNAMARA not the man to be beaten in game of this kind. Hasn't had a real breather this Session, and it already three weeks old. What will they say in Camberwell? Plunged in like duck taking to the water, splashed round with almost irritating evidence of enjoyment.

"What," he shouted at the rate of

one hundred and twenty words a minute, "will the British soldier say when he finds that the sequel to all his fighting in South Africa is this indentured yellow slavery?"

"He will say, 'Nonsense,'" answered Lord ALWYNE, who, as despatches testify, served in South Africa.

—This incomparably the best speech yet delivered in the fifth session of the first Parliament of King EDWARD THE SEVENTH. Observe how directly it speeds to the spot, unweighted by superfluous words. Later SWORE cust—I mean, CUST swore at large (of course in Parliamentary sense) at MACNAMARA, planting one or two well-directed blows. A smart and effective speech. But COMPTON takes the cake.

Business done.—Debate opened on Chinese labour in Transvaal.

Friday night.—Everyone sorry to see an empty seat on Front Opposition Bench. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD came to town for the Session, but has only fitfully attended. Not ill, not yet weary of the old game in which he has played a brilliant part through thirty-five memorable years. An affection of the throat has temporarily deprived him of use of his voice for platform purposes. What it must have cost him to stand aside whilst the Birmingham financial heresy was under discussion for seven nights who shall say? He looked in once or twice whilst affair in progress. But made no sign.

A hard hitter, the SQUIRE through a long fighting career has never smitten a man below the belt. For twoscore years he has vigorously pounded honourable gentlemen opposite, whether known as Tories, Conservatives, Dissident Liberals, Unionists, or Fair Traders. To-day he has as many personal friends in their ranks, is held in as high estimation, as if he had fought by their side through dubious wandering.

"I look upon HARCOURT," PRINCE ARTHUR once said to me, "as the last living captain of the Old Guard of Parliamentarians. He has his little ways like the rest of us. But he is a possession the House of Commons would be grieved to part with."

Business done.—After three weeks' talk, Address voted. Now for business.

SPEAKING of the recent Mid-Herts election, the *St. Albans Times* admits that "in Liberal quarters there was an element of cheerful sanguinariness." Blood, however, is not, of course, so thick as eggs.

More White Slave Traffic.

WANTED, by Widow, a HUSBAND, to push Fried Fish Saloon Business, or to be Sold.—Advt. in "Lincolnshire Echo."



"RANK BLASPHEMY."

Squire Oldboy, M.P. (enjoying a long and very slow hunt). "THERE SHE GOES! AFRAID IT'S A NEW HARE THOUGH."
Bored Sportsman. "HOW LUCKY! THE OTHER MUST BE GETTING DOOSID OLD."

FEBRUARY 29;

OR, SHOULD GIRLS PROPOSE?

(With acknowledgments to Mrs. Armstrong's
"Letters to a D butante.")

ON BEING ENGAGED.

I LITTLE thought, my dear REGGIE, when I wrote my last letter to you, on what a very important subject I should write my next epistle! My lucky REGGIE! Barely out, so timid, and so wanting in self-confidence; and to think that your fate is already settled, and you should have gone and got engaged at your very first ball! Well, I am truly surprised. I did not expect it so soon, though I can't say I am so utterly astonished at MAUD BAREPHACE's proposal as you seem to have expected me to be. I have always fancied she cared for you since you joined the hockey club, and I felt it was not entirely accident that brought you so often together of late. But I never breathed a word of it in my letters to you, for I knew you were just the kind of boy who would never have looked at her again had such a thing been hinted.

I am so glad that the ball was such a brilliant success, and that you had such a number of partners, and such a thoroughly twice time of it in your new dress-suit. Her sending you the button-hole beforehand must have made you feel happy to begin with, and when you got to the house there was she standing in the doorway looking for you and not dancing with anybody till you came! And all your shyness went away like a cloud when you saw the pleasure in MAUD's eyes and you felt you were not a wall-flower or a waif and stray, but of the highest consequence to someone—the only person she cared for in the room. There is something so protective in her manner that she seemed to make you feel at ease and safe, like a boat that has got into harbour. And then came the dances, and the bevy of partners, and the horrid old dowager you didn't like, and MAUD took you away from her, and you two hid in the conservatory so that Lady SCAYRECROWE shouldn't find you, and somehow it all

came about in the most natural and bissextile way in the world! I am so glad for you, REGGIE, and yet I could almost have wished it had not come to you quite so soon. But I am sure you have made a good choice, and that MAUD BAREPHACE, who has known you ever since you were a little boy in the Kindergarten, must seem doubly precious to you now that you are going out into the world in the midst of strangers, with no one of your very own to consult.

And now you ask for a whole heap of advice from your elderly aunt, for life has become very important to you, and you don't want to make a false step at starting. I am glad you made up your mind to tell Lady KAYKWAUKE at once, for it would have been very improper to

MR. PUNCH'S IMPERIAL COUNCIL.

IN the absence of Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. Punch, always ready to learn, and anxious for Imperial Co-operation, has invited the Prime Ministers of our Greater Colonies to think Imperially on the Far Eastern struggle and wire him the result. He has already received the following interesting communications:

Ottawa.

Yours on Far East received. People of Canada inspired by glorious memories WOLFE and MONTCALM survey Oriental convulsion with coolness, only demanding voice in making of any Treaty hereafter concluded between Powers at War. LAURIER.

P.S. (Unofficial).

—What do Japanese eat? We are large sellers wheat, butter, cheese, best yellow. Consult STRATHCONA.

Melbourne.

Australia preserves strict neutrality—will not borrow money from either belligerent. Fleets and armies approaching our shores liable to six months' imprisonment as Undesirables, also fine not exceeding one hundred pounds. No appeal allowed

to Privy Council. Let 'em know this.

DEAKIN.

Capetown.

Are they at war? So am I.—Kindly suggest Japanese War Office engage JAMESON to raid Manchurian Railway—Bond will pay his passage one way. Might get RUTHERFORD HARRIS settle question date of firing first shot.

Excuse brevity. Busy.

SPRIGO.

Wellington.

Glad to see Japan took my advice. Always told MIKADO torpedoes the thing. Russian chances dead as frozen mutton. Warn both sides not to employ Chinese. They are a demoralising influence in submarine mines. Tell dear old England my message to her in present crisis is "Chops and Preferential Sauce."

Yours,

SEDDON.



A BALLOON IMPRESSION.

have kept her in the dark, as you are staying in the house, and she is responsible for you to your mother. I can quite understand your feeling that you would like to have kept it to yourself a little time; but it would not have been right under the circumstances. I am sorry she is a little disappointed; I suppose she would have much preferred your accepting a rich and solid *parti* like Lady SCAYRECROWE. About telling other people. As a rule, only the relatives and intimate friends are told, and then the news gradually gets round. But if the engagement is going to be a short one you may get your mother, or Lady KAYKWAUKE as your chaperon, to announce your impending chance of name through the medium of the press.

Good-bye for the present, dear REGGIE. Believe that you have all the sympathy of your affectionate Aunt

LUCINDA.

REALLY BUSINESS-LIKE!

EVENT—The "Annual General Meeting" of any society, institution, or charity, in any provincial town. **SCENE**—probably a dingy apartment at the back of the Town Hall or reading-room, furnished with wooden benches. On the Chairman's table is a bottle of water—a rich vintage, long in bottle, to judge from its colour. **DRAMATIS PERSONÆ**—four Retired Military Men, two Doctors—rival practitioners, not on the best of terms, a sprinkling of Clerics, and a dozen Ladies. There is a hum of subdued but general conversation.

The Chairman. As our meeting was called for three o'clock, and it is now—er—considerably past that hour—(conversation continues. Secretary thumps the table and remarks "Order! Chair!" in a ferocious tone)—I, really think, ladies and gentlemen, that (with a deprecatory smile) we had better—er—get to work. Perhaps the Secretary?

Secretary (promptly). Yes, at once. (Fortissimo) "Minutes of a meeting held on," etc., etc. (He reads several pages.)

Chairman. Thank you, Mr. Secretary. A—a most able summary. We will now proceed (aside from the Secretary)—ah, yes; of course, of course—we will now put the minutes to the Meeting. Those in favour of their adoption will say "Ay." (No one says it.) Really, ladies and gentlemen, I should be so grateful if you would express your opinion! Those on the contrary will say "No!" (A loud "No!" from a small elderly lady at the back of the room, who shows every symptom of embarrassment when all eyes are drawn to her.)

Secretary. Be good enough to state the grounds of your objection, Madam!

Lady (covered with confusion). I—I haven't any objection to anything—but I thought the Chairman asked me to say "No!"

Chairman. Then I declare the minutes passed—(audible aside to Secretary: "Do you pass minutes? Oh, 'confirm'? Thank you")—the minutes are hereby confirmed. I think that our worthy friend Dr. SQUILLS has a motion to bring before us.

Dr. Squills. Yes, Sir, I have. By Rule 47 the monthly Committee meetings are fixed at 4 P.M. on a Monday—a most objectionable hour, Sir, chosen solely in the interests of—(catches the eye of Dr. BOLUS, his rival)—well, we won't go into that. But having been a member, Sir, of this institution for upwards of nine years, during which time I have— (A lengthy autobiography follows. Conversation becomes general. One of Dr. S.'s best rhetorical pauses is



JAMES GREIG

SCENE—South of France Winter Resort.

Aunt. "KITTY, IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE YOURSELF PROPERLY, I'LL TELL YOUR MAMMA. WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, I WAS A GOOD GIRL."

Kitty. "AND ARE YOU VERY WICKED NOW, AUNT?"

broken by the remark, made by one lady to another, not at all for publication: "So it turned out to be simply indigestion.")

(Titters. At the end of ten minutes Dr. S. succeeds in reaching his motion, which is "That in Rule 47 the words '5 P.M. on Tuesday' be substituted for '4 P.M. on Monday.'")

Chairman. Does any lady or—er—gentleman second this proposition?

Military Gentleman (all in one mouthful). Great-pleasure-in-seconding.

Chairman. Then I will put it to—

Dr. Bolus (with solemnity). Concerned as I am—concerned as you, Sir, doubtless, are—concerned as every right-minded and loyal inhabitant must be for the growth, welfare, and prosperity of this admirable, useful and important institution—

(He talks for a quarter of an hour, ending by moving an amendment. The Secretary proposes an amendment to the amendment. Someone else proposes an amendment to the amendment. Discussion goes on for an hour or so, becoming more personal and warmer as it proceeds.)

Chairman (with a happy inspiration). Ladies and gentlemen! We have done an immense amount of work this afternoon. (Cheers.) Would it not be well to adjourn the further consideration of this—er—knotty problem to our next annual meeting?

(General assent. Hearty vote of thanks to the Chair and the meeting adjourns, every member feeling that he has spent a really industrious two hours.)

"WHO'S WHO?"

THRONED in a place of honour on my shelf
There is a volume I delight to skim in
My leisure moments, which concerns itself
With men and women.

How brief with all its records is the roll
Of these biographies; yet how emphatic!
How bald, yet business-like!—and, on the whole,
How democratic!

Here, and no otherwhere, I'll wager it,
Do CHAMBERLAIN and Dr. CLIFFORD nestle
("Under the wheeling C's," as MILTON writ),
By Lord HUGH CECIL.

Where else are BURNHAM and JOHN BURNS, M.P.,
Whom oft the *Daily Telegraph* has slated,
Or courtly CHESTERFIELD and "G. K. C."
Associated?

How truly entertaining, too, to note
How these important persons take their pleasure:
How rod or racer, bicycle or boat
Beguile their leisure.

How some delight to scale the mountain top,
And one, an aéronautic man of mettle,
To soar triumphant over highest Pop-
ocatapetl.

And one there is who "carpenters," and one
Whose sport assumes the form of "church-bell
ringing,"
And one glad soul who, when his tasks are done,
Will fall to "singing."

Then "change of work, and photographing views,
Cycling, or anything but sport"—one guesses
What writer's are those recreations. Whose
But "G. B. S.'s"?

Play on, my brothers. Sail, and shoot, and sing,
Golf, garden, gad about the globe, be zealous
In the pursuit of every living thing.
I am not jealous.

One shred of privacy I still retain:
To keep it sacred is my stout endeavour.
The public knows not how I rest my brain,
Nor shall it ever.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

AMONG a variety of classics of English literature published in handy form at moderate price Messrs. NEWNES are issuing reprints of famous novels. My Baronite is just now reading Godwin's *Caleb Williams*, a book whose name has been familiar to him from boyhood though he never before came across it in the call. To be precise the little volume is daintily bound in what the publishers call "limp lambskin." Delightful to hold, clear type makes it easy to read, and thin paper gives lightness to its five hundred pages. Amongst his various avocations Godwin himself was a publisher. But he never turned anything out neater than this, certainly not at the price. Other novels of later date, forming part of the same series, are *Harry Lorrequer*, *Night and Morning*, and *Old St. Paul's*. The field to be reaped is illimitable, the harvest rich.

Cruikshank's Water Colours, with introduction by JOSEPH GREGO (A. & C. BLACK), is a collection of illustrations that

have long been familiar, in black and white, to all readers of DICKENS and AINSWORTH and to those who are acquainted with W. H. MAXWELL's *History of the Irish Rebellion in 1798 and Emmett's Insurrection in 1803*. The special wrapper, reproduced in this work as a frontispiece, was drawn and coloured by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, and was used as "an illustrated cover to a new edition of *Oliver Twist*, revised and corrected," when re-issued in ten numbers. The Baron perfectly remembers all these curiously clever illustrations in black and white, but of the same designs in colour he cannot recall many. A few of the very best, here presented, possess a certain delicacy of tone that one is accustomed to associate with Sévres china. On the other hand, though in the majority of CRUIKSHANK's coloured work there is a sort of patchiness and uncertainty, yet there is scarcely one illustration that, judged from this point, is ineffective; while, for powerfully representing dramatic action in picturesque scenery, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, quaint mannerist though he was, and possessed of a very limited sense of female beauty, was unequalled. The coloured pictures consist of scenes from *Oliver Twist*, *The Miser's Daughter* and *The Irish Rebellion*, with very full excerpts from the stories and from the history they originally illustrated.



A MANX MALADY.

(The ladies' papers announce that unlimited tails are *de rigueur* on stole, muff and pelerine, and no woman can consider herself smart unless liberally equipped with these graceful little excrescences.)

Why do I shun the crowded street
And choose the lonely track,
And if a friend I chance to meet
Why do I turn my back?
Because from sympathy or scorn
My shrinking spirit quails;
Because, disreputably shorn,
I've only seven tails!

Spring's magic madness leaves me cold,
My heart is like a stone,
And preternaturally old
I slink along alone;
My cry goes up from budding vales
To the unhearing heaven,
"Why should ELAINE have nineteen tails
While I have only seven!"

Time was—and that's what breaks my heart
And stabs me through and through—
I was the smartest of the smart,
I'd *chie* enough for two;
And if, with creditable zest,
I'd grappled at the sales,
I might have purchased, like the rest,
A *magasin* of tails.

"We are fortunate," writes a lady much interested in ecclesiastical affairs and dignitaries, "in possessing an Archbishop distinguished for his convocational powers."

TITLE FOR A PARLIAMENTARY FARCE.—*Blame Box but 'Skewes* Co.



A SUGGESTION FOR THE PRESENT HUNTING SEASON IN THE MAIDENHEAD DISTRICT.

["The course of the River Thames is in some parts five miles wide instead of fifty yards."—*Vide Daily Papers.*]

A MELO-MUDDLE DRAMA.

MESSRS. ANTHONY HOPE and HARRISON RHODES have chosen to describe their play of *Captain Dieppe*, now being performed at the Duke of York's Theatre, as "a light comedy." A more correct description of it would be melodramatic-farceical-comedy. The hero of this amusing muddle-drama in three Acts is *Captain Dieppe*, perfectly played by Mr. H. B. IRVING. He comes on as does *Captain Charles* in *Who Speaks First*, rendering signal service as intermediary between the husband, *Count Andrea* (Mr. NICHOLAS HOLTHOIR, good in a difficult rôle), and the wife, *Emilia* (Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS, amusing in a less difficult rôle), whose conduct in compromising herself with a scoundrelly adventurer, one *Paul de Roustache* (or "Moustache," which is much in evidence, Mr. IVO DAWSON melo-dramatically gnawing at it) will remind most playgoers of the combined indiscretions of *Mrs. Mildmay* and her aunt *Mrs. Sternhold* in regard to *Captain Hawksley*. As *Guillaume Sevier*, a rascally detective, Mr. EDWARD O'NEILL is good, while the female detective, *Madame Sevier* (reminiscent of *Mrs. Bucket* in *Bleak House*), is cleverly, if a little too noisily, played by Miss HELEN FERRERS. In the midst of all the bustling situations it is pleasant to be able to congratulate Mr. DION BOUCICAULT on giving us, by his rendering of the *Abbé* (erroneously styled "Father" in the programme) *Alfonso* (this, also is quite wrong unless "Alfonso" be a surname) a few restful moments. That the venerable *Abbé* cannot be entirely acquitted of causing scandal by his patting and pawing manners with ladies, and by his allowing them, however innocently, to rest their heads on his shoulders, is as unfortunately true as is the fact that the worthy *Abbé*, perhaps a little upset by these exceptional

familiarities, seems to have forgotten the professional manner of imparting a blessing. In every other respect Mr. BOUCICAULT's *Abbé* is excellent.

GOOD NEWS FOR GOOD GIRLS.

DEAR Ladies, I note with indignant distress
The way you're attacked in the sixpenny press.
There's never a weekly which doesn't contain
An article holding you up to disdain.

They sneer at your manners and gibe at your taste,
And taunt you with stupidly squeezing your waist.
They twit you with thinking of nought but your clothes,
And larding your maidenly converse with oaths!

You secretly swallow your *Eau de Cologne*.
Your youthful complexion is seldom your own.
You gamble at Bridge in your bedroom till dawn,
And borrow from Men—if your pearls are in pawn!

You're bored and rebellious, you scheme and you plot,
You say and you do all the things you should not.
You're heartless and soulless, your minds are a slough,
And Love is a stranger to whom you won't bow!

In short, though it's certainly horribly sad,
You girls are apparently all that is bad!
But don't be despondent, for, Ladies, you see,
A morsel of comfort is left you in me!

Though cynical weeklies dissect and revile,
This heart shall still flutter whenever you smile!
To me you are ev'rything charming and good;
I'd marry you all on the spot if I could.

A PLEA FOR DISSOLUTION.

A SOMBRE dawning, dashed with snow,
Brings in the deadly punctual day
When I must urge my pen to flow,
And have an air of being gay;
And this poor fool, that once a week
Works out in rhyme his soul's probation,
Looks vainly round the void to seek
A cause for public cachinnation.

He hangs his harp, already strained,
Beside the waters parched with dearth;
The long established founts are drained
That once emitted stuff for mirth;
And, on the tilths he held in fee,
Kaiser and Laureate, turning traitors,
Have spoiled his pitch and grown to be
Their own unequalled commentators.

Rivals have reeved his ancient rights—
REUTER, on Russian feats, for one—
Making our serious Press o' nights
To team with quaint unconscious fun;
Or KIPLING tries his prentice luck
Amid the fume of carburetters,
Spurring his Muse to run amok
All down the line of English letters.

"Yet there's no lack," you say, "of grist
To yield your grinders full employ,
So long as Parliaments exist
To prove the jester's constant joy."
But Loyalty would loathe to turn
To cynic ends a leader's blunder;
And Sportsmanship declines to spurn
With flippant boot the dog that's under.

Now is the ninth successive year
That I have found myself allied
With Heaven (what chance for humour here?)
Upon the big battalions' side.
But courage nerves the heart again,
And hope foresees a fair fruition,
With liberty to talk profane,
Like Lucifer, in Opposition.

Speed, blessed day! The sands run low;
A sharp and momentary wrench—
And I shall see LLOYD-GEORGE & Co.
Beam from the Ministerial Bench.
Ah! let me dwell, but one sweet moon,
By that pellucid source of laughter—
I shall have lived! nor care how soon
The certain deluge follows after.

O. S.

MANY OLD MASTERS AND THREE GRACES.

At a season of floods like the present, when water has a bad name, it is pleasant to find something in favour of that unpopular element. One need not travel farther than 39B, Old Bond Street, where Messrs. THOS. AGNEW AND SONS are holding their thirty-eighth annual exhibition of water-colour drawings. Here is the justification of water indeed! All the great masters are represented: TURNER (one good TURNER not only deserves another but gets many), PROUT, DAVID COX, and ROBERTS, PETER DE WINT, COTMAN, THOMAS SIDNEY COOPER (with pictures of cows—for a change!), GIRTIN, WILLIAM HUNT, VARLEY, BIRKET FOSTER, COPLEY FIELDING, and FRED WALKER. Most charming of the living painters who are on exhibition is Miss M. L. Gow with a trio of large studies of fair ladies. Fairer and more graceful Mr. Punch never saw, and his heart is now divided into three.

THE HIGHER COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

THE only alternative advice which the opponents of Tariff Reform have so far offered to meet the needs of our failing commerce is that we should improve our Technical Education. Mr. Punch in his Business Manual supplies a long-felt want.

To show, for instance, what may yet be done with one of our two great basal trades (the meat and drink trades) he is happy to give an extract from the above work, and place before an expectant world

MR. PUNCH'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG BUTCHER.

It is not easy to outline a course of training for the embryo butcher. He will of course start with a sound secondary education. Then we recommend him to take the bull by the horns (we may be pardoned a trade simile) and go straight away to Argentina. Here he will spend a year in studying the manners and customs of the ox in its native teacup. An equally long visit should be paid to New Zealand, where the sheep can be observed in its lair. From New Zealand the young aspirant should return in the cold-air store of a steamer, so that he may properly note the effects of frigidity on the animal carcass.

Now that the student has an adequate knowledge of the whole animal (alive or dead) he should take a course of anatomy and study dissection. Under Sir J. CRICHTON BROWNE he will learn how to cut up anything.

Next we should indicate for the earnest butcher a continental tour in which he will observe the manners, customs, costumes, and trade utensils of the foreign butcher, and consider whether any of them could be advantageously introduced into England. It is essential that he should spend at least a year at the Charlottenburg University Abattoirs. He might also see in the course of his travels if any new animals, such as the porcupine or the armadillo, would prove desirable additions to the British bill of fare.

Then a certain time should be devoted to the study of languages. A butcher who knows the leading European languages undoubtedly has a great advantage over his competitors. Imagine the case of a British butcher who receives an order for a leg of mutton from say Genoa, and has no knowledge of Italian. Could anything be more calculated to check trade? French, Spanish, Italian, and above all German (essential to one who wishes to follow the scientific development of butchery) ought to equip the student for his life's work. Nor should the metric system be neglected. A butcher who is able to render his bills in grammes and kilogrammes will never be troubled with those ruinous deductions from accounts so trying to the ordinary practitioner.

To turn to another side of the business, a butcher who calls at many houses and converses with many servants ought to be a master of the art of graceful repartee. This is to some extent a natural gift, but a study of "Rita's" novels will greatly help the student. Then, too, he ought to take lessons in the art of depreciation. It is often needful on a busy Saturday evening that a butcher should pour oratorical contempt on the wares of his rivals across the road. Therefore a close study of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's eloquence should be advantageous. A butcher should also not neglect his general culture. One of the most prosperous butchers in Hackney Road attributes his success in life entirely to the fact that he has always been a regular reader of the *Spectator*.

Perhaps the course of study we have outlined may seem an extensive one, but it cannot be too strongly asserted that the days of the common butcher—the "anywhere-you-like-eightpence-Mum" butcher—are numbered. The future lies with the scientific butcher.



THE FAT BOY OF WESTMINSTER.

THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR BALFORD. "I SAY! IF YOU GO ON SHRINKING LIKE THIS WE'LL HAVE TO CUT SHORT YOUR ENGAGEMENTS!"

CHARIVARIA.

We hear that the fact that the life of Consul, the Chimpanzee, was heavily insured has led to the appearance of several persons who claim to be his next-of-kin.

The report that the price of the *Daily Mail* is to be reduced is a canard.

A number of people interested in the boot-trade are complaining that the increased use of tramcars is having a serious effect on their business. We feel sure it is only necessary to draw the attention of the public to this, and they will take to walking again.

The Russian Government declares that the Jews throughout Russian dominions are now the aiders and abettors of high treason. The ingrates!

The Fiscal Question continues, in spite of the War, to absorb a large amount of attention. It has now been discussed by the Lords. It is not known how they came to hear of it.

Many Members of Parliament are complaining that they get no chance of delivering their orations. It has been proposed, with a view to meeting these cases, that on private Members' days four shall be allowed to speak at the same time until arrears are worked off.

The newest fashionable pet is the Mexican devil-fish. Fashion is certainly wonderfully fickle. One day the favourite is a cat, another a bird, then a dog, then Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, and now a fish!

As a means of defence for women in

case of attack by a ruffian, a stiletto hat-pin is about to be placed on the market. We understand that on each hat-pin will be engraved the words, "On no account to be used by the ruffian."

We have more than once called attention to the dangers of duelling. As the result of an encounter at Paris M. DARNOTTE and M. DUBOIS have parted bad friends.

A gentleman writes to the Press as follows:—"1844, 1854, 1864, and 1874 were all very good harvest years. May we hope that, in spite of the unfavourable atmospheric conditions at present experienced, this ten-year cycle may extend to 1904?" We have great pleasure in giving our permission.

LORD SELBORNE has expressed himself as greatly pleased with the progress made by the Naval Volunteer movement on the Thames and the Clyde. He announces that negotiations are now in progress for the establishment of Volunteer divisions on the Severn, the Forth, the Tay and the Mersey, and it is even rumoured that an armoured outrigger is to be placed on the Wandle.

MR. JAMES P. LEE, the famous American inventor, is dead, but the brood is not extinct. The Far East representative of the *New York Herald* has cabled to his journal that trains of twelve cars are now arriving at Port

Arthur every ten minutes.

The Motor Car Show held at the Crystal Palace last week was a great success, though several visitors who came to purchase cheap cars were appalled at the prices, and had to content themselves with a pair of motor spectacles.

The Weather Authorities declare there is no pleasing us. They tried a change last week, and it turned out a frost.



The Professor. "PERMIT ME TO PRESENT MY FRIEND MR. SKINNER, ONE OF OUR MOST PROMISING YOUNG TAXIDERMISTS."

Hostess (who prides herself on always saying the right thing). "BUT HOW INTERESTING! AND ARE YOU FOR OR AGAINST MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PROPOSALS?"

Mr. GEORGE MOORE declares that authors with beautiful names write beautiful books, and Miss MARIE CORELLI is said to be quite annoyed at the insinuation that she cannot help it.

Messrs. NEWNES announce that they will shortly issue number one of *Fry's Magazine*. Notwithstanding its title this new venture has no connection with "CADBURY'S Journal."

PICKY BACK.

(Being the Eighth and Last Passage from the re-inconanation of Picklock Holes)

THE STORY OF THE LOST PICKLOCK.

THERE are some things a man never forgets. Years may pass: a nomadic existence may find a rest in Baker Street; Baker Street in turn may give way to more aristocratic things and a better quarter of the town; there may be marryings and births and burials; any one, in fact, of the innumerable events to which even a conanical existence is liable may bring its obliterating influence to bear on the mind, but these unforgettable things, when once they have occurred, stand out for ever with a startling and permanent distinctness that none of the chances and changes of this mortal life can ever manage to thoroughly or even partly efface or, for the matter of that, to injuriously affect. Of such was the adventure which, in pursuance of my duty to HOLES and humanity at large, I am about to describe.

We had been for some time past living a quiet life, disturbed only by a series of telegrams from the Emperor WILLIAM and a prolonged quest for a briar-root pipe and a cairngorm shirt-stud (an heirloom in the HOLES family), which, as it subsequently turned out, had been abstracted and stomachically concealed by *Laura*, the favourite parrot of Mrs. COLES, our landlady. In the investigation which had followed on the disappearance of these articles HOLES had displayed all his marvellous acumen. Never had I known his deductivity to burn with a steadier and a more brilliant flame. How well I recall that memorable afternoon when he sprang suddenly from the horse-hair armchair on which he had been resting and, with a look of concentrated essence of intellect which was almost overwhelming in its Bovrility, shouted to me:—

"POTSON, fool of my heart, you are sitting on it, you are sitting on it."

"Am I, HOLES?" I replied, gently. "I am glad to know it, for I have never yet sat on a pipe or a cairngorm, and the feeling is both novel and agreeable."

"Not that, you worm," hissed the great detective, "I don't mean that—at least not in the way you mean," and he proceeded to prove to me that the cushion on which I was seated, being covered with red plush, was intimately allied with the legs of a footman, and that thus, proceeding by the stages of hair-powder, powder-puff, puff-paragraph, par-value, value received, he was able to prove that I had actually been at one time or another in receipt of the lost objects. Ten days afterwards, *Laura* having in the meantime given up the ghost, they were found in her inside. I shall always consider this one of HOLES's most astounding experiments. But I am straying from my point.

For some weeks I had noticed that HOLES seemed ill at ease. Nothing worried him quite so much as the consciousness that events which he could comfortably have controlled and moulded to the benefit of the human species were passing without any help from him; that those who had set these events in motion had done so without consulting him. "It is strange," he would mutter in that far-away ascetic voice of his, "that after all I have done both for the Czar and the Mikado they should have had the face to go to war without a word to me."

"HOLES," I broke in impatiently, for I am free to confess that I could never keep my temper in face of a slight put upon the man whom I considered to be the marvel of the century, "HOLES, it is worse than a crime: it is a blunder of unparalleled magnitude. But there is one comfort: the fools will live to regret it."

"Hush, hush, POTSON," said HOLES not unkindly, "we must not judge them harshly. Let us remember that possibly even an Emperor and a Mikado may be subject—

it almost shocks me to think so—to human frailties. They may be jealous; on the other hand they may be merely ignorant. And yet even they must have heard what unexampled facilities I possess for concluding wars. POTSON, do you recollect—?"

"Do I recollect!" I interrupted. "Why, HOLES, everybody knows that you finished, absolutely and entirely finished, the South African war months and months and months before the army had begun to dream of peace. That has always seemed to me one of the surest proofs of your massive and superhuman intellect."

Here I broke down, and sobbed like a child.

"Nay, POTSON," said HOLES, patting me on the back with one hand, while with the other he brushed away what I was tempted to think might be the nearest approach to a tear that had ever trickled over that thought-worn and meditative cheek, "nay, POTSON, you must not repine. Though we are not matched in brain-power—Heaven knows I did not ask for all I have, nor did you intend to have so little—we still have one another. Yet I own that, things being what they are, I am—pardon my weakness, POTSON; I cannot help it—I am lost in amazement—"

"No, no, HOLES," I shrieked in anguish, "not lost. Don't say that. Not lost. What should I do without you? Not lost."

But the bolt had fallen. The silver cord was broken. The pitcher had gone to the well once too often. Apollo had bent his bow for the last time. The last cartridge had been expended. HOLES, the mighty detective, the unequalled discoverer of the lost, was now lost himself. He had said it, and it was not for me, the poor Baker Street doctor, to contradict him.

"Shall I try to find you, HOLES?" I asked timidly.

He turned on me with a blaze of anger in his eyes.

"POTSON," he said, "you really are a most consummate fool."

Since then I have abandoned my efforts. For one in my desolate condition the well-tried clues would have been useless. The brain that had given them their unique value had departed with HOLES, and no other could deal with them as they ought to be dealt with.

And so, for the present, my task is done. Yet in the silence of the night-time, or in the busy haunts of men by day, I sometimes hear a voice which says in mysterious accents:—"Some day you shall meet him again."

THE NEW DIFFIDENCE.

"We are not given to prophesy," said the *Spectator* last week, "but if we were—" and then came the inevitable prognostication. After such a statement as that we are prepared to find anything in any of the papers. "It is not our habit to be censorious," the *Saturday* will aver. Or, "If, as is not the case, we ever had an inclination to be critical—"

"Alarmists we certainly have never been," the *Daily Mail* will assure us. Or, "Our aim having been ever to look on the bright side of things and suspect no danger—"

And other openings somewhat in the following manner may be expected from other papers:—

"Eager as we are not for a moment to add to the difficulties of England in the Far East—" *Times*.

"Much as we dislike England's enemies—" *Daily News*.

"It has never been my habit to find fault, but if I did—" *Truth*.

"Averse as we are from suggesting any sympathy with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's fiscal campaign—" *St. James's Gazette*.

"The policy of frivolousness which we have always endeavoured to maintain—" *The Rock*.

[THE MUSE OF HISTORY.

THE value of the Limerick as a hand-
maid to history has not been sufficiently
considered by the commentators who
have ministered to its revival. Many of
the smaller yet significant phases of
modern life can find adequate record
only in its irresponsible jocundity.
Other chronicles jumble and hesitate,
doubt and stammer: the Limerick goes
straight to the point, as the following
specimens, touching events of the
moment in affairs of literature, amply
prove. They have been collected from
several sources, but the illustrious
authors preferring to remain unknown
Mr. Punch has indicated ownership
merely by initials:—

JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

There was an old statesman who took
A trip to the Nile *viâ* Cook.
Whenever his mind
To old AKERS inclined,
He laughed till the Pyramids shook.
D.

THE FISCAL PROBLEM.

A Premier from North of the Tweed
By JOSEPH was hopelessly treed;
From a very back seat
He exclaimed with much heat,
"As long as I'm Leader I'll lead!"

It chanced, from his sofa at Brighton,
That he asked, "Is the new man a
right 'un?"

When they said, "His name's
SLACK,"

He collapsed on his back,
And you ne'er saw a wearier Titan.
H. C.-B.

TREASURE-HUNTING.

There once was a bard named LE
GALLIENNE,
Who toiled up the slopes of Schiehal-
lion.

In his mouth he'd a song,
In his hand he'd a prong,
For he hoped to unearth a medallion.
A. C. S.

LIBRARIAN TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

There once was a Board of Trade bard,
Who now the Peers' bookshelves must
guard:

He'll dole out a novel
To Dukes (if they grovel),
But the lot of the Bishops is hard.
A. D.

THE MUSES AMONGST THE MOTORS.

There once was a chauffeur named
KIPLING,
Who rushed through the country *pip-
pippling*.
Whenever he stopped,
Out a parody popped,
But the things weren't remarkably
rippling.
A. A.



ON HIS DIGNITY.

Sam. "MAMMA BOUGHT ME A PAIR OF GLOVES YESTERDAY."

Auntie. "REALLY! WHAT ARE THEY? KIDS?"

Sam. "NO, THEY'RE MEN'S."

THE BUDGET.

A Chancellor once of Exchequer
Tried nobly to keep up his pecker;
His intentions were good,
And he did what he could,
But his Pa was a terrible wrecker.

C. T. R.

"THE DEATH OF ADAM."

There once was a poet named BINYON,
Whose verses were printed in minion;
In a state of collapse
He demanded small caps,
But the comps. had another opinion.
H. N.

SPADE WORK.

There was an old man with a spade,
Who frequently cried, "Who's
afraid?"

He called all to see
What a digger was he:
But they found that the spade had no
blade.
A. J. B.

MR. JUSTICE BUCKNILL said last week
that he had been erroneously reported
in the *Times* as saying that "only *once*
before," instead of "*twice* before," had
he inflicted a sentence of "twelve
strokes of the cat." But surely if
he leaves the second word unaltered
an error still remains uncorrected.

Strict Neutrality.

G OVERNESS, Junior; Intermediate; male
and female.

Advt. in the "Christian Advocate."

A REVISED LITERARY CATECHISM.

(Compiled from Mr. GEORGE MOORE'S "Avowals" in the "Pall Mall Magazine" for March.)

Question. Can you tell me with whom the English Novel began?—Answer. It began with FIELDING.

Q. What do you know about FIELDING?—A. He was the first English author who sat down to write for money; his voice is unmistakably the voice of an entertainer, and his greatest novel is only a seeming—it seems profound because it has the tone of the smoking-room, and is written flowingly.

Q. With whom did the English Novel end?—A. With JANE AUSTEN.

Q. Was she a great novelist?—A. No, but she created a style—though it was but woolwork.

Q. Have there been any distinguished novelists since?—A. None that I am aware of.

Q. What do you think of SCOTT?—A. His sentences roll as easily as empty barrels, but some of his novels roll no longer, and the rest will go to pieces in a little while.

Q. To what would you be inclined to attribute his failure?—A. To his having been born with such a snub-nosed, conventional, pot-bellied name as WALTER SCOTT.

Q. And that settles SCOTT?—A. That settles SCOTT.

Q. How about THACKERAY?—A. His name is a poor one—the syllables clatter like plates; it is the name one would naturally use when one wants the carriage at half-past two.

Q. Was he a great writer?—A. No, merely an eminently respectable and commonplace person, who is already condemned to oblivion.

Q. Should we think our fathers and mothers stupid for admiring him?—A. No, we must try not to judge them by a modern standard.

Q. And that disposes of THACKERAY?—A. That disposes of THACKERAY.

Q. How would you describe DICKENS?—A. He had a name only fit for a page-boy, and therefore he could not have evolved the music of the Spenserian stanza. To read him reduces any intelligent mind to the condition of a blank Sahara.

Q. And that does for DICKENS?—A. That does for DICKENS.

Q. Who was ALFRED TENNYSON?—A. A man with a beautiful name but with a mediocre intelligence.

Q. Then we need not trouble ourselves about TENNYSON?—A. Nobody ever does, now.

Q. What do you know of GEORGE ELIOT?—A. Very little. Her real name was MARIA EVANS, a chawbacon, thick-loined name, but withal pleasing.

Q. Then why did she assume the *nom de guerre* of "GEORGE ELIOT"?—A. Because the Providence that shaped the writer to its ends required a hollow barren name without sign of human presence, and like a white-lipped sea-shell on the mantelpiece of a Pentonville front parlour.

Q. So as to be in harmony with her books?—A. Precisely.

Q. How do you like the name of SHELLEY?—A. It is a perfectly lovely name!

Q. And the name of SHAKESPEARE?—A. It is the most beautiful name of all, and was chosen by BACON on that account, as the only one under which his plays could be written.

Q. What is your opinion of CHARLOTTE BRONTË?—A. Her name was all right—but she was a governess, and wrote melodramas about governesses, and it is a sign of weakness to write about ourselves.

Q. Tell me anything you know about BYRON.—A. He was not by nature a versifier, but he wrote in verse because he wanted freedom from the restraints of prose.

Q. What are the restraints of prose?—A. I suppose the laws of rhyme and metre. Anyhow, verse is the legitimate

vehicle of thought in England, because it is made out of the vast unchanging life within us.

Q. Then it is not a sign of weakness for Poets to write about themselves?—A. They mostly do.

Q. Can you state Mr. GEORGE MOORE'S latest critical discovery?—A. He has discovered that the name a writer bears interprets the quality of his writing.

Q. Does this refer to his real name or his *nom de guerre*?—A. To whichever suits the theory best.

Q. Can you give any proof of this theory?—A. I can. All our English Poets, without exception, have beautiful names.

Q. For example?—A. AKENSIDE, BROWNE, BROWNING—

Q. Surely you would not call BROWNING a Poet?—A. I was forgetting. But CRABBE, CRASHAW, DEKKER, DONNE, DYER, FLETCHER, JONSON, LODGE, NASHE, QUARLES and WITHER are all beautiful names.

Q. And what kind of names have modern Novelists?—A. They have vulgar squashy names like pot-hats and goloshes.

Q. Can you give instances?—A. Certainly; BARRIE, BESANT, EGERTON CASTLE, CONRAD, MAURICE HEWLETT, ANTHONY HOPE, MARRIOTT, MEREDITH and FRANKFORT MOORE.

Q. And what deduction should be drawn from these hideous surnames?—A. That their owners are a broken-kneed, wind-galled, spavined lot of hansoms.

Q. Do these epithets apply to them as drivers, horses, or vehicles?—A. The comparison is all the more appropriate because it does not go quite on all fours and must not be driven too far.

Q. What would you say about the names of French and Russian novelists?—A. They are *always* beautiful.

Q. Mention some.—A. ABOUT, BELOT, DAUDET, GABORIAU, DOSTOEVSKI, POUCHKIN, and GORKI.

Q. Having dismissed most English novels as beneath contempt, can you mention any modern works from the pages of which a kind of soul arises?—A. I seem to remember a book called *Wee Macgreggor*.

Q. Don't be ridiculous! Come, pull yourself together. What are the only two novels referred to in *Avowals* in terms of respect and consideration?—A. I suppose you mean *Evelyn Innes*, and *Sister Teresa*.

Q. How do you like the name of MOORE?—A. TOMMY MOORE sounds most melodious and sacchariferous.

Q. I mean GEORGE MOORE, not TOMMY. Didn't he write *Evelyn Innes*?—A. I believe he did.

Q. And does it resemble the colourless productions of SCOTT, THACKERAY, DICKENS, or GEORGE ELIOT, in any one particular?—A. Not to my knowledge.

Q. And what does Mr. GEORGE MOORE do when he is weary of original work?—A. He takes an æsthetic holiday.

Q. Can you define an "æsthetic holiday"?—A. It appears to consist in lounging through the National Portrait Gallery and making a long nose at every writer who has enriched our Literature.

Q. Should you expect this exciting adventure to create any slump in the sale of their works?—A. I should not.

Q. Does Mr. GEORGE MOORE expect us to take his discoveries seriously?—A. I trust he has not quite so low an opinion of our intelligence as all that.

Q. Does he take them seriously himself?—A. I think more highly of his intelligence than to suppose so.

Q. Then what has impelled him to print these amiable indiscretions?—A. The æsthetic necessity he has himself avowed.

Q. And what is that?—A. To fill a column.

F. A.

THE VERY LAST ON THIS SUBJECT.—A correspondent wishes to be informed whether the male relative of Little Mary is Little Tummy?



WHERE IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS.

(Gentleman with comic face has just finished very pathetic story.)

Brown (who is very deaf, and has been watching his expression). "Ha! ha! VERY GOOD! FUNNIEST THING I'VE HEARD FOR A LONG TIME!"

MY LAST ILLUSION.

MORE years ago than I can state
(Or would divulge if I were able)
It was my privilege and fate
To worship the enchanting MABEL.

She was a maid of sweet fifteen;
Blue-eyed and flaxen as a fairy
Was MABEL; as a rule I lean
To something darker, but I vary.

And for awhile we lived enrapt
In our young loves, and all was jolly;
Till I was shamefully entrapped
By one who bore the name of MOLLY.

For MOLLY's eyes were black as ink;
And MOLLY's hair was deepest sable;
It pains me even now to think
How badly I behaved to MABEL.

But I was doomed to pay the price,
For MOLLY proved both false and
giddy;
I gave her some sincere advice
Once, and was jilted for a middy.

O bitter, bitter was my cup!
I almost felt like one demented;
I hardly cared for bite or sup
Till I saw MABEL, and repented.

But MABEL's wrath was undisguised,
She was distinctly cold and haughty;
I told her I apologised,
I owned that I was very naughty;

I left no stone unturned to woo
The suffrage of her tender mercies;
I wrote her letters not a few,
And some extremely poignant verses;

Tears, vows, entreaties, all were vain:
We parted with a final flare-up—
I only saw her once again,
Just at the time she put her hair up.

For several years we ranged apart;
But though in minor ways unstable,
Down in its deeps, my torpid heart
Has always hankered after MABEL.

And often, when I heard the name,
It would begin to throb *con moto*
In homage to my boyhood's flame,
And anguished longings for her photo.

I have no longings now. To-night
For one brief hour we came together,
And for that one brief hour you might
Have knocked me over with a
feather.

Perhaps the fault was mine. Perhaps,
In nourishing a youth's Ideal,
I had forgotten how the lapse
Of time would modify the Real.

Maybe the charms that won the boy's
Young heart were there in full per-
fection;
But could no longer counterpoise
My bias for a dark complexion.

But ah, what boots the abstract doubt?
Seeing that she has wed another,
What boots it that I thought her stout,
And growing like her dreadful
Mother?

'Tis but my last illusion fled.
Perished, dissolved in idle folly;
The MABEL of my dreams is dead;—
I wonder what became of MOLLY!

DUM-DUM.



A MODERN LAOCOÖN.

An Incident on the Field of Waterloo (Altcar).

WAR NEWS.

THE *Novoe Vremya* declares in the most positive manner that the Japanese army in Korea has been entirely routed, that twelve Japanese battleships, twenty-five torpedo boats and one fishing-smack have been sunk by the Vladivostok squadron, and that the MIKADO has fled to Wei-hai-wei disguised as an English lord.

The *New York Herald* says positively that there is absolutely no truth in the rumours of disaffection in Russia, or of a deficiency in the supply of alcoholic liquors in Port Arthur. 569,231 troops left Moscow last week for Manchuria.

STOP PRESS NEWS. (From our extra-special Correspondent with the Japanese Army).—All the war correspondents are detained in Tokio. The weather is fine for the time of year. Bright sunshine recorded at Yokohama yesterday 2.01 hours. To-day's earthquake very slight. All very comfortable here. Nice tea houses. Nice tea parties. [The remainder of the telegram has apparently been suppressed by the Censor.]

STOPPER PRESS NEWS. (From our extra-special Correspondent with the Russian

Army).—[The whole of this telegram has apparently been suppressed by the Censor.]

NEW KINDERGARTEN METHODS.

["Whenever you say 'Don't' to a child you crush the creative within him which is the richest and most precious thing he has."—Mr. G. Archibald of Montreal, Child Specialist.]

Ye fathers, ye mothers, ye guardians,
indeed

All ye persons "*in loco parentis*,"
Who in infancy sow educational seed,
Which you reap in the teens and the
twenties,

If the sheaves you would gather are
goodly to see,

Here's a rule that will help you to
win them:—

Consider your charges; be guided by
me,

And don't crush the creative within
them.

Should the genius of MARMADUKE lead
him to rear,

From the dining-room floor to the
ceiling,

A palace of crystal and china, oh! fear
To exhibit an atom of feeling.

But your Satsuma bowl you will cheer-
fully bring,

And, where others would threaten to
skin him,

You will beg him to do as he likes with
the thing,

Lest you crush the creative within him.

If LUCY refuses potatoes and bread,

And calls for meringues and for trifle,
Or anything else that may enter her head,

Such yearnings another would stifle.
You will hand her a menu-card, beg her
to state

What she happens to fancy for dinner,
And pray that you never may find it
your fate

To crush the creative within her.

See our little people, at work or at play,
And own your mistakes are gigantic!

See yourselves in the new Psychological
Ray

Which beams from beyond the
Atlantic!

Those brains-of-an-oyster, believe me,
you owe

To the brutal Malacca and sinew
Which urged you along "in the way
you should go,"

Yes!—and crushed the creative within
you.



OPPORTUNITY.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, February 22.—Fundamental difference between House of Lords and House of Commons brought into strong light. On Order Paper of former stands resolution of proportions of one of those short speeches for which the soul of Major RASCH yearneth. It is fathered by Lord MUSKERRY, and proposes nothing less—indeed nothing more—than suspension of Irish Land Act passed last year. Incited by action of DON JOSÉ, MUSKERRY wants to appoint his own Commission to inquire into the effect of previous legislation on same lines.

Had any eccentric Member of Commons conceived this notion and desired to read a paper expounding it, he would have found himself obliged to seek opportunity at the mouth of the ballot-box. He might have balloted week after week, and when, after long buffeting, fortune favoured him, he would probably, shortly after rising, have found himself counted out, his paper unread.

They manage these things differently in the Lords. Any Peer, consulting solely his own convenience, may put down, on any night, whatsoever fantastic proposal occurs to his mind as he sits in his baronial hall. It is printed at the expense of the nation; House sits in full form, if not in full force; the precious paper, from which the family circle, the butler standing rapt at respectful distance, have already suffered, is ruthlessly read to the end.

That Young Fellow, WEMYSS, once introduced pleasing variation upon custom. Having given long notice of

stupendous resolution affecting either China or Pern, he observed on entering House that PRIME MINISTER had not turned up. Accordingly, postponed his speech for a week, when the hapless MARKISS, admitting fatuity of attempting to evade it, more or less, comfortably slept through its delivery.

MUSKERRY not so fastidious. House nearly empty, but his manuscript full. *Forti et fideli nihil difficile* is the MUSKERRY family motto. So he drums away half an hour, waking up LANSLOWNE on three several occasions by audibly snapping his fingers at Maynooth.

More than a generation passed since introduction of that word into Parliamentary debate stirred the blood. With the fourth Baron MUSKERRY the wound still bleeds. Is convinced that Maynooth is at bottom of the failure of Land Act GEORGE WYNDHAM piloted through the Commons with natural grace and cultured skill.

"It seems," he says, "to have been the object of the authors of this machinery of robbery and confiscation to tickle the cupidity of well-to-do farmers from whose rents Maynooth (*click!*) is recruited and provided. Maynooth (*click!*) is encouraged; the gentry, artisans, civilisation and labour may go to ruin."

Almost expected the inspired orator to drop into poetry after the manner of RUTLAND in his salad days:

From Gentry, Art, and Labour stand aloof,
But fill, oh fill the pockets of Maynooth!

In verbatim note of passage from speech here quoted the word in brackets marks the explosion created by contact between the noble Lord's thumb and forefinger. Thing quite new in Parliamentary debate; wonderful effect upon argument. Strengthened by peculiar action attending it. Ordinary people, when at mention of Maynooth or other personally exasperating word they snap their fingers, extend arm and fire away. Possibly MUSKERRY was driven from ordinary practice by fact that right in front of him, solemn on the Wool-sack, bewigged and begowned, sat the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR. Had he even appeared to be snapping his fingers at that dignitary, remarks would have been made.

Accordingly, whenever the word Maynooth welled up, the indignant Peer, turning half a pace to the right, fired away in that direction, as if he were out shooting in the demesne at Drumeckolgher and a woodcock had sped by.

When all the ammunition had been shot away and Maynooth understood to be riddled, MUSKERRY sat down. An Irish Duke and eke a Baron said a few words. Motion withdrawn. House solemnly adjourned, not a smile having

flickered over features of noble Lords throughout the delightful comedy.

Business done.—Lord MUSKERRY moves to suspend working of Land Act. Lord ASHBORNE protested that "no one with any sense" would affirm that the Act



"CHIN-CHIN" OR A "CHINESE COMPOUND."

Viceroy of the Provinces of Teh-Ku-In, and Peh-Yu-Loh.

(The Rt. Hon. Alfr-d L-tt-lt-n.)

was a failure. Lord MUSKERRY had reiterated that assertion. *Argal*—but we won't pursue the proposition.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—At Question time conversation quite Ollendorian in style. COLONIAL SECRETARY stated that a person would be appointed to China to explain to Chinamen the nature of contracts entered into for service in South African mines. This followed:—

Sir H. CAMPRELL-BANNERMAN. Is this person to be all over China, or in some particular place?

Mr. LYTTELTON. He is to be in that place where it is desirable he should be.

Mr. MACNEILL. Am I to understand that the details of the arrangement are to be left to the discretion of Lord MILNER?

Mr. LYTTELTON. No, Sir; you must not understand that.

Mr. MACNEILL. Then I do understand it.

Ever since the MEMBER FOR SARK has been going about with reminiscences of similar passages from the original.

"Have you the pink umbrella of your grandfather's cousin?"

"No; but I have the green sunshade of his wife's sister-in-law."

Army Estimates on yesterday. To-day Navy has a look in. Concatenation of circumstance useful as bringing into strong light the subtle policy that underlies administration of the two Services. ARNOLD-FORSTER understood to



KING JOHN (OF BATTERSEA).

"If I were King, I wouldn't stand it."

Mr. J-hn B-rns's speech on the advertisement monstrosities near Buckingham Palace.

know something about Naval affairs. He has, in fact, reviewed the fleet From a Conning Tower. He is, accordingly, sent to take charge of the War Office.

Then there is Captain PRETYMAN. He is a man of war, has smelt powder fired on Royal birthdays and the like by the Royal Suffolk Volunteer Artillery. Whenever in past days Army matters were to the fore, be sure the gallant captain would be around putting things right.

"The very man for the Navy," says PRINCE ARTHUR, regarding him critically.

So the honorary Colonel of the First Suffolk Volunteer Artillery is made Civil Lord of the Admiralty. Thus are the Services brought into closer touch. To-day it fell to PRETYMAN's lot to defend the Navy Estimates, which include purchase money of two Chilian war vessels.

Last March, when subject before House, PRINCE ARTHUR scorned suggestion that these vessels, then in the market, should be bought. They were, he insisted, in every way unsuitable for brotherhood of the British Fleet. Now, at a price reaching a million and three-quarters sterling, they have been acquired. How is this, Committee wants to know.

PRINCE ARTHUR not here to explain. If he were, he might recall BENEDICK's remark when charged with inconsistency: "When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think that I should live till I were married."

So PRINCE ARTHUR: "When I said I would not have these Chilian vessels as a gift, I did not think I should live to give £1,875,000 for them."

In his absence PRETYMAN volubly explains that the transaction is really an economy. Suppose we hadn't bought them, some other nation would. Thereupon we should have had to build two others, which would have cost at least a couple of millions. Transaction therefore actually puts a quarter of a million sterling into the pocket of British taxpayer.

In matters of domestic finance *Wilkins Micauber* not in it with ERNEST GEORGE PRETYMAN, late Captain in the Royal Artillery. "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds nought and six; result misery."

Compare with that PRETYMAN's economical dictum and see how trifling was *Mr. Micauber's*.

"Two war ships cost two millions sterling. Buy them for one million eight hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds no shillings and pence, and you collar for the working-man (whose vote will soon be wanted) one hundred

and twenty-five thousand pounds no shillings and pence. Result, return of Government with increased majority."

Business done.—Captain PRETYMAN, late of the Suffolk Volunteer Artillery, now at the Admiralty, comes out in new character as authority on finance.

Friday night.—The last words of eminent men are treasured up in literature. Some are beautiful; some grim;



A KEEN WIT.

Frederick Lambton, twin.

several apocryphal. JOHN PENN, for a dozen years Member for his native town of Lewisham, was not numbered among the great of the earth. A simple-minded, shrewd-headed, kind-hearted man, he shrank from the cheap publicity of the Question hour, never wasted time of House by prosy or argumentative speech. Still I venture to think his last recorded words, in respect of their sublime unselfishness, the rare consideration for others at the awful moment when humanity is usually concerned for itself, are worthy of record. Only to-day I hear of them from his old Harrow housemate, the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND.

"Don't bury me on Thursday," PENN whispered, the hand of Death already upon him. "There is a little girl opposite going to be married on that day, and it would be gruesome."

The little girl opposite was the daughter of Sir WEETMAN and Lady PEARSON, now Lady DENMAN. As far as I know, PENN was not personally acquainted with the family on the opposite side of Carlton House Terrace. But he had heard of the coming marriage, and, deep in the shadow of the Valley of Death, his first thought, as it had been through his lifetime, was for others.

Business done.—Musical Copyright Bill considered.

MOTTO FOR DENTIST.—*Facile Forceps.*

THE EGREGIOUS ENGLISHMAN.

[The Scotch Education Department, not satisfied with the pronunciation in vogue beyond the Tweed, has appointed a Liverpool gentleman to instruct the teachers of Scotland how to speak polite English.]

A PLAGUE on yon Department, JEAMES!

It maun be aye appearin'
Wi' sic a host o' daft-like schemes,
Forever interferin'.

Tis past a joke when feckless fouk
Awa' in Lunnon ettle

Wi' a' this fuss tae talk tae us,
The Schule Board o' Kingskettle.

I'll tell ye hoo it comes tae pass—

The facts are easy stated:
They tak' inspectors frae a class
No richtly eddicated,
An' when the fules inspect oor schules
I'll swear upon my life, JEAMES,
There's no a man can unnerstan'
The classic tongue o' Fife, JEAMES.

An' whaur's the cure? The thing tae
dae

Tae pit them on their mettle
Wad be tae raise inspectors tae
The staundard o' Kingskettle;
But eh! I fear frae what I hear
Thae fouk in Lunnon toun, JEAMES,
Are bent the noo on findin' hoo
Tae eddicate us down, JEAMES.

For hae ye heard their latest plan?

I canna weel believe it—
Deil tak' the impidence o' man
That ever daured conceive it!
They're sendin' down a Southron loon
Frae far across the border
Tae haim us hoo tae shape oor mou'
An' set oor tongue in order.

Noo hoo could ony man expec'

We'd thole thae Angliceesms
An' lairn a furrin' deealec'
O' crude proveenciealeesms?
Tae think a fule frae Liverpool
Should undertak' tae settle
The kind o' way we oucht tae say
Oor wordies in Kingskettle!

STILL ANOTHER CASE OF PRECOGNITION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I don't quite know what this precognition means that everybody is talking about, but I believe I experienced a marvellous instance of the mysterious sensation just now when I happened to be saying goodbye in the hall to Mr. EDWIN JONES, to whom I had at that moment become engaged. Without warning he took me in his arms, and it was then, *Mr. Punch*, that there flashed across me the weird intuition that *I had been there before*. Of course I did not tell him so. Yours ever, A.

P.S.—Men are so like one another, aren't they?



THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN BETTER EXPRESSED.

Captain Sweeney (at a Mi-Carême fancy dress ball, perfectly satisfied that he is saying a happy thing and paying a very great compliment). "Well, you do look DELIGHTFUL! FASCINATING! TOO CHARMING FOR WORDS! WHAT AN AWFUL PITY IT IS YOU ARE NOT ALWAYS LIKE THAT!"

GOLF AND GOOD FORM.

(By the Expert Wrinkler.)

Is it good form to golf? That is a question I have been so repeatedly asked of late by correspondents that I can no longer postpone my answer. Now to begin with, I fear there is no doubt that golf is a little on the down grade—socially. Golf is no longer the monopoly of the best set, and I am told that artisans' Clubs have actually been started in certain districts. The other day, as I was travelling in Lancashire, a man in the same compartment—with the most shockingly ill-cut trousers I ever saw—said to a friend, "I like 'Oylake, it's 'ealthy, and it's 'andy and within 'ail of 'ome." And it turned out that the chief attraction to him at Hoylake was the golf. Such an incident as this speaks volumes. But I always try to see both sides of every question, and there is unquestionably a great deal to be said in favour of golf. It was undoubtedly played by Kings in the past, and at the present moment is patronised by Grand Dukes, Dukes, Peers and Premiers.

GOLF AND DRESS.

But the real and abiding attraction of golf is that it mercifully gives more opportunities to the dressy man than any other pastime. Football and cricket reduce every one to a dead level in dress, but in golf there is any amount of scope for individuality in costume. Take the case of colour alone. The other day at Finsbury Park station I met a friend on his way home from a day's golfing, and I noticed that he was sporting the colours of no fewer than five different Clubs. On his cap was the badge of the Camberwell Crusaders: his tie proved his membership of the Bickley Authentics: his blazer was that of the Tulse Hill Non-descripts; his brass waistcoat buttons bore the monogram of the Gipsy Hill Zingari; the roll of his knickerbocker stockings was embroidered with the crest of the Kilburn Incogs. The effect of the whole was, if I may be allowed the word, spicy in the extreme. Of course it is not everyone who can carry off such a combination, or who can afford to belong to so many first-class Clubs. But my friend is a very handsome man, and has a handicap of *plus* two at Tooting Bec.

KNICKERBOCKERS OR TROUSERS.

The burning question which divides golfers into two hostile camps is the choice between knickerbockers and trousers. Personally I favour the latter, but it is only right to explain that ever since I was gaffed in the leg by my friend Viscount — when out cub-sticking with the Cottesmore I have

never donned knickers again. To a man with a really well-turned calf and neat ankles I should say, wear knickerbockers whenever you get a chance. The late Lord SEPTIMUS BOULGER, who had very thick legs, and calves that seemed to begin just above the ankles, used to wear knickerbockers because he said it put his opponent off his play. If I may say so without offence he was a real funny chap, though a careless dresser, and I am told that his father,



QUOTATIONS GONE WRONG.

"LIFE HAS PASSED
WITH ME BUT ROUGHLY SINCE I HEARD THEE LAST."
Courper.

old Lord SPALDING, has never been the same man since his death.

STOCKINGS AND CALVES.

Another advantage of knickerbockers is the scope they afford for the display of stylish stockings. A very good effect is produced by having a little red tuft, which should appear under the roll which surmounts the calf. The roll itself, which should always have a smart pattern, is very useful in conveying the impression that the calf is more fully developed than it really is. I noticed the other day at Hanger Hill that Sir ARLINGTON BALL was playing in a pair of very full knickers,

almost of the Dutch cut, and that his stockings—of a plain brown colour—had no roll such as I have described. Then of course Sir ARLINGTON has an exceptionally well-modelled calf, and when in addition a man has £30,000 a year he may be allowed a certain latitude in his dress and his conduct generally.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

The question of footwear at golf is one of considerable difficulty, but there is a general feeling in favour of shoes. My friend the Tooting Bec *plusser* affects a very showy sort of shoe with a wide welt and a sort of fringe of narrow strips of porpoise hide, which fall over the instep in a miniature cataract. As regards the rival merits of india rubber studs on the soles and of nails, I compromise by a judicious mixture of both. If a waistcoat be worn it should be of the brightest possible colour. I saw Lord DUNCHING the other day at Wimbledon Park in a charming waistcoat. The groundwork was a rich spinach green with discs of Pompeian red, and the buttons were of brass with his monogram in blue and white enamel in the centre. As it was a cold day he wore a mustard-coloured Harris tweed Norfolk jacket and a sealskin cap. Quite a large crowd followed him, and I heard afterwards that he had raised the record for the links to 193.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR A VALET.

One thing is certain—and that is we cannot all be first-class players. Personally, owing to the accident I have already referred to, I hardly ever play at all, but I always make it a point, if I am going on a visit to any place in the country where I know there are no golf links, to take a few niblicks with me. A bag for clubs only costs a few shillings, and it looks well amongst your other paraphernalia on a journey. In engaging a valet, again, always remember to ascertain whether he knows the rules of the "royal and ancient game." I shall never forget my humiliation when down at Lord SPRINGVALE'S. As I was taking part in a foursome with the Hon. AGRIPPA BRAMBLE, Lady HORACE HILTON, and the Second Mrs. BUNKERAY, I got stuck in a furze-bush and my man handed me a putter. I could have cried with vexation.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAVENDISH, CHATSWORTH.—As to the treatment of divots different methods are recommended by different authorities. My plan, and I am not aware of a better, is to put them in my pocket when the caddie is not looking. When thoroughly dried they form an excellent peat for burning, or can be used for bedding out rhododendrons.

"NIL DESPERANDUM," BECKENHAM.—The

best stimulant during match play is a beaten-up egg in a claret glass of sloe gin. The eggs are best carried in the pocket of your club-bag.

A. FLUBB, WOKING.—No, it is not good form to pay your caddie in stamps.

ALCIBIADES, WEMBLEY PARK.—If you must play golf on Sunday, I call it nothing short of hypocritical to go down to the links in a tall hat.

JOURNALISM IN TABLOIDS.

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THE DAILY TIPSTER.

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COMPARE THESE STATEMENTS:

Your daily paper now costs you a halfpenny, and would take the best part of a week if you wanted to read it through.

THE DAILY TIPSTER will cost you

Sixty Times that Sum,

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YOU WANT NEWS.

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This is a necessity.

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Therefore, THE DAILY TIPSTER will consist only of

Four Specially Wired Paragraphs,

one on Sport, one on Politics, one on War, and one on the Money Market, and will be issued at

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WE ARE NOT ICONOCLASTS.

Recognising that some sections of the Public are conservative and suspicious of innovations, we are prepared to

Institute our Reforms Gradually.

With this object we make an exceptional offer to those who may still prefer to have their news served in bulk. At the end of each section of THE DAILY TIPSTER will be found a coupon, which will entitle the bearer, on payment of sixpence, to admission to News Rooms situated in various parts of the Universe. These rooms will be fitted with gramophones, which will deliver

Elaborate Versions of the Telegrams published in the particular section from



MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

(The "Boots" at the Shadow of Death Hotel, in the back block of Australia, on seeing a pair of boot-trees for the first time.)

"I SAY, BILLY, THAT POOR BLOKE IN THE BED-ROOM MUST 'AVE 'AD A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT. HE'S GOT TWO WOODEN FEET!"

which the coupon is taken. The elaborations will be the work of skilled journalists, and are guaranteed to give every satisfaction.

ORDER EARLY.

In a month or two the price may be
A Sovereign.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

(An American writer, Mrs. STETSON-GILMAN, has published a book entitled *The Home*, in which she argues that a nation which forces its women to concentrate their minds on food is doomed; and that we must therefore cease to eat at home and to entertain, and dispense with cooking-pots, if we would achieve anything.)

Up, up, revolting daughters! What!

Are ye content that life

Should be a thing of pan and pot,

A round of fork and knife?

Are ye content, O slaves, to bear

With furrowed brow and thinning hair

The drudgery of household care,

The burden of the wife?

Up, sisters, up! The fault's your own

If many a wasted span

Is spent slave-driving greasy JOAN

And idle MARY ANN.

Why meditate through half the night

New dishes, succulent and light,

To tempt the pampered appetite

Of over-eaten man?

No! Let him feed, if feed he must,

Upon the mid-day steak,

So that at eve some simple crust

Sufficient meal may make;

And he no doubt in time will learn

To eye with joy on his return

The simple tea-pot, caddy, urn,

And slice of seedy cake.

Thus, too, your sons shall come to view

All gluttony with scorn;

Indulgence shall be held taboo,

And luxury forsworn;

Nor shall a race be bred to vex

Our much-abused, long-suffering sex,

And with their greedy wants perplex

Girl-babies yet unborn.

Why entertain? Or if you care

To see your friends at all,

Why not let every street and square

Have its reception hall?

A simple room which one can sluice

With disinfectants after use,

With floor of stone or well-scrubbed
spruce

And tiles upon the wall.

Then up, my sisters! Only think—

To be forever free

From kitchen, pantry, larder, sink—

Eternal drudgery!

Pack all our cares to Jericho,

And how serenely life will flow!

Sans all that makes home home-like, O

How home-like home will be!

AN IMPERIAL POLICY.

THAT the rôle of *Ruy Blas*, the hero of VICTOR HUGO'S romantic melodrama, should have attracted Mr. LEWIS WALLER, as aforetime it attracted FECHTER, is quite in the nature of things; but it is a pity that Mr. WALLER should not have been contented with the old play, which, cut and polished up, might have proved a gem of some value.

At the Imperial Theatre the scenic artists, Messrs. BANKS, HICKS and CRAVEN, have done their best for Mr. JOHN DAVIDSON'S version of *Ruy Blas* entitled *A Queen's Romance*. It would have been better for the action had some little licence in the matter of dress been permitted to Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL as *The Queen of Spain*, to Miss LYDIA THOMPSON as the *Duchess of Albuquerque*, and to many of the ladies of the Court, who, attired as they now are, can only give such play to their feelings as extensive hoops and heavy petticoats will allow. The *Queen* is a perfect "Court Circular" in herself. Her devoted *Ruy Blas* may get round her with far greater facility than he can get at her. It may be that this is why her imprisoned Majesty, herself under petticoat government, seems to be so peculiarly bored by the attentions of her desperate adorer. How delighted would all the Spanish Court of the Imperial Theatre be even now, if over the doors were inscribed "All hoops abandon ye who enter here!"

Of such telling situations as this "blank version" offers to the actor, Mr. LEWIS WALLER makes the most, and in the last scene of all that closes the tragedy of the lunatic lacquey's strange career Mr. WALLER puts forth all his power, touches our hearts, excites our sympathy, and leaves nothing to be desired,—except that all the previous material had permitted acting such as this.

Mr. FULTON'S *Don Salluste* is even more melodramatic than VICTOR-HUGO-DAVIDSON'S double-dyed stage villain. It is like Mr. WALDENGARVER'S *Hamlet*, "massive and concrete." Mr. THOMAS KINGSTON is fortunate in being cast for the delightful rôle of the always popular *Don César de Bazan*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT'S work on Ireland (JOHN MURRAY) is the most valuable contribution to the understanding of a vital and complex question issued for some time. Long before he, with suitability of person to post not a prominent feature in all Ministerial appointments, was placed at the head of the Irish Agricultural Department, Sir HORACE, in modest practical manner, grappled with the subject. He perceived that at the root of the matter was the desirability of agricultural co-operation through voluntary associations. The gospel he preaches is that Ireland must work out her own salvation; at the same time he is not above recognising the necessity of supplementing voluntary effort by a sound system of state aid to agriculture and other industries. Not by agriculture alone is Ireland to be saved. "The best way to stimulate our industries," writes Sir HORACE in two of the many wise sentences that illuminate his book, "is to develop the home market by means of an increased agricultural production and a higher standard of comfort among the peasant producers. We shall thus be operating upon agriculture on the side of consumption as well as production, and so increasing the home demand for Irish manufactures." My Baronite, with pretty intimate knowledge of the history and moulding of the Irish Land Bill, recognises its founder in the Vice-President of the Irish Agricultural Board. GEORGE WYNDHAM watered, but HORACE PLUNKETT planted. His establishment of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society demonstrated the truth of his axiom, "Ireland is to be re-created from within. No body of men at Westminster, though they may help or hinder, can do the main work."

The Baron begs to acknowledge the fourth edition of the *Hindi Punch*, just received from Bombay. Mr. *Punch*, who traces his own origin back to prehistoric times when the Pharaohs and such like moderns were neither born nor thought of, when all the world was young, as Mr. *Punch* himself ever remains, is delighted to find his family so well represented and so highly popular in India as from this volume of the *Hindi Punch* is evidently the case. It is brought right up to date, and shows clearly how thoroughly *The Hind* and *Brahmin Punchodu* agree, and what useful service, wherever reform is needed, our Indian cousin is always ready and willing to render. In some instances he appears to be a very hot *Punch*, steaming in fact, but that is a matter of climate. The Baron tenders congratulations on the present volume, and, on behalf of Mr. *Punch* himself, wishes *Hindi Punch* continued success in the future.

This fresh edition of *Adonais* (METHUEN) is a dainty dish to lay before any king. It is fresh only in the sense of being just printed, since it is an exact reprint, page for page, not omitting the errors, of the edition of 1821 published at Pisa "with the types of DIOR." My Baronite reads *Adonais* whenever he finds it at hand. In this charming edition, frocked in pale blue, he finds fresh delight.

What can be done to help the British Stage was the plaintive heading of an article by Mr. W. L. COURTNEY in the *Fortnightly Review* for last month. The question was emphasised not only by quotations from a letter written by Mr. JOHN HARE to the *Times*, but also by an excerpt from a lecture recently delivered by Mr. PINERO; but the appeal was scarcely strengthened by a letter from Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON (not to be confounded with Mr. MAUDE'S partner in the Haymarket management), whose claim to be regarded as an authority on theatrical matters has yet to be allowed. The Baron would be inclined to surmise, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, that Mr. HARRISON'S acquaintance with theatrical matters in England is probably limited to the circumstance, as he has here stated it, of his having once upon a time written "a piece" (the Baron supposes he means a play) with, apparently, a purpose. What has become of this immortal work? The erudite Baron is compelled to confess, with compunction, his entire ignorance of the very existence of this literary and dramatic treasure. It may have been published anonymously, as anonymity has been on one occasion at least, of which the Baron happens to be cognisant, adopted by the philosophic Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON. If however by "piece" he did not mean a play, what was it, and why was it referred to in this connection?

The Poet Laureate of course has made his *début* under Mr. TREE'S auspices as a dramatic author, and there are, we take it, not many playgoers who, having once seen our ALFRED'S *Flodden Field* during its not extraordinarily prolonged run at His Majesty's, are likely to forget it. In the March number of the *Fortnightly* there appears a second list of thirty-seven "signatories" of whom only a dozen names can fairly be cited as practical experts. But what is it that these worthy "signatories" (we allude to such names among them as are not usually associated with the drama) require? Whatever it may be, had not the entire subject better be left to experienced professional actors, with Sir HENRY IRVING as their president, who thoroughly know the public, and will be universally recognised as authorities in such a matter?



DE

B.W.



GETTING OVER THE DIFFICULTY.

Noel (who has painted a cow in blue). "I DON'T NEVER 'MEMBER SEEING A BLUE COW."

Elsie. "NEVER MIND. LET'S SAY THE COW'S COLD."

WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

Berlin.—In giving audience to the Ban of CROATIA to-day the Emperor WILLIAM observed, with reference to the war in the Far East, that the nation which secured the command of sea and land would ultimately win.

Tokio.—The Vladivostok squadron of the Russian fleet is frozen up. According to an unsubstantiated rumour a desperate charge of Japanese cavalry on the Russian cruisers was beaten back by machine-gun fire. An armoured ice-train was brought into requisition for the journey there and back.

Nagasaki.—The Russian squadron from Vladivostok attempted to bombard Hakodate to-day. The squadron was annihilated by sunken mines, and

after firing on an inoffensive merchant steamer, steamed slowly away in the direction of — (name suppressed by Censor).

Chifu.—Last night the new Admiral tested the defences of Port Arthur. The Russian torpedo flotilla was sent out of harbour and instructed to make a surprise attack on the port. Owing to a misapprehension the fire from the forts destroyed the flotilla. The Admiral, who expressed himself highly gratified at the fine marksmanship displayed by the Russian artillery, was subsequently blown up—by the Czar.

Seoul.—It is reported that the Korean EMPEROR has ordered the mobilisation of the First (Bow and Arrow) Brigade of Infantry. The Russian Consul, appealing to the neutrality laws, has protested

against the command of the Brigade being given to the correspondent of the *Daily Mai*—(rest of name suppressed by Censor).

Yokohama.—Captain FLINDERS, of s.s. *Perseus*, who arrived here to-day, reports a curious occurrence in the Yellow Sea. A large serpent-like creature, eighty feet long, with fins on either side and a mane, raised itself from the sea and gazed steadily at his vessel. Captain FLINDERS is under the impression that it was the sea-serpent. (ED. NOTE.—A submarine is here indicated; the presence of the sea-serpent in the time of marine warfare being unprecedented.)

PATRIOTIC SONG FOR THE TARIFF COMMISSION.—"For England, Home and Booty!"

THE DECLINE AND FALL-OFF.

AMONG traditions which explain
Our wonted lordship o'er the waves,
And why we steadily disdain
The bare idea of being slaves,
There is a *dictum*, taught, no doubt,
Upon the playing-fields of Eton,
That Britain's sons are born without
The gift of knowing when they're beaten.

Whether it ought to be ascribed
To qualities of heart or head—
This virtue which we see imbibed
By every bull-pup nicely bred—
Who knows? It may be simply beans
Or due to mental limitations
Imposed by Providential means
On insular imaginations.

I must regrettably omit
To trace the ethnologic germ
Of that hereditary grit
Which keeps the country's bulwarks firm;
Suffice to note, this racial trait
That won us our superb position
Shows signs of comatose decay
In certain types of politician.

Not theirs to fight forlornly on,
Filling the gaps where comrades fall,
And last, with ammunition gone,
To leave their bodies by the wall;
They recognise long months ahead
In what direction things are drifting,
And while their Captain counts his dead
Secure an early chance of shifting.

Let THOMAS ATKINS, blind with pluck,
Firmly decline to own defeat;
These warriors scent a lapse of luck
Almost before the armies meet.
Let JACK at sea, good simple soul,
With riddled pumps sublimely wrestle;
These tars assume the softer rôle
Of rats that leave a sinking vessel.

"Tall talk," you say, "and vainly spent;
Heroics hardly meet the case
Of such as look on Parliament
As just a pleasant lounging-place—
A club, with stiffish entrance-fee,
But social standard lightly lenient,
Where men may saunter in to tea
And vote at leisure, if convenient.

"It little moves them how the State
Emerges from the strife of tongues,
If they can once negotiate
Society's initial rungs;
Though Tory fortunes rudely swerve,
Still in provincial vales of Tempé
These heroes, flushed with Attic verve,
At worst can sign themselves ex-M.P."

That is their point of view, you say.
But was the House, through which they flit,
Constructed, like the Sabbath day,
Largely for them, or they for it?
This common type, I hold, exists
For single ends, of which the sum is
To swell their party's voting lists
As loyal unassuming dummies."

O. S.

A LETTER OF CONDOLENCE.

(Fragment of the diary of Mamie Harding, typewriter to a Man of Genius.)

Feb. 5.—I put on his table this morning a personal letter I opened by mistake. It said, among other things: "So poor TOM JACKSON's lost his wife. The baby did not live either, I'm told." When he came in he read as far as this. Then he said, sadly: "You may go, Miss HARDING; I shall not dictate any poetry to-day. For me there is a mournful, beneficent, gracious task."

Feb. 6.—His room was in disorder this morning. Heaps of torn paper lay on the table, on the floor, everywhere. He looked noble when he came in. "These little papers," he said, with *such* a wave of his hand, "are to be counted among my failures. But I have achieved it—a letter of condolence, as the world says, to poor JACKSON." I said something about giving up to one person the talent meant for the world. He answered: "Little girl, little girl, how shall I make you understand? To JACKSON his grief is not precious. To him his loss is an unlovely thing, merely hard to bear. My duty is to send him words which, though he regards them not now, nor at all perceives their savour, shall in after years be taken to the light, like glowing gems from their case; when JACKSON, rereading them, shall realise that death, even death, is susceptible of a treatment essentially decorative."

Taking a bit of manuscript from his pocket, he added: "As for the world, my biographers may fight for this copy." He leaned against the mantelpiece, his head resting on his hand, and read aloud: "In the presence of such misery as yours no words of mine, with however true a sympathy they are spoken, can sound aught save a discord in your ears. You loved ELIXOR: you have lost her. Faint indeed, my friend, faint and fading, thin and distant echoes of a grief that smites and slays, will be anything that I can add. To the tones of my answering sorrow you can give no more heed than the traveller, stricken by the swift irrevocable bolt of the gods, pays to the reverberations of that flash which brought him suddenly to the end of things." He sighed a little, shook his head, and said two or three times: "Death itself, to the artist, may be an occasion for tender arabesques."

It was hard, but I did it. I said, of course in my refined way: "Yes, it's a very pretty piece"—he shuddered a little, I don't know why—but I don't quite understand. How could a man who'd been killed by lightning pay attention to the thunder, even if he wanted to?"

As soon as he caught the idea he dashed off this wire: "THOMAS JACKSON, The Parentage, Little Mitching, Sturton Sowley, Salop. Confidential letter intended for another mailed you by mistake. Please return unopened. Sincerest sympathy. Will write.—WARWICK PAPRICOT." For the rest of the day he was inattentive and melancholy.

Feb. 8.—I was the witness of a distressing scene this morning. He was dictating a poem, a really superior one, in praise of common persons, and had just intoned the line,

"Glory of SMITH in the morning, and glory of JONES at night,"

when there was a noise in the passage, and a young man tumbled into the room—a sort of Squire, I expect, with an out-of-door skin, and jolly eyes. He pounded Mr. PAPRICOT on the back. Mr. PAPRICOT looked dignified, and said, "But, my poor JACKSON, how——?"

But Mr. JACKSON wouldn't let him finish. "I say! I say!" he shouted. "Great, isn't it? Sorry, old man, but I opened your letter—came before the wire. Rattling good letter—you must have worked uncommon hard. But NELLY's not dead. Doing fine! Twins! All three well." And he poked Mr. PAPRICOT in the ribs.

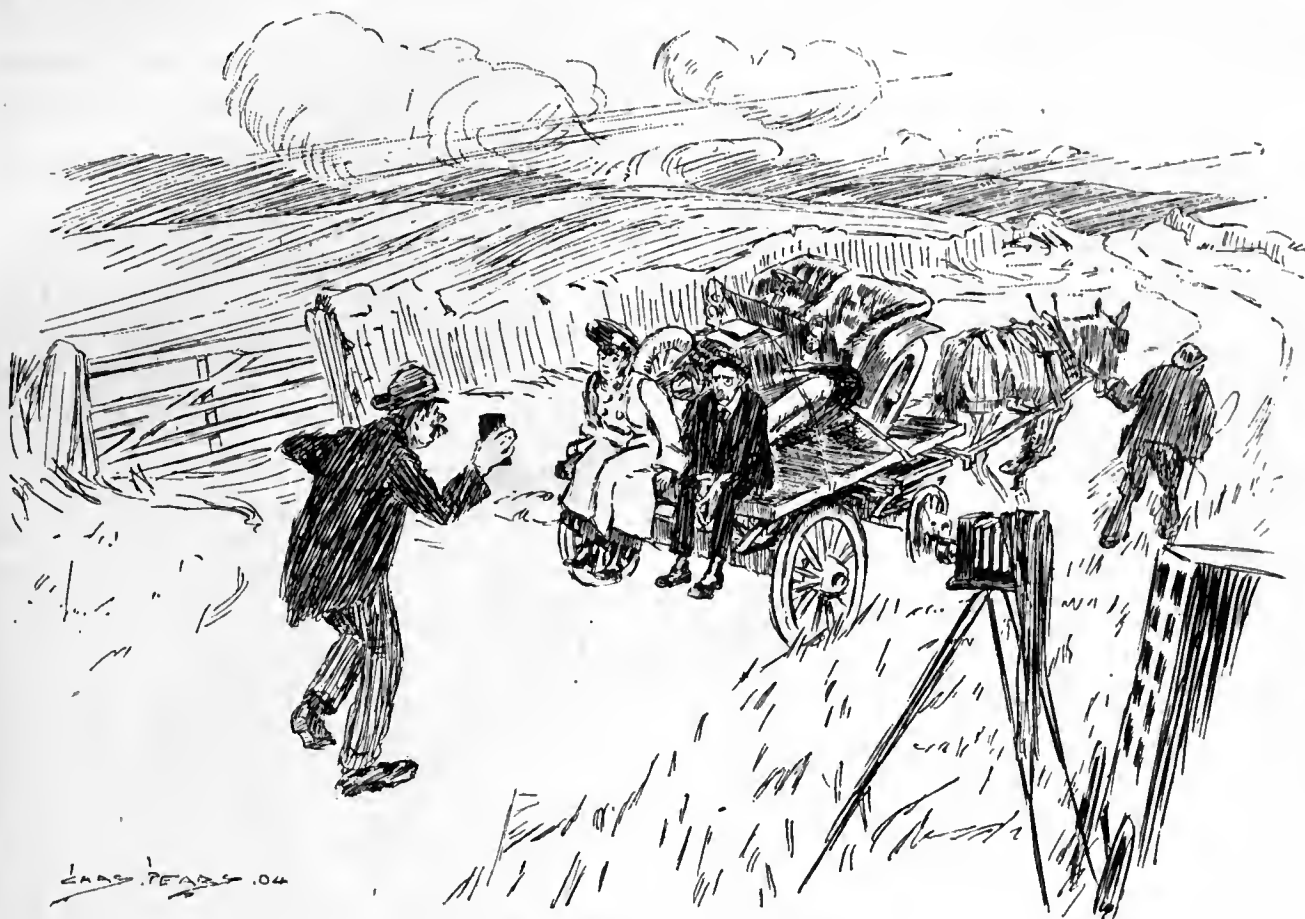
After he went Mr. PAPRICOT gave me a half-holiday. The well of genius, he said, had been poisoned or defiled, I forget which.



NE "PLUM" ULTRA.

BRITISH LION. "THINK WE'VE HAD MOST OF THE LUCK!"
AUSTRALIAN KANGAROO. "NOT MORE THAN YOU DESERVED!"





ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

Tramp Photographer. "Now, Sir, JUST AS YOU ARE FOR A SMILIN'!"

[And little Binks, who prides himself upon his motor driving, is trying his best to get his wife to promise not to tell anyone about the smash.]

A "FIRST NIGHT" SUPPER.

SCENE—A Corridor in the Hotel Magnifique. **TIME**—About 11.30 P.M. SYDNEY SHELCASTLE, a diffident young Dramatist whose first Comedy, "Facing the Music," has been produced that evening at the Jollity Theatre, is discovered in the act of giving his hat and coat to an attendant.

Sydney Shelcastle. Er—Mr. BERKELEY CARLTON expects me. I believe he has a supper-party here?

Attendant. Quite correct, Sir. Straight down the corridor and third door on the left.

Syd. Shel. (to himself). Almost wish I'd gone to the Jollity first. (As he reaches door of private supper-room) However, I shall soon know now!

[He pulls himself together and enters; the only persons in the room as yet are his host, BERKELEY CARLTON, the popular Actor-Manager; HORSLEY COLLARD, who plays the chief character-part in his piece; and SPRATT-WHALEY, the lessee of the Jollity. The first two greet his arrival with a heartiness which strikes him as overdone.]

Syd. Shel. Well? Did it—did it go off all right?

Berkeley Carlton (raising his eyebrows). "Did it go off all right?" Why—weren't you in front?

Syd. Shel. (embarrassed). Well—a—no. I didn't feel quite equal to it. (Watching their faces) I hope it wasn't—?

Horsley Collard (with a glance at CARLTON which does not escape the Dramatist). Haven't you heard anything?

Syd. Shel. Not a word. I—I haven't met anybody who could tell me. I came straight here.

Berk. Carl. Been strollin' up and down the Embankment to pass the time, eh?

Syd. Shel. No—as a matter of fact I went to the Hippodrome.

Berk. Carl. Did you, though? What did you think of the show?

Syd. Shel. Capital! That is, I didn't pay much attention to it—wondering all the time how *Facing the Music* was getting on.

Berk. Carl. Ah? Glad you gave us a thought now and then. I say, HORSLEY, know whether ANGELA DAVENTRY means to turn up?

Hors. Coll. Can't say. She may be feeling too upset. Perhaps I'd better go and see where the others are. (To BERKELEY CARLTON, in a too audible undertone) I'll leave you to break it to the poor chap while I'm gone. *[He goes out.]*

Berk. Carl. Well, SHELCASTLE, you seem to have spent a pleasant evenin' anyhow. Always amusin' beggars, elephants. And these plunge, don't they? By the way, you don't know SPRATT-WHALEY. *(He introduces them.)* He's just been tellin' us all about his new motor-car.

[The unhappy Playwright strives to affect an interest in automobiles, while wishing that CARLTON would not be so confoundedly tactful—until HORSLEY COLLARD returns with the other invited members of the Company, who are obviously putting considerable restraint on themselves.]
Miss Angela Daventry (the extremely charming and sympa-

thetic actress who impersonates S.'s heroine.) Good evening, Mr. SHELCASTLE. I hear you didn't patronise our poor little efforts to-night. Oh, we quite understood. And we all think it so wise of you. *(She approaches the fireplace.)* Br-r-r! Isn't it cold! I'm sure there's a frost to-night!

Miss Daisy Archbutt (engaged for the light comedy part). Oh, my dear! For goodness sake don't mention frosts! Before poor dear Mr. SHELCASTLE, too!

Blundell-Footlet (whose forte is Society idiots). I say, you know. Now you have done it! If you hadn't said that, Mr. SHELCASTLE wouldn't have been any the wiser—he wasn't there.

Mrs. Chesterfield Manners (the Dowager in S.'s play). I'm afraid it must have been an effort for you to give us the pleasure of seeing you at all this evening, Mr. SHELCASTLE—under the circumstances!

Syd. Shel. Well, you see, Mrs. MANNERS, when I came here I hadn't heard—in fact, I don't know anything definite even now—though I—I gather—

Horsley Collard (compassionately). Now, my dear old chap, do take a tip from me. Don't you spoil your supper by trying to gather any more. Be jolly while you may!

Angela Dav. But you will spoil his supper. It isn't fair to keep him in suspense like this!

Berk. Carl. Don't fuss, dear. You leave it to us. He'll find out quite soon enough—and now let's have supper.

[They sit down.]

Syd. Shel. (who is seated next to DAISY ARCHBUTT). You might just tell me this, Miss ARCHBUTT—was there—was there much of a row?

Daisy (with a giggle). I—I really shouldn't like to say, Mr. SHELCASTLE. But in the last Act you might have fancied you were in Church—so much coughing, you know!

[FOOTLET guffaws suddenly.]

Syd. Shel. I was always afraid of that last Act. But—it didn't all drag, eh?

Hors. Coll. Not while I was on, old man. I took care of that. I hate gagging as a general rule—inartistic, I call it. But I simply had to bring in a wheeze now and then—just to keep the Gallery quiet.

Syd. Shel. (with a pale smile). I can quite imagine it—a—would have that effect. Still, if you don't mind, COLLARD, I must ask you to stick to the original lines, for the future.

Hors. Coll. Certainly, dear boy. It will be quite a relief not to have to be funny!

Angela (indignantly). HORSLEY! How can you?

Berk. Carl. Ah, well—there's this to be said: a first-night house isn't like any other.

Hors. Coll. Fuller, for one thing!

Berk. Carl. You can always paper. And I don't despair of seeing the piece catch on yet, SHELCASTLE, if we can only see our way between us to cutting, say, about a third of each Act.

[Another guffaw from FOOTLET.]

Syd. Shel. You may do what you like with it, CARLTON—but I'm hanged if I touch the beastly thing again!

Angela (aside). BERKELEY! Do stop it! Only look at his face, poor little thing!

Berk. Carl. (aside to her). Nonsense, dear, he's all right! *(Aloud)* Well, it must take its chance as it is, then. After all, it might have had a worse reception. If they did boo a bit, they didn't mean it ill-naturedly. Anythin' amusin' you, BLUNDELL?

Blun. Foot. (who has guffawed again). No—nothing particular. I—I was only thinking of that chap in the gallery.

Berk. Carl. Oh, ah, the beggar in the brown bowler. He was rather nasty at times. I'd have had him clucked, only the Gallery all seemed to be with him. Still, I distinctly saw some of the stalls applaudin' when it was all over.

Whaley-Spratt. What will the critics say to-morrow, my boy, that's the question!

Berk. Carl. We shall know before we're much older. Old BILL BURLEIGH can't say much, anyhow, for he bolted in the middle of the Second Act. But JACK HALL came round afterwards and said there could only be one opinion about the piece. Didn't like to ask him *what*.

Miss Dav. (impulsively). Haven't you rubbed it in quite enough? Mr. SHELCASTLE, you mustn't mind them—!

Berk. Carl. My dear child, he don't. It's nothing to him. Why, he didn't even care enough to come and see us. Preferred the performin' elephants!

Mrs. Chest. Man. And I've no doubt he found them far more graceful and accomplished comedians.

Syd. Shel. I—I assure you you're mistaken. I wasn't indifferent. I knew I couldn't have a better cast and that you'd all do your very best for me. It was the piece that was all wrong. I saw that at the last Dress Rehearsal. And—well, I'm afraid I funk'd the first night. I'm awfully sorry it's come to grief—for your sakes as well as my own. I suppose I ought to have known I couldn't write a play. *(He rises.)* And now I must ask you to excuse me. I—I've got to go home and pack. . . . I'm going away early to-morrow, for—for a little holiday. I may be away some years.

[Reaction, followed by general applause.]

Angela. Now I will speak! Dear Mr. SHELCASTLE, don't you see? We've been taking you in all this time. Oh, I knew it was perfectly piggish of us. Only we *did* think you might have been there, you know!

Syd. Shel. I—don't understand. You don't mean that the piece wasn't such an absolute failure after all?

Berk. Carl. Considerin' we were all called five times after every Act, and I had to make a speech and explain that the Author was not in the house at the end, I shouldn't describe it myself as a howling frost precisely.

Daisy. Why, they simply roared all through! I was only clapping you about the coughing.

Blund. Foot. And that Johnnie in the brown bowler—all spoof, you know. Jove! I nearly gave the show away by smiling like a silly ass once or twice!

Hors. Coll. I'd no need to gag, my boy. Got my laughs all right without that!

Berk. Carl. And I don't think there'll be much to alter to-morrow. Every scene seemed to go.

Whal. Spratt. The Box Offices have come forward in style. We shall want three extra rows of stalls.

Syd. Shel. (sitting down heavily). Look here—you—you're not pulling my leg again, are you?

Angela. Indeed we're not! And you must try to forgive us for doing it at all. Say you do!

Syd. Shel. (recovering). But there's nothing to forgive. I knew all along that it couldn't really have gone wrong.

Berk. Carl. Of course you did, old boy. Pity you've got to go home and pack, though. How many years did you say you would be away?

Syd. Shel. (rising and going towards him). You didn't think I meant it, did you? When I've got an idea for a new comedy which would—I say, I should like most awfully to tell you about it.

Berk. Carl. (pressing him back into his chair). Now just you try and manage a little food first, old fellow. You haven't had a mouthful yet. You've lots of time to write me a new comedy—we shan't be wanting it for another eight months at least!

[SYDNEY SHELCASTLE sits down and makes the discovery that he was hungrier than he imagined.] F. A.

"ANTI-CANNIBAL" calls our horrified attention to the following advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*:

REQUIRED, at the Gresham Club, by the 15th, a ROASTMAID. Apply between ten and eleven A.M.

CHARIVARIA.

THE newspaper which declared that there were forty war correspondents lying idle at Tokio used an unfortunate expression.

An article on Sleeplessness declares that a simple way of banishing insomnia is to stare at one's reflection in a mirror.

always attractive subject of "Sin," Bishop MACKAY-SMITH declared that the working poor are happier than the rich. He might have added that they are also more unselfish, for many of them would be willing to change places with their less happy brethren.

That Lord ROSEBERRY affects Harris tweeds is well-known. Mr. BRODRICK has now announced his intention of wearing an Empire-grown cotton shirt. "I undertake to put my back into it," he declared, amid cheers, to a deputation on the subject of British cotton.

An inmate of the Blackburn Workhouse has just died at the age of 105. It is stated that he was always a smoker and a non-teetotaler. In some circles, therefore, his death will occasion no surprise.

All of us felt the sudden cold snap more or less last week, and a Passive Resister at Bromley asked to be sent to the stake.

"A West-End Clairvoyant" has disclosed to a *Daily Mail* representative the remaining events of the war. "The claims of the Clairvoyant in question," said the *Daily Mail*, "can be tested by cutting out this article, and noting, as events transpire, the correctness or otherwise of his bold predictions." That is so.

According to the *Echo de Paris*, General KUROPATKIN has said, "The war will last, perhaps, eighteen months, but all the necessary steps have been taken to ensure that none of the Japanese who may have landed will ever return to their country." The Japanese, however, deny that they wish to settle in any numbers in the conquered territory.

But surely this, in many cases, leads to nightmare?

It has been officially stated in the House of Lords that the object of our expedition to Thibet is to establish amicable relations with that country, and that, if necessary, we will fight.

In a sermon at Philadelphia on the

tins of condensed milk yearly — not tons, as has been incorrectly reported," said the *Daily Mail* last week.

A contemporary is offering £100 for "the best Temperance story." We always think the assertion that there is no alcohol in ginger-beer is hard to beat.



PLAYING DOWN TO HIM.

Young couple (who expect the visit of a very miserly relative, from whom they have expectations) are clearing the room of every sign of luxury.

Wife (earnestly). "WE MUST DO ALL WE CAN TO MAKE USCLE FEEL AT HOME."

Husband (caustically). "THEN WE HAD BETTER LET THE FIRE OUT."

"According to German statistics," says a contemporary, "there are 35,900,000 cows spread over nine European countries." Motor-cars again, we suppose.

The Authors' Club thinks there are too many authors. The members have just entertained Lord JUSTICE MATHEW, who has never written a book, and their next guest is to be General FRENCH. This idea of giving dinners as prizes to persons who do not write books strikes us as being admirable. Had we only known earlier!

The report that the oldest man in the United States is dead is not true. We are informed that the oldest man in the United States is alive.

Sometimes the papers provide their own Charivaria. "Finsbury people consume a million and a half

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XII.—SHOULD ALL PERIODICALS COST ONLY A HALFPENNY?

SCENE—Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons' Headquarters.

PRESENT.

Mr. A. J. Balfour (in the Chair).

The Editor of the "Quarterly."

The Editor of the "Nineteenth Century and After."

The Editor of the "Economist."

The Editor of the "Westminster Gazette."

The Editor of the "Daily Chronicle."

The Editor of the "Daily News."

The Editor of the "Daily Mail."

The Editor of the "Daily Express."

The Editor of the "Police News."

The Manager of Messrs. W.

H. Smith and Sons.

The Master of the Mint.

Mr. A. J. Balfour. I have been asked to take the chair at the interesting debate which is about to ensue, for the reason that absolute impartiality could be found only in one who never reads the papers. As I am in that enviable position it follows that it is all one to me whether they cost a halfpenny or a king's ransom. So far as I can see, however, a halfpenny is the prevailing sum; yet, on my attempting recently to purchase the *Quarterly Review* at the Brighton bookstall for that coin, the boy with some asperity demanded five and elevenpence-halfpenny more.

Editor of the "Quarterly."

The boy was undoubtedly right. We have, it is true, introduced signed articles, but our enterprise will go no further just yet, unless to return to anonymity.

Editor of the "Nineteenth Century and After." Had our gifted Chairman purchased the *Nineteenth Century and After* he would have been money in pocket. How much, I leave to the breakfast-table mathematicians who read the *Daily Mail*.

Mr. Balfour. I believe that is so; but the length of the Review's title is prohibitive. While I am asking for it I always miss my train.

Editor of the "Daily Chronicle." My experience is that a halfpenny is the only fitting amount to ask for a penny paper. But the editing must be done with enterprise and originality. There must be signed articles, a magazine page, and so forth. Everything novel and fresh.

Editor of the "Daily News." Speaking with a considerably larger experience

of controlling a halfpenny paper than the gentleman who has just spoken, I may say that he has omitted to mention one prime factor in the success of such an undertaking. There must be an article by Mr. CHIOZZA MONEY.

Editor of the "Police News." Is there not a contributor named CHESTERTON who writes most of the papers now, weekly as well as daily?

Editor of the "Economist." The reduction of all periodicals to one halfpenny would liberate a vast amount of money for other purposes.

Mr. Balfour. Is the *Economist* coming down? I am informed by Sir JAMES KNOWLES that it rejoices in the eccentric valuation of eightpence. I cannot remember anything ever having cost eightpence before. How does one arrive



WHAT MAKES THE MARCH HARE SO MAD?
JOY! BECAUSE HARE-HUNTING FINISHED FEBRUARY 27.

at eightpence as a good working figure for a weekly paper?

Editor of the "Economist." Our contemporary, *Notes and Queries*, is fourpence.

Editor of the "Police News." And a very good paper it is, too.

Editor of the "Daily Mail." Still, there is no doubt that a halfpenny is the unit of the future.

Editor of the "Daily Chronicle." I wonder how many halfpennies there are in £100,000.

Editor of the "Daily Mail." I see no occasion for referring to that particular figure.

Editor of the "Daily Chronicle." It merely occurred to me as a good example of a round sum.

Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons' Manager. Practical politics are against the halfpenny unit. If all papers were a halfpenny the bookstalls would be larger than the stations.

Editor of the "Quarterly." How would the new clientele affect the character of the publications? Would the *Quarterly* have to adopt cross-headings?

Master of the Mint. One aspect of the halfpenny revolution which has so far escaped attention is the coin itself. We shall have to issue many more to meet the demand.

Editor of the "Nineteenth Century and After." I suppose there is no means of paying for papers in kind?

Mr. Balfour. You mean half bricks, for example?

Editor of the "Economist." I am even now perfecting a scheme by which to-day's halfpenny paper can be exchanged for yesterday's penny paper. For example, a *Telegraph* of March 2 would purchase a *Chronicle* of March 3, or a

Sporting Times of February 27 might be exchanged for two *Morning Leaders* of February 29 or a *Referee* of February 28.

Editor of the "Quarterly." The scheme seems to be an admirable one.

Editor of the "Economist." So I think. My only difficulty so far has been with Messrs. W. H. SMITH AND SONS and the other newsagents. Payment might also be made in comestibles, especially such as are available at breakfast-time. It would be very convenient, for instance, to be able to purchase four *Mirrors* with an egg, or to exchange a sardine for the *Morning Post*. It would help to solve the question what to do with superfluous breakfast.

Master of the Mint. Another point troubles me. I have

ascertained that there is no colloquial term for a halfpenny. The word "brown" covers both a penny and its moiety. The word "copper" covers all bronze.

Editor of the "Police News." And it is also ambiguous owing to its further application to our brave boys in blue.

Master of the Mint. Will not some gentleman suggest a word for the halfpenny, or undertake to start a competition to that end?

Editor of the "Daily Express." Would not "ALF" be a good word? "Lend me an ALF" sounds reasonable enough.

Editor of the "Daily Mail." Or an "ARTH"?

Editor of the "Daily Express." I prefer "ALF." It is not only appropriate, a halfpenny being half (or ALF) of a penny, but it has also an historical significance.

Editor of the "Daily Mail." Yet think of the value of the word "ARTH" when



Benevolent Old Gentleman. "POOR LITTLE THING! IS IT HURT?"

[But it was only the week's washing.]

the time came to sell a cricket edition. Cricket and the "ARTH"!

Editor of the "Economist." Is there any objection to calling a ha'penny a "hape"? *Editor of the "Nineteenth Century and After."* None; except that £500 is known as a monkey.

Editor of the "Economist." True. I see your point.

Mr. Balfour. What then do we decide? Are all periodicals to be a halfpenny?

Editor of the "Westminster Gazette." Personally I don't care to come down to a halfpenny. As it is, we give away a bit of GORP almost every evening for a penny. That ought to be concession enough. [Stampede.]

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—March 17: First Night of an entirely New Moon. The curtain will rise at 5.39 A.M. precisely, when all persons are earnestly requested to be in their beds.

TEMPERATE ORGIES.

(Written to oblige a distinguished prelate, who recently asked for a spirited drinking-song for the use of teetotallers.)

BRING me, boy, a lusty jorum,
Filtered from the local Main,
Let me drink, and drown decorum;
Let me sing, and banish pain;
Fill the cup, and every sip 'll
Bid the cares of being go;
Tell me, who can find a tippie
To compare with H₂O?

Fools are they that squander life on
Gallic Grape or British Hop;—
Mountain Dew with gassy Syphon—
Juniper with Ginger-pop;
Watch them, swollen, pale, dishevelled;
Slam the door and see them jump!
Better far that they had revelled
On the boiled and filtered Pump!

Mine shall be a full libation
From the constant Town Supply,
Void of consequent inflation,
Aching head and rheumy eye!
Keep the pot a-boiling, laddie;
Let the jolly filter flow;
Those that like can use the caddy,
I shall stick to H₂O. DUM-DUM.

Light on the Fourth Test Match.

The cricket-loving public can hardly be too grateful for the way in which our Home Commentators have illuminated the crude and obscure statements of the reporter on the spot. "HAD HAYWARD," says the *P. M. G.*, "been dismissed earlier the Englishmen would not be so well off as they are."

THE YELLOW PERIL.—Orange-peel on the pavement.



ITS LATEST APPLICATION.

Man in the Street. "ULLO, MATE, 'UNTIN' FOR GOOD OLD 'IDDEN TREASURE?"

Skilled Workman (examining electric connection). "NOT ME! I'M A WATCHIN' THE BLOOMIN' TEST MATCH."

NAE DOOT.

Noo, Scots wha hae wi' WULLIE bled, and a' ye Southrons, too,
The foe is here, the battle's near; it's time to daur and do!
Set a' your ranks in order, men, and gar your captains stand
Prepared to lead the stormy charge that brings you hand to hand.

See, BANKERMAN has grasped his spear, and FOWLER shakes
his blade,

And ASQUITH wi' his banners oot is mairchin' to their aid;
And pawky little CHURCHILL's flingin' deevots in the van—
But whaur's the Errl o' ROSEBERY, that well-loved fechtin' man?

He's got a League, a braw young League, of clansmen true
and leal;

They've bound themsel' wi' mony a vow to serve their
chieftain weel;

And noo the battle's lowerin' near they ca' him by his name,
"AIRCHIE, come oot"; "I'll no'," says he, and so he sits at
hame.

"Come oot, for JOSEPH's gaed awa to Egypt's sandy links:
Aiblins he's climbing Pyramids or speering at the Sphinx.
Come oot," they cry, "Errl ROSEBERY; it isna very rash;
Come oot and join the bonny dance, and gie them a' a bash.

"Oor foes, they canna thole oor charge; they're looking sair
and black,

For each has got a Chinaman tight claspit on his back:
They bits o' doited loons and a' we'll pit them soon to root;
Come, AIRCHIE, gie's your hand, my man,"—but AIRCHIE says,
"I doot."

"Come, AIRCHIE, come," they cry to him, "if somewhere ye
maun bide,

Oor taibernaicle's grand enough: its doors are open wide;
Ye'll see nae man that's no' your freend, if ye'll but tak'
your place."

Says he, "I fear there's someone there that canna thole my
face."

And so he bides and speers and doots and canna fix his mind;
And while his freends are richt in front the Errl is left
behind.

"What ails ye wi' the battle, man?" he hears his comrades
cry,

But a' he says to them is this:—"I'll tell ye by and by."

"THE MERMAID SOCIETY."—This sounds a kind of very Odd
Fellow Association, for surely there must be *one* Merman,
a mere man among so many Mermaidsens. No matter for
the sound, or the apparently fishy associations suggested by
the name, it is a Society whose motto is, "The Play's the
thing," and whose object is to give finished performances of
standard old comedies at the Court Theatre. The next
performance is on March 20, when the Mermaids and
Mermen propose presenting CONGREVE'S *The Way of the
World*. The members of this Submarine Society, with
subscriptions coming in plentifully, are well able to keep
their clever heads above water, and, in view of performing,
on future occasions, some old musical dramas, they are now
regularly practising their scales. Success to the show *tali
auxilio!*



LEAVING THE LISTS.

[Sir William Vernon Harcourt retires from Parliamentary life after thirty-five years' active service.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, February 29.—Talk through long winter night all about the Navy. Everything going well. We've got the men, we've got the ships, and we've paid the money too. Three years ago total of Naval expenditure slightly exceeded thirty-two millions. Estimated outlay for coming year demands forty-two millions. Pretty stiff for peace establishment. But taxpayer satisfied if only assured he gets something for his money. As FORTESCUE FLANNERY said just now, in one of those trumpet-toned sentences that hurtle through the shivering ages, "What is an excessive Budget compared with safety of the country?"

This one for C.-B., who had been hinting that we are rather going it in the matter of national expenditure.

Happily proof forthcoming that the Navy is not only in healthy contented state of mind that would have amazed the mutineers of the Nore, but that it is impregnated to its lowest depths with spirit of loyalty worth more than a Chilean ironclad in the hour of battle. Testimony all the more valuable that it cropped up on side issues, and was incidentally mentioned by Secretary to Admiralty. Discoursing of the educational establishment of late-created Osborne, PREYMAN told how he had been approached by a grateful mother who, showing alarming intention



"Nelson, Blake,—and the Earl of Selborne."

of desire to embrace him, descended on the happiness of her cadet.

"Why," she exclaimed, "he has cream with his porridge!"

There, in a sentence, is explained the secret of the prowess of the British Navy. Budding midshipmites have cream with their porridge. Whether it were wise thus to blurt out secrets, with France, Germany and Russia listening at the door, is matter for consideration of Board of Admiralty. Anyhow it is out now. If, next year, our rivals shall have so far profited by the lesson that it will be necessary to increase existing proportion of strength to meet demand that Great Britain shall be as powerful on the sea as any possible combination of two maritime Powers, with PREYMAN will rest responsibility.

The other testimony also came from Osborne, seed-ground of dauntless Admirals. A cadet, asked to name the three greatest Admirals known to history, promptly replied, "NELSON, BLAKE and the Earl of SELBORNE." House laughed long and loud when PREYMAN told the story. If we come to think of it we shall discern deeper meaning in it than appears at first glance. Small boy

of course inaccurate in point of form. There is a difference between the First Lord of the Admiralty and a mere Admiral like NELSON or CHARLES BERESFORD.

As a matter of fact, in accordance with far-sighted policy alluded to last week, our present First Lord learned the art of war ashore. Before he went to the Admiralty he was accustomed to set in battle array the third battalion of the Hampshire Militia.

That is a detail. Wiping lips still succulent with cream in his porridge; confronted by the query, Who are the three greatest Admirals? having named NELSON and BLAKE, the small cadet's mind was permeated with the subtle personal influence of the head of the King's Navee, a personality felt from the flagship to the tiniest torpedo-boat. Naturally the name of SELBORNE leaped to his tongue.

The youngster was quite right. Of all Departments affected by reconstruction of Ministry of 1900, none has been so successfully administered as the Admiralty. Whilst squabbles have raged round every other, healthful peace has brooded over Spring Gardens.



"CHILIAN BATTLESHIPS."

The designer of H.M.S. *Swiftsure* and *Triumph* describes his offspring to the House of Commons.

(Sir E. J. Reed, K.C.B.)



A DOWN-TRODDEN INDUSTRY!

"The Rt. Hon. Austen Chamberlain to-day received a deputation of brewers. . . . He was unable, he said, to hold out any hope of being able to remit the taxes on beer and spirits."

"Odd thing," says the MEMBER FOR SARK; "of all Cabinet Ministers First Lord of the Admiralty is the only one who hasn't been at sea."

Business done.—House in Committee on Navy Estimates.

Tuesday night.—Haven't for some sessions heard anything of Mr. FLAVIN. Time was when his latest new suit, in hue a note of flaming ochre, in cut a masterpiece of the tailor of Tralee, fascinated the House. He was up every day at question time; occasionally interposed in debate with conundrums addressed to the Chief Secretary about the size and weight of ears of Irish corn compared with British. Now rarely seen in his place; still more rarely uplifts his voice. Never been the same man since the night he was carried out shoulder high by four policemen, involuntarily marching to the air "*God Save Ireland*," sung by the captive, with expelled compatriots chiming in.

Gaiety of the House long eclipsed, to-night restored. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER in low spirits; contemplates with gloomy anticipation framing of his Budget. 'Tis a hard fate that marks him out as its victim. In ordinary course of events, stretched over a term of forty years, what has happened in the matter of finance has been that a Conservative Ministry coming in to power have found themselves heritors of a fat surplus. When it has disappeared, and in its place huge deficiencies confront the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, the

Conservatives have gone out, and GLADSTONE, with his magic wand, or SQUIRE OF MALWOOD with his Death Duties, has come in to put things right again.

Now, owing to exceptional prolongation of power, Nemesis, with helm and wheel, alights on the scene. It is a Conservative CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER who has to deal with the dilemma, the young withal and new to the place.

Pondering on these things Mr. FLAVIN, with native generosity, broke his vow of silence. Emerged from retirement, proffering comfort and consolation. Has heard of a special brand of Scotch whisky composed of four parts English spirit, one of raw grain patent spirit, a babe not twelve months old. This the thing to cheer up CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER brooding over deficit. Adroitly approaches overture by asking if CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER ever heard of this particular blend. Reply in the negative.

"If I provide a sample," said Mr. FLAVIN, throwing out his arms with lavish gesture suggestive of a half-gallon nip, "will the right hon. gentleman take the responsibility of sampling it himself?"

"Sampling" is good as suggesting a business transaction quite apart from personal hankering. Had AUSTEN been privily approached he might have yielded to the seductive offer. Publicly made, with a General Election almost

in sight and the Temperance Party going strong, he firmly but politely declined.

Business done.—Still on Navy Estimates.

Wednesday.—A fortnight ago, in connection with the absence of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD from debate, something was said on this page of his peculiar personal position in the House. To-day those sentiments are universally voiced. Wherever two or three Members meet together the talk is of the SQUIRE's pending retirement from public life.

"I have felt bound," he writes to his constituents, "not without pain, to come to the conclusion that I should not be justified in seeking at the next Election to renew the lease of my Parliamentary life, the obligations of which I cannot discharge in a manner which would satisfy myself or those I had the honour to serve."

It is a dignified farewell, worthy close of a long life spent with rare distinction in the service of the State.

The House of Commons will be distinctly poorer by the withdrawal of this stately figure, with its high political principles, its impregnable honesty, its kind heart, and its (occasionally) bitter tongue. The Tired Warrior has well earned his rest. His helmet now a hive for bees, he will retire to the loved shades of Malwood. Priam at the Scaean Gate will look from afar on the battlefield in the tumult of which his soul long delighted.

He will have the satisfaction of knowing that he carries with him the affectionate remembrance of his personal friends, the admiration and esteem of his political adversaries.

Business done.—Private Members' Bills.

A *Daily Chronicle* correspondent, writing about Port Arthur, says:—

"The soldiers of the forts are working like horses, harnessing themselves to the carts and singing while drawing them."

This must be the kind of horse we have long wanted for neighbourhoods suffering from agricultural depression.

THE following telegrams, taken from the *Daily Telegraph*, are very significant when placed in proper juxtaposition:—

"The Pacific liner *Korea* has arrived at Nagasaki with 12,240 barrels of beef for Port Arthur. The cargo has been detained by the military commander."

"The Diet will probably open at Tokio on March 20."

Lines for an Interview with
Mr. P. F. Warner.

"Such was, and is, the Captain of the Test, Though half his virtues are not here
express;

The modesty of fame obscured the rest."
Dryden.



JUST INDIGNATION.

Master Reggie (who has been presented with the brush on his first appearance in the field). "Oh, I say, Effie! This is hard lines! I've jumped three ditches and five fences, and come in all but first, and here they've given me the tail! I do think they might have given me the head."

HINTS ON SMOKING.

(By the Expert Wrinkler.)

My weekly budget of correspondence brings me many letters which I am unable to answer in detail. Now and again, however, a point of such vital interest is raised that I can not, in my capacity of trustee of public manners, withhold a definite pronouncement. Such, for instance, is the query put to me by "Dindigul"—Is it good form not to smoke? Of course there are some people who can't smoke, and ought not to be blamed for it. For instance, there was my friend Lord ERNEST CONKLETON, a very bright and sociable fellow, who had such an extraordinarily aquiline nose that he could not smoke a cigar or cigarette without burning the tip of it—I mean his nose. Then I have known some very nice fellows, occupying excellent positions in society, good solo-whist players, thoroughly well-dressed and honourable men, who either honestly didn't like tobacco or with whom it completely disagreed. These, however, are only the exceptions that prove the rule. Smoking is not only a sign of manliness, and a sociable habit, but it sets off a man, in certain surroundings, almost as well as a good hat or a well-tied tie. But here, as in everything else, *noblesse oblige*, and a refined man of fashion must not only be careful what he smokes, but how and where he indulges in the habit. Anyone may smoke shag on a desert island, but even Dukes abstain from anything stronger than a cigarette in the breakfast parlour. Some famous author once remarked that brandy was the drink for heroes. Well, to adapt the phrase, I should be inclined to say that cigars are the smoke for gentlemen. But, of course, we must cut our coat according to our cloth. One of the saddest things in life, as I have often remarked, is that the most refined men are often hampered by limited incomes. Or, to put it in a more concrete form, many a man who is worthy of the finest Magnifico Pomposos is obliged to put up with "Dutchmen," twopenny cheroots, or Burmah eigers.

THE DANGERS OF PIPE-SMOKING.

Much greater latitude prevails in regard to smoking in the streets than when I was a boy, but the line must still be drawn at pipes. A cigarette or even a cigar is permissible in Bond Street, but a pipe—never. My friend Baron ZELTINGER, a very good fellow, but strangely absent-minded at times, was pilled at the National Liberal Club for no other reason that I could ever find out than that he had been seen smoking a meerschaum in Pall Mall. The disappointment quite broke him up, and he shortly afterwards married the

daughter of a bath-chair proprietor, became a vegetarian, and now goes about in hygienic homespun. I merely mention this to show what disasters may happen to a man if he does not regulate tastes in accordance with the requirements of good form. A pipe is all very well for the privacy of home, but for smoking in public the cigar or gold-tipped cigarette is *de rigueur*.

CIGARETTES—HOME-MADE AND OTHERWISE.

Personally I don't mind confessing that I roll most of my cigarettes myself, but I never do it in public. The only



"DOOM'D FOR A CERTAIN TERM TO WALK THE NIGHT."—*Hamlet*, Act I., Sc. 5.

serious drawback is that you can't buy gold-tipped cigarette papers. I tried once painting the papers with gold, but it wouldn't dry, and came off on my lip without my noticing it. When I turned up in the smoke-room of the Junior Commercial Travellers' Club that evening you can imagine I was properly eluffed. If, then, you prefer to buy your cigarettes ready made, you can get a very serviceable article at the rate of about three a penny if you buy them by the ounce. Personally I prefer to buy them in large quantities, and can cordially recommend DIAMANTOPOULOS's Lion-tamers at twenty shillings a thousand. The objection to most cigarettes is that you can go on smoking them indefinitely;

but I have never seen any man smoke more than three Lion-tamers on end. Besides, they are invaluable in a small conservatory from their insecticidal qualities. Green fly may defy a green cigar, but they simply curl up at the mention of DIAMANTOPOULOS. I admit that they aren't universally appreciated, and old Lady HUBBLETHWAITE, who smokes like a chimney, when I offered her my case the other day, replied, very rudely as I thought, "No, thanks—I like smoking, but I don't care about being fumigated." Other reasonable brands of cigarettes that I can recommend are the halfpenny Pecksniffs, the Noracreinis, an excellent Irish brand, and MAXGOLD'S Ensilage Mixture cigarette, sold in packets of thirty for sixpence, but not to be had at the Carlton for love or money.

USEFUL ECONOMIES.

A good device is carefully to preserve the paper bands—or "waistcoats," as a funny friend of mine insists on calling them—of really first-rate cigars, and then transfer them to weeds of inferior calibre. My firm impression is that in these matters imagination goes a long way, and that if you give a man a twopenny Borneo wrapped in silver paper with the waistcoat of an Absolute Flora he will discover in it all the fine qualities of a half-crown cigar. Another device of my own invention is that by which a cigar of ordinary dimensions may be lengthened so as to simulate a six or eight-inch Intimidad. My plan is to cut the cigar in half, and connect the two halves with a wooden tube, which is concealed by a coloured and gilt paper band of exceptional width. When the top end is nearly consumed you can either substitute a half-smoked cigar from your cupboard and begin again, or else remove the tube and finish off the second half without any further disguise. Remember also that cigar ash is a useful substitute for blotting paper.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GAY LORD QUEX.—I don't think a hookah looks well in a hansom cab.

TAB, WOKING.—(1) The correct form is "Won't you have a cigarette?" not "May I offer you a cig.?" (2) The accent is on the second syllable of cheroot.

STRAIGHT-CUT, MAYFAIR.—Embroidered smoking-caps with a tassel are no longer worn by the best people, but if your fiancée has already made you one, it will always come in handy at private theatricals.

ROMEO.—Your objection to the Invisible Trousers Stretcher, that if trousers are invisible they do not need to be stretched, is not valid. The word invisible applies to the stretching machine.

LITTLE ARTICLES BY GREAT MEN.

I.—DO WE TAKE OUR AMUSEMENTS SERIOUSLY ENOUGH?

(By Mr. C. B. F. * * *)

THE frivolity of the British people is to my mind the saddest sign of the age. I shall never forget the shock with which I saw a newspaper bill when MACLAREN (great-hearted Mac) was struggling against Australia. The placard had in huge letters the words, "British Disaster." With trembling hands I purchased a paper, and turned nervously to the cricket columns. Nothing was there. I turned to the stop-press news and found that this catchpenny bill was due to nothing more than the cutting up of a troop of Yeomanry by the Boers. From the fuss made one would have thought that the Adelaide pitch had been cut up. The frivolity of the Press is only paralleled by the frivolity of the public. Take the light and airy way in which the spectators at our great cricket grounds treat the imposing functions provided for them. Suppose little (but heroic) JOHNNY TYLDESLEY runs out to that wily, curling ball which sunny-faced WILFRED RHODES pitches thirty-three and three-quarter inches from the block. Up glides his trusty willow, and a fortieth of a second after the ball has pitched descends on the leather. With a wonderful flick of the elbow he chops the ball exactly between square leg and point. Is the raucous "Well hit, JOHNNY," of the crowd a fitting, a reverent salutation? Our Elizabethan dramatists knew better. Have you not noticed in their stage directions, "A solemn music"? Two or three phrases of CHOPIN played, let us say, on the French horn by the *doyen* of the Press-box would be a better tribute to such a miracle of skill. There are, however, elements of better things in our crowds. Before now I have seen the potent JESSOP smite a rising ball to the boundary with all the concentrated energy of his Atlantean shoulders, and as the ball reached the ring the spectators with involuntary reverence prostrated themselves before it.

A while since I beheld the Arsenal Forwards swooping down on the Tottenham goal. The crowd cried, "Go it, Arsenal!" "Buck up, Spurs!" but a friend whispered to me, as he pointed to the red-shirted Forwards, BLAKE'S famous lines:

"Tiger, Tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night;"

and I felt that his comment was a higher, a more rational one. We need on our cricket and football grounds a rhapsodic bard to interpret the emotions of the moment. And what have we? not a HOMER—not even a LEWIS MORRIS—but a Poet CRAIG.

Nor do our greatest men gain the public honours which are their due. In ancient Greece a great athlete was a national hero. The name of LADAS has come down to us through the ages with those of SOCRATES and XENOPHON. Think of the sad contrast in modern England. Why is not PLUM WARNER (I knew him in long clothes) a Knight of the Garter? Why is not RANJEE (exquisitely delicate RANJEE—the WALTER PATER of the cricket field) Viceroy of India? There are living cricketers, with an average of over eighty, and a dozen centuries in one season to their credit, who have never even been sworn of the Privy Council. If Derby had been a Hellenic city, some worthy citizen would have erected a votive altar to the gods as a thank-offering for the gift of BLOOMER. The careless Derbians have not even set up a horse-trough to commemorate their miraculous inside-right. Amongst men of culture the same lack of earnestness is found. A philosophic friend of mine has been for years gathering material for a *magnum opus* on "The Characteristics of First League Centre Half-Backs, with a Dissertation on the Art of Tripping," and yet has found no encouragement to publish. Contrast this with the money which was lavished



UNNECESSARY REMARKS.

"WHAT! HAVE YOU MISSED IT?"

to produce a mere system of philosophy by the late HERBERT SPENCER, who never even played in an Athenæum "A" team.

On every side I trace the growth of the same spirit. England is devoting itself to art, politics, literature and theology, and in the rush and hurry of our modern life there is a sad danger that sport will be underrated or overlooked. My countrymen must learn to concentrate their minds on the things which really matter. In your nobler moments would you not rather stand at the wicket than at the table of the House of Commons, or on the political platform of the City Temple, or on the stage of the Albambra? Save her sport and you save England.

THEATRICAL SOUVENIRS.

It has been noticed that a certain monotony marks the efforts of British theatrical managers to commemorate dramatic anniversaries. With a view to lending variety to an institution hitherto treated on stereotyped lines, *Mr. Punch* ventures to put forward the following suggestions for suitable souvenirs to be distributed on anniversary nights of the following plays:—

Madame Sherry. A butt of Oloroso.

The Earl and the Girl. A handsomely bound copy of *Debrett*.

The Duke of Killicrankie. A Philibeg.

The Darling of the Gods. A dwarf Japanese tree.

The Arm of the Law. A silver-mounted truncheon.

Little Mary. A diamond-hilted stomach-pump.

For Problem-plays generally. A portrait of Sir FRANCIS JEUNE.

JAPAN has been extraordinarily successful in keeping her intentions secret. But an equally strict censorship can hardly be expected on the part of the Chinese authorities: and, according to the *Northern Whig*, Mr. BENNET BURLEIGH was able to send home from Shanghai the following information regarding the attitude of the *Mandjur* at that port:—

"The Russian gunboatmbambambambambu."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A LITTLE more than twelve months ago my Baronite, visiting Trinidad, chanced to come across a meanly-printed book giving an account of an expedition up the Caura affluent of the Orinoco. The narrative had apparently been published in a local newspaper, the type, divided into paged spaces, printed on rough paper and cheaply bound. Full many a gem of purest ray serene the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear. My Baronite speedily discovered the treasure hidden in this unalluring shape. He wrote a notice of the work in this column, hinting that a London publisher would do well to look it up. Messrs. SMITH, ELDER took the tip, and have reproduced the narrative in a handsome volume, with thirty-four illustrations and a map. The author is still a young man, EUGÈNE ANDRÉ by name. In his book, *A Naturalist in the Guianas*, will be found a notable addition not only to geographical knowledge and incidents of personal adventure, but to rare information of hitherto unknown birds that swarm in the pathless forests of Venezuela.



For well-constructed plot, for picturesquely descriptive writing of a high order, for clear narrative, sustained and all-absorbing interest, for dramatic dialogue and tragic action, *Strong Mac*, by S. R. CROCKETT (WARD AND LOCK), stands well at the head of the very best novels published within the last twelve months, though the broad Scotch dialect is a hard nut for a southern Englishman to crack, and he may break some of his teeth in any rash attempt to read it aloud. To all novel readers and lovers of good literature this exceptional romance is strongly recommended by the Baron. One word as to the clever illustrations by MAURICE GRIFFEXHAGEN. In very few instances does the picture face the scene it is intended to illustrate; either it is in advance of, or after, the event. This placing is inartistic. A reader does not want to be told pictorially of what is going to happen three pages ahead; nor, having mastered the situation, does he feel the slightest interest in seeing it pictorially represented some pages after he has done with it. Again, the composition and execution must to a certain extent suffer from the formal compression to which the artist has bound himself hard and fast, so that most of the pictures suggest the simile of an attempt to place, within the narrow limits of the Theatre Royal back-drawing-room, scenes that to be really effective should have had the stage of Drury Lane entirely to themselves.

"Most people know a flounder," writes Sir HERBERT MAXWELL in his *British Fresh Water Fishes*, just added by Messrs. HUTCHINSON to the Woburn Library of Natural History edited by the Duke of BEDFORD. My Baronite blushes with conscious pride at this assumption on the part of a high authority that he, among others, possesses this gift of discernment. Truth compels him to admit that he is most familiar with the fish when *souché*, and is not quite certain he would recognise it if he met it off the coast. He is therefore gratified to learn that inaccuracy on the point is not singular. "On the west coast of Scotland," Sir HERBERT testifies, "the flounder is known as the fluke, and the term flounder is applied popularly to quite a different fish, the plaice." This is a mere detail, a speck on the Milky Way of knowledge possessed by the Admirable CRITCHON recognised in the House of Commons as the Member for Wigtownshire. Sir HERBERT'S range of information, wide and deep, is happily equalled by his industry. Only the other day he edited a book which for personal and political interest vies with the

Greville Memoirs. To-day one comes upon him merrymaking in British rivers, airing his acquaintance with the ancient perch family, distinguishing between the three-spined stickleback and its ten-spined kinsman, saying a good word for the gudgeon, glancing *en passant* at the shad, the eel, and the lamprey, and shedding vivid light upon salmon problems. Sir HERBERT is appalling learned. Withal he has the gift of making the simple understand.

The Baron, who is only too happy to be able to recommend to his readers the distraction of a really stirring sensational novel, regrets being unable to do more than give considerably qualified praise to *Room Five*, by M. HAMILTON DRUMMOND (WARD, LOCK & Co.). His picture of the village doctor is clever, and his graphic description of the shipwreck is excellent. The commencement of the story promises well, but the performance is not equal to the promise.

In this tenth number of the *Great Masters* (HEINEMANN, London; HACHETTE, Paris &c.) that has just appeared, the first picture, by NICHOLAS MAES, entitled *An Old Woman saying Grace*, beautifully reproduced, is, in the Baron's opinion, were it standing alone, in itself full value for the price, "the ridiculously small sum of five shillings," for which can be purchased any one of the numbers in this series. The homely pathos and piety of it—and 'tis not a matter of meat-piety, as it is evidently merely a fish dinner,—and the gratitude of the ancient dame, for what she is about to receive, are delightful. You can scent the broth, which in this instance too many cooks can't spoil; you see how the good lady has the best sauce in the world to take with her fish, namely that supplied by a good appetite; while, as a lotion for her throat, what is in that inviting-looking pottle-pot? A wee drappit o' schnaps to which she can put her lips when so disposed? or may be only thin beer? No matter, Madam—here's your health, and may your appetite be soon appeased. And what ought to be our English title for this picture? Is it not evident?—why, of course: *My Old Dutch*, or *Her Grace before Dinner*. Attractive too as are the Holbein, the Correggio and the Gainsborough, 'tis this old dame, of Fish Pie 'Ouse fervour, that has won the Baron's heart. What charm! What a grace!

Bygone Eton. The Baron resents the title. Yes, Messrs. SPOTTISWOODE & Co., LTD., publishers of what is certain to be a delightful series of pictures, of which "Part I." has just appeared, yes, *iterumque*, the Baron resents the title. There can be no "bygones" for Eton. *Floreat Etona!* Let "bygones be bygones," and away with them! This collection is described as one of "Permanent Photographs." There is some comfort in this. First tableau, "View of Eton College in 1621." Here are the "foundations," and, but for the statue of the Royal Founder being conspicuous by its "absence" (i.e., he did not answer to his name in the school yard), here is the old place as it was, and very much as it is. Then we come to 1700, when we find that the College has rapidly developed itself. In front there is absolutely "the wall" (height about four feet) where the lolly-pop and "sock" merchants of yore (a little later than 1700) were wont to drive a roaring trade among the sucking dukes, marquises, lords, and very short commons, all Eatin' boys. The schoolyard in 1814 finishes the set for the present. The Baron awaits further developments.





THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

(A Reminiscence of the Past Harrier Season.)

Major Topknot, M.H. (to butcher's boy). "Hi! HULLOAH! HAVE YOU SEEN MY HARE?"

Butcher's Boy. "GA-A-RN! 'AVE YOU SEEN MY WHISKERS?"

THE TATE-À-TATE GALLERY.

It has been suggested recently in one of the papers that the National Gallery is becoming more a rendezvous for engaged, or would-be engaged, couples than a haunt of the earnest student of the Old Masters. If this is the case—and with the weather we have been having it would not cause surprise—so pressing a matter had better be regularised without delay. We beg therefore, with all diffidence, to call the attention of the Director, Sir EDWARD POYNTER, to the following more or less needful improvements:—

As the rooms are now inconveniently large, they should be partitioned off by a number of screens. This would ensure at least partial privacy, and provide "cosy corners," of course under due supervision, to advanced students. Each compartment would be supplied with easy chairs, tea table, mistletoe-bough, and other necessities.

The staff of attendants should be adequately increased by the enrolment of Stewards and Masters of Ceremonies, well versed in Leap-Year, Covent Garden, Smart Set, and Bank Holiday etiquette.

The staircases should be multiplied, as many members of suburban dancing clubs are accustomed to such accommodation, and use no other, for sitting-out.

The lighting should be more subdued, if possible, than at present, with the exception, perhaps, of one fairly well-lit chamber for beginners.

The majority of the pictures should be turned with their faces to the wall, or removed altogether, as they are productive of suicidal melancholy, or, at any rate, induce a headache and a desire to go home forthwith. They might be replaced by the idyllic and Early-Victorian love-scenes so frequently depicted by a well-known R.A., or else by a series of the most cheerful and popular postcards. A few of the more presentable

portraits, such as those of Lady HAMILTON or the Parson's Daughter, might be retained, unless it is considered that they would lead to invidious comparisons, in appearance and behaviour, with young ladies of the present day.

To ensure the strictest propriety, admission should be by Season Ticket in the case of those whose addresses can be traced in the Court Directories, and by Ticket-of-Leave in the case of others. Such tickets to be revocable by the Department of the London County Council.

Only students and visitors between the ages of seventeen and fifty-in-the-shade should be allowed to enter, and no devotee of art permitted to encumber the rooms with easels and such-like painting apparatus.

Lastly, the Institution should be renamed the "Tate-à-Tate Gallery," a similarly-named building at Millbank being available for life-study on identical lines.

CEDANT ARMA TOGÆ?

[The Berlin Correspondent of the *Express* mentions a Ministerial decree which "states that soldiers who hesitate to kill or wound offending civilians are unworthy to wear their uniforms, and render themselves liable to imprisonment. . . . Though the issue of this decree indicates no new departure, it is intended to emphasise the fundamental idea in German militarism that military men are a class of society far superior to civilians." The following lines are respectfully placed in the lips of the German Minister of War.]

PRIDE of the Fatherland! Superb police,
Whose business is to keep in constant fettle,
Be it not said the rust of armed peace
Has paralysed your military mettle;
Prove that a courage equal to the best
Still agitates the Teuton's mailed chest.

You cannot always wallow in a sea
Of Gallic gore, or bulge with heathen booty;
The Watch upon the Rhine or else the Spree
Entails a homely round of bloodless duty;
But, while the counter-jumper walks the streets,
Scope should be surely found for martial feats.

There is a vicious habit, so we hear,
Which Army men are very rightly shocked at,
Of showing disregard for warlike gear—
The Captain's corset and the General's cocked-hat;
Men do not drop their dazzled eyes and faint
Before the warrior in his awful paint.

Yet, as the Brahman has his holy cow,
Or the primeval Hottentot his totem,
Two things there are to which we Germans bow
(Almost too widely known for me to quote 'em),
Two Faiths, our final stay in stress and storm—
The KAISER and the KAISER'S uniform.

And shall a man of mere commercial breed,
Lacking the elements of true gentility,
Pass in his homespun cloth or Harris tweed
Unchallenged 'twixt the wind and your nobility?
Not while you wear a sabre at your side
With which to perforate his paltry hide!

Should such an one (to take a common case),
Emboldened by excessive bouts of Munich
In some beer-garden which you deign to grace,
Brush disrespectfully against your tunic,
Or soil your Blüchers with civilian mud—
Out with your instant blade and have his blood!

Unter den Linden, when the sun is low,
And, in a leisure hour exempt from drilling,
With rigid gait and clanking spurs you go,
A dream of godlike beauty, simply killing,
If any knave dispute the path you tread,
Your falchion should at once remove his head.

Noblesse, of course, *oblige*. You mustn't trail
Your sabre-tache for vulgar churls to step on,
But seize occasion and you cannot fail
To find the man you want to flesh your weapon;
Should he (unarmed, for choice) provoke the strife,
Why, then your course is clear; you take his life!

Let not a low civilian wipe the eye
Of but "a single Pomeranian Grenadier";
Rather let Art, with Laws and Learning, die—
Pursuits to which the meaner types of men adhere;
I'd sooner even dislocate our Trade
Than let the Army's honour be mislaid.

That honour it is yours to guard unstained,
Burnished as though by frequent use of emery,
Keeping our glorious record well maintained,
Just as our mighty Lord of blessed memory,
The ne'er-to-be-forgotten WILLIAM ONE,
Would, were he living, like to see it done. O. S.

REED'S ENTIRE.

THIS show, at Messrs. BROWN AND PHILLIPS' Leicester Galleries, must not be missed by anyone who loves genuine, good-natured, genial caricature. No cruelty in the mixture. Even if you happen to be one of the caricatured, say Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Lord ROSEBERY, or Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, you couldn't be angry; you'd be bound to laugh and exclaim "how absurd!" Among the many comic presentments of "JOE," who may be looked upon as the universal provider of matter for political caricaturists, there is one here that at first sight might be a quizzical portrait of GEORGE GROSSMITH giving one of his humorous sketches, vocal and instrumental. No. 30, "*The Jackdaw of Louth*," Mr. TIM HEALY, M.P., is perfect as a specimen of Mr. REED's black and white art. Another, "selected" as specially good and wonderfully delicate in tone, is No. 36, "*The Tariff Spider at work in his Web*." Very far removed from caricature, but on the contrary a delightful portrait, is that of His Majesty King EDWARD THE SEVENTH, as we all love to see him, in excellent health and spirits, "starting the Marionettes," that is, opening Parliament and setting the figures a-moving. This No., 63, is a very remarkable and effective piece of work. 85—"when found make a note of"—"*Rosebery Bunsby*." "Whereby, why not? If so, what odds? Can any man say otherwise? No. Awast then! The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it. Awast then, keep a bright look-out for'ard, and good luck to you!"

The best of the "Unrecorded History Series" is, to our thinking, No. 110, suggested by "HOLBEIN's attempt to swim the Channel." Mr. REED might give us a recently discovered Assyrian tablet showing the most ancient Parliamentary proceedings of the Hittouts (in Opposition) and the Sittites (the Government). But where there are so many excellent things every purchaser may feel assured that he individually has got the pick of the basket. A great number we see are already marked "Sold," and many intending buyers, arriving too late, will be in the position of those pictures (and be hanged to them!) when they only meet with the polite custodian's explanation, "All gone, Sir." No matter, there's more where those came from, let us hope, for many years to come.

There's many a true jest spoken in earnest.

WE are indebted to the *Indian Planters' Gazette* for calling public attention to the following passage from the *Advocate of India*, in which a comparison is drawn between German and English methods of commercial training:—

"The budding principal is drafted into an office through Oxford, where he has distinguished himself in the dead languages and won his spurs and his stiff knee in the eight who contest the annual football match at Lord's, or his blazer and straw hat in the fifteen who pulled off the cricket match between Mortlake and Putney."

"OUIDA" must look to her laurels.

FRENCH ADAPTATION.—Honour to Mr. BARRIE. The authorities of the *Français* have under serious consideration an adaptation of Mr. BARRIE's now celebrated play. The scene is on board a Channel steamer. *Le Mal de Mer y est* has been suggested for the title.



THE WISDOM OF THE EAST.

JAPANESE OFFICER (*to Press Correspondent*). "ABJECTLY WE DESIRE TO DISTINGUISH HONOURABLE NEWSPAPER MAN BY HONOURABLE BADGE."





A LITTLE SURPRISE.

John (finishing the evening paper and wanting to commence the annual discussion). "WELL, DEAR, IS IT TO BE LIGHT BLUE OR DARK BLUE THIS YEAR?"

Edith. "HOW CLEVER YOU ARE, JOHN, TO KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING ABOUT! I DIDN'T CARE TO MENTION IT. IT IS GOOD OF YOU TO SUGGEST MY GETTING A NEW ONE! I SHOULD SO LIKE A DARK BLUE COSTUME! LIGHT BLUE IS VERY NICE, AND SUITS ME TOO, BUT DARK BLUE IS EVER SO MUCH MORE SERVICEABLE, AND WE OUGHT TO THINK OF THAT." [And John hadn't the heart to explain that he only referred to the Boat-race.]

LIFE'S LITTLE EMBARRASSEMENTS.

(By the Expert Wrinkler.)

THE true test of greatness, as I have always held, is a man's ability to rise to the occasion, be it great or small. Your true man of the world will never be floored by an emergency, though, as I have often found myself, it may put him to serious inconvenience. For example, the first time I went to pay a visit to a ducal mansion, I found, on going up to dress for dinner, that my man had omitted to put up an evening waistcoat. I confess that I had what our festive friends across the Channel call "a quarter of an hour" before I saw my way out of the difficulty. Ringing the bell I took the footman into my confidence, and in ten minutes he had procured for me a cast-off waistcoat of the Duke's, which I bought off him—the footman, not the Duke—for a sovereign, and still keep amongst the most valued treasures of my wardrobe.

I need hardly say that on my return I gave my man such a talking to as he did not forget for years. An oversight of this sort is a regular crime, and it is folly to overlook it. My friend, Lord EUGENE SANDOWN, who was a very powerful man with a violent temper, whenever his man forgot anything in this way, used to throw it at him as a reminder. The man stood it for a while, but gave warning after being hit on the nose by a boot-tree. I am afraid, from what I hear on every side, that the loyalty of domestic servants is not a patch on what it used to be.

TABLE EMBARRASSEMENTS.

One of the most fertile sources of embarrassment is to be offered a dish with the composition of which you are not familiar, or which you don't know exactly how to manipulate. I shall never forget the awful experience I went through years ago at a very stylish dinner, when I tried to eat the sort of paper box in which portions of salmon

were served. On another occasion, in a fit of absent-mindedness, I put a large spoonful of ice pudding into my mouth, thinking it was hot. Over the sequel I draw a veil. We all of us have done foolish things in the past, and I only allude to the episode in order that it may serve as a danger signal to my readers. It is consoling, however, to know that persons of high rank and noble birth do not escape these unpleasantnesses. For instance, there was a foreign Count, I think he came from Circassia or some such place, who was invited to stay at Lord HIGHCLERE'S, and when they brought him hot water in the morning, not knowing what to do with it, he drank it! Shrimps, again, are a severe trial to men of refined natures. And many men are often seriously embarrassed by being given tea or coffee too hot to be swallowed with impunity. In such a case at all hazards resist the temptation to blow on the boiling beverage or empty it into your saucer. Some men in these circumstances

extricate themselves by indulging in facetiousness, *e.g.*, saying to their hostess, "I'm afraid I'll have to trouble you for some more cow-juice," or, "Look here, you seem to think that I'm like Lord TEIGNMOUTH, who can swallow anything." On the whole I think it is better form to wait until the fluid has cooled of itself. Some people, however, carry about with them little refrigerating tabloids, which will reduce the hottest tea to an endurable temperature. In this connection let me give my readers a piece of advice. If by any ill chance you should drop an oyster or a poached egg on the cloth or the floor, do not attempt to pick it up yourself, but allow the hunt to be conducted by one of the domestics. One generally makes bad worse in the attempt, besides calling attention to one's misfortune.

MISCELLANEOUS AGONIES.

There is perhaps nothing so painful for a smart man as to find himself unsuitably clad. I shall never forget once seeing at the Oxford and Cambridge match a tall man with a pointed beard, wearing a low evening waistcoat and a black-bow tie. He did not seem in the least conscious of his position, and I found out afterwards that he was a Russian Grand Duke. That no doubt enabled him to carry it off. For myself, one of the few experiences in my career that I should like to obliterate was that of finding myself in Piccadilly wearing a frock-coat and a straw hat. It was a warm morning in May, and without thinking what I was doing I put on a straw hat and walked out from my chambers in the Albany in the direction of the Park. Most providentially I had not got as far as Devonshire House when my old friend the Hon. PERCY MARTINGALE met me, and, leading me up Berkeley Street, explained what had happened. I concealed myself in the passage leading to Curzon Street until he called a fourwheeler, and went home with the blinds down. My only excuse was that I had had a sharp attack of the "flu," which occasionally affects the memory. Fortunately I was able not very long afterwards to repay the Hon. PERCY MARTINGALE for his kind service in a somewhat similar way. Meeting him in the Park, I noticed that he had omitted to remove the label from his new Chesterfield, which bore the inscription, "Sale Price, £2 12s. 6d." I feel pretty sure that if his father, Lord PUNCESTOWN, had seen it, he would have cut him off with a shilling.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

YELLOW PERIL, SHOEBOURNESS.—(1) I am afraid I cannot tell you why boot trees are so called. Perhaps they could enlighten you at Kew Gardens. (2) No. WELLINGTON invented his boot before

the Battle of Waterloo. (3) Gladstone bags were, I believe, so called owing to the Liberal leader's historic reference to "bag and baggage."

CYRANO DE BERGERAC, BRONDESBURY.—It is not usual to have a frock-coat made of Harris tweed; in fact, owing to the facial defect from which you suffer, I should say it would not suit you.

CASABLANCA, BURNTISLAND.—(1) If your expression is melancholy, an excellent corrective is to turn up the ends of your moustache. (2) Yes. A trouser-press

APOLOGY.

DEAR CHAP,—Beg pardon. I thought this letter, which I return, was addressed to me, and so—like the unexpectedly bad egg—it was



"OPENED BY MISTAKE!"

would be an excellent wedding present; but be sure you address it to the bridegroom.

Rare Combination!

A PIANOFORTE recital (announced for the 15th) by Miss LLOYD at Bechstein Hall under "the management of G. SHARPE." Not likely therefore to be a flat affair. Further good news: Miss LLOYD is to be "assisted by Mr. MARIS HALE (Bass) and accompanist Mr. HAMILTON HARTY." There's a combination! Two performers, "HALE and HARTY." And the HALE is Bass!! Pity it isn't for next Tuesday, but 'twas for yesterday. No matter; for such a trio there must be an encore.

THE MUSE OF HISTORY.—II.

TEST MATCHES.

THERE once was a skipper named PLUM, Whose team made the prophets all glum; "It's bad through and through," They declared: "it won't do." But to-day all those prophets are dumb.

COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTIONS.

A SOLON + SHAKSPEARE named SHAW Wished to fashion St. Pancras's law. He'd a Moderate mind, And to Progress inclined; But St. Pancras resented his jaw.

TOKIO.

There were once Correspondents galore Bottled up in a town by the shore. They could float its pagodas In whisky-and-sodas,— But where is their news of the War?

LORD HUGH CECIL.

There was a lean lordling named HUGH, Who looked like a pious Hindoo: But beneath that disguise We could all recognise The chief of a cannibal crew.

LORD ESHER.

"The Critic I'll never forget For the way he designed to upset My pet Army corps And the Office of War, Is—REGINALD BALIOL BRETT."

MR. BRODRICK.

There is an ex-warhorse named Brodder, A most conscientious old plodder, He sees in Ah Sin TOMMY ATKINS's kin, And daily grows odder and odder.

LORD ROSEBERY.

A Primrose, of character canny, Who modestly bloomed in a cranny, Though bland and urbane, Once was heard to complain He'd be blanked if he stood Pretty FANNY.

THE GOVERNMENT.

There once was one pamphlet (not two) And oh, what a hullabaloo! Suppose there'd been three . . . But, how glad we should be There was only one pamphlet (not two)

Ne sutor ultra crepidam.

In the fine art of parody KIPLING progresses fast, While in each new endeavour he Still goes beyond his last.

MOTTO FOR JAPAN (from popular old Sporting Song).—The Boy in Yellow wins the day!

CHARIVARIA.

THE War between Russia and Japan is taking place under the most distinguished patronage. We learn from the newspapers that our own little Princes, and the Czar, have purchased maps, and pins with flags, and are following the course of events with the greatest interest.

It was reported one day last week that the Koreans, "as the result of a collision" at Kangsye, had driven the Russians back beyond the Yalu. Those who know the Koreans will agree that it could only have been the result of an accident.

Last week's *Dispatch* contained "A Baronet's Jokes." We are pleased to find Baronets making jokes. It raises our profession.

Some surprise was expressed at the arrival of some warm sunny days last week, but surely one would expect a Leap Year to have a certain amount of Spring in it.

Last week it was stated that the signal-book of H.M.S. *Prince George* had been thrown overboard by some evil-disposed person, but public anxiety was somewhat relieved by the announcement that, like all signal-books, it was so weighted that it would sink, and still further relieved by the news that it had been found floating in the Tagus.

It is so difficult nowadays to be a gentleman that one feels really grateful to the *Daily Mirror* for publishing a *communiqué* on the subject of handkerchiefs. A representative of that organ was fortunate enough to get a glimpse of the King's Royal Handkerchief at the Shire Horse Show, and in future all but rank outsiders will use a small cambric handkerchief with a deep red border in the morning, and a plain white one in the afternoon and evening. *This applies both to country and town.*

Meanwhile, among the lower orders the colour most affected would still appear to be dark white.

The War is already developing a "light side." The "Jolly Japs" have had a good joke at Port Arthur by causing the Russians to waste ammunition on dummy boats, and it is now reported that General KUROPATKIN has bought three magnificent chestnuts.

The *Westminster Gazette* publishes a column entitled "Men, Women, and Things," and the ladies and gentlemen



THE ENTHUSIAST.

Jones (whose breakfast has been waiting for the last half-hour). "Now, IF ONLY THEY CAN GET FROM CHEMULPO TO WU-JU," ETC., ETC.

whose names figure therein hope they come in one of the first two categories.

We are reminded of a certain provincial paper which, in describing a social function, stated, "*Inter alia* we noticed his Worship the Mayor."

Messrs. ANTHONY TREHERNE & Co. have produced "the smallest *Shakespeare* in the world." SHAKESPEARE himself was once this.

The article in the current number of the *Strand Magazine* entitled "Battles with Bergs" is not an advertisement for Insect Powder.

Mr. HAVELOCK ELLIS has written a book in which he attempts to ascertain what goes to make British Genius. Mr. ELLIS

announces that he is still pursuing his investigations, and it is rumoured that several of our most prominent authors and authoresses have offered themselves for examination.

Resolutions of sympathy with passive resisters were passed last week at the Free Church Council. We are inclined to think that the Free Church Council is right, and that the poor creatures are objects for our sympathy rather than our anger.

Two Dickies in the Field.

THE *Yorkshire Post*, describing the interest created in the House by the debate of the 9th inst., speaks of "a hundred men who had been dining and presented expanses of shirt front on both sides."

INSULAR PROTECTION.

[In an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, Mrs. JOHN LANE, from the point of view of the American hostess, wonders if it is shyness that makes the Englishman so hard to entertain.]

Chorus of American Girls.

O sons of Britannia, the thought of you lured us
To cross in Cunarders the perilous sea;
We braved the wild billows, for rumour assured us
That nowhere were men so delightful as ye.
But when we look kind you are solemn and frigid,
You blush at the glint of a maidenly eye,
And the more we unbend, you become the more rigid—
O sons of Britannia, why are you so shy?

Chorus of English Men.

Columbia's daughters, we're filled with emotion
At thought of the favours you heap upon us,
For—distance no object—you traversed the ocean
To spoil us with kindness and flattering fuss.
But we're so accustomed to manners which freeze us,
To tongues which are dumb, that we're tempted to fly
When we meet with a countenance anxious to ease us,
And that is perhaps why you find us so shy.

Chorus of American Girls.

O sons of Britannia, in vain will you harden
Your adamant hides to the snares of the foe;
We still will pursue you in ball-room and garden,
On river and race-course—wherever you go.
You've old country seats and delectable titles;
All arts known to woman we're going to ply;
We'll borrow love's arrows and aim at your vitals,
And teach you to be just a little less shy.

Chorus of English Men.

Columbia's daughters, we've British-made beauty;
Whatever the charms of American-fairs,
Still England expects us to stick to our duty
And preference give to our own native wares.
In vain have you boarded the heaving Cunarder,
In vain for our castles and scutcheons you sigh;
Our country is calling; the patriot's ardour
That burns in the Briton still bids us be shy.

THE COMING OPERA SEASON.

This year two Arts join hands and dance through the London Season together up to a certain point, when Painting outstays Music; for the Academy and the Opera are announced to commence together on Monday, May 2, and while the Opera comes to an end on July 25 the Academy continues with us for some days longer.

As to the Opera, Mr. *Punch* is able to announce that Dr. RICHTER is to be entrusted with the interests of Wagnerian productions, and will direct special performances of *Tannhäuser*, *Tristan* and *Die Meistersinger* without any cutting remarks. This is kind: so we shall hear these works in their entirety. Perhaps the Doctor's prescription will be a trifle too strong even for some Wagnerians.

Ballo en Maschera is to be revived, and this will interest not a few ancient *habitués* who, clearly remembering MARIO in the chief rôle, can only look upon his successors as, by comparison, mere Mario-nettes.

Dr. RICHTER, Signor MANCINELLI the Merry, and Herr LÖHSE, will be the conductors to ward off the stroke of the critics' lightning. The strings in the orchestra are to be strengthened with chords, and it is hoped that the *grande caisse* in front of the house will be considerably benefited by all the new arrangements. On the opening night it is expected that the

best known *habitués* and strenuous supporters of the Opera will bow from their stalls and private boxes. The National Anthem, arranged as a trio (with chorus), will be sung by Lord DE GREY, Mr. HIGGINS, and Lord ESHER. The forces will be under the supervision of General Manager MESSENGER; while Mr. NEIL FORSYTH will be again at the post whereon he will be perched throughout the season to which Mr. *Punch* heartily wishes the greatest success.

THE BUMBLE-BEE-BOY.

This is a tale that was told to me
Of a boy who was born a Bumble-Bee.
He never required to wet his throttle
With a drink of milk from a feeding-bottle;
They never brought him pap in a ladle;
He never was rocked in a ribboned cradle;
Nobody saw him gasp or struggle,
Or box with his fists or crow or guggle;
And none of his mother's friends said "There!
Did you ever? I never. I do declare
You needn't be born with a taste for photos
To see that the child, from his tootsie-totos
To his sweet little damp little lips of coral,
Is—look at the pet—his Ma's own moral.
But his nose, when it's formed, I think will rather
Remind us all of his blessed father;
While, as for his eyes which are blue as blue,
They're the child's own eyes and his ears are, too."
And never a nurse, as far as I know,
Said, "Bless him, he isn't one to pine, no,
Not he; it's a week since I weighed him last,
But he's done so well, and he's growed so fast,
That, law, you might a'most call him bloated,
And next week, sure, he must be short-coated."
He never sat in his chair and bubbled,
And his dear little temper was never troubled
With dust in his eyes or a safety pin
Stuck by mistake in his tender skin;
And as to his teeth—you know that pest
Which robs us of all our lawful rest—
I'm game to wager a brand-new penny
That he didn't fret, for he hadn't any.

They never took him and washed his head
Or his body and legs with soap or borax;
A window-pane was his simple bed,
And he hadn't a neck, but he had a thorax.
And, oh, he was jolly and fat and round—
You never saw such a fat round fellow—
With wings that buzzed with a booming sound,
And a body of black with a dash of yellow.
Whenever he wished to, out he flew
As fast as a car with a X horse-power,
And skimmed the bushes and drank the dew,
As he flitted and perched from flower to flower.
And when he was tired he flew again
Back to his bed on the window-pane.

He was never worried with A.B.C.,
He was never troubled with one two three,
But he did what he jolly well liked, as free
As a Bumble-Bee-Boy is bound to be.

THE Bar Point-to-Point Steeplechase is fixed for April 12. Several difficult Legal Points are now being raised. To certain prepositions, that have been made to the Committee, the riders strongly object.



THE TERTIUM QUID.

"DO YOU KNOW, MABEL, I BELIEVE IF I WEREN'T HERE, CAPTAIN SPOONER WOULD KISS YOU."

"LEAVE THE ROOM THIS INSTANT, YOU IMPERTINENT LITTLE BOY!"

THE LAST GASP.

[A medical man, writing in one of the papers on the bad ventilation of the House of Commons, asks, "May not such a somnolent and unhealthy atmosphere account for many a bad argument, feeble speech, and faulty Act of Parliament?" and suggests that the air of the House is conducive to "cerebral anæmia, inertia, and possible sudden death."]

WE M.P.s, we are blessed with a lot
That is dismal and sad and dejected;
We embark on a life
Of tempestuous strife
As soon as we're duly elected.
Could the public but view on the spot
The conditions we're labouring under,
They would pity, not blame,
If our speeches sound tame,
Or the Acts that we pass seem to blunder.

From the seats where Hibernians lurk
To the place of the ladies and strangers,
We're compassed about
With a hideous rout
Of countless invisible dangers.
Quite apart from the strain of our
work,

Which, as everyone knows, is enormous,
Each mouthful of breath
Is a possible death—
At least so the papers inform us.

In the face of these facts can you blame
If we scarcely attain your ideal?
(Not one of us knew
They existed, it's true,
But the menace was none the less real.)
Spite of all, have we lowered our aim?
If we've failed, has a man of us
faltered?
But we'd legislate soon
To a different tune,
If only the air could be altered.

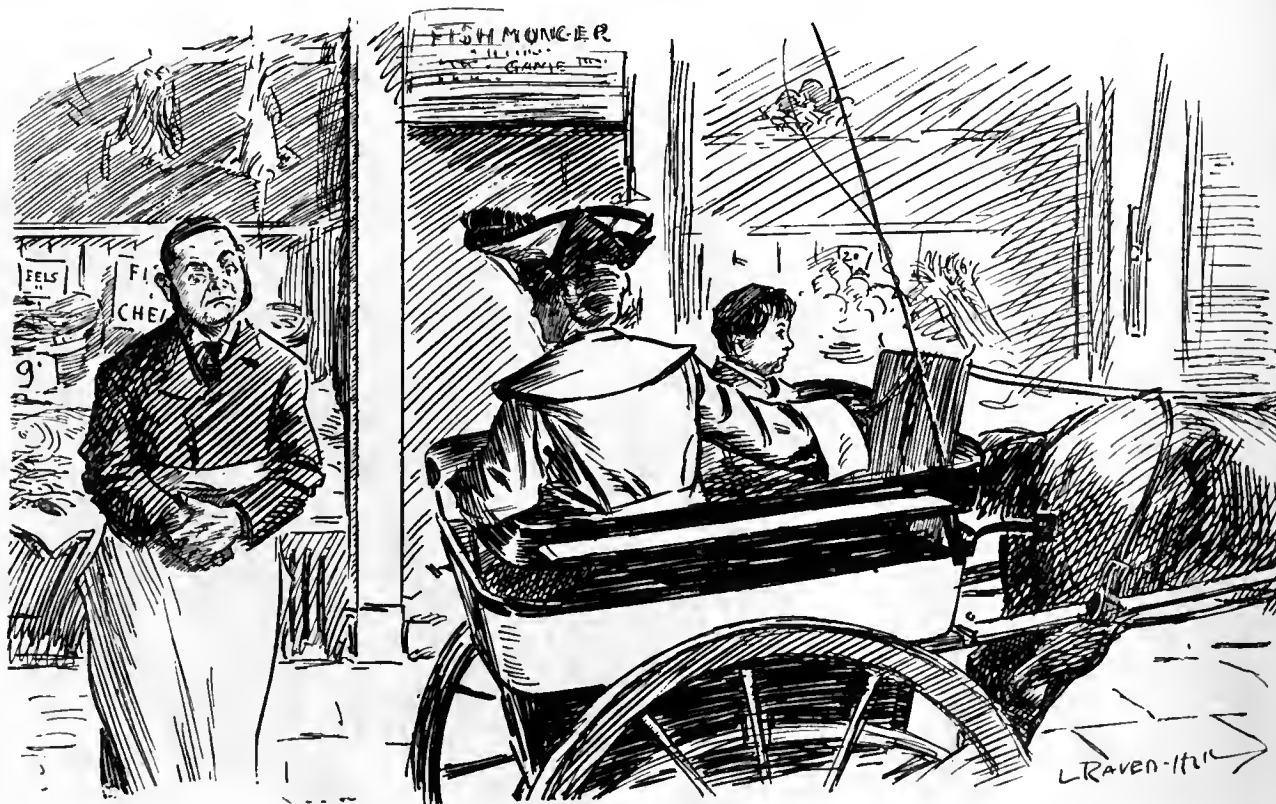
HOME CURED.

UNDER the heading "Spring Weariness," the *Daily Mail* describes the utter languor and prostration that assails the run-down woman at this season of the year, and informs those who cannot afford a trip to the Riviera like their richer sisters, but from force of circumstances must remain in town,

that they will find themselves materially strengthened and restored by washing the face and hands. We should like to add for the further benefit of such sufferers that we have found the occasional brushing of the hair, and even the cutting of the finger nails from time to time, a wonderful remedy for disorders of this description.

As an extreme resort in cases of utter prostration the removal of the foot-gear before retiring to bed will be found both efficacious and inexpensive. Where acute depression and ennui supervene, a noticeable alteration in the style of coiffure will stimulate the spirits and add interest to the life of the most dejected, the constitution often gaining in tone and the nerves becoming revitalised by a complete change of hair.

"THE Polish contingent in the Russian army," says a correspondent of the *Times*, "is limited to 15 per cent. of the whole." It is considered wise to distribute them among various Regiments, the *mot d'ordre* being "Poles asunder."



FISHY!

Lady. "REALLY, MR. GUDGEON, YOUR FISH SEEMS TO GET DEARER EVERY WEEK!"

Fishmonger. "WELL, MUM, WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT WITH ALL THE RAIN WE'VE HAD?"

HINTS FOR THE VERY YOUNG.

IN sudden cases of shock, such as being confronted, without further warning than the discomfort of a clean robe, with paternal great-aunt or maternal bachelor friend, it has been found efficacious to contract the arms and legs, stiffen the spine, contort the features, open the mouth and hold the breath till blueness of face supervenes. The immediate and occasionally violent removal of the apparition is ensured by these simple tactics, and rapid return to the nursery guaranteed.

The habit of screaming at a hovering teaspoonful of dill-water cannot be too strongly deprecated. The open throat plays into the unscrupulous hands of the operator and defeats its own ends. The mouth may be left open after the last protest, but the throat should be closed, in order to allow the noxious fluid, augmented with tears and dribbling, to run out of the corners of the lips and escape down the neck unperceived. In the case of the nose being held, the only remedy is to choke to suffocation, thereby preventing any repetition of this unsportsmanlike practice.

Regarding night-work it is always advisable to retain the services of both

parents, paternal joggling forming a pleasant variety to maternal swaying. If eventually returned by heartless paternal parent to cradle to scream at will, the matter becomes one of endurance merely, in which the Very Young invariably scores. When left to a nurse a quiet and peaceful night may be indulged in, training being wasted on such a changeable commodity as nurses. The early education of parents, however, is emphatically recommended.

In the matter of bathing, when conducted by a young mother, it is as well to create a precedent while the experience is fresh to both. It will be found a helpful practice—apart from screaming without pause and appearing to get the eyes full of soap—to slip through the uncertain hands into the deep water of the basin. This manœuvre, in spite of personal inconvenience, not to say risk from drowning, causes so much alarm and agitation that there is always a hopeful possibility of the bath being discontinued for the future.

The Cherub in the House.

WANTED, Nurse, after Easter, one child, year old, willing to help in the house.
Yorkshire Post.

Protracted Addresses.

HOTEL proprietors are hereby warned against printing too much information on their note-paper. Faithfully reproduced by the innocent foreigner it has been known to yield the following result, as reported by a correspondent:—

Esq.
Calorifères dans toutes
Les Chambres.
Lawn Tennis,
Hôtel Verdi,
Rapallo,
Italy.

Mr. Punch's modesty would be offended, if he were addressed, on tour, as,

Mons. Punch,
Central Heating.
Patronised by the Best
American Families.
Vue Magnifique
Sur le lac,
Roosevelt Hotel,
Geneva.

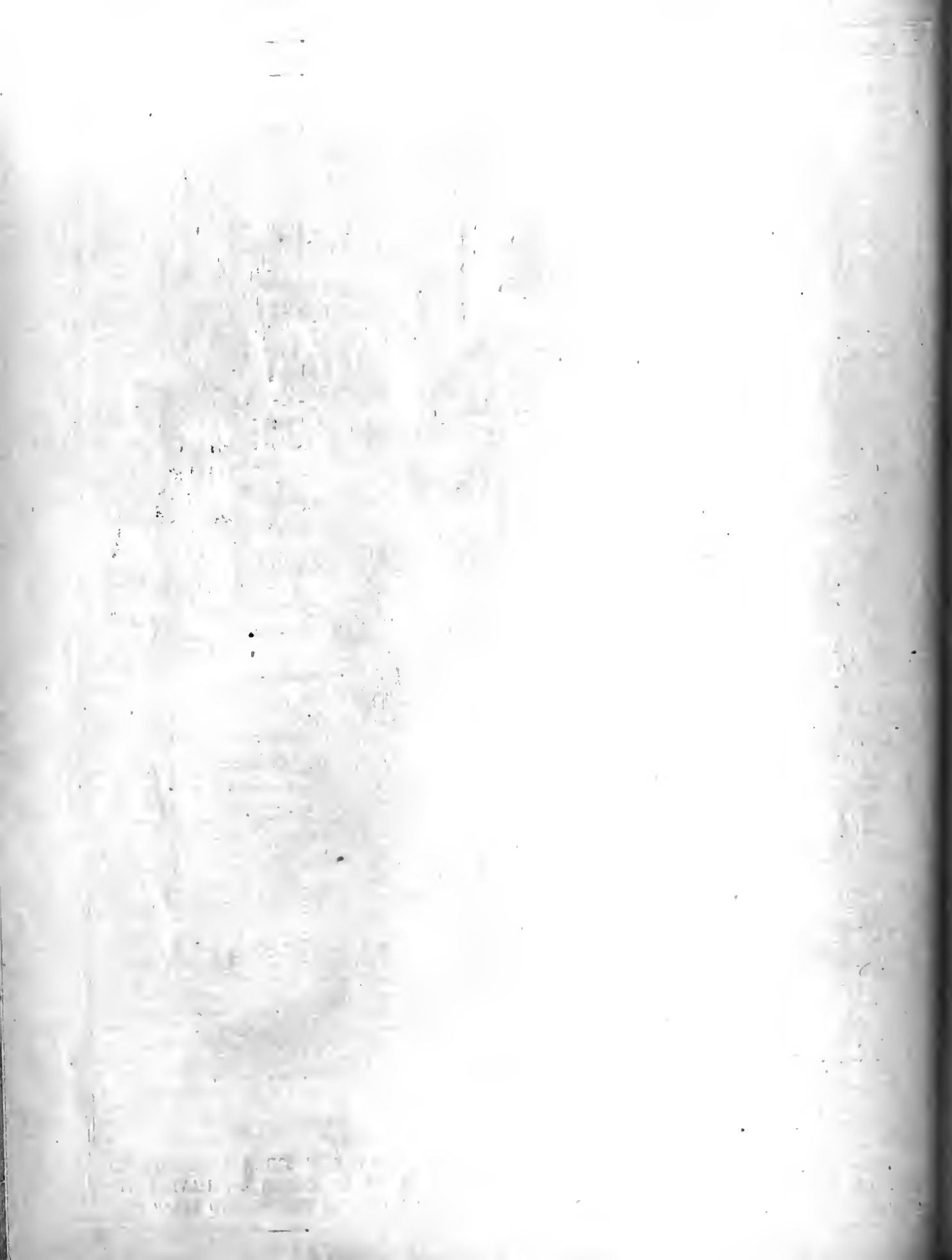
Sporting Youth (reading cricket news at breakfast). I see TRUMBLE broke a foot and was unplayable.

Nervous Mother. I do wish, Bertie, you wouldn't read such distressing things aloud at meals.



CRUSHED AGAIN.

RIGHT HON. ST. JOHN BRODRICK (*Author and Military Impersonator*). "IT'S ONE THING TURNING ME OUT OF THE LEADING PART IN MY OWN PLAY, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO HAVING IT COMPLETELY RE-WRITTEN— I'VE A JOLLY GOOD MIND TO GO IN FRONT AND BOO."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 7.

—The MEMBER FOR SARK has vivid recollection, dating back to early manhood, of sitting enthralled through a play called *A Scrap of Paper*. As far as he remembers there was a sort of family cabinet council. Someone wrote a dubious document round whose suspected existence mystery brooded. At last Mr. KENDAL found it rolled up as a spill in an ornament on the chimney-piece, and there was the doose to pay.

As *Jaques* (not the Emperor of the SAHARA) once said, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." To-night, by special desire, *A Scrap of Paper* was staged at the T.R., Westminster. Boxes full; pit crowded; galleries thronged; standing room only. Enter JOHN ELLIS; wants to know all about the *Scrap of Paper*.

Story of play runs something like this: At Cabinet Council held in August the PREMIER, alleged villain of the piece, went down to Downing Street with two documents in his possession, one reposing in left coat-tail pocket, the other disposed of in the right. One, the bulkier, declaring against Protection to the length advocated by the Second Villain (Don José), was, as in the course of the play the First Villain airily remarks, "published at a price that brought it



THE WESTMINSTER LOUNGE AND THE WHITECHAPEL LOAF.

(The Burdett-Coutts walk and its undoubted origin.)

Coster. "Lor' lumme! Ain't 'e got the walk an' all!? Fancy them tofs a-himitating hus! Wot wiv the tilt of the 'at and the trousers cut a bit saucy, blow'd if yer wouldn't 'ardly kneow us apart!"

within reach of Liberal millionaires." The other, the *Scrap of Paper* that gives the play its name, flatly contradicted the pamphlet MS., and declared in favour of Preferential Tariffs.

JOHN ELLIS, sombre-visaged, hard-voiced, implacable, wants to know where is that *Scrap of Paper*? By the great Heavens above, by Styx rolling gloomily through pathless wastes below, he demands its production.

"JOHN ELLIS," said PRINCE ARTHUR sotto voce, leaning his elbow on the Treasury Bench as with head on one side he curiously watched the Member for Nottinghamshire, "was born out of due season. He is some centuries too young. He ought to have lived in days when the Inquisition, to a certain extent, filled the place of the London County Council. Or better still, he ought to have been the executioner. Yes, now I come to think of it, one watching JOHN on occasions like this subtly feels the unaccountable, and, if I may say so, the unbecoming, absence of the mask and the axe."

PRINCE ARTHUR'S reverie interrupted

by call-boy. Promptly responding had enthusiastic reception. Theatre audience, especially the gallery portion, always have sneaking affection for the villain of the piece. Rarely on the stage is seen one so *débonnaire*, so guileless as PRINCE ARTHUR, standing to-night at the Table whilst crowded Opposition Bench eagerly eyed him, and on back bench sat JOHN ELLIS sharpening an invisible axe on an imperceptible grindstone.

Nothing apologetic in bearing of the accused. A casual observer not having caught thread of the story might well suppose that if anything had gone wrong about a *Scrap of Paper* the peccant person was seated on benches opposite. The trend of PRINCE ARTHUR'S glance, its severity when it fell upon serene countenance of C.B., suggested that *there* sat the real villain of the piece.

As usual on these occasions PRINCE ARTHUR'S manner was founded upon that of the *Walrus*—not the companion of *Alice* in *Wonderland*, but the one whose habits were studied by the French poet:

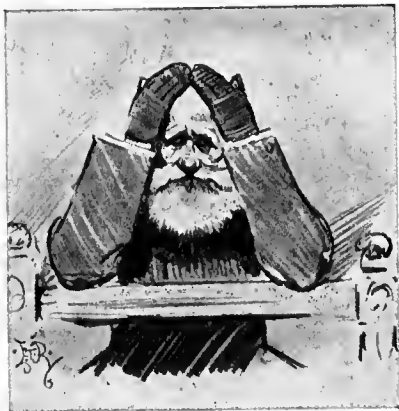
Cet animal est très-méchant;
Quand on l'attaque il se défend.



"Sombre-visaged, hard-voiced, implacable."
(Mr. J-hn Ellis wants "a stream" of Ministers.)

He hit out all round, not forgetting late colleagues below the gangway. But ever he came back to the blameless C.-B. Talking about speculations current at period when the Scrap of Paper first fluttered in Downing Street, speculations culminating in assurance of break-up of the Ministry, he observed, "Every kind of suggested combination reached my ears. Though by the way I do not remember that the name of the right hon. gentleman opposite came into any one of them."

A hit, a palpable hit. House roared in delighted mirth. JOHN ELLIS moved uneasily at his grindstone. This most irregular. PRINCE ARTHUR was, so to speak, in the dock. Technically he was there; but instead of whimpering for mercy, promising repentance, or even endeavouring to explain away compromising matters, here he was banging the jury on the head, butting the judge in the stomach, utterly ignoring the authority, and even the presence of the tipstaff, selecting the most blameless, supremely respectable looking gentleman among the audience, and fixing upon him whatever guilt might attach to the Scrap of Paper, whatever obloquy resulted from its manipulation.



REMARKABLE COIFFURE IN THE PEERS' GALLERY.
(Lord Sp-n-c-r's novel head-dress, or the strange effect of winter gloves.)

Very little to do with the indictment. But it is high comedy. Final touch given by circumstance that whilst public business is set aside, House seething with excitement over personal incident, DON JOSÉ, who created the situation, is quietly enjoying himself under summer skies, "leaving the anguish to us."

Business done.—Adjournment moved by way of indicting PREMIER for conduct in connection with throwing overboard from Cabinet JONAH RITCHIE and JOHANNA HAMILTON. Ministerial majority still nominally over a hundred. Mustered only sixty-five in defence of PREMIER under charge he himself described as that of "jockeying his colleagues."

Wednesday night.—MR. WHARTON, P.C., Director of North Eastern Railway, Knight of Grace and of St. John of Jerusalem, is thinking of retiring from the business of statesmanship. To-day perceived great opportunity; seized it by the hair, as they say at Boulogne.

Opposition, eager to make most of Ministerial difficulties, had put up PIRIE with motion deprecating language used by certain of His Majesty's Ministers advocating Preferential and Protective Tariffs. This designed less with view of declaring vote on Opposition benches than with hope of catching Free Fooders in Ministerial camp. At best they could not vote against the motion, and Ministers would have another bad majority.

Then WHARTON rose to full height, which exceeds six feet. Determined to save the Government. Characteristic of a statesman who combines railway directorship with Knighthood of Grace, WHARTON bent upon compromise. If he could frame amendment to PIRIE's motion so drafted as to provide a golden bridge over which Unionist Free Fooders might march into Lobby with their leaders, surely they would gratefully accept it.

Took off his coat; sat down; bound his knightly head in spotless linen cooled in New River water; seized a Knight of Jerusalem's quill pen; in half an hour produced his masterpiece. Amendment declared approval of "the explicit declaration of His Majesty's Ministers that their policy of fiscal reform includes neither a general system of Protection nor of Preference based on the taxation of food."

"That'll fetch 'em," said the Knight of Grace, wiping his Jerusalem pen on the lining of his West-end frock coat. Showed it to ACLAND-HOOD.

"Capital," said Ministerial Whip.

"The very thing," said PRINCE ARTHUR when it was submitted to him.

When amendment appeared on Paper painful discovery obtruded itself. As on historic occasion GRANDOLPH "forgot GOSCHEN," so now the Knight of Peace had forgotten the Chamberlainites within the Ministerial fold. These met, a hundred strong. Recognised in amendment distinct, deliberate, public, irrevocable chucking-over of DON JOSÉ. Sent ultimatum to hapless PRINCE ARTHUR. If amendment persisted in they would vote with Opposition; whereupon it was the Government, not DON JOSÉ, who would be chuckled.

Nothing to be done but wipe out WHARTON and his amendment. To-night, when motion moved and seconded, opening made for amendment, Opposition jubilantly shouted "WHARTON! WHARTON!"

But WHARTON was not.

Business done.—On motion directed against fiscal reform in direction of

Protection, Government majority run down to 46.

Friday night.—DON CURRIE no longer with us in the Commons. But he is not forgotten. Memory lingers over the vision of the alert, keen-visaged septua-



Mr. Ch-pl-n shows signs of boredom when Free Trade doctrines are being uttered.

genarian flitting about the Lobby, always with an armful of documents to be considered, letters arrived by the latest post. Everyone sorry to hear that he is just now, contrary to lifelong habit, taking it lying down. SARK brings the latest news from the sick bed.

"Sir DONALD," so it runs, "is progressing favourably. He is able to sit up for a short time twice a day."

Something pathetic in that last sentence. Known DON CURRIE pretty intimately a score of years. Through that period have observed it was his custom to make other people "sit up," not merely twice a day, but all day, or as long as his transaction with them lasted. That only in the way of business, when Highland blood, ever keen at bartering, manifested itself. In the relations of private life there were revealed other aspects of the Highlander—as generosity, high courtesy, and a certain air of chivalry.

DON CURRIE the kind of shrewd business man, accustomed to handle large affairs, who largely helps to form backbone of Commons. He did not often speak. Such men don't. But his influence distinctly felt.

Business done.—Private Members'.

"THERE is an almost absolute absence of news from the East." This is now the accepted preface for the usual six or eight columns of "War-news" in our leading papers.



BREAKING THE NEWS.

Neatly Affaired One. "MAY I BE YOUR NEW MAMMA, TOMMY?"
Tommy. "I SHOULD LIKE IT, BUT YOU MUST ASK PAPA."

CRICKET REFORM.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Gilbert Jessop.)

Now that the Test Matches are over and attention can be paid to cricket at home, I should like to bring forward a few points which have been omitted from my contributions to the *Daily Mail*, but upon which I feel very deeply: they are all, I need hardly say, put forth in the interest of cricket as a noble spectacle.

SHOULD RAIN BE ALLOWED?

The recent Test Matches are in themselves sufficient proof of the mischief and havoc that can be wrought in the king of games by a steady down-pour. What the M.C.C. Committee ought to do before anything else, is to endeavour to come to some decision with regard to rain.

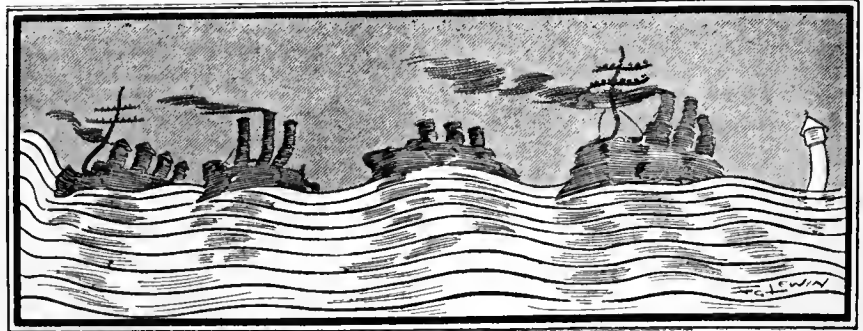
Tenders for rain-stopping should be invited from all the leading scientists, such as MAXIM, EDISON, MARCONI and H. G. WELLS. Unless something is done cricket might as well be discontinued. Over and over again the best batsmen are dismissed for a round 0 or a mere handful of runs, owing to the disastrous effect of rain on the pitch. All wickets should be plumb. In the event of the experiments of the scientists failing, every county ground should be supplied with an umbrella large enough to cover the whole pitch, without interfering with the view of either spectators or reporters. The umbrella's stick is the only difficulty; but I have no doubt that some device could be hit upon by which the canopy could be held up. It might be suspended from a captive balloon.

SHOULD POPULAR BATSMEN BE GIVEN OUT?

Here we touch upon delicate ground. But the fact remains that, under the prevailing conditions, Englishmen who have paid their money to see certain batsmen perform are too often compelled to leave the ground baffled of their desire. That so many worthy persons should be disappointed is surely a state of things not contemplated by the original compilers of the laws of the game. The circumstance that cricket exists to amuse spectators makes it of the highest importance that a favourite performer should have a full innings every time. To this end I propose to deliver a series of lectures to bowlers and fielders on the principles of altruism, showing them how the lowest, even a long-stop, may contribute his mite towards the prolongation of a batsman's life when the happiness of the greatest number demands it.

TUBES IMPERATIVE FOR BATSMEN WHO MAKE DUCKS.

Probably no sight is more cheerless to



THIS IS NEITHER THE RUSSIAN NOR THE JAPANESE FLEET DURING A STORM; IT IS MERELY "A VIEW OF OUR 'NEIGHBOURS' ROOFS AND CHIMNEY STACKS THROUGH THE BAD PANE OF GLASS PUT IN OUR TOMMY'S BEDROOM WINDOW THE OTHER DAY."

the spectators of cricket, and certainly few experiences are more depressing to the batsman, than the return to the pavilion after failure to score.

In the foregoing paragraph I have given my reasons for holding that blobs or even short innings should be made impossible; but in default of that I am persuaded that in as far as possible mortification should be spared. To this end I wish to revive an old project of the present Colonial Secretary for an underground passage from the wicket to the dressing-rooms. To make this passage would be a very simple business. The entry would be gained by an ordinary man-hole just behind the stumps at the pavilion end, and it would need to be kept carefully closed until wanted, in case the wicket-keeper fell in at a critical moment.

The other end would be somewhere well within the pavilion walls, to obviate that most painful part of the whole *débâcle*, the ascent of the pavilion steps. The tube would be lighted by electricity, and there might perhaps be a writing recess in it, furnished with ink, pens and paper, in which the batsman could record for the morrow's paper his impressions of the fatal ball while they were still warm and vivid.

THE NEED OF GREATER FACILITIES FOR CRICKETING-WRITERS.

That very necessary person the cricketer-writer is confronted every day by new obstacles, which I feel it my duty to attempt to remove. For example, suppose that CHARLES FRY has undertaken to forward a column descriptive of his innings, ball by ball, to the *Daily Half-Volley*, and he is in for four hours. It stands to reason that if he does not begin his record until he is out he is in danger of losing sight of the character of some of the early balls: his perceptions will be blunted; he will forget whether he snicked this for three or cut that for two; and his readers—the great generous reading public for whom we

all toil—will be disappointed, if not positively defrauded. What I suggest therefore is that a five minutes' interval be taken every quarter of an hour during the day, in which all cricketers who have journalistic engagements may jot down their impressions. Few on the field would be idle. I would suggest that note books and telegraph forms be compulsorily carried by the umpires—several for every man, in case a literary impulse overtook him. Only in this way can cricket be properly written about; and without writing] the game falls to the ground.

THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S EXPENSES.

["In the South it is no uncommon thing for a club of twenty-five men to pay £1250 yearly for the right of fishing in two or three miles of stream. Considerations of that kind stimulate the imagination..."—From "*Trout Fishing*," by W. Earl Hodgson (A. & C. Black).]

Mr. Punch's imagination, all afire with these golden "considerations," has been projected into the future, and rewarded with an impression of a few items in the advertisement columns of a sporting journal which will appear fifty years hence.

Salmon.—To be Let immediately. Splendid rock overlooking good spring salmon beat in the North. Three feet square, only twenty-five yards from water. Tenant may cast from rock (fly only) two days a week. £1000.

Trout Fishing.—Visitors to the Wild Ass Hotel, Poddleton, have the privilege of angling from the municipal bridge over the Sloss, both sides. Terms, £3 3s. a day, include fishing tickets.

Thames Fishing.—To Let, commodious Windsor chair in punt, commanding best gudgeon swim in the Thames, from June 16. Only £15 a week.

Irish Lakes.—First-rate trout fishing may be had in Loughs Bog and Slough

by staying at the Eringobragh Hotel. Terms, with boat and boatman, a shilling a minuto.

Angling.—Every man his own fishery owner! Why go to Thibet for your fishing when you can have it at home? Try our patent up-to-date trout lakes. Can be affixed to any back garden. All sizes, from 100/- upwards. Also artificial india-rubber trout (open and shut mouth, move fins and tail), equal to real five-pound fish as in millionaire's preserves. Every man his own millionaire. Order at once from MESSRS. CHUCK AND CHANCIT, Fleet Street, E.C.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

MON CHER LÉOPOLD.—Pour le moment on me laisse tranquille. On nous dit des injures à tour de rôle. Maintenant c'est à vous. Sont-ils embêtants avec leurs "atrocités!" Mais depuis longtemps je m'en fiche, et vous aussi sans aucun doute. En effet ça ne doit pas vous déranger le moins du monde si les affaires marchent bien.

Cependant j'ai une bonne idée. Voulez-vous quitter la Belgique et devenir Pacha du Vilayet de Monastir? Je vous offre ça de bon cœur. Vous vous amusez très bien. Un peu de sévérité d'abord, et puis on ne vous dérange plus. Vous aurez une bonne petite armée, un palais très bien situé, et surtout un grand harem. Un harem! Pensez-y, mon cher. Rien de plus agréable.

Vous êtes allé à Berlin rendre visite à notre cher ami GUILLAUME. Avez-vous obtenu quelques petites concessions? Il faut toujours penser à ses petits bénéfices. Un peu de bakchisch, hein? Où est donc le docteur CARL PETERS? Je vous donne un bon conseil. Nommez-le Viceroy du Congo, car il sait gouverner les indigènes à merveille.

J'ai encore une petite idée. Pendant que les Russes se battent en Asie—avec qui que ce soit, ça m'est égal—je vais tâcher de tranquilliser le Vilayet de Monastir. J'ai un excellent système. Tout sera arrangé avant votre arrivée. Vous viendrez, j'en suis sûr, car vous ne ressemblez pas aux autres Giaours, qui m'agaçent en poussant toujours leurs cris de Liberté, Égalité et Fraternité. Pour des Arméniens ou des Congolais, bismillah!

Votre tout dévoué, **ABDUL.**

Pourriez-vous me prêter cinquante mille francs?

MON CHER ABDUL.—Enehanté de recevoir votre lettre. Vous êtes si aimable, mon cher ami. Quelle triste chose que la vie! Chacun est rasta, ou snob, ou voyou, et il n'a qu'une idée, celle de vous dévaliser. C'est effroyable pour un homme aussi pauvre que moi.

Les affaires ne marchent pas du tout. Il y a si peu de caoutchouc, savez-vous, et il y a tant d'imbéciles qui s'occupent de cette petite industrie congolaise, et s'écrient contre ce qu'ils appellent "l'esclavage." En Belgique il y a des imbéciles qui détestent le jeu. Par conséquent mon petit terrain à Ostende ne rapporte rien. Les entreprises belges en Russie sont en baisse, ou en liquidation. Rien ne va plus. Et par dessus le marché on intente un procès contre moi à Bruxelles même.

Je voudrais bien me réfugier quelque part. Je deviendrais Roi de Macédoine très volontiers, savez-vous, mais le pays n'est pas assez tranquille. Je serais écrasé, comme le fruit dans une macédoine. Tout ce que je désire c'est la

C'est vrai que vous n'avez pas le Bosphore, mais vous devez avoir un lac quelque part dans votre parc. Mais on est rarement forcé d'aller aussi loin. Ordinairement une bonne bastonnade suffit.

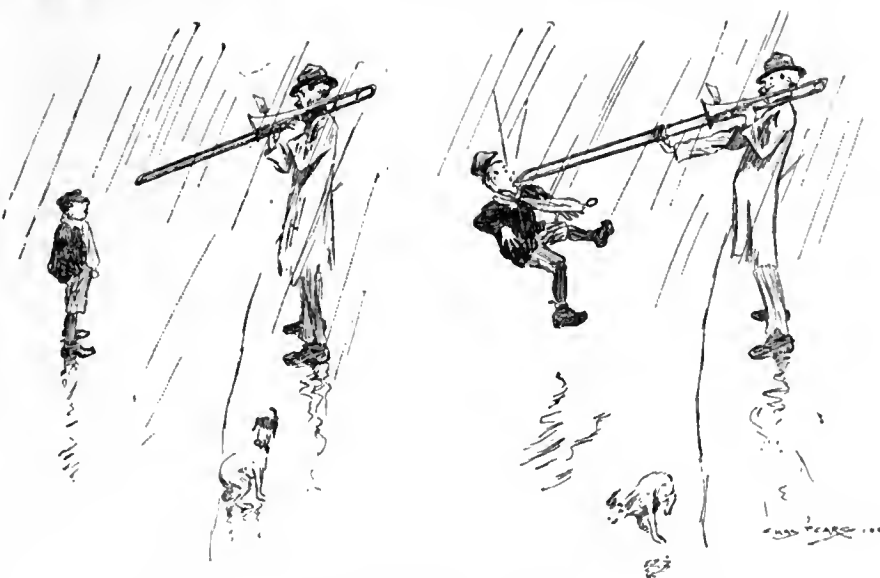
C'est dommage que vos affaires marchent si mal. Moi je n'ai pas le sou. Et cependant je tâche de faire quelques petites économies. J'ai une bonne idée. J'attendrai encore quelques mois, et puis j'achèterai tout ce qui reste de la flotte russe. C'est une chose qui me manque.

Si vous n'avez pas cinquante mille francs, voulez-vous me prêter vingt louis?

Votre tout dévoué,

ABDUL.

MON CHER ABDUL.—Je me sers d'une carte postale. Ça coûte moins cher. Vraiment je n'ai pas vingt louis à



IT IS THE UNEXPECTED THAT HAPPENS.

paix. Un petit nid sur la Côte d'Azur, un bon chef, un luxe de fleurs, et quelques petites femmes. Voilà tout! Avec dix millions de rentes je pourrais être parfaitement content.

Malheureusement il m'est impossible de vous prêter cinquante mille francs. Je suis presque à sec, et je n'aurai pas de quoi payer les frais de ce sacré procès. Mais, savez-vous, j'ai une proposition à vous faire. Voulez-vous acheter l'État du Congo? Je le vendrai très bon marché. Vous pourrez y exiler tous les Arméniens.

Votre ami sincère,

LÉOPOLD.

MON CHER LÉOPOLD.—Un procès contre le roi! C'est inouï. Si un Turc intentait un procès contre moi! Nous avons depuis longtemps notre petit système, pour ceux qui ne sont pas contents. Essayez-le. Envoyez chercher les plaignants, les témoins et les avocats, et faites apporter des sacs. Voilà votre affaire.

gaspiller. Mais si vous désirez du caoutchouc, j'en ai, savez-vous, de première qualité. En gros je vous ferai même un petit rabais.

Tout à vous, **LÉOPOLD.**

FROM a local Bedford paper we learn that "Professor PHINEAS J. MUBBS, of the New York Board of Health, argues that motoring is a cure for crime. . . . It is suggested that each resident of Dartmoor Prison or Holloway shall be allowed to take a daily spin on a 50-h.p. car. It is certain that if this plan prevailed many confirmed criminals would not be seen again in prison." Mr. Punch entirely agrees as to the practical certainty of their disappearance.

LITERARY GOSSIP.—Messrs. GREENING announce a new novel by Mr. WHITEING, a new edition of BROWNING, and a history of Reading.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

[Mrs. EARLE has again been airing her views on diet in the *National Review*.]

In my Surrey retreat I have found it most sweet to devote my seclusion and quiet

To devise the best course to grow strong as a horse by a diligent study of diet,

And as so much depends for oneself and one's friends on the kind of the food that one swallows

It has seemed to me best that the world be possessed of the little *résumé* which follows:

Don't be tempted to eat of the poison called meat, but eschew such insidious dishes;

If you're wise you will scowl at the whole *genus* fowl, and avoid all descriptions of fishes;

Tea must never be had; coffee's equally bad; cocoa's worse, for its action is quicker,

And of course I taboo any venomous brew which is known as intoxicant liquor.

Deadly danger I see in the pulse and the pea, and I cannot be over-emphatic

In condemning most fruits and the tuberous roots, while asparagus makes one rheumatic;

Few and simple, say I, are the things which supply all our bodily wants and our mental,

For we need nothing but a banana or nut, or an apple, an orange or lentil.

Then, as well as the kind, it's important, I find, to consider how much should be eaten:

To avoid all excess is the rule I profess, and it's one that can never be beaten.

Do not gorge till you're ill on the nuts of Brazil; though the lentils be ne'er so delightful,

Don't continue to eat when you once are replete, but abstain ere you feel yourself quite full.

But while greed should be stopped don't be moved to adopt the uncheerful ascetic demeanour;

I detest the poor soul who just toys with a roll and who daily grows leaner and leaner;

Eat your nuts with delight and a sound appetite—I've a liking for those who can grapple

With an extra Brazil or devour with a will a banana on top of their apple.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE is a pleasant flavour of good old-fashioned melodrama about Mr. MURRAY's latest novel, *V.C.* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). Nine out of ten writers, having the story to tell, would have found situation and local colour in the war in South Africa. Mr. MURRAY goes back fifty years to the time of the Crimean War, episodes of which he introduces in vivid passages. The period thus remote, the stage is appropriately trodden by the dishonest father; the gallant General, who, having retired on a competency, is ruined by trusting the villain; the proud impeccable son of the wicked father, who loves the daughter of the ruined General and breaks away from his home to take the Queen's shilling. It is an old old story, in some of its particulars dating as far back as the *Newcomes*. Mr. MURRAY tells it briskly, and no one taking up the volume will be inclined to put it down till he reaches the not-too-distant end. My Baronite finds the master touch in the incident of the repudiated swindling father going out to the Crimea and tenderly watching over the sick bed of the wounded son who had renounced him.

In *David March* (METHUEN) Mr. FLETCHER shows trace of

the influence of Sir WALTER SCOTT, which my Baronite finds refreshing after a long meal of novels of the day. He goes back to the Stuart period, and skilfully fills his canvas with characters that might well have peopled Cheapside at the time, or dwelt in the leafy streets of country towns. Unfettered by modern conventionalities his men and women walk with free and easy stride. The hero, a foundling apprenticed to a village blacksmith, comes across the beautiful daughter of a neighbouring squire. Straightway he falls in love with her, which was not surprising even "somewhere about the end of the month of May in the year 1683," as the date is alluringly fixed. Where the marvel comes in is that *Cynthia Gervase*, with equal suddenness and completeness, falls in love with the grimy blacksmith, sticks to him through thick and thin, marries, and lives happily ever after. Historical characters, King CHARLES, Judge JEFFREYS, and CHRISTOPHER WREN among them, flit through pages aglow with life and colour.

A Maid of Mystery, by L. T. MEADE (F. V. WHITE & Co.), is a sensational romance that the Baron has no hesitation in recommending to the attention of all those who, seeking distraction from the cares and troubles of this extra-ordinary mortal life, find their haven of rest in perusing an absorbing sensational romance, as they sit in an old arm-chair cosily placed in a warm corner. So far in praise of this story in a general way, but the Baron, as he must needs be critical, is compelled to admit that as to the originality of the idea he has his doubts, unless of course the author has never read or heard of *Pauline*, by ALEXANDRE DUMAS, one of the best romances ever written, to which this present work bears a certain very evident resemblance. Again, the Baron, unwilling to interfere with the pleasure of those who have not yet read the book, but representing the curiosity of those who have, would like to be informed, *First*, who was *Ishmael*? *Secondly*, who attempted the crime which, had it succeeded, would apparently have been a blunder? *Thirdly*, what was the secret of which *Nurse Elton* was all along in possession, which she promised to reveal at the right moment, which she was implored by the heroine to discover to her, but which *Nurse Elton* kept so strictly to herself that even the author may have merely a suspicion of its character? The title would have been more to the point if, instead of *The Maid of Mystery*, it had been called *The Nurse-maid of Mystery*.

Cherry's Child (F. V. WHITE), by JOHN STRANGE WINTER, is a puzzling story,—that is, to a mere man. By the superior sex in petticoats it will be appreciated at its full value. Putting aside *Boote's Baby*, as one separates *Pickwick* from all DICKENS's other works, this is, in the Baron's opinion, the best of Mrs. STANNARD's many novels. It is difficult to understand the heroine or the two heroes,—which terms are merely conventional as indicating the principal characters of this story. And for this very reason, therefore, it is life-like, and, being so, the wayward conduct of the trio is, though interesting, most irritating. Of dramatic situations there are none: but the dialogue is that of epigrammatic comedy, except when it necessarily drops into the merely ordinary. It will interest the "spindle-side," but the "spear-side" will probably be disappointed. The story is spun out, and the material becomes rather thin in the process.

THE BARON



DE

B.W.

WHAT WE OFTEN HEAR OF BUT VERY SELDOM SEE.—"A perfectly clean sweep."



THE TROUBLES OF AN M.F.H.

M.F.H. (to stranger, who is violently gesticulating to hounds). "WHEN YOU HAVE DONE FEEDING YOUR CHICKENS, SIR, PERHAPS YOU WILL ALLOW ME TO HUNT MY HOUNDS!"

THE NEW ORDER?

*["The Ministers . . . such a lot of liars he never came across."—
From a Northampton Oration.]*

O ICHABOD, the glory has departed;
The good old days have gone for ever by,
When gentlemen of feeling would have smarted
Beneath the imputation of a "lie."
Eheu fugaces! Tempora mutantur!
Manners and self-respect have grown antique,
When "lie" and "liar" pass for "genial banter,"
And Truth is sold for 6d. every week.

In those brave times this form of accusation
Was sugared over with a coat of tact,
And found a limit at "equivocation,"
Or "making statements contrary to fact."
Now, when the party-criers go a-crying,
Resentment seems an antiquated freak,
And anyone can dogmatise on lying
Who values Truth at 6d. every week.

Here we have men of sound respectability,
Good, worthy men, advisers of the Crown,

Who bear the blow with undismayed tranquillity,
And take the name of "liar" lying down;
Mutely they sit, and nurse their injured feelings;
Silenced by one who claims a right to speak,
Born of a long experience of dealings
In Truth—as sold for 6d. every week.

Will they not rise, and trample down the lie-word?
Can nothing rouse them from their dull repose?
Would they become a scandal and a byword
Rather than punch his head or pull his nose?
Is it a sense of guilt, or love of quiet, or
What can it be that makes them slow to wreak
Vengeance on the accusing Impropiator
Of Truth—sweet Truth—at 6d. every week?

Ah, no. Sleep on, sleep on till labour ceases,
Sleep through the night, with honour free from stain!
It's only LABBY, no one minds what he says;
Nobody answers LABBY back again.
LABBY is always saying something funny,
But says it when his tongue is in his cheek;
LABBY's a cynic; why, he makes his money
By selling Truth at 6d. every week! Dum-Dum.

SMUTS ON THE SITUATION;

OR, THE "DEVIL'S ADVOCATE."

["There burns in the Boer mind a fierce indignation against this sacrilege of Chinese importation—this spoliation of the heritage for which the generations of the people have sacrificed their all."—*Published letter of Advocate J. C. Smuts, of Pretoria.* N.B.—Since Chinese labour is only destined for the mines, a field of energy which has never attracted the Boer himself, it would seem that Mr. SMUTS in the above passage is merely advocating the cause of the Kaffir as against that of the Oriental. There must be a mistake somewhere.]

A BREAST with brazen corset trebly fitted,
And a superb capacity of jaw,
Needs must he have who lets himself be pitted
Against a Dutch Interpreter of Law;
But he should be one stolid mass of gristle,
Tough as Brazil's impenetrable nuts,
Who dares to cope with your expert epistle,
Advocate SMUTS!

You view, I see, with undisguised aversion,
Bred of the faith that fires a patriot's blood,
Your precious country's probable immersion
Beneath a putrid stream of Pagan mud;
You see her heritage—the obvious fruit of
Your sires' sublime contempt for worldly ease—
Wrung from its rightful lords, and made the loot of
Heathen Chineses!

But what (inform me) was the actual juncture
At which your parents ceased to plough the land,
And lent their estimable thews to puncture
The hollow shafts that permeate the Rand?
I always thought they entertained a rooted
Distrust of dirty lucre's devious tracks,
And found their exploration better suited
To sinful blacks!

Misled by some Uitlandish ANANIAS,
I fancied you abhorred that hellish toil,
Content, by processes that passed for pious,
To pocket, indirectly, half the spoil;
While he, the goddess nigger (so I gathered)
Sought to elude, inside those pits of sin,
Your Christian sjambok which would else have lathered
His sable skin.

Now lifted up with bellicose elation,
Puffed out with perquisites, and blown with beans,
He looks on labour as an occupation
Unfitted to a gentleman of means;
Posed loosely, in a careless state of coma,
Upon his torpid back or turgid tum,
He lies enveloped by a rich aroma
Of plug and rum!

Sir, on the soil that drank our tears and treasure,
That Promised Land, our Paradise of Earth,
Are we to wait upon his Highness' pleasure—
Wait till the brute resumes his ancient girth?
Can it be he, I ask, and not another,
Whose stolen heritage your bosom stirs?
Is it, in fact, to him as man and brother
Your note refers?

Do you protest against imported labour,
And mention sacrifices made in vain,
Simply because you hope your Kaffir neighbour
Will, by-and-by, consent to work again?
I may not plumb these deep forensic levels,
But all my native commonsense rebuts
The bare idea that you're that lazy devil's
Advocate, SMUTS!

O. S.

LITTLE ARTICLES BY GREAT MEN.

JAPAN'S NAVAL PLANS.

(After Rear-Admiral INGLIS, Expert to the "Daily Telegraph.")

THE immortal spirit which inspired our old-time Admirals has passed into the minds of the Japanese naval officers. The names of BLAKE and RODNEY are as familiar and as dear to them as their own naval heroes HUIYOMONO and MATSUMAI. Can I ever forget how a little Jap torpedo-destroyer once sprinted out of Nagasaki and hailed me through the megaphone. The words seemed at once familiar and unfamiliar—"DRAKE ewor a devil man." For a moment I was puzzled, till at last it flashed upon me that to greet an English friend the Japanese officer was quoting NEWBOLT's immortal poem "DRAKE he was a Devon man." Courtesy and devotion—those two words sum up the Japanese Navy.

I recall with mingled feelings of grief and pride the conduct of a Japanese sub-lieutenant whom I entrusted to superintend the coaling of my ship. I said, "Keep the ship clean—as little dust as possible." He threw a wreath of iris flowers on my head, and placed his hand on his heart. Judge my surprise the next day when on returning to the ship I found the coaling operations only just begun. On going to watch the coolies at work I found that they were taking the coal aboard in parcels made of rice paper. I called the sub-lieutenant to me and hinted that though this was cleanly it was unbusinesslike. He bowed low before my reproof and returned to superintend the coaling. When it was completed I received a little note, "Miserable servant has spilt abominable coal-dust on honourable decks, and therefore has committed hara kairi in stately top coal bunker." Alas, it was only too true.

To show the spirit of the ordinary sailors I may relate a little incident. Once upon my birthday we were anchored off Hakodate, and in honour of the occasion I asked all hands to splice the main-brace in sakè. As I sat in my cabin I could hear the clatter of the chop-sticks in the lacquer bowls, and it warmed my heart to think that the men were happy. When I went on deck an hour later I was surprised to see carved images of myself in all parts of the ship. They had sent off a shore-boat for a cargo of turnips, and with the artistic ingenuity which every Jap possesses had whittled them into admirable busts of their loved commander. My side whiskers were realistically represented by rope yarn. Two of these artistic trophies, preserved in pickle, now decorate my drawing-room.

Nor were the women backward in welcoming their English friends. One night at a tea-house six of the most renowned Geishas in Japan entertained us. The dance was a novel one to me, and it was some time before I understood that it represented the manoeuvres of a fleet, and that the most beautiful Geisha who stood fan-waving in the centre was supposed to be my humble self. On emerging from the tea-house I went to seek the boots which, in accordance with Japanese usage, I had left at the threshold. Imagine my delight when I found that the laces had been removed, and that in each lace-hole had been placed a different coloured chrysanthemum. It was with proud yet awkward steps that I made my way to the jinrikisha in waiting.

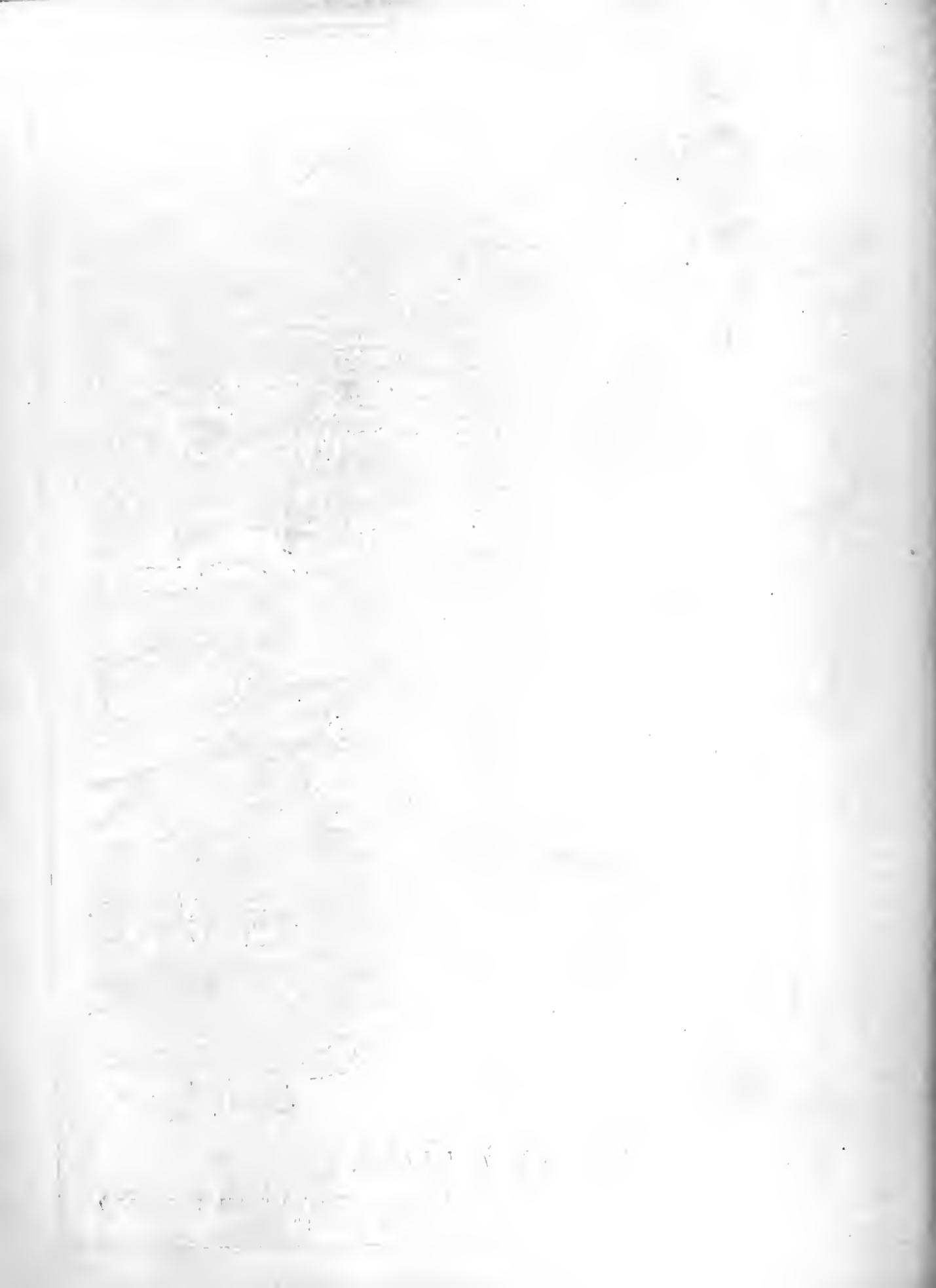
Flogging is unknown in the Japanese Navy. Small offences I used to punish by making the offender carry a fan of English pattern. For mutiny and murder I generally sentenced the criminal to wear a top-hat when on duty. This saved me the trouble of passing death-sentences, for the criminals invariably disembowelled themselves rather than offend their fine aesthetic sense.

I have no knowledge of the Japanese naval plans, but I know the indomitable spirit of their officers and men. I should not be surprised to find the Japanese fleet appearing at Mukden. Nothing is impossible to such an heroic nation.



TWO OF A TRADE.

THE RIGHT HON. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N (on his way back through Italy, addressing Vesuvius). "CALL YOURSELF A VOLCANO? YOU WAIT TILL I GET HOME!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 14.—Of all ebullitions of human ecstasy commend me to the spectacle of Young WEMYSS addressing the House of Lords. With some of us memory goes back to period before he succeeded to the earldom, when, as Lord ELCHO, he sat in the Commons and instructed us. At that time there was, perhaps, predominant feeling of mingled resentment and boredom. During early years of House elected in 1880 he occupied seat on Front Bench below Gangway. This gave him opportunity, when orating, of standing well out on the floor and shaking his fist at Mr. GLADSTONE.

Had he been still with us, a Commoner, he would, but for technical difficulty, have been Father of the House. He took his seat as Member for East Gloucestershire sixty-three years ago. As far as I know no contemporary of that far-off period, which found PEEL in the plenitude of his power, sits in the House to-day. Unseated in East Gloucestershire in 1846, he was a few months out of the House, being in 1847 elected for Haddingtonshire, a constituency he represented for thirty-six years. But the interval, according to the rule, moved his record forward to the year 1847. A Member to establish his claim to Fatherhood of House must have sat uninterruptedly for a period going back to the furthest year.

But 1847 would have served. BEACH, the late Father, killed in hansom cab accident, did not enter House till 1857. In ELCHO's case question never arose. In due course he was called to House of Lords, where he renewed his youth like the eagle.

Standing to-night at the Table, having



"YOUNG WEMYSS."



"You're not old, Father William!" the young man said,
 "And you've made us a deuce of a name;
 You'll be terribly missed from the House you have led—
 Well, I'm glad you were here when I came."

(Mr. "Lulu" H-re-rt, the new Member for Rossendale, was introduced by his father, Sir W-ll-m H-re-rt and Mr. H-rb-rt Gl-dst-ne, March 17.)

requisitioned Front Bench below Gangway for multitudinous memoranda, he moved for a commission "to inquire into and report upon the present state and prospects of our trade, and whether any change in methods is needed in furtherance thereof." Possibly of all Peers it is only Young WEMYSS who would have the audacity in existing circumstances to move this resolution. It will be perceived it ignores the fact that at this moment (though we don't hear so much of it as we did) there is sitting a Royal Commission appointed under the seal of Don José Rez charged with this very inquiry.

Young WEMYSS bent upon making a speech is not to be deterred by little considerations of that kind. Brushing it aside as if it were of no consequence, he chatted along for a full hour by Westminster clock. For all purposes leading to elucidation of the subject, or to conversion of his audience, he might have gone on for another hour or two. Usually addresses House from cross benches, a position that recommends itself to modest youth from its central commanding position and its resemblance to a pulpit. Moreover, a speaker rising thence has in full view the inspiring majesty of the LORD CHANCELLOR on the Woolsack.

Some years ago, when his present Majesty was still Prince of WALES, and in his accustomed seat at the corner of the front cross bench, Young WEMYSS, holding forth in ecstasy from the second bench behind, nearly knocked off the royal topper with swing of red right

hand. Since then fought shy of the place. Opportunity of addressing Peers from the table is reserved for Ministers and ex-Ministers; unofficial Peers speak from their place wherever they chance to sit. These arbitrary distinctions are trifling. If Young WEMYSS thinks it more consonant with his personal pre-eminence to speak from the Table he will do so, even as he would address the House from the Woolsack if he thought it would be for its moral and intellectual benefit.

I call it a speech in deference to conventional habit. It was really a soliloquy, a luxurious wandering over lush pastures rich with the merits, the wisdom, the infallibility of the Ninth Earl of WEMYSS, joyance here and there saddened by lament that wilful mankind, led by Trades Unions and other weak inventions of the enemy, are apt to turn a deaf ear to his counsel.

For a youth in his eighty-sixth year, still in the status of bridegroom, it was a marvellous *tour de force*. The continual effort of walking to and fro between the table and the bench which his papers appropriated amounted to a healthy stretch. Fortunately Young WEMYSS did not in this exercise overheat himself. Each time that he reached the bench in the course of these many excursions, he turned his back on expectant House, looked up his references leisurely as if he were in his library, sauntered back, shook portentous forefinger at Lord LANSDOWNE, murmured "My Lords" in warning voice, and went off at new tangent.

Business done.—In Lords none. In Commons debate on Education arose on Vote on Account.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Rumour current that SWIFT MACNEILL has been "sent for." Some authorities add that in forming his Cabinet he has named REDMOND cadet Lord President of the Council "on account of his deportment." It is added FLAVIN will be Foreign Secretary "on account of his accent."

Don't believe a word of it. Idle rumour based on nothing more substantial than fact that when, just now, Ministers were beaten in the Division Lobby, SWIFT MACNEILL made more noise than any three of his compatriots bawling in unison. "Moreover than which" there is no vacancy for a new Premier. Ministers haven't resigned and don't mean to. Such virtuous constitutional practice as resignation in analogous circumstances all very well for mere Liberals. Unionists stand on higher platform.

Admittedly the circumstances are from outside point of view precisely parallel with what took place on June 21, 1895. House then in Committee of Supply; reduction of vote moved in order to indict War Office for neglect to supply arsenals with sufficient stock of cordite. No crisis anticipated; no sign of excitement. C-B. on Treasury Bench in charge of votes looked sleepily around, wondered when they'd cut the cackle and come to the vote. Members strolled out languidly to Division Lobby; came back to leap into frenzied excitement on learning that Government had been defeated by majority of seven.

There parallel abruptly terminates. C-B. promptly acceded to proposal to report progress. House adjourned. On resuming on the Monday—the blow fell on a Friday—announcement was made in both Houses that Ministers had placed their resignation in the hands of Her MAJESTY. It had been accepted, and there an end on't.

This afternoon Unionist Ministry were defeated by majority which, though small, was more than fifty per cent. in excess of that which wrecked the ROSEBERRY Administration. PRINCE ARTHUR, casually strolling in, was met by demand to report progress. Has suffered much of late at hands of unreasonable gentlemen opposite. They have wanted to know all about the Scrap of Paper; they have insisted upon being informed as to minutest details of what they call the "jockeying" of RITCHIE and GEORGIE HAMILTON out of Cabinet; they have insisted upon mastering niceties of difference between Retaliation and Don José's scheme of fiscal reform. These things have been suffered, not gladly, but with certain heroic patience.

This last eccentricity goes a step too far. PRINCE ARTHUR gazed on the

excited throng before him with icy stare that would chill any but those born with Celtic blood. He beheld SWIFT MACNEILL bobbing about on the bench like a pea in a hot frying pan. He saw REDMOND cadet elate with memory of having waved somebody else's hat when the figures of the division were announced, and so saved his own from wear and tear. He found REDMOND ainé on his feet, with something more than customary of portentous manner, moving to report progress.

Has heard about madness besetting hares in this month of March. Surely the mood is contagious and has gripped mankind. Why report progress? Nothing has happened except that Irish Members, cutting off their nose to spite their face, have reduced their Education vote by the sum of £100. The storm rages round him, but moves him not. Danger is passed; the twenty minutes that have sped since hostile division was



"Sir Wm. Hart and I have not always seen eye-to-eye."—Lord Rosebery.
(Our Artist rather fancied they had!)

taken have brought in reinforcements. Committee again divides; this time on question to report progress. Strongest Ministry of modern times—it still boasts a normal majority of over a hundred and has just been placed in a minority of eleven—retrieves fortune and records a majority of twenty-five.

Business done.—Government defeated. "It's of no consequence," says Mr. TOOTS BALFOUR; and business proceeds as if nothing had happened.

Friday night.—Been a good deal of talk during the week about Passive Resisters. Quite time they had a look in at Westminster. Among doubtless unpremeditated consequences of Don José's setting heather afire with torch of Protection is the fact that some thousands of estimable people, who have varied monotony of obscure lives by going to prison rather than pay Education rate, have found the newspapers with no room for enlarging on their case, whilst Parliament has never heard of it.

"What is the first recorded case of Passive Resistance?" the MEMBER FOR SARK asked as we talked this matter over.

"Give it up."

"Why SHADRACH, MESHACH, ABEDNEGO and the Fiery Furnace. Overhaul the Wollum, as Cap'n CUTTLE used to say, and you'll find how singularly close, in the spirit if not in the letter, are two series of events happening in Babylon under King NEBUCHADNEZZAR and in England under His Most Gracious Majesty King EDWARD THE SEVENTH."

Business done.—Private Members'.

THE CRY OF THE FLAT FISH.

[Lord ONSLOW's Bill "to provide against the destruction of undersized flat fish" is engaging the attention of a Select Committee of the Upper House.]

My Lords, whose sober counsels curb
The zeal of frenzied nations,
Be not annoyed that we disturb
Your calm deliberations.

The tribe of Pleuronectidæ
(Salute the voice of science!)
Approach as suppliants: their plea
Defence and not defiance.

While England boasts her azure wall,
The billows that surround her,
She dare not disregard the call
Of turbot, plaice and flounder.

"Not on thy sole"—you know the rest,
But let the trite quotation
Stand while the race of soles protest
Against extermination.

Our elders, patient and content,
Their pound of flesh surrender;
Shylock himself must needs relent
Towards the young and tender.

Let full-grown fishes feel the smart
Of human persecutions:
But do not play the coward's part,
To war with Lilliputians.

Reflect that such untimely fate
Is just the way to spoil us;
O let us grow to man's estate
Before you catch and boil us.

Belov'd of coster and of cat
With well-deserved affection,
Weak, harmless, undersized and flat,
We crave your kind protection!

This advertisement—

WANTED, for small family, single-handed Butler.—Address, &c., &c.

—quoted from a weekly newspaper, suggests another form:—

WANTED, for small family, one-legged Footman to assist single-handed Butler.—Address, DOUBLE DUMMY, Whistcliff.



WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST.

Little Brown. "BEEN RUDE TO YOU, HAS HE? I'LL SOON SETTLE HIM."

Apparition (appearing from behind hedge). "AND MAY I ARSK WOT YOU WANT WITH MY LITTLE BOY, GUV'NOR?"

TABLOID TRAGEDIES.

(Bovrilised from the Best British Bards for Music-Hall purposes.)

A CLASSIC IN A CAPSULE!

NOTICE.—These tabloids are specially recommended by Professor CECIL RALEIGH, M.D. (Melo-farcical Dramatist), each tabloid being warranted to contain all the essential parts of a Five-Act Drama. They take no more than fifteen minutes to act, and will therefore be found a great boon by Playgoers who are in the habit of dining too heavily to digest strong dramatic fare with comfort. As all Poetry, Philosophy, and other innutritious elements have been carefully eliminated from our preparations, we can guarantee that they involve no strain whatever upon the weakest intellect.

TABLOID No. I.—HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

SCENE I.—*Elsinore.* A platform before the Castle. Moonlight effect. HAMLET and HORATIO discovered.

Hamlet. Yes, HORATIO, you were ever my Boyhood's Friend, and, as such, I put it to you whether, seeing that but two short months have elapsed since the funeral obsequies of my Royal Father, I am not justified in considering my Mother's nuptials with my Uncle CLAUDIUS decidedly premature under the circumstances?

Horatio (diplomatically). I must frankly confess that the Court has gone out of mourning within an unusually short time. And, while we are upon this subject, are you aware that a spirit, bearing a remarkable resemblance to your late lamented father when in full armour, has been recently observed in this locality? I have myself been an eye-witness of the phenomenon, and it would not altogether surprise me were it to appear this evening—in fact, here it comes!

Enter the Ghost of HAMLET's father to weird music. Exit HORATIO.

Ghost. HAMLET, I am the spirit of your late father. The report that I was stung to death by a serpent in an orchard was not entirely accurate. The serpent in question was no other than your uncle CLAUDIUS, who poured corrosive sublimate into my ear while I was enjoying a *siesta*. I leave it to you to avenge this unnatural conduct. Farewell!

[*Vanishes.*]

Ham. (aside). Then it *was* my uncle after all! Strange—but I always had my suspicions of him! It now becomes my painful duty to exact amends for the murder of my father. 'Twere best to begin by affecting madness, for thus shall I escape legal responsibility for my actions. (*To HORATIO, who re-enters*) Should you hereafter observe anything at all eccentric in my demeanour, pray do not attach any importance to it!

Hor. I will not, my Lord.

[*They walk off together. Change to:—*]

SCENE II.—A Room of State in the Castle. At back, a curtained arch, behind which is a fit-up stage. On the R. hangings of arras. POLONIUS and OPHELIA discovered.

Polonius. And so, my daughter, you have of late noted a falling off in the marked attentions paid you by Prince HAMLET? Let me recommend you to bring him to the point by demanding his intentions.

Ophelia. Father, I will follow your advice to the best of my

ability. (*Enter HAMLET, feigning madness.*) Am I to understand, my lord, that—

Ham. You are. I never loved you, and the best thing you can do is to retire to the nearest nunnery. *Polonius*, I know you well—you are a fishmonger, and a tedious old fool. That cloud has the back of a weasel, but is very like a whale.

Pol. (to Ophelia). His intellect is obviously deranged. Come away, my child.

[*Exit with Ophelia, who weeps.*]

Ham. (to himself). 'Tis now high time that I set about seriously avenging my father—and yet, after all, is it absolutely certain that the ghost was telling me the truth? Should I not be acting rashly in placing implicit reliance upon the unsupported assertion of a shadow? If I could but convince myself of my uncle's guilt! (*Enter the Players.*) Ha! who are these? I remember now—they must be the touring company who have been commanded to give a theatrical entertainment in the Castle this evening. An idea occurs to me—what if I—? (*To the Players*) Welcome, ladies and gentlemen—do you happen to have any piece in your repertoire in which one of two brothers murders the other?

First Player. We have, my lord, but we have not performed it for so long that we are become somewhat fluff in the dialogue.

Ham. No matter—I will write in some extra business. Follow me, and we will run through it together immediately. (*To himself*) The play will do the trick! Should my Uncle be the culprit, his guilty conscience will infallibly cause him to give himself away. Then I shall know where I am!

[*Exit with Players. A pause. Then enter POLONIUS with KING and QUEEN.*]

Pol. For myself, I have no doubt whatever that HAMLET is in a state closely bordering on lunacy.

King Claudius. If so, he must be placed under medical superintendence. It is quite possible that he may be harbouring designs against our person. Should an opportunity occur I shall be obliged by your concealing yourself behind the arras here, so as to overhear his remarks.

Pol. I will certainly do so on the first convenient occasion—but I observe that, just now, the private theatricals are about to commence.

[*Flourish of trumpets; enter the QUEEN and Court, also HAMLET and Ophelia. They take their seats for the performance.*]

Ham. (to the KING). I can promise you an excellent good show—though I cannot of course tell how the piece may happen to strike you.

[*The curtains of the arch are drawn. A Player is seen dropping poison from a bottle into the ear of a sleeping Player King.*]

King (rising). Stop the play! This is not a fit subject for representation on the stage!

[*He goes out hastily. Commotion—amidst which the stage is gradually cleared of everyone except the QUEEN, HAMLET and POLONIUS.*]

Ham. (to himself). After this, I can no longer doubt that the Ghost's account was accurate in every particular. And yet I don't quite see my way to avenge him. (*To the QUEEN*) Mother, may I request a word with you in private?

Pol. (to himself). Now is my chance to conceal myself behind the arras! (*To QUEEN*) Madam, will you permit me to retire?

Queen (after POLONIUS has retired behind the arras). Well, HAMLET, what is it now?

Ham. I should like to know what could have induced you to marry such a hopeless outsider as my uncle, so utterly inferior as he is to my father in every possible respect? . . . What is that behind the arras? It must be a rat—and a rat is an animal that I cannot endure! (*Draws his sword and thrusts, then parts the hangings, and drags forth the body of POLONIUS.*) Only POLONIUS! My mistake entirely.

I was under the impression it was the KING. (*To himself*) So it seems my distasteful task still remains to be performed. But I will do it—some day.

[*Exit.*]

Ophelia (enters). I have but just now encountered my lord HAMLET—his manner was most peculiar. (*Sees body of POLONIUS.*) What do I behold? My father! A corpse—and slain by HAMLET's hand! (*She goes mad.*) Ha-ha-ha! he made a good end—We may call it herb-grace o' Sundays! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Good-night, sweet lady!

[*Exit.*]

Queen (to herself). I have a strange presentiment which I cannot shake off, as if some evil were impending!

Enter KING, deeply moved.

King. A most regrettable event has just transpired. The lady Ophelia has rashly terminated her existence in a trout stream.

Queen. I am more sorry than surprised at this intelligence. HAMLET has slain her father, so it is but natural that the shock should have turned her brain.

[*Exit, depressed.*]

King (to himself, with remorse). This is indeed a most unfortunate occurrence! I feel as if my sin were beginning to find me out!

Enter LAERTES, furious.

Laertes. I have just been informed that my father is slain and Ophelia drowned. Villain! you shall answer to me for this!

King. It was no fault of mine. HAMLET is the party who is really responsible. But I can show you how you may have your revenge upon him. See, here are foils. I will remove the button from one and poison the point. (*He does so.*) We will get up a fencing match between you and HAMLET to amuse the QUEEN, and, should you by any chance fail to pink him with the foil, I will drop something into this cup which will effectually settle his business (*poisoning a property flagon*). And now to clear away the corpse of POLONIUS, summon HAMLET, and invite the QUEEN and Court to witness the proceedings! (*A pause. Enter QUEEN and Court, HAMLET and HORATIO.*) HAMLET, LAERTES here is anxious to try his skill at fence with you. I have laid long odds that you will come off best.

Ham. Uncle, I fear that you will lose your money. (*To LAERTES*) Deeply attached as I was to your unhappy sister, and profoundly upset as I am by so sad a loss, I feel that I cannot, as a gentleman, decline to meet you in a friendly bout with the foils.

[*Music; business of selecting foils, &c. They play.*]

Queen. Stop! HAMLET is out of breath. Let there be an interval for refreshments. (*Takes the poisoned flagon.*) HAMLET, I look towards you.

[*She drinks.*]

King. GERTRUDE! Not that! Not that! (*To himself*) Too late! She has already imbibed a dose sufficient to be fatal to ten ordinary horses!

Laertes (after securing the unbuttoned foil, aside to KING). My lord, he will be done for this time! (*To HAMLET*) Come on!

[*They play; LAERTES wounds HAMLET.*]

Hor. A hit!

[*In the scuffle they change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.*]

Laertes. I have received my quietus and am justly punished for my abominable treachery! HAMLET, you have not half an hour to live—the blade was poisoned. It was the KING's idea. Forgive me.

[*Dies.*]

Queen. I am not feeling at all well. I fear the drink must have been doctored by somebody. Oh!

[*Dies.*]

Ham. (to KING). So, traitor, this was your fell work, was it? At least, ere I depart to that bourne from which no traveller (with the possible exception of my lamented father) has ever yet been known to return, I will have the sombre satisfaction of despatching you before me in that direction.

Take that—and that! (*Stabs KING, who dies.*) Father, dear Father! at last thou art avenged! HORATIO, adieu—if you love me, keep this scandalous affair from getting into the local papers.

[Dies.]

HOR. (*to himself*). 'Twill be no easy matter to hush up such a series of appalling catastrophes in high life! But I will see what I can do with the Editor of the *Court Circular*.

(*Curtain.*)

F. A.

HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY EVENING;

OR, MR. PUNCH'S ANTIDOTE TO MUSICAL COMEDY.

By way of counteracting the deplorable frivolity of the age and stimulating the intellectual efficiency of the nation, Mr. Punch, never unready to improve on his contemporaries, has decided to institute a series of Literary Competitions for the young, specially suited to the requirements of the present crisis in our educational system. Virtue being its own reward, and the bestowal of an honorarium on one person being notoriously calculated to excite jealousy and disappointment amongst unsuccessful competitors, Mr. Punch has resolved to abstain from offering prizes, especially as these competitions are designed to lead back to a strenuous life those persons whose idleness is the fruit of affluence.

(A). Construct a sonnet, the lines in which shall end with the following rhymes:—

— Duke
— doze
— disclose
— rebuke
— snook
— nose
— ROSE—
— forsook
— authority
— motion
— majority
— devotion
— retaliation
— explanation.

(B). Put into the Parliamentary language of the House of Commons the following:—

"You may say that is 'only Pretty FANNY's way,' but if these are the expressions of a gentleman speaking under great heat and provocation—I say that if a man cannot curb his tongue better than that, 'Pretty FANNY' should not be First Lord of the Treasury."

(C). Translate into Hebrew the following paragraph:—

"No one can say that we are an irreligious people so long as church parade is so well patronised as on last Sunday. Lord and Lady LIONEL LONOMIRE were among the earliest visitors, and Lady CORNERSTONE looked lovely in a plum-



A DISCORD.

He. "HA! ABSURD THINGS THOSE 'BATTLEDORE BALLADS.' EH! WHAT?"

She. "I'M SORRY YOU THINK SO—MY SISTER WROTE THEM!"

He. "ER—OF COURSE I DON'T MEAN THE WORDS—THEY'RE RIPPIN'. I MEAN THE MUSIC—POOR STUFF—SPOILS WORDS—COMPOSER OUGHT TO BE KICKED—WHO WROTE IT?"

She. "I DID!!!"

[Awkward silence.]

coloured gaberdine. MRS. SALMON was with Miss GLADSTONE. The Marchesa PIETRA D'ORO came in a bath chair, and the congregation also included Mr. and Mrs. SOLLY-MANN, pretty Miss DE LA ZARUS, and Sir JOSEPH and Lady LEESON-LOWE."

(D). Reduce within the bounds of probability the following letter:—

To the Editor of the "Daily —."

SIR,—I congratulate you heartily on the splendid stand that you are making in your paper for sanity, reticence, and good taste.

(E). Complete the following Limericks:—

(1). There was an old maid in the Tube
Who sucked a gigantic jujube.

(2). There was an old man of Greenore
Who thought ARTHUR ROBERTS a bore.

(3). There once was a passive resister
Whose struggles developed a blister.

(4). There was an old man of Long Acre
Who couldn't eat oats à la Quaker.
SMART SET.

THIS is indeed good news:—

"EISENBAHNAUSHelfERIN." — HERR BUDDE, Prussian Minister of Public Works, is devoting himself to the simplification of titles borne by railway officials. His first order is that in future "Hilfsfahrkartenausgeberinnen, Telegraphistinnen oder Abfertigungsgehilfen" shall be compelled to lose their individual titles, which are to be merged into the humbler one of "Eisenbahnaushelferin" ("railway assistant").

It is to be hoped that this excellent idea of the Prussian Minister's will not be nipped in the BUDDE.



AWARDING THE BISCUIT.

Dingy Bohemian. "I WANT A BATH OLIVER."

Immaculate Servitor. "MY NAME IS NOT OLIVER!"

"AUTHENTIC BLUNDERS."

STIMULATED by the infectious example of the correspondents of the *Spectator*, a number of personages, eminent in various high callings, have communicated to us examples of "Authentic blunders" for which they are personally prepared to vouch. The following letters, we need hardly say, are only a small selection from the myriads which have blocked our letter-box during the last week:—

DEAR SIR,—When I was an undergraduate at Balliol, I was invited to dinner by the Master and placed next a stranger who was strangely silent.

Wishing to cheer him up I said, "Have you heard HERBERT SPENCER'S latest riddle about Lord ACTON?" On his replying in the negative, I went on: "Why is ACTON'S condition hopeless? Because he's past Ealing and on the road to Hanwell." Imagine my feelings when the Master informed me that my neighbour was none other than the amiable and omniscient Peer himself! Happily I was subsequently enabled to make the *amende honorable* in one of my books (*Interviews with the Illustrious*, Vol. XIII. p. 764). But the whole episode has always seemed to me to be so striking an example of the need of looking before you leap that, much as I hate quoting

from myself, I feel that no excuse is needed for recalling the incident.

Faithfully yours, LEO LAMLASH.
Casa Castagna, Venice.

DEAR SIR,—My old friend Canon GUY FAWKER, who suffers from what I believe is technically known as *metaphasia*, recently asked me if I had read a novel called *The Lovely Florists*. On my inquiring who was the author, he replied "HORACE MEWLETT." I am, Sir,
Yours, &c. E. G.

DEAR SIR,—At an amateur performance of *Julius Cæsar* in my native town of Tipperary, the part of *Mark Antony* was taken by the local house-agent, who brought down the house with the line:

"See what a rint the envious CASCA paid!"

Yours, &c. X. Y. Z.

DEAR SIR,—The following answers to a general paper recently set to my boys may be of interest to your readers.

Who was WILLIAM WATSON?—*Ans.* (1) The author of *Harmsworth's Grave*. (2) The friend of SHERLOCK HOLMES.

What do you know of WILLIAM WHITELEY?—*Ans.* (1) Sir WILLIAM WHITELEY was the defender of Lady-smith. On his return from South Africa his admirers built him a large tabernacle in Moorfields, where he set up as the Universal Provider and edited the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. His last words were, "England expects that every man this day will pay his instalment." (2) WILLIAM WHITELEY was a celebrated novelist and the author of the famous romance, *No. 5 Westbourne Grove*.

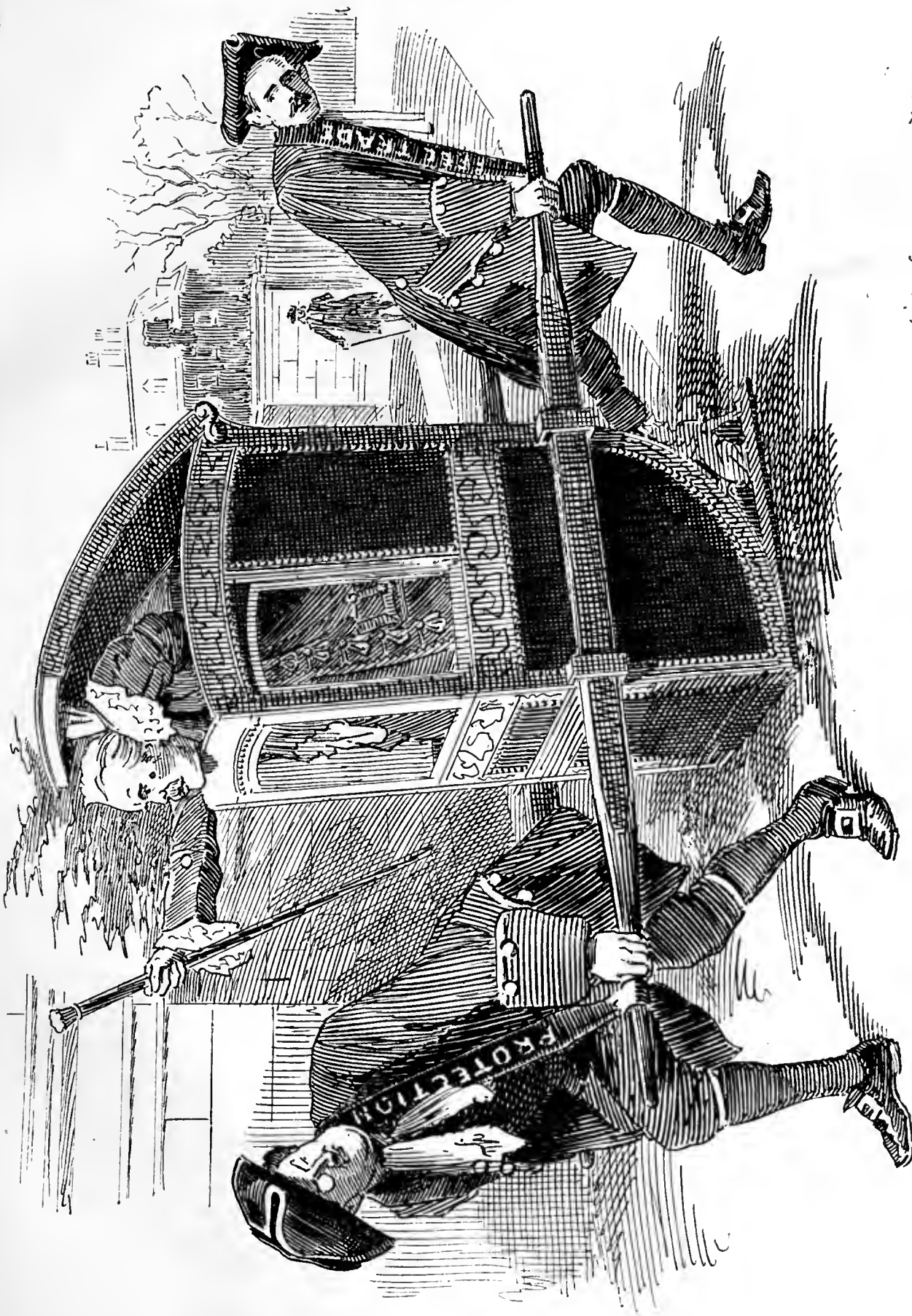
Who was Sir RICHARD CALMADY?—*Ans.* This brave man, after his legs had been cut off, fought with the stumps. For this he was made a baronet, and given a special coat of arms with the motto *E cruribus unum*.

Who was "Pretty FANNY"?—*Ans.* Pretty FANNY was the name of Lord ROSEBERY'S maiden aunt.

What is the real name of FIONA MACLEOD?—*Ans.* BECKY SHARP.

What do you know of JESSE COLLINGS, Radium, the Mormons?—*Ans.* JESSE COLLINGS was a famous writer. He wrote JESSE COLLINGS'S "Last Prayer." After this Mr. CHAMBERLAIN made him Home Secretary and gave him three Akers. Radium is a circle outside which cabs charge a shilling a mile. The Mormons were a sect founded by Judge BIGHAM. Faithfully yours,
Winchester. H. M. B.

"FLYING THE KITE."—An official denial has been given to the rumour, started in connection with the Japanese War Loan, that the MIKADO has decorated several leading financiers with the Order of the Golden Kite.



VERY UPSETTING.

PERTURBED PASSENGER. "HERE! HI! HI! IF YOU GO ON LIKE THIS YOU'LL HAVE ME OUT!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE Dowager Empress of KOREA, who died in January, has just been buried with what old-fashioned Koreans are inclined to consider indecent haste. However, it seems to have been a very jolly funeral, the principal feature of the procession being a number of comical paper horses.

The cold in Thibet continues to be intense. In fact, according to the *Daily Mail*, one day two companies of our men were overtaken by a blizzard, and the officers were ultimately reduced to frozen bully beef.

The British workman is not such a fool as some would have us believe. The men employed at Portsmouth Dockyard have already realised that the object of the new regulations is to get work out of them, and there is likely to be trouble.

A Bill to enable the elimination trials for the Gordon-Bennett motor-car races to be held in the Isle of Man has been passed by the House of Keys. Curiously enough the local cats look as if such races had already taken place.

Another counterfeit coin factory has been raided. It becomes more difficult every day to make money.

The *Daily Illustrated Mirror*, always enterprising, is about to start a new feature. From an announcement in its columns we learn that it is contemplating the publication of illustrations by eye-witnesses of events.

"Is fiction deteriorating?" asks a writer in the *National Review*. Certainly not since the war began.

It is interesting to notice the influence

of the recent wet weather on our novelists. The other day a publisher was advertising "On the Wings of the Wind—RAINE," and now Mr. S. R. CROCKETT has produced a "Strong Mac."

Such persons as think we attach an

the Camera Club on "Photographs in Relief." We hope the Signor does not think he has hit on a novelty. Our experience of having our portrait taken is that it is always a relief when finished.

There is a horrible rumour floating about to the effect that the few fine days we had last week were the whole of this year's summer.

A Tokio barber announces that he is willing to cut the hair of all Japanese soldiers and sailors free of charge. Russian throats attended to on the same terms, we presume.

"I LIKE the view your *Times* takes of the War," said a stolid Russian.

This was a surprise to his English friend, who naturally asked for his reason.

"I will tell you," was the Russian's reply. "The *Times* speaks the truth. Look at the heading of this article, which I have not read—but the heading is enough for me—see, it is in large letters, *Japanese Press on the War*. That is exactly what they *did* do; exactly what they are doing."

A CORRESPONDENT is surprised to find

the following under the head of "War Items" in the *Daily Mail*:—"Fresh caviare is still to be had in the restaurants at Port Arthur." The explanation is simple. The caviare is for "the General." See *Hamlet*.

Another Eastern Atrocity.

WHY are there so many risings on the Turkish frontier?

Because the SULTAN is the sick man of the Yeast.

A CLERICAL ERROR.—A long sermon.



OVERHEARD AT A DANCE.

He. "RIPPING FLOOR THIS. I LOVE IT!"

She (drily). "THEN WHY DANCE ON MY FEET?"

exaggerated importance to our Members of Parliament may be interested to hear that, in India, gas engines are worshipped at a certain period of the year.

Major-General BADEN-POWELL's keen eye, has not been slow to discover a defect in our cavalry. He has proposed that a horse shall be supplied for every trooper, and will not be satisfied until he has converted our cavalry into a mounted force.

Signor BAESE has been lecturing at



ART AND ADORATION. No. 1.—"THEY FOOL ME TO THE TOP OF MY BENT."—*Hamlet*.



ART AND ADORATION. No. 2.—"THE WORLD FORGETTING."—P. J. K.

ALL THE TALENTS AT DALY'S.

IF pretty faces, shapely forms, in exceptionally brilliant costumes designed by PERCY ANDERSON, plenty of life, go, and brightest coloured scenery by HAWES CRAVEN, much fun from the WRIGHT man in the right place, as *Chambhuddy Ram*, assisted by Miss GRACIE LEIGH as *Peggy Sabine*, LIONEL MONCKTON'S pleasant music, and WILLIE WARDE'S wonderful dances, if such a combination, in which must be included the work and play of Messrs. TANNER, ROSS, GREENBANK, and RUBENS, should fail to repeat the usual success that Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES seems invariably to command wherever he starts a show of this sort, then the indefatigable Manager must come to his own rescue and try some other device. Whatever may be now lacking in the way of a song that will catch on is sure to be supplied by the talented co-comic-operative company.

Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN is just what the musical hero *Harry Vereker* would be if he were Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN. He has pretty music to sing, but nothing that will come up to his "Queen of my Heart to-night." No doubt within another few weeks something specially attractive will be found for him. Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON has no song equal to that about the "six little, five little" (and so forth *diminuendo*) wives; but he does inimitably what little he has to do, and his costumes are marvellous.

Miss ISABEL JAY looks magnificent and sings delightfully; though here again her song about the Japs does not excite the *furor* it was evidently written to arouse.

Having mentioned JAY, we come in alphabetical order to KAYE. Mr. FRED KAYE has a catch phrase about "the climate," and cuts a very droll figure as *Sir Peter Loftus, High Commissioner* (five-feet-high Commissioner) and *Judge, Ceylon*. Nature has made "Little KAYE" just the very man for a small part, and has been so economical with his inches that 'tis quite impossible we can have too much of him.

Miss SYBIL ARUNDALE possesses a sweet contralto voice, and does full justice to the part of *Nunoya*, the pretty, coquettish, dark-eyed Cingalese girl. The best number, and the most loudly encored, is the quartette for *Nunoya, Harry, Naitoema* (a part capably played by Miss CARRIE MOORE) and *Willie Wilson* represented by Mr. J. BODDY, who is not a mere any-Boddy, but a somebody as a bass singer. To the experienced Mr. WILLIE WARDE the greatest praise is due for his admirably contrived dances and his stage-management of crowds, over whom he is able to keep watch and ward when appearing on the stage as an Indian servant, *Myamgah*, whose unobtrusive pantomime is genuinely artistic.

As for Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT, the fun of the piece depends almost entirely upon his rendering of the Baboo Lawyer, whom everyone familiar with ANSTEY GUTHRIE'S *Mr. Jabberjee* (whose comments and adventures originally achieved so great a fame in *Mr. Punch's* pages) cannot fail to recognise. The authors have privately, as we hear, acknowledged their indebtedness to the creator of *Mr. Jabberjee*; perhaps this tribute to Mr. GUTHRIE may take a more substantial form than that of mere complimentary gratitude. The Baboo student of the Temple is as amusing on the stage as he is in Mr. GUTHRIE'S pages, and not a point is lost by Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT. A duet between him and Miss GRACIE LEIGH goes with much laughter, but it is not on a par with some of its predecessors.

There is one remarkable fact about the Cingalese at Daly's. Whatever may be the tint of their faces—brown, reddish-brown, or dark olive—their hands (and arms when visible) are just the colour of an ordinary Cockney's. The male Cingalese chorus and supers do not throw themselves so completely into their characters as did the gentleman who, in order to play *Othello*, blacked himself all over. The piece is half-an-hour too long.

ON SATURDAY, NEXT SATURDAY.

On Saturday, next Saturday, the twenty-sixth of March,
When other folks are breakfasting or getting out of bed—
Where Putney Bridge divides the flood with buttress and
with arch,

Two Eights shall start for victory (and one shall go ahead),
Oh it's getting to your stake-boat that makes you shake
and shiver,

Where the launches all are fretting in the middle of the
river;

And it's taking off your sweater, and it's gripping
of your oar,

With your coxswain looking glum,

While a deep expectant hum

Comes like surges of a stormy sea that beats upon
the shore;

And it's "Steady, are you ready?" and you lie there side
by side,

Till the Umpire's flashing pistol sets you racing on the
tide!

When other folks are breakfasting or getting out of bed,
On Saturday, next Saturday (I hope I shan't be late),
There'll be a roar of cheering to waken all the dead

At Putney when the racing crews get off at thirty-eight.

Oh it's swinging it and driving it that makes you move
your bellows;

And it's watching (which you shouldn't do) the other
puffing fellows;

And it's giving her ten hard ones and straining
like an ox

With your muscles on the crack

In your shoulders and your back,

As you hear the frantic orders of your agitated Cox.

And it's "Mortlake, weary Mortlake, I wish you weren't
so far,"

And the Cox yells, "Now you're gaining," and, by Jingo,
so you are!

On Saturday, next Saturday, may I be there to greet

Those sixteen jolly Englishmen a-tugging for the lead.

And eight shall have the victory and eight must bear defeat,
But what's the odds since all have pluck—and that's the
thing we need.

Oh it's rowing in a stern chase that makes you feel
you're dying,

But it's spurting, gaining, spurting that makes you
think you're flying;

And it's smiting the beginning and it's sweeping
of it through

Just for honour, not for pelf,

And without a thought of self,

For the glory of your colour and the credit of your
crew.

And it's "Easy all, you've passed the post," and lo,
you loose your grip,

But not until the falling flag proclaims you're at the
"Ship."

R. C. L.

THE following advertisement appeared recently in a North
Country paper:—

REQUIRED, Lower Form Master in a small school: one
who will help in the garden preferred.

Messrs. CATSKIN, RABIDAS AND BILLET, the well-known
Scholastic Agents, inform us that they have a vacancy of an
exceptional character which they commend to the notice of
any Senior Wranglers out of employment:—

WANTED, after Easter, Mathematical Assistant in large
Preparatory School. Salary no consideration. Duties
light, as another master milks the cows in the afternoon.



A SHOW OF HANS.

[RICHTER interprets ELGAR's Dream.]

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XIII.—THE LIMITS OF INVECTIVE.

SCENE—The Offices of Dr. MURRAY'S Dictionary.

PRESENT.

Lord Rosebery (in the chair).

The Speaker.

Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.

Rt. Hon. Austen Chamberlain, M.P.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P.

Mr. Labouchere, M.P.

Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Mr. William Watson.

Mr. Herbert Paul.

Lord Rosebery. My Lords, Sir GILBERT PARKER, and Gentlemen, we are met to discuss a problem which I own has of late moved me profoundly. I think we must all agree that to dispense with invective altogether would impose too great a strain on the forbearance of public men. For how otherwise could we repudiate calumny, how express our righteous indignation? For my own part, ever since I entered upon my lonely furrow I have found it hard to avoid calling a spade a spade, or a slate a slate. But there must of course be some limits. It would be incorrect as well as offensive, for example, to call the Premier "Ugly FRANCES." Where then must the line be drawn?

Mr. T. P. O'Connor. My own feeling is that there should be no invective.

The first rule of conduct for a man aspiring to public honours should be, acquire superlatives; the second, acquire superlatives; and the third, acquire superlatives.

Mr. R. W. Perks. But suppose something arises that demands castigation?

Mr. O'Connor. Change the subject.

Mr. Perks. Personally, I see no objection to calling a Prime Minister "Pretty FANNY." Pretty, I take it, is not a term of abuse. I understand that many of the inhabitants of these islands, high and low, would give their ears to merit the adjective. And FANNY? Is not FANNY a name in high honour? Was there not FANNY BURNEY, a distinguished novelist; FANNY KEMBLE, a distinguished actress; FANNY—

The Speaker. Would the noble lord our Chairman justify a reference to, say, Mr. CHAPLIN as Little MARY?

Lord Rosebery. It is not a name I should have myself bestowed.

Mr. Perks. Noblesse oblige.

Mr. William Watson. Poets perhaps are entitled to a wider licence than statesmen. Personally, if returned to Parliament, I should never think of restraining any impulse to condemn what I did not think right. Whoever opposed me would have to expect a sonnet.

The Speaker. Sonnets are not in order—at least, not more than one, a very short one, used as a quotation for rhetorical purposes.

Mr. Watson. But if a publicist could become articulate in no other way—like myself and Canon RAWNSLEY?

Mr. Labouchere. I fear your chances of catching the Speaker's eye would be remote.

Mr. Watson. Oh indeed! Then I should group the Speaker with ABDUL forthwith.

Mr. Perks. ABDUL the . . .

Mr. Watson. The same.

The Speaker. Then stick to Parnassus; do not court Parliament. We are a simple prosaic folk, not in the least sonnety.

Mr. Labouchere. The best rule for Parliamentary success is to say what you think. Don't beat about the bush. Just tell the truth, and your reputation as a cynic will be made; and once a reputation is made in Parliament it is never allowed to drop. I once made the mistake of composing a joke, and ever since then I have been labelled witty. But no stranger who hears me now would apply any such epithet.

The Speaker. Certainly not.

Mr. Labouchere. Why do you say certainly not?

The Speaker. I thought you would like to find some one in agreement.

Mr. Labouchere. No, Sir, no cynic likes to be agreed with. Directly he is agreed with he ceases to be a cynic.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. The great fault

with Parliamentary invective is that it is employed against political opponents. Now there is no fun in abusing the other side; the superman abuses his own. Why seek for enemies when one has so many friends available for obloquy?

Mr. Austen Chamberlain. My august father writes that it is very hard that in a country which prides itself upon free speech there should be any censorship. He goes on to remark that he would like to see a tax put upon unnecessary magnanimity. I might add, as a matter of some interest to the company, that my august father's inability to take things lying down forces him to sleep either in a sitting or a vertical position. This serves to show that the higher patriotism is not without its sacrifices.

Mr. Labouchere. The best thing to do when one has something unparliamentary to say is to keep it until one is addressing one's constituents. At Northampton I say things for which, at Westminster, I should be put in the Clock Tower.

Sir Gilbert Parker. Is there really a Clock Tower? I have not noticed it.

Mr. Labouchere. Certainly; but you are not likely to trouble it much. And a man who never risks the Clock Tower never does anything.

Sir Gilbert Parker. But I don't think one ought to risk the Clock Tower. I think one's language should betray courtesy, clarity, and conviction.

Mr. Watson. Would not a dictionary of allowable phrases and epithets be a useful book for distribution in the House? A standard work of reference on those lines would sensibly simplify the duties of the legislator.

Sir Gilbert Parker. Our noble Chairman carries Dr. MURRAY'S *New English Dictionary* about with him. Why should not all of us do so?

Mr. Labouchere. We can if we like; it is merely a question of sufficient retainers.

Mr. Watson. Is it allowable to say, "You're another"?

Lord Rosebery. It depends on the initial statement.

Mr. O'Connor. Allow me in the most heartfelt manner to utter a solemn plea for universal tolerance. There has been too much vituperation; let us enter upon a period of compliments. Our golden rule should be, Whenever you see a head, pat it.

Mr. Herbert Paul (*sotto voce*). With a pat of butter. (*Aloud*.) The question before us is, What are the limits of invective? Might not our course be dictated by the famous counsel of a by-gone editor to his staff of reviewers: "Be just, be merciful; but when you do meet with a silly ass, string him up"?

[Carried unanimously, save for Mr. O'CONNOR and Sir GILBERT PARKER.]

IN MEMORIAM.

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge.

BORN: 1819.

DIED: MARCH 17, 1904.

THE years that saw old systems changed to new
Still left his spirit changeless to the end
Who served his kindred's throne a long life through,
And died, as he had lived, the soldier's friend.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN the *Red Leaguers* (METHUEN) MR. SHAN F. BULLOCK accomplishes a *tour de force*. There are many novels whose drama is played out in Ireland in times of seething sedition or open rebellion. But the authors have gone back to '98, or at latest to the famine epoch of the mid-nineteenth century. Mr. BULLOCK boldly plunges on to the threshold of the twentieth century. He imagines a state of things existing in Ireland after the Boer War when, as he puts it, "England stood bound hand and foot. One stroke and Ireland was free, a nation at last. A vast organisation of true Irishmen had been formed, with capable leaders at its head, and branches spreading through the world. Through Ireland itself ran a huge confederacy, guided, controlled, with branches in every parish. One man was at the head; under him were leaders; under them the Irish people. All was secret, all were sworn." This is the dream of some Irishmen before and since the time of EMMET. Mr. BULLOCK realises it in vigorous and graphic detail. He follows the fortune of one rebel band under the command of a soldier of fortune named *Shaw*. The narrative is so precise and powerful that emotionable people like my Baronite will as they read pinch their thumbs to assure themselves they are not dreaming. Designedly or not, certainly without obvious effort, Mr. BULLOCK informs his stirring story with a moral over which honest, if extreme, Nationalists will do well to ponder.

Part 2, *Bygone Eton* (SPOTTISWOODE & Co., LTD.), interesting to Etonians. Here is dreary "Long Chamber," concerning which much might be written entitled "Devilments and Diverse Dormitory Diversions." Illustration No. VI. shows a section of the Library, where among certain treasures is kept "a play written in 1534 by NICOLAS UDALL, Head Master of Eton." It has never been produced. Surely here is a chance for the "Stage Society," or for Mr. TREE'S new dramatic school.

My Baronite thanks Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON for introducing him to *Pa Gladden*. "The Story of a Common Man," Miss WALTZ adds by way of explanation. It is, also, the story of a beautiful, strenuous, unselfish life. *Pa Gladden* is the kind of man who is made only in the broad prairie lands of America. He is fortunate in having at hand authors, usually women, who perceive his goodness and are able to communicate it to others. He is a hard-working, not too wealthy, farmer, with a strong belief in the goodness and unremitting care of "the Unspeakable One." Kind-hearted but shrewd, thinking no evil, but taking care that it shall not approach those dear to him, he goes his daily round, shedding sunshine everywhere. One of his greatest triumphs is the subduing of his horse *Cephy*, a beast so savage that no one could keep him. So *Pa Gladden* got him cheap. *Pa* is the happy centre of everything. But Miss WALTZ's magic pen also draws the reader into charmed communion with the strangely-named quaint men and women who people a Kentucky hamlet. Reading the work has the whole-

some invigorating effect of filling the lungs with breath from the fresh winds that blow over the blue grass.

The Baron, setting aside the illogical plea in Mr. ARNOLD WHITE's elaborate "Introduction," can only give his opinion on ex-Lieutenant BILSE's novel as a work founded by its author (according to the evidence before the court-martial as reported in the Appendix) on facts within his own personal experience. For writing and publishing such work the court-martial judged him, Lieutenant OSWALD BILSE, "guilty of having libelled his superior officers and others in higher rank than himself, in a manner which has resulted in serious consequences to them. Further, he has disobeyed a stringent military order, namely, the Imperial regulation regarding the literary activity of persons in military service." His punishment was six months' imprisonment and dismissal from the service. The Baron, as a strict martinet, having read the clever translation of the ex-Lieutenant's book, emphasizes this verdict with "Sarve him right." If ex-Lieutenant BILSE had sent in his resignation first, and had been quit of the army before publishing his novel, civil actions for libel might have followed, or a private inquiry might have been instituted by the highest military authorities, with beneficial results. Is this *Life in a Garrison Town* (JOHN LANE) to be taken as a fair specimen of all life in all garrison towns in Germany? Is it to be *ex uno disce omnes*? Or, is this case exceptional? Publish a *chronique scandaleuse* of the recklessly wicked doings of the Dirty-First Regiment quartered at Stow-in-the-hole, are we therefore to accuse the entire British Army of the grossest impropriety, of general dishonesty, of universal inebriety, of total lack of discipline in all quarters, and to tar the ladies of the garrison, the officers' wives, with the same brush? The Baron, at the bureau of just criticism, compliments the translator on his work, yet must he say to the ex-Lieutenant, "*Cassio*, I love thee; but nevermore be officer of mine." Ex-Lieutenant BILSE cannot be congratulated on his unsavoury novel, but he may be fairly credited with the best intentions in writing and publishing it.

GUY BOOTHBY'S *Consummate Scoundrel* (F. V. WHITE & Co.) receives the Baron's commendation, up to a certain point. Curiosity is aroused: there is the mystery which envelops a disappearing man: there is of course a thorough-going villain, and so forth. The commencement is distinctly good: so is the working up to the climax. But the climax is disappointing.

MR. THEO. DOUGLAS has chosen a difficult form for his latest novel, *Miss Caroline* (ARNOLD), and has achieved a remarkable success. It is as though the heroine were writing her own story from notes made in her diary, but the narrative is so cleverly contrived as to run on smoothly without the ordinary mechanical marking time by a constant record of days and dates. *Caroline* herself is a charming type. Every character essential to the gradual development of a thoroughly interesting plot is most skilfully drawn. The strongly dramatic incidents are finely treated without the slightest suspicion of anything approaching mere melodramatic sensationalism. There is a freshness about the entire story that warrants the Baron in strongly recommending all who honour him by accepting his guarantee for the genuine merit of any novel to make the acquaintance of this delightful *ingenue* at the very earliest date possible.





Tom Browne

A REPROBATE.

Teacher. "WELL, TOM, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

Tom. "PLEASE, 'M, I'M GOING TO THE BAND OF 'OPE."

Teacher. "AND IS LITTLE WILLIE GOING TOO? OR IS HE TOO YOUNG TO BELONG TO THE BAND OF HOPE?"

Tom. "NO, 'M, IT'S NOT THAT; BUT HE AIN'T A TEETOTALLER!"

THE HARBOUR OF REFUGE.

[The conviction that every girl ought to have a sitting-room of her own where she may escape the strain of perpetual companionship with the rest of the family, has prompted a member of the "Society of Women Artists," in Bond Street, to design a "Boudoir Bedroom" which, according to the *Daily Mail*, will solve the problem of the "discontented daughter" in flat life.]

In days of old, we're often told
By reminiscent mothers,
Girls played the rôles of selfless souls,
And only thought of others;
They did not shirk domestic work,
Were never cross or snappy,
But all the while they wore a smile
That made the whole house happy.

They loved to sit and sew or knit
And chat together brightly;
When Mother spoke, these angel folk
All listened most politely.

They brought Papa his slippers—Bah!
A fig, say we, for that life!
At least we're sure none could endure
That sort of thing in flat life.

Where'er you look, in every nook,
Relations swarm before you.
Escape is none. You cannot shun
The sights and sounds that bore you.

However high your soul would fly,
She soon comes earthwards tumbling
On hearing JAMES call KATIE names,
Or ISABELLA grumbling.

Here Mother pours her ceaseless stores
Of idle tittle-tattle.
There Dad delights to prose, and fights
The dismal fiscal battle.
When out of touch, to see so much
Of relatives is wearing—
We find the strain on soul and brain
Is quite beyond all bearing.

But that's to end, for we intend
To have our rooms refurnished;
A dainty screen becomes at e'en
A bed all bright and burnished;
That picturesque book-case-cum-desk
A toilet set will show forth,
While all the tomes are filled with combs,
Pins, powder-pots and so forth.

By one's own fire one may retire
To maiden meditation,
Far from the noise of foolish boys
And idle conversation:
Here one may see, relation-free,
One's ownest owns in quiet,
And talk at will of chiffon, frill,
And shops which one should buy at.

Why are the Superintendents of the
L. C. & S. E. stations, Dover and Victoria,
likely to become very wealthy men?
Because they're always receiving
Royalties and sovereigns.

PERKS AND THE PROMISE OF SPRING.

[Mr. R. W. PERKS, M.P., in opening a Free Methodist bazaar, is reported by the *Daily Chronicle* to have remarked that "he was sorry to see that when the Rev. Mr. CAMPBELL wanted to go to Court he asked the Bishop of LONDON to present him. What would have been said in days gone by if Puritan preachers . . . had asked Archbishop LAUD to present them to King CHARLES? Mr. CAMPBELL would have been far better advised had he asked the veteran leader of London Nonconformity, Dr. GUINNESS ROGERS . . . to introduce him to King EDWARD, instead of hanging on to the apron-strings of an Anglican Bishop."]

Now through the slough of bursting seeds
The vital sap begins to hurtle;
Now Nature doffs her winter weeds
And dons her gaudy-coloured kirtle;

Now to the thrush's limpid lay,
Encored for joy in throbbing quavers,
With gold and purple bravely gay
The crocus flaunts his regal favours.

It is the piping time of bards,
When every little fledgling hummer
Still superstitiously regards
Spring as the harbinger of summer.

It is the time when Cupid's choirs
Announce a course of love-recitals,
Responsive to the usual fires
New-lit in adolescent vitals.

And, in the swift infectious glow
That makes you even love your neighbours,
Our very Churches seem to grow
Less keen on crossing ghostly sabres.

Yet, as beneath the rose there lurks
A latent element of bramble,
So with the Spring comes Mr. PERKS
Scratching the eyes of Mr. CAMPBELL.

Within the City Temple's bound
What heresy has dared to enter,
That he should leap from underground
Dissenting from a co-dissenter?

That reverend politician's soul
What blight has marred? what moral blister?
Has he renounced his leading rôle
Of Passive, but Superb, Resister?

Has he denied his Liberal past?
Or, envious of a rival Triton,
Secured, by way of counterblast,
The old Aquarium down at Brighton?

No! he has done a deadlier thing
Than paying rates or buying fish up;
He's been to bow before the KING,
Conducted by (O Heaven!) a Bishop!

Why could not one of his own creed,
Like Dr. ROGERS—not to mention
R.W. P.—have done the deed
Without his Laudship's intervention?

See how the lure of Satan works
Through lust of social pride and sleekness,
Striking the uncorrupted PERKS
Pink with contempt for human weakness!

Ah, Sir! the Spring that binds her spell
About the beasts and feathered creatures,
Woos also you; you might as well
Relax awhile your Christian features.

But if her voice appeals in vain;
If you ignore the lambkin's bleating,
And that inveterate refrain
That marks the cuckoo's vernal greeting;—

If still you grudge the Spring her due,
And Earth her claims as common Mother—
Think how it cheers the Lord High HUGH
To see dissenters bruise each other! O. S.

FIRST AID TO ARTISTS.

A COLLECTION of poetic extracts, intended to serve as Picture Titles for Painters and Photographers, has been compiled by Mr. A. L. BALDREY. They are arranged in various sections, e.g., Landscape, Figure, Marine, Sport, &c. These we feel constrained to supplement with further quotations from well-known sources in view of the imminence of "Sending-in Day."

Examples:—

Domestic.

Thanks for your feed of MESSLAY's milk,
It did me good—my coat 's like silk;
And now I'm sound in limb and brain
I'll never drink skim milk again.

Cat-o—ADDISON.

Fanciful.

It is everything nowadays to possess an attractive
kink in the hair. *Rape of the Lock—POPE.*

Imaginative.

Two years ago I used your soap, since when I
have used no other. *Cackle—PUNCH.*

Nude and Draped.

I hear they want more bow, frill and fichu.
Ode to Propriety—TUPPER.
They won't wash clothes.
Fragment—SAPPHOLIO.

Restrospective.

She recalls the delightful Teaze of thirty years ago.
Pleasures of Memory—ROGERS.

LANDSCAPE.

Atmospheric effects.

Try Our Desiccated Pea-soup.
The Fogg Papers—ANON.

Rustic and Pastoral.

Call a Spade a Spade and our Poetic Extract
Perfection. *All in the Day's Work—KIPLING.*

Wide Prospects.

When you travel by the train,
Posters occupy the plain.
Lines written in Dejection near Ashford—ALFRED AUSTIN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sport, and Animal Life.

They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Swan and the Jay and the Owl and the Hen.
The Birds—ARISTOPHANES.

The dog is in the bedstead,
The cat is in the lake,
The cow is in the hammock—
What difference does it make?
From a Song-cycle—Sir WILFRID LAWSON.

Political.

High on the Fence sits Fiscal JIM—
Which way the cat'll jump worries him!
Ode to My England Distracted—WILLIAM WATSON.

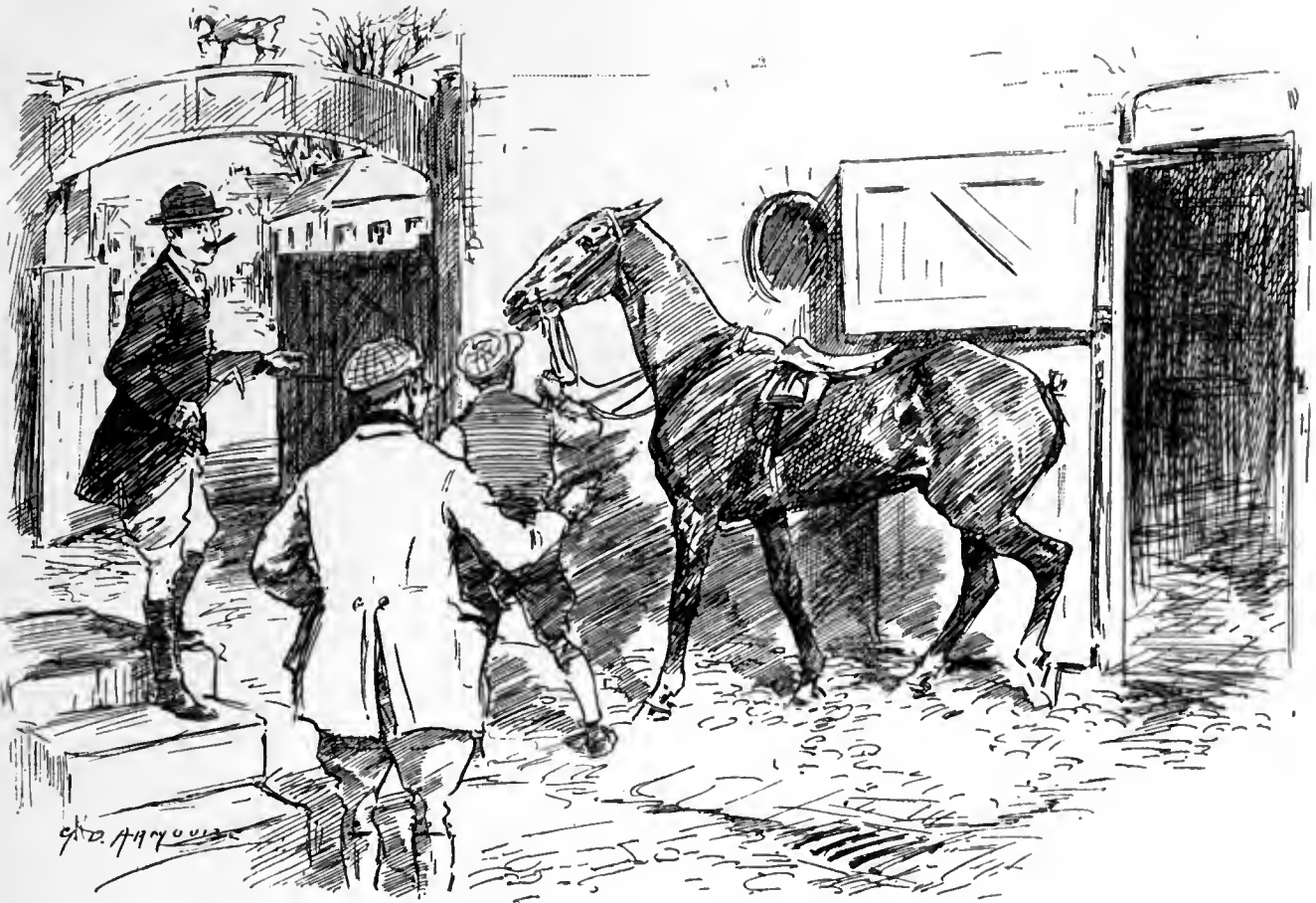


Bernard Partridge

THE PROGRESSIVE OLD MAN OF THE (L.C.)C.

L.C.C. (to LONDON RATEPAYER). "WHAT! DON'T LIKE AN EXTRA PENNY IN THE POUND?
THEN WHY DID YOU PUT ME UP HERE?"





"FOR EVERY WHY HE HAD A WHEREFORE."

'Arry (about to mount hack-hunter with kicker's badge on). "'ERE, GUV'NOR! WOT'S THAT BIT OF RED RIBBON ON 'IS TAIL FOR?"

Jobmaster. "OH, THAT AIN'T NOTHING. YOU SEE WE LETS OUT A LOT OF 'OSSSES 'ERE, AND WE WANTS A LITTLE BIT O' SOMETHING TO IDENTIFY 'EM BY!"

THE MISSING NAME COMPETITION.

ALL BLANKS—NO PRIZES.

A TANTALISING feature in the recently published letters of Lord ACTON to Miss MARY GLADSTONE is the frequent substitution of blanks for the most interesting names, *e.g.*,

"GOSCHEN is above sordid motives. He dreads the Radicals, detests —, despises —."

As a supplement to his Happy Evening Competitions, Mr. Punch submits a few paragraphs written in discreet Actonese by another diarist, and he asks his readers to spend their Easter holidays in filling in the blanks.

I met — at dinner last night. We discussed the War Office scheme. He said he thought it very unfair that — had not consulted him as to its publication, but he believed it to be the case that influenza affected the memory. — was a clever fellow, and had written a great deal on matters connected with national defence, but he had never

attended any German manoeuvres, at least not in uniform, and the EMPEROR had not decorated him with the Order of the —.

I saw CHAMBERLAIN to-day at the —. He discussed the situation with his usual frankness. He thought that at the next Election the — would come in with a moderate majority, but that if — consented to serve under the — as Premier, and — accepted a peerage, a working Administration might be formed.

I found SIDNEY LEE reading —'s last novel. He says it is the most terrible nonsense he can remember. I reminded him of —'s greatly-praised book, *The — of —*. But he persists that he will be —ed if —'s new book is not worse.

I had a long letter from CURZON to-day. His views on the reconstruction of the Cabinet are most interesting. The sending of — to the — Office he considers to be the most extraordinary

appointment on record, and will give him a splendid opportunity for the exercise of the fine art of bearing fools gladly. Of his own prospects he does not speak with enthusiasm. As he puts it, "Fancy coming back after ruling India to be heckled in the House by —."

I ran into SARGENT at Scotland Yard this morning. He says he has been painting —, and has had a very undesirable experience. — seems to be intensely vain, and would insist on getting up every few minutes to see how his beauty was progressing. S. at last had to call in — to hold him down. S. has also painted — and —, all of Park Lane, for the large room at the next Academy. It will be known as the Jerusalem Chamber.

THE name of "MILNER" was at the commencement of last century associated with a little work entitled "The End of Controversy." Nowadays the same name seems to imply being the cause of it.

THE LATEST MAGAZINES.

FIRE by the success of Mr. C. B. Fry's Magazine and other personal periodicals, a number of our leading public men are plunging into the arena. The following first numbers are announced this week:—

THE BRODDER ARROW AND ESHER COMMENTATOR.

A POWDER MAGAZINE.
Edited by the Rt. Hon. St. John Brodrieck, M.P.

Special Features.**PARS ABOUT MARS.**

By the Editor.

First instalment of the Great Serial Story,

THE THREE WARLOCKS;
OR, **ESHER, FISHER AND CLARKE.**
By St. J. B.

MASTER MEDDLERS.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—**LORD ESHER.**

C.B.'S MAGAZINE.**THE EVENING CASTIGATOR.**

Edited by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, M.P.

Look out for

TALES FROM THE TABERNACLE.

By Uncle Archibald.

I.—**PRETTY FANNY'S CURDS AND WHEY; OR, WHO SPILT THE MILK?**

MAGNETIC PERSONALITIES.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—**LORD MILNER.**

THE GUILLEMOT.**A NEW HIGH-CLASS WEEKLY.**

Edited by Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.

The First Number will contain the opening article of a Series entitled
FROM RUNG TO RUNG.

By the Editor.

The other contents will comprise:

SUPERB TOILERS.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—**SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.**

Illustrated with Portrait of
Sir GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

REELED CONVERSATIONS.

By William Archer.

I.—**SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.**

Illustrated with Portrait of
Sir GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

Ready April 1.

PRICE ONE GUINEA.

JESSOP'S JOURNAL.**AN ORGAN OF CRICKET REFORM.**

Edited by Gilbert Jessop, C.B.

Read the Editor's sensational Article,
"SHOULD ROLLERS BE RUBBER-
TYRED?"

"CRICKET AT THE VATICAN."

A New Series by Hall Caine.

I.—THE FIVE CARDINAL POINTS.**MASTER EDITORS.**

By Harold Begbie.

I.—**MR. C. B. FRY.**

THE HUGH AND CRY.**THE FREE TRADE INTELLIGENCER.**

Edited by Lord Hugh Cecil.

Special Features.**RELATIVES WITH WHOM I DISAGREE.**

By the Editor.

I.—**THE PREMIER.**

THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.

By T. Gibson Bowles, M.P.

I.—**THE HOTEL CECIL.**

GREAT HEARTS.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—**DR. CLIFFORD.**

WINSTON'S WEEKLY.

With which is incorporated the
OLDHAM FREE LANCE.

Edited by Winston Churchill, M.P.

WHO'S HUGH?

By Raymond Blatherskite.

WHY I AM NOT IN THE CABINET.

By the Editor.

CAVES AND THEIR FORMATION.

By the Editor.

MASTER WRECKERS.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—**MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.**

CHESTERTON'S CHEST NOTES.**A BUDGET OF PARADOXES.**

Edited by G. K. Chesterton.

EDITORIALS.

ON THE BLACKNESS OF WHITE.

EVERY STRAY ACTION A HABIT.

THE TAMBURLAINE OF TOOTING.

BROWNING'S POST IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

HENRY J.'S WOODNOTES WILD.**A MUSICAL MEDLEY.**

Edited by Henry J. Wood.

Original compositions by—

GENERAL KUROPATKIN.

GOVERNOR BOBRIKOFF.

ADMIRAL ALEXEIEFF.

MAXIMS AND MINIMS.

By Maxim Gorky.

THE BUTTERFLY TIE AS A FACTOR IN

INTERPRETATIVE ART.

By Mrs. Rosa Neumarch.

MAJESTIC MINSTRELS.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—**MADAME CLARA BUTT.**

A. A. A.

(ALL ABOUT AUTHORS.)

Edited by Mrs. Alec Tweedie.

Don't read any more books; read about the brainy people who write them.

CONTENTS OF No. I.**MR. THOMAS HARDY'S FOUNTAIN PEN.**

A Realistic Description, with Diagrams.
By Annie S. Swan.

WHAT AUTHORS LIKE FOR LUNCH.

A Census of Literary Preferences.
By the Editor.

MASSIVE MINDS.

By Harold Begbie.

I.—**MR. MAX PEMBERTON.**

AN ITALIAN PARADISE.

Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX at Villa Le Queux.
(With Glossary of Italian Phrases.)

By Douglas Sladen.

TWO OTHER FEATURES.

A critical analysis of recent literature, giving weight, colour, and number of pages of every book published in 1904.

Special Coloured Supplement, consisting of a superb plate reproduction of an old suit of Mr. MEREDITH'S.

THE WIRE-PULLERS.

I.—**THE MANIPULATOR OF PUBLICS.**

As I sat at lunch in a Strand restaurant a gentleman at my table called somewhat ostentatiously for more ice. He was a small man; one would describe him as dapper; he was almost painfully alert, and his manner of eating showed him to be methodical to a fault. He seemed to do nothing that was not absolutely necessary. I felt certain that in his business hours he used the sharply waxed ends of his moustache for bill-files.

More ice was brought, and he lighted a cigarette. After a puff or two he held the end which he had put to his mouth against a block of ice. Then he smoked again and then repeated the operation, with a side glance at me. He caught my eye.

"Why do you do that?" I inquired, "if the question is not impertinent."

"Not at all," he answered. "To be candid, I wanted you to ask. A client of mine intends shortly to place on the market an iced cigarette. I am creating a demand for it."

"That's very friendly of you."

"I said client, not friend," he returned sharply. "Creating demands is my profession. I am a Manipulator of Publics."

"Never heard of them."

"Probably not. That's because you don't think." I winced. "How do you suppose a new thing is brought into notice?"

"By advertisement, I imagine," I said, with the air of one who states the obvious.

"Yes," he admitted, "but go farther back. Who reads advertisements—with any interest, that is? Why, people who want things. Nobody at present wants iced cigarettes because they haven't thought of them. Once get the idea into men's heads that they would be good things and they'll read advertisements to find out where to buy them."

"You surprise me."

"I expected to. You would like to hear some more of my methods?"

"I should," I said. "This cigarette business strikes me as just a trifle crude, and"—I glanced round the room—"not particularly effective."

"Crudeness is one of my strong points," he replied; "when you object to it you show your ignorance of the British Public. You expect them to copy my experiment now at once. National shyness is against that. But come here to-morrow, and I'm willing to wager that at least five men will cool the ends of their cigarettes with ice."

"You see," he continued, "I have learned the commercial value of understanding customs, fads and prejudices. Take the case of the *Daily Torch*. That was one of my enterprises. It was not my paper, of course, but I prepared the public for it. One would have said there was no room for another new paper, and, in fact, there was not. I made room. I knew that the English people have a prejudice in regard to the use of newspapers for lighting fires. In all respectable establishments, one week's issue of ephemeral literature is hoarded up until the next week begins. Then, and only then, is the kitchen-maid at liberty to divert the accumulations to household purposes. Well, confident in this knowledge, I waited for the English summer. It came in November, and by marvellous luck it began on a Monday. I immediately made a corner in old newspapers. People were ready enough to sell them for good prices, because there is another British prejudice against having fires in summer, however cold it may be, and because no amount of experience to the contrary ever really convinces them that the English summer does not come to stay. Secure in the confidence that they were in for a spell of warm weather—a 'heat wave,' they called it—they sold me their stock of old newspapers. By the Thursday, the English summer had definitely broken up, and four degrees of frost drove them back to fires. There



HAPPILY EXPRESSED.

Lady Gusher. "GOOD-BYE! THANKS SO MUCH! YOUR PICTURES ARE CHARMING, AND SO UNLIKE YOUR USUAL WORK!"

was my opportunity. I placarded England with 'Buy the *Daily Torch* and Light Your Fires with it.' It went (as it should) like wild-fire. The fact that it was intended for lighting fires was sufficient to overcome the weekly-accumulation prejudice."

"But how did you keep it going?" I asked.

"There I utilised my knowledge of an ancient British custom. I knew that kitchen-maids always read the paper before they burn it, so a special appeal was made to kitchen-maids. There was a column headed 'The Daily Peer-Glass: all about Fashion and High-life,' and it caught them. After that we naturally

jumped into a circulation guaranteed to be equal to fifteen times that of any London daily."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "You work on the quiet, but you certainly don't do things by halves."

"No," he replied. "I do them by wholes and corners. Bill, waiter, please."

WE understand that the article on "Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S Old Ties" which appeared in one of the papers on the occasion of the veteran's announcement of his projected withdrawal from public life, is to be followed by "Mr. BALFOUR'S Left-off Spats," and "Mr. GIBSON BOWLES' Discarded Ducks."

AN ENTRANCE EXAMINATION PAPER.

(Set by Mr. Punch for the new National Academy of Dramatic Art.)

Candidates are recommended not to attempt to answer all the questions.

PART A.—For Male Candidates only.

1. How many times, and where, have you appeared in the title rôle of SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet*, *Prince of Denmark*?

Write down as much as you can remember of the notices, if any, which you received from the London, Suburban, or Provincial Press on such occasions.

State in what respects you consider your reading of the part superior to that of:—

(1) Sir HENRY IRVING; (2) Mr. BEERBOHM TREE; (3) Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON; (4) Mr. WILSON BARRETT.

Can you announce a visitor, bring in a telegram, and wait at lunch?

2. Which of your photographs in costume should you say was the most successful? Describe, with diagrams, the customary method of polite salutation in the time of (a) CHARLES THE SECOND; (b) QUEEN ANNE; (c) GEORGE THE THIRD; (d) the present.

Trace the variations in the etiquette of offering and accepting snuff through the reigns of the Four GEORGES. How many matches do you strike on an average before you can light a cigarette or cigar: [i] in private life; [ii] on the stage?

3. What is your favourite brand of champagne? Can you, when on the stage, affect exhilaration after quaffing a bumper of effervescing ginger ale?

4. In what part of a stage drawing-room would you place your gun when you come in through a French window for afternoon tea at the end of a day's shooting?

Supposing you are required to enter in hunting costume, after a record run over a difficult country, should you give any indication of this in your attire, and where?

5. Do you prefer to provoke your audience to tears or laughter? If the former, give some idea of the facial contortions by which you would indicate: (1) Suspense, (2) Concern, (3) Agony, (4) Horror, (5) Despair. How do you employ your hands in each case?

Have you ever performed a comic part without finding it necessary to redden your nose?

6. Has an author in your opinion any right to insist upon his lines being spoken *verbatim* so long as the general sense is retained?

Are you in the habit of making any distinction between your methods of delivering Blank Verse and Prose? How do you do it?

7. How often have you impersonated a French Marquis in Amateur Theatricals? Write down, as you would pronounce them, the words: *Monsieur*, *Madame*, *Mademoiselle*, *bon voyage*, *au revoir*.

PART B.—For Female Candidates only.

1. Which should you say was, on the whole, your most successful amateur creation—*Juliet*, *Pauline*, or *Polly* in *Caste*?

Could you throw yourself thoroughly into the part of a parlour-maid if you were required to remove all your rings, and were not allowed an apron with pockets in it?

2. Does your *forte* lie in humorous character-parts? If at any time you should have to make up as a household drudge in a farical comedy, would you be satisfied so long as you preserved any resemblance to a civilised human being?

3. How would you enter a room and sit down in the character of (1) A strong-minded Duchess, (2) a slangy schoolgirl, (3) a wealthy *parvenue*, (4) an adventuress, (5) a person in ordinary good society, (6) a meek dependant? What costume would you suggest for each of these characters? When up the stage, conversing in dumb show with some minor person in the piece, can you think of any by-play appropriate to the particular character you were representing? If so, mention it.

4. How should you indicate: (a) maidenly archness, (b) wounded pride, (c) dawning love, (d) aversion, (e) pretended indifference, (f) a breaking heart: as the heroine of, (1) a Society Drama, (2) A Problem Play, (3) A Musical Comedy?

5. Do you find that you can act just as well or better without knowing anything of the story of a play beyond the scenes in which you are personally concerned?

6. In how many seconds can you write a long and important letter on the stage? Is it necessary to write any address on the envelope?

7. Do you possess a motor-car? If you were entrusted with an *ingénue* part at a pupils' *matinée*, should you insist on all your frocks being made by your own dressmaker?

HINTS ON HATS.

(By our Millinery Expert.)

EXCELLENT advice under the heading "How to choose a Hat" is offered to the readers of the *Daily Express*, but some of the items require a little explanation for the benefit of the uninitiated. Every woman, says the *Daily Express*, should first acquaint herself with the faults or perfections of the back of her head as well as the front. We endorse this up to a certain point, but there is a risk in some cases that overstudy in this direction may lead to a general predilection for the rear aspect.

Many women, we are next told, might be called beauties if they would only realise it. This is not a common difficulty. The only obstacle which the majority has to contend with is a growing disinclination on the part of their friends to appreciate the fact.

The toque—the article goes on to remark—should always be bewitchingly perched above a saucy little nose. That is so, and this advice also applies to the Picture hat, the Early Victorian, the Capeline ombrelle,—and even the Panama is better worn above rather than below that salient point.

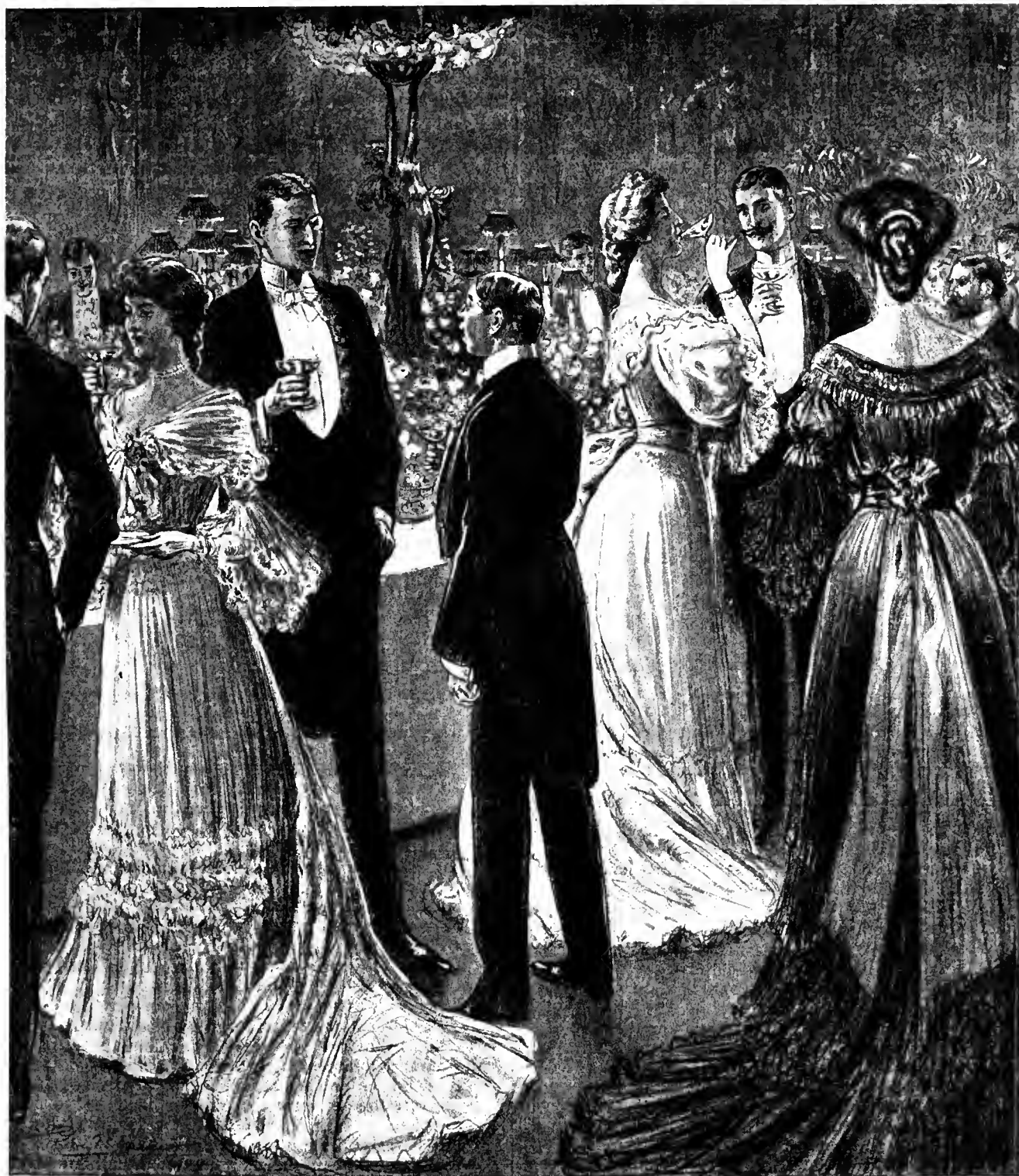
There are cases, we are told, when a hat is more becoming to one profile than the other, but a little trouble will obviate the discrepancy. This, however, is too vague for the general public. The only practical remedy is to buy two hats, one to suit each profile, split them down the middle and join the two desirable halves with a little fish glue and stamp paper. The remaining moieties may be similarly connected, and dispatched in one of "Gainsborough's" hat boxes, as a birthday present to a country cousin.

The girl with the wide mouth, large nose and high cheek-bones is recommended to avoid close-fitting shapes, as somewhat risky to her particular style. While concurring with this we suggest that if, in addition, the chin recedes to any extent and the eyes are inclined to goggle, a very chaste effect may be obtained by wearing a coal-scuttle bonnet (now in vogue), and the back hair elaborately coiffured. The bonnet in this case should always be worn hind side before.

First Father. And how's your little girl?

Second Father (widower) Oh, she's a big girl now. I shall soon have to find an idiot for her. How's your son?

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE SAID TO SOMEONE ELSE.

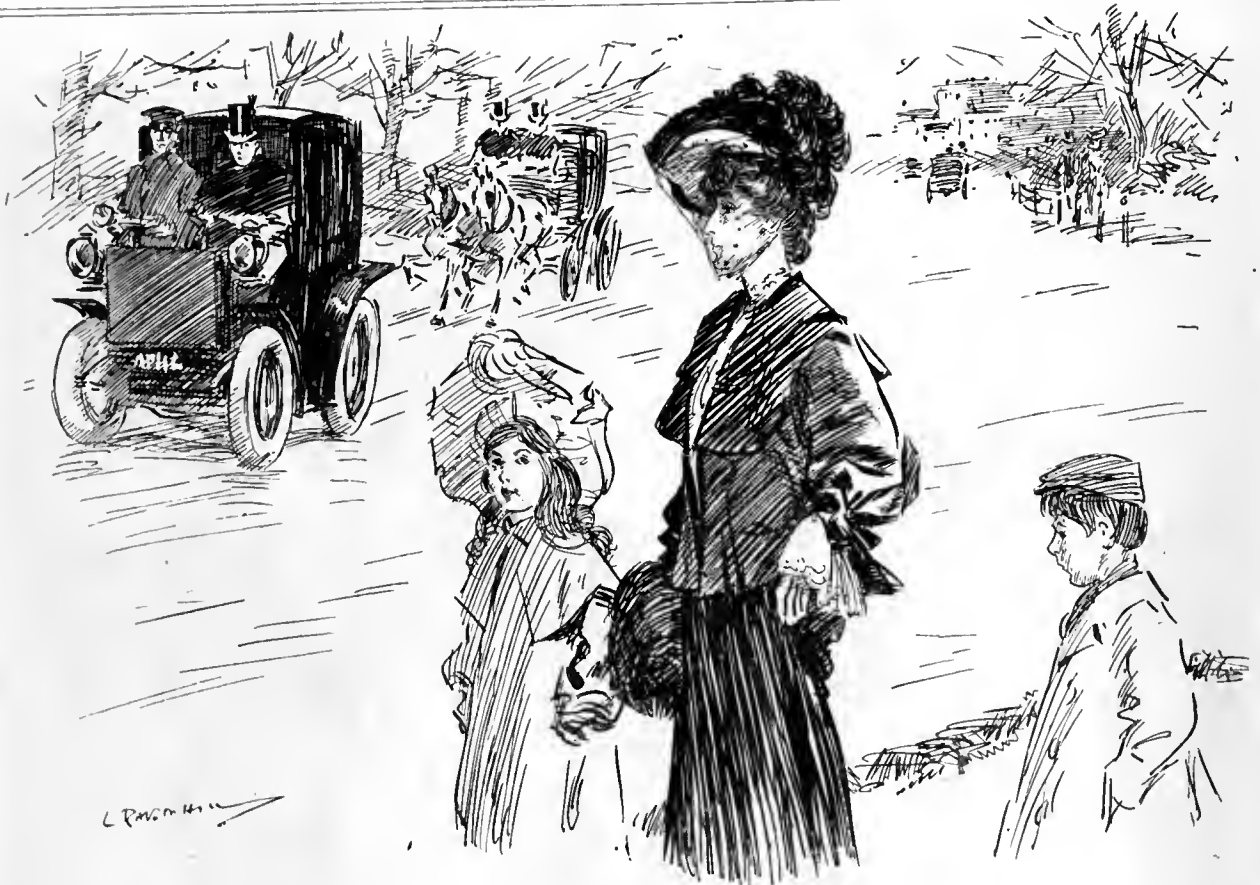


Little Bouncerby (to complete stranger, after tasting champagne). "DON'T THINK MUCH OF THIS STUFF, OLD MAN. EH, WHAT?"
Complete Stranger (who happens to be a son of the house). "THE MASTER WILL BE SORRY TO HEAR THAT, I'M SURE."

"THE S.P.G. IN NEW GUINEA."—The *Spectator*, reviewing this work, says: "This little picture-book is very instructive. There are men a 'reclaimed

cannibal' on the outside, and 'three Christian teachers' on p. 1 within native churches and schools and village scenes." This recalls the sad case of

the lady who went out for a ride on a tiger, and we are more than sorry for the three Christian teachers who are "within."



SAVING THE SITUATION.

Effie (to whom a motor-brougham is quite a novelty). "OH, MUMMY DEAR, LOOK! THERE'S A FOOTMAN AND A BIG COACHMAN ON THE BOX, AND THERE ISN'T A HORSE OR EVEN A PONY! WHAT ARE THEY THERE FOR?"

Mummy dear (not well versed in electricity and motor-mechanism). "WELL, YOU SEE, EFFIE DEAR—THE— (by a happy inspiration) BUT, DEAR, YOU'RE NOT OLD ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND."

THE VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

SOME people delight to argue and fight,
Whenever occasion arises,
Of the merits which fall to the drama and hall,
And the influence each exercises.
One tells you the play will have soon had its day—
It is only an ancient survival,
Which of course cannot hope in its dotage to cope
With its brilliant and up-to-date rival;
While the others say No! the variety show
Is only a whim of the moment,
And fashion will learn in due course to return
To SHAKESPEARE and FLETCHER and BEAUMONT;
Or new stars will arise in theatrical skies,
And the world once again will be brought to
Appreciate Art, while the Halls will depart,
As, without any question, they ought to.

Both are right—both are wrong. My opinion is strong,
After hearing the matter debated,
That the truth is the mean which is lying between
The dual extremes I have stated.
In the play-house to-be we shall certainly see
The programme that pleases the million
Will become a fresh brew of Lyceum and New,
Combined with the Met. and Pavilion.
It will have just a touch too of BENSON—not much—
And a dash of the Hippodrome's certain

To wind up the show with a turn that will go,
And ensure you a popular curtain.
It will cut matters short and best show you the sort
Of thing that will set the world humming
If I sketch you the bill which is destined to fill
Play-houses in years that are coming.

Turn one should be bright—something comic and light—
Say, costers enjoying a beano,
Just a trifle in which one might see Little TICH
Supported by Mr. DAN LENO.
Turn two—let us say, a Shakspearean play,
Boiled down, and performed by Miss TERRY,
While I think number three with advantage might be
Twenty minutes of gay *Madame Sherry*.
Then I'd have a trapeze, or some highly trained fleas,
For so fond of variety we are—
Next a scene from *Macbeth* where the dagger of death
Is prepared by the tragic Miss FREEAR;
While to follow up that, any turn would fall flat
After *Duncan's* unspeakable slaughter
But the elephants' leap when they rush down the steep
And plunge into real liquid water.

Hostess (to celebrated composer). That was a very fine march of yours.

Discontented Golfer (sotto voce). Hope he'll be more successful with his April.



A MUTUAL SACRIFICE :

OR, L'AUTEL DU LIBRE ÉCHANGE.

REDMOND cadet, weeping for departing order, not to be comforted.

"Let SEELY speak again," he commanded.

This objected to on obvious grounds, and after some further Yahooring the PREMIER allowed to speak amid occasional interruptions.

A striking scene, likely to have prolonged influence on debate. Saxon Members perceive more clearly than ever that order is the Irishman's first law. He will have it preserved at any cost of lung power or display of the manner traditionally connected with Donnybrook Fair.

Business done.—Government, resisting vote of censure, bring up their majority to fifty-seven.

Wednesday night.—Said Mr. O'MARA just now, "I am not a lover of dogs in the abstract." What breed is a dog in the abstract?

Conversation turned upon second reading of Dogs Bill, the one ewe lamb of the Board of Agriculture as FELLOWES, who has charge of it, described it. Up to to-night Government been shy in pressing forward their legislative programme. Ordinarily on the eve of Easter principal Bills have been introduced. The Dogs Bill a sort of pioneer, sent out to prepare the way for more important measures.

Result of endeavour not wholly satisfactory. Leading provision of Bill makes it a sort of Early Closing Act for Dogs.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day, said Hamlet to his uncle.

"But," adds Uncle FELLOWES, in charge of this Bill, "his day shall close at sunset. As cycles have a lighting-up time, movable with the seasons, so dogs shall have a shutting-up time."

Between sunset and sunrise no dog may stray. As Mr. BAILEY said in moving rejection, it is introducing into dog life the principle of the South African compound.

Mr. O'MARA, turning contemplative gaze from dogs in the abstract to dogs in the concrete, almost drew tears from the clerks at the Table when he described "some poor miserable animal, the joy of a widowed home, seized by the police if it put its head out of doors at night." As for Brother WASON, he poured contempt and scorn on a Bill drafted by some feeble townsman who knew nothing of the ways of a dog with the sheep. Whilst he was instructing the Board of Agriculture in this branch of science the fingers of the clock touched half-past seven, and the Bill was talked out. Debate will have to be begun all over again on another day, with assurance that Opposition will be encouraged by temporary success.

Thus, even in connection with the household kennel, doth misfortune dog the steps of a hapless Government.

Business done.—Very little.

Friday night.—Mr. PICKWICK DAVIES (christened ALFRED) is going to prison. There is precedent for the procedure to be found in the life of his illustrious prototype. Mr. PICKWICK went to prison as the result of the famous case of *Bardell v. Pickwick*. A Passive Resister of what he regarded as the infamous demand of costs put forward by DODSON and FOGG, he submitted to incarceration rather than pay.

"You may try and try and try again," said Mr. PICKWICK, regarding the discomfited attorneys, as the Member for CARMARTHEN was accustomed to look



MR. PICKWICK IN THE POUND.

(Mr. Alfr-d D-v-s as a Passive Resister refuses to pay something in the pound.)

across the floor at the ex-Colonial Secretary smiling on the Treasury Bench; "but not one farthing of costs or damages do you ever get from me if I spend the rest of my existence in a debtor's prison."

Our Mr. PICKWICK's approaching retirement does not arise in connection with a breach of promise case, or as the result of counter-machinations on the part of Don José. Convinced of the iniquity of the rate levied under the recent Act for the support of denominational education, he has refused to pay it. An unsympathetic Bench gave him a fortnight to think the matter over. If at the termination of that date he is still recalcitrant he will be haled to prison, perhaps have his hair cut.

This prospect to be realised in mid-holiday season, whilst other legislators are enjoying themselves in town or country. The Member for CARMARTHEN

faces his fate with the serene dignity, the unconquerable courage, with which in an earlier age JOHN HAMPDEN resisted demand for ship-money.

Business done.—Private Members'.

MORE AUTHENTIC BLUNDERS.

SIR,—In my new book on MATTHEW ARNOLD, in a quotation from the poem on Kensington Gardens, the compositor originally set one of the best known lines as follows:—

How thick the tremulous sheep cries "Come!"

G. W. E. R.

SIR,—Considering how much more sympathetic one's mother is than one's father, might not the line in *Shakespeare* be finally altered in the new edition to

An eye like Pa's, to threaten and command?

A WISE CHILD.

SIR,—Strange are the vagaries of memory. A recent experience of my own comes, I think, under the heading of Authentic Blunders. I had been learning COLERIDGE'S *Kubla Khan* for recitation at a *Daily Express* smoking concert; but try as I would I could not make my tongue say anything but:—

Where ALF, the *Daily Mailer*, ran,
With brothers numberless to man,
Down to a bunless tea.

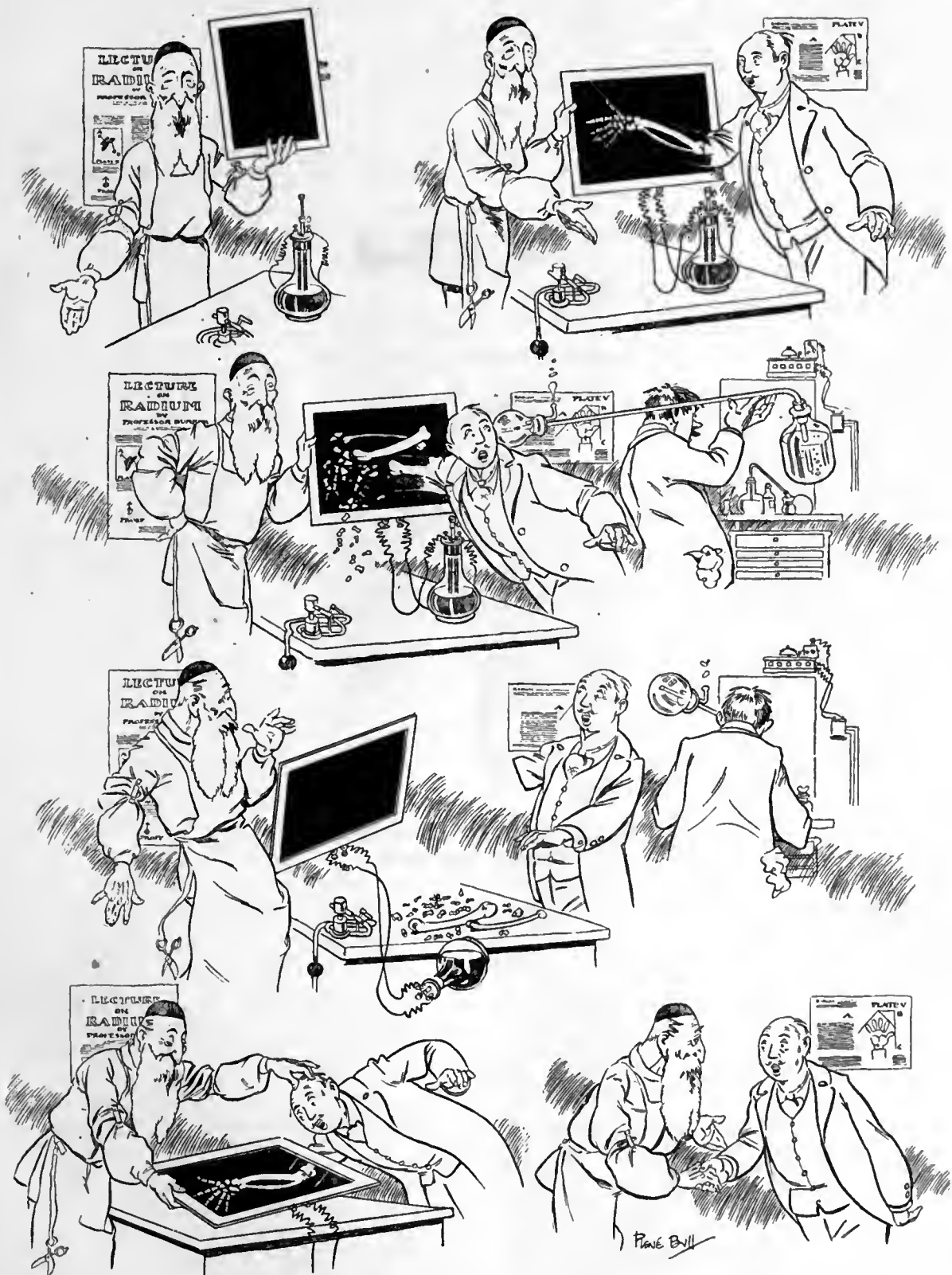
C. A. P.

"BOOKS OF THE WEEK."—Frequently as we see this announcement, yet invariably it is noticeable that the principal books of the week are omitted, which, undoubtedly, are—*The Butcher's Book*, *The Baker's Book*, *The Greengrocer's Book*, and *The Washing Book*. These indeed are the books of the week.

IN PREPARATION FOR THE WAY BY ROAD TO EPSOM, ASCOT, AND GOODWOOD.—Re-opening in new quarters, as advertised, of "Kensington Coaching College." Instructions given by a staff of experienced whips selected from the House. Lessons on the Post-horn by one of a Regiment of Guards always present.

A FIRST FRUIT OF HIS MISSION.—Marquis ITO has been decorated by the Korean EMPEROR with "the Plum Blossom."

It is an old proverb, "Don't reckon without your host." But if I have a host, say at a restaurant, I don't want any reckoning. Should the bill be presented (by mistake) to me, I refer, most politely, to my host. I am the guest. Explain this wise saw to yours truly, a
"MODERN INSTANCE."



"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"; OR, A LECTURE ON RADIUM.

DOMESTIC DRAMA.

THE GOD IN THE PANTRY.

Mrs. Newland. JACK, I believe I've found out why PARKYNS always 'my-lady's' me. He likes us in a way, but he wants to impress upon us the fact that he has lived in 'better' houses than we have. And it's true, you know. He has! And I wish—

Mr. N. Of course he has. He was with that old scoundrel WESSEX. And that's one of the best houses—and the worst—in England. But what's the matter? Surely you're not hankering after—?

Mrs. N. No, it isn't that. And yet—of course I know that we've made heaps of friends. But still, you know, it is true that we've been here more than three years now, and not one of the county people has called.

Parkyns. Lady COWFOLD, my Lady—Mum. In her motor-car. I told her ladyship I would enquire if you was at home, 'M.

Mr. N. Yoicks! Gone away!

Mrs. N. JACK, don't be silly! Oh, why didn't I—yes, PARKYNS; you can say I am at home.

Park. Very good, your Ladysh—Mum.

Mrs. N. It's too provoking. Why did I put on this horrible old frock? you must stay and help me, JACK.

Mr. N. Sorry, darling, but I've got to—no, really, it's not in my line. I'll slip into your sitting-room. Well, good luck. I hope you'll enjoy—

Park. Lady COWFOLD.

Lady Cowfold. D've do! So glad to find you in. I'm generally so unlucky. One of those people who always hold black hands.

Mrs. N. It's very nice of you to come, Lady COWFOLD. Do sit down. You came in your motor, didn't you?

Lady C. One of 'em. We've got five. Of course you—no? Oh, but you'll have to get one. I'll arrange it for you. Fact is, my dear, in these hard times one mus' do what one can. And I rake in a small percentage—oh, ridiculously small—by introduc' my friends to my pet firm. It's a mere nothing, but every little helps, and it'll make no difference to you.

Mrs. N. I should love to. But my husband has a particular—

Lady C. Oh, bother the husbands, my dear. We'll settle it ourselves. Now, tell me, d'you like our part of the world? Let's see. When did you come?

Mrs. N. This was our third Christmas.

Lady C. Ah, then you don't know a soul yet, of course.

Mrs. N. Oh, well, several people have—

Lady C. Huh! The MARTYNS, I s'pose, and the RYMPLES, and those double-

barrelled people, the whatstheirnames, and the MOSENBERGERS and all that lot.

Mrs. N. But I like them. *Mr. MARTYN* is charming, and the RYMPLES are some of the—

Lady C. Yes? Ah, well, I don't know 'em moi-même. Only know what I hear. But they're all new people. The RYMPLES have only bin here four years, ain't it?

Mrs. N. But surely—isn't that long enough to find out if people are—respectable?

Lady C. I'm told in some counties they do call in the third year. But we're too near London. We're bound to wait.

Mrs. N. Then I ought to feel very much flattered—

Lady C. Oh, you. That's different. I was stayin' with JANE WESSEX the



UNINTENTIONAL IMPERSONATIONS OF ANIMALS—THE SLOTH.

other day, and she asked me to look you up. She hates me, you know, and I don't love her much. But one must oblige people sometimes. And so here I am. And what a charmin' house you've got. And I see you've got PARKYNS. Most respectable man PARKYNS. He was with that old wretch WESSEX, you know. Gave me quite a homely feelin', seein' him here.

Mrs. N. But I don't quite under—oh, you're not going, Lady COWFOLD? Won't you have some tea?

Lady C. Sorry, my dear, but I mustn't. Life's too short for tea. May I have my motor? But you must come over to Byne. It's not a bad old pig-stye, and I'll get people to come and see you. Come and dance next week. And don't have too much to do with the MARTYN lot. I'm an old woman, and I've seen a good bit of the world, and if you take my advice, you'll drop 'em. Ah, here's

PARKYNS. 'Member me, PARKYNS? Well, au revoir. Now mind you come.

Mr. N. She gone?

Mrs. N. Yes. She's not a bad old frump, except that she abused the MARTYNS. But, JACK, who do you think asked her to come? The WESSEXES. What can she mean?

Mr. N. H'm, that's rum. There must be some mistake. Certainly neither of us—tea? No, thanks. Oh, PARKYNS, bring me a whisky-and-soda. You're sure she said the WESSEXES? But, my dear, she couldn't have.

Park. Begging your pardon, Sir, if I may be allowed to explain, I think you may attribute her ladyship's visit to me, my Lady—Mum.

Mr. N. You, PARKYNS! What the—!

Park. It was in this way, Sir. Her Grace's maid is a young person with whom I has the habit of corresponding. In fact, I may go so far as to say that the young lady will—ah—

Mr. N. The future Mrs. PARKYNS?

Park. Well, Sir, since you—exactly so. And seeing as how the county people wasn't visiting us, and—you'll excuse me, Mum—but knowing as I do what county families are, and what a lot it takes to break the ice, I took upon myself the liberty of asking Miss SIMCOX to ask her Grace—

Mr. N. The liberty!

Mrs. N. But, PARKYNS, this is most extraordinary behaviour. Do you mean to say that you actually—

Park. It was this way, Mum. Her Grace, 'M, she hates her Ladyship, like two cats; you see she wanted his Lordship, Lord COWFOLD, for herself, and so I ses to Miss SIMCOX, couldn't you persuade her Grace to recommend her Ladyship to call on you, 'M, pretending to her Grace that her Ladyship would be committing of a fo-pa? Of course, I knowed you was all right, but, ses I to Miss SIMCOX, that don't make no difference with county people, ses I. They wants an introduction. They won't come without, ses I. And, ses she, you leave it to me, Mr. PARKYNS,—oh, she's a cunning one, she is. I'll make that all right, ses she. And she done it.

Mr. N. She has!

Mrs. N. She—oh! Well, PARKYNS, I'm sure you acted from the best of motives, but I think in future—

Mr. N. I think, PARKYNS, that in future—oh, hang it. Just go and get that whisky-and-soda, and I'll—I'll—speak to you afterwards.

Park. Very good, my Lord—Sir.

[Exit PARKYNS.]

Mrs. N. Quite a sort of a CRICHTON, isn't he, JACK?

Mr. N. H'm, yes, and a dashed sight too Admirable for me!

CHARIVARIA.

THE latest development of the campaign against Music Hall sketches is that the ballet is threatened, and many ladies may be thrown out of work at a time when their age will render it difficult for them to obtain other employment.

It is falsely rumoured that the Government, alarmed by the result of recent Elections, is about to make a bold bid for the Radical vote by a big surrender of English rights to France.

The International Dress Exhibition at the Crystal Palace contains a most complete historical section, starting with the leaves in the garden, and finishing up, inside the building, with the latest creation of WORTH. It is exceedingly interesting to trace how dress, originally scanty, for a time increased in scope, and then fell away again to the modern evening dress.

Meanwhile the tendency among the sterner sex seems to be to rise superior to clothes altogether. A man charged with drunkenness at Liverpool last week tore his garments to shreds, and faced the magistrate in his shirt; while, at the Clerkenwell County Court, Judge EDGE had to rebuke a solicitor for appearing before him unrobed.

The anti-corset movement is said to be spreading to officers of the Guards.

The Municipal Council of Holborn having illuminated with gas the transparent face of the church clock of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, the installation was on March 20 solemnly inaugurated by the Mayor. It is also whispered that a new wire litter-box affixed to a lamp-post will shortly be publicly unveiled, and started on its career of usefulness by the insertion of a mayoral speech.

THE PRIME MINISTER has been asked to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the causes of the recent great increase of lunacy in Great Britain. We are afraid that the Education Act is responsible for much of it—especially in Wales.

The rumour that the CZAR intends to end the War in Japanese territory has again been revived. We can only repeat that Japan has no intention of annexing Russian soil.

Last year there was a decrease in the consumption of whisky in this country to the extent of 1,600,000 gallons. This is the biggest drop that has occurred since the year that followed the death of JANE CAKEBREAD.

It never rains but it pours. Only a fortnight ago we drew attention to the way in which our profession was looking up, a Baronet having made some jokes. We now have the honour to announce that last week, at Gibraltar, His Majesty the German EMPEROR was graciously pleased to make two Royal and Imperial jokes.

The fact, elicited in a recent cause

Internal Disorders in the Church.

A HIGH-TONED evening paper publishes an advertisement headed as follows:—

BACK TO THE PULPIT.

What Food did for a Clergyman.

Mr. Punch declines to mention what food it was that "did for" the clergyman; and he cannot help thinking that it would be in better taste if respectable papers drew a veil over these lapses in clerical life, whether due to food or drink.



Lady Maud. "DO YOU THINK IT'S UNLUCKY TO BE MARRIED ON A FRIDAY, SIR JOHN?"
Sir John (confirmed bachelor). "CERTAINLY. BUT WHY MAKE FRIDAY AN EXCEPTION?"

célèbre, that "treating" is done upon a large scale by a certain Detective Agency renders it necessary to state that SLATER'S Restaurants are a distinct concern.

The Opposition must not be caught napping. The Bill introduced by Mr. WALTER LONG with a view to stopping the depredations of prowling dogs is undoubtedly an attempt to deprive a certain section of the population of the benefits of free food.

THERE was a young lady of Spain
Who couldn't go out in the rain;
For she'd lent her umbrella
To QUEEN ISABELLA,
Who never returned it again.

"THE TEACHING OF ERSE IN IRELAND."—
"Well," says 'ARRY, "it sounds uncommon funereal. O' course I knew an Erse and plumes and coal-black 'osses is what they call a 'moral lesson.' But why make such a fuss about it in Ireland?"

CONVERSATION FOR COMBATANTS.

["In the preparations for War the Japanese seem to have left nothing undone to contribute to the smooth working of the Army and Navy. A pocket Russo-Japanese dictionary, styled the *Nichi-ro Gunyo Shu-chin Kaiwa*, in which terms relating to naval and military affairs are chiefly noted, was published last month. It is proposed to present about 50,000 volumes to the naval and military authorities. In relations of any kind with the enemy the Japanese will find such a volume most useful."—*Rear-Admiral INOUE* in the "*Daily Telegraph*."]

Mr. Punch, strongly approving the wisdom of the above proposal, ventures to go one better, and present to the belligerents a companion volume in the form of a pocket manual of Russo-Japanese conversation suitable to the circumstances. He appends a few extracts:—

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

- (i.) Be so good as to direct me to the scene of hostilities.
- (ii.) I am myself a stranger in these parts.
- (iii.) The battle has commenced.
- (iv.) I find the noise very fatiguing.
- (v.) They are about to fire their guns.
- (vi.) I am unable to remain longer.

ON BOARD SHIP.

- (i.) How many times has the fleet been destroyed?
- (ii.) Pray be careful of the mines.
- (iii.) That is a fine vessel of the enemy.
- (iv.) Here are some torpedoes.
- (v.) I thank you, I have already sufficient.
- (vi.) At what o'clock does the ship sink?

THE ARMISTICE.

- (i.) What cold weather we are having!
- (ii.) How did you leave the {CZAR } ?
 {MIKADO} ?
- (iii.) I trust that the Imperial family is well?
- (iv.) Have you seen Mr. TREE in *The Darling of the Gods*?
- (v.) No, but I saw him in *Resurrection*.
- (vi.) I am delighted to have met you.

THE PRESS.

- (i.) Where is the War Correspondent?
- (ii.) We have cut off his head.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN a modest little volume Mr. ARTHUR BENSON presents a singularly able and informing study of the *Life of Alfred Tennyson* (METHUEN). He describes his object as threefold: to give a simple narrative of the career of one of the most interesting personages of the Nineteenth Century; to present in TENNYSON's own words and writings his view of the poetical life and character; and to indicate the chief characteristics of his art. The threefold design, deftly woven, has been fully accomplished. Mr. BENSON makes due acknowledgment to assistance derived from the Memoir the present Lord TENNYSON wrote of his father. Having read both, my Baronite prefers the lesser volume. Its author has skimmed the cream off pails of milk wherever he has found them. The result is an enlightening, comprehensive review of an interesting life, immortal work. Mr. BENSON has the gift of illustrating by a sentence a phase or a character. Of TENNYSON's lamentable excursions into playwriting he says: "It was as though a musician who had reached almost perfection on the violin took up at threescore the practice of the organ." And what can be better than his characterisation of JOWETT: "The refrigerator of timid conversationalists."

The latest novel by Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, entitled *As We*

Forgive Them (F. V. WHITE), is rather suggestive of the KIPLING refrain, once so popular, "Lest we forget." With this inspiration of poet KIPLING's, as *Jabberjee* would style him, Mr. LE QUEUX's melodramatic romance has, however, nothing in common. It is an absorbing story; the reader is plunged into mystery after mystery, deeper and deeper, and in the profoundest depth there is ever a depth profounder still. The most experienced novel-plot detective will find himself hopelessly, helplessly, in the dark, until WILLIAM LE Q. appears with his search-light. If, after one straight-through reading of this strange story, an entire class had to pass an examination in it, the Baron would much like to read the answers given by the competitors. Of one thing he is certain: that the prize would not be awarded to him. He is afraid he would come out among the last on the list, even though he were not quite such a goose as to be plucked. But be it understood that the Baron recommends this romance to all who like their literary compounds hot, strong, and not overspiced.

The first volume of the "Literary Lives Series," edited by Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, published by HODDER AND STOUGHTON, is contributed by Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL, who takes MATTHEW ARNOLD as his subject. We are told that the series is intended to "furnish biographical and critical studies of well-known authors of all countries." As far as biographical details are forthcoming, in the way of personal touches revealing character, Mr. RUSSELL has confined himself to four pages at the end of the volume. It is well done, but strikes my Baronite as a little inadequate. It is a mere penn'orth of bread to the inordinate quantity of sack the author sympathetically provides under the heading Theology. Out of a volume of two hundred and sixty-nine pages he devotes fifty-four to this topic.

So much being assigned to this alluring topic, Mr. RUSSELL has hardly anything to say about that slim volume of verse on which for some, possibly misguided, people the fame of MATTHEW ARNOLD is most surely established. These grumblers will scarcely find compensation in the circumstance, testified to on the personal authority of the biographer, that ARNOLD "used with great solemnity and deliberation to turn to the East at the Creed in Harrow School Chapel where the clergy neglected to do so." Doubtless ARNOLD was half-bantering when he wrote of the Young WEMYSS, happily still with us in the House of Lords, "Everybody knows Lord ELCHO's personal appearance and how admirably he looks the part of our governing classes." Designedly or accidentally, Mr. RUSSELL succeeds in showing that, side by side with his iterated dislike and contempt of the middle class, ARNOLD cherished love for a lord marvellous in a man of his intellectual altitude.

The Baron heartily compliments MRS. MARY STUART BOYD on *The Man in the Wood* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). Her very original heroine is most captivating, and every character in the attractive story, which is told with true artistic simplicity, is finely conceived and drawn with a firm touch. One point of contact there is with *Great Expectations* by CHARLES DICKENS, and that is at the commencement, where Veka, out of pure pity, helps the escaped convict much in the way that Pip, terrorised, assisted the fugitive in the marshes who asked him, "You know what wittles is?" The Baron unhesitatingly commends and recommends this work of Mrs. BOYD's.



CHARIVARIA.

AUSTRIA is preparing an armed demonstration against Turkey, and the Turks, who dearly love a military display, are said to be arranging for special excursion trains to go and see it.

We are sorry to hear it rumoured that there is trouble between Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Mr. JOHN MORLEY. Mr. JOHN MORLEY has declared that, if the arrangement negotiated between Lord LANSDOWNE and the French Republic should prove to be a satisfactory one, no party feeling would prevent him from saying that he regarded it as a blessing.

It is denied that there is to be an Arbitration Treaty between England and Germany. Mutual love and respect render this unnecessary.

It was announced the other day that the troops at Port Arthur were in excellent spirits, but General STOESEL has now issued an order closing all the public-houses in that place.

The Lord Mayor of LONDON is said to have received a letter of thanks from JOHN TRUNDLEY, of Peckham, for the widening of London Bridge.

A lady tobacconist who recently figured in a breach-of-promise case is now advertising "Try our Breach-of-Promise Cigars." A Breach-of-Promise cigar is, however, scarcely a new idea. We have often purchased a cigar which promised to be a genuine Havana.

Some charming new fashions in mourning apparel for ladies have again made their appearance, and we agree with the fair writer who declares that grief must be peculiarly deep which cannot be assuaged by a *chic* black canvas gown adorned with black taffetas in the form of bands and a broad corselet belt, and finished with a cascade of lace down the backs of the sleeves.

There is little doubt, in fact, that quite the prettiest fancies are now to be found in *robes de deuil*, and hard, indeed, is the lot of those who are not qualified to wear black. The smiling face of the lady who has recently suffered a bereavement, as it peeps forth from under a smart mourning hat, meets with many an envious glance from those who are less fortunate.

Did not SHAKESPEARE say something about a "shining mourning face?"

"Are Horse Marines merely creatures

of the fancy?" asks a doubting correspondent, who draws our attention to the fact that one of our most recent men-of-war is said to boast of a pair of sick bays.

Dr. E. CANTLEY, lecturing before the

—which appears when the hammer, handled clumsily, hits the finger-nail.

Mr. W. H. POLLOCK has compiled a book entitled *Animals that have owned us*. We are looking forward to the chapter on Joxal.



FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

FITZ-JONES GOES IN FOR MOTORING AND MIXES IN SOCIETY.

members of the National Health Society on the subject of Babies, declared that the newly-born infant closely resembled a baboon. At that stage, each had a tight grasp, and no bridge to the nose. Later on, the human being develops bridge, and the baboon also gambols.

As large a sum as 2400 guineas was given last week at an auction for a tiny panel by WATTEAU. No wonder the painting is described as "*The Guitar Player Surprised*."

The serial tale in the *Evening News* is headed, "Beyond Pardon," but those who are reading it declare that it is not really quite so bad as that.

A book has been published entitled *The ABC of Carpentry*. It would seem to stop short of "the D of carpentry"

THE JOLLY JACK TAR.

"We are delighted to hear of the success which has attended the 'informal examination' of aspiring cadets. 'Put the boys at their ease, and see if they have any sense of humour,' was the watchword."—*Evening Paper*.]

NEW NAUTICAL COLLEGE.

(For the Sons of Gentlemen.)

Boys are prepared for all Government Informal Examinations. Every attention is given to the development of the pupil's sense of humour.

Principal, Rev. DANIEL LENO.

Assisted by the following highly qualified Professors and Masters:—

Dr. TICH, Rev. R. G. KNOWLES, Prof. GEORGE ROBEY, and Prof. HENRY RANDALL.

Lecturer on Admiralty. . . Mr. W. S. GILBERT.

Demonstrator in Unconscious Humour. . . Mr. WILSON BARRETT.

REFERENCES are permitted to Laffan's Agency, the President of the Grindelwald Conference, and the Headmaster of Giggleswick.

CONFESSIONAL.

(Being the admissions of a Radical M.P. during his Easter retreat on the Riviera.)

Now drop the mask and lay aside the mummery,
And under Monte Carlo's brazen sky
Over the mutual Chambertin or Pommery
Let augur wink at augur, eye to eye.

Let us for once be frank and tell each other
We do not care one continental blow
Whether the man we call our yellow brother
Is doomed to be a brutish slave or no.

Let us allow that all this fiscal foment,
This stir about the general stomach's weal,
Never involved, for one unguarded moment,
More than a merely academic zeal.

Let us confess to certain pleasing fictions—
The "fight for Truth," the "single-hearted aim"—
And own our "deepest, holiest convictions"
To be but catchwords in the party game.

For here our conscience needs no further blunting;
Here such impediments are lightly shed;
Here we improve the halcyon hour in punting
Upon the even chances—black or red.

A little while (ah! never, never, tell it
In Nonconformist Gath) our souls are free
To prance at will as yonder playful pellet
Prances without consulting you or me.

Then pluck the golden day before its glamour,
Brief as an Easter egg's, is due to wane;
Before the restive pit renews its clamour
And the old solemn farce begins again.

O. S.

"AUS EINER KLEINEN GARNISON."

THE critics of Lieutenant Buse's tedious book seem to have overlooked his description of London in the last chapter. Probably few readers got so far. We English cannot judge of the truth of his accusations against the German army, but we can test the accuracy of his observation by his picture of London.

It is, says he, past eight o'clock on a December evening. The shops are being shut. So far we are in entire agreement with him. But in the next paragraph he has crowds of people hastening along the asphalt. Where are the asphalt footways of London? However, let that pass, like the crowd. From his description of some of the pedestrians, it may be assumed that he is thinking of Regent Street or Piccadilly. He writes, in German, of "*Cabs und Omnibusse*," which are certainly frequent in those thoroughfares, conveying elegant loving couples, veiled ladies, *Börsenbarone* (how does one recognise the Barons of the Stock Exchange?), great merchants, travellers, and so forth. But surely at 8 p.m. the *Börsenbarone* of London would be on the point of dining sumptuously, though their counterparts in Berlin or Frankfurt might then be hastening home to wash down their *Abendessen* with that champagne which, according to Herr Buse, flows so freely among the military. But let them also pass.

No sooner have we left the belated and starving *Börsenbarone* than we are startled by the sound of tramway bells among the quite German "*élegante Coupés*." But where, dear Mr. Buse, are the tramways in Piccadilly, unless in a sort of prophetic vision vainly dreamed by the County Council? There is asphalt in Holborn, there are tramways perhaps within hearing, but what Stock Exchange Baron

would go without his dinner and spend the evening in driving in his elegant brougham up and down Holborn?

We have in London what Herr Buse rightly calls a *Grossstadtstrassenleben*, but somehow we do not seem to recognise it from his very careful description.

When finally his runaway couple, entering an unpretending lodging-house, pass the *Portier* in his little room, we are swept in imagination right away from London, and are certainly in Germany or Austria. Even the last piece of local colour, the interment of the murdered woman, and the suicide in a burial ground, "far out on the banks of the Thames," leaves us still unconvinced and inquiring where that riverside cemetery may be.

TO TATTERS.

No ordinary kind of dog was he,
No thoroughbred of spotless pedigree;
He was in fact that motley kind of hound,
Sometimes preserved, but usually drowned,
Wherein the more specific breeds contend
To form a base unutterable blend.
Briefly he was a frank offence to Art,
Yet when he died it nearly broke my heart!

There are proud beasts who live luxurious days,
Feeding off pheasant bones and mayonnaise;
With velvet coats and baskets lined with satin
To grow bad-tempered and extremely fat in,
Succumbing after lives of bestial ease
To apoplectic fits or Bright's disease.
Not such an one was poor neglected *Tatters*; he
Was rescued from the Lost Dogs' Home in Battersea
By one whose blighted heart concealed a deep
Yearning for something lovable but cheap.
I led him home, and ever as I went
Men eyed his shape with inward merriment,
Or stayed their hurrying footsteps to engage
In vulgar strictures on his parentage.
I led him home and watched his pensive smile
Digesting bones, and thus I mused the while:
"Alas!" I said (addressing the deceased),
"Ill-favoured, outcast, miserable beast,
I too am poor; together let us sup
From Penury's unappetising cup.
I too from Pleasure's paths am held aloof
(By a provoking paucity of oof);
I too through life have found, no less than you,
That kicks are plentiful and halfpence few.
You may have talents that the fancier's eye
Persistently refuses to descry;
And I've a turn for letters which I find
Ever eludes the editorial mind.
Each, too, beneath a crude exterior case,
Conceals a mind replete with every grace,
But which, for reasons not profoundly clear,
Still wastes its sweetness on the atmosphere.
Come, faithful hound (I said), and with me share
My somewhat plain but strictly wholesome fare."

He came with pleasure, and until the end
Remained a true and inexpensive friend.
But now no more he'll gambol free from cares,
And bite the butcher's hirling unawares;
No more incur the vile bull terrier's spleen or
Resent the pampered pug dog's pert demeanour;
No more shall ill-bred youth his pride assail
And tie tin cans to his protesting tail.
Therefore the world seems dark again, for he
Is gone, and oh, the difference to me!



TO MEET THE OTHER ONE.

Rt. Hon. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-S (*soliloquising*). "JOE, MY BOY, LET US TRY TO DRESS—AS WELL AS THINK—IMPERIALLY!"

[“Although no special arrangements have been made for a meeting between the German EMPEROR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in Sicily, it is thought here that very possibly a meeting may take place.”—*Reuter's Agent in Berlin.*]

SCIENTIFIC SKIPPING.

THE *Times* has briefly called attention to a pamphlet by Dr. BOND, of Gloucester, advocating the employment of skipping as an "unsurpassed form of home gymnastics," and the use of his specially devised skipping-rope, called "Girbola," which is intended to facilitate skipping by adults. Mr. *Punch* is fortunately enabled to supplement the *Times* notice by testimonials from various eminent sufferers who have derived benefit from the new invention:—

DEAR DOCTOR,—After fifty years of agonising immobility, I was persuaded by the perusal of your fascinating pamphlet to give your system a trial. Taking the apparatus on my arm I sallied forth into Kensington Gardens and "girbolen" down the Broad Walk. The effect, not only on myself but upon the onlookers, was nothing short of magical. The enthusiasm of the populace literally knew no bounds, and I was escorted back to my house by a veritable cavalcade of corybantic admirers. The Education Act, as Lord ROSEBERY said, is already doomed, but passive resistance, reinforced by the skipping-rope, is hastening its downfall by leaps and bounds. Very faithfully yours,
JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

DEAR SIR,—After trying ski-ing, motoring, tobogganing, and looping-the-loop, I have come to the conclusion that "Girbola" simply bangs the whole blooming lot. Ever sincerely,
RUDYARD KIPLING.

DEAR SIR,—Your invention has made a New Woman of me. Formerly I could barely wade through ten pages of one of Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH's novels in a fortnight. Now, with the aid of "Girbola," I am finishing his books at the rate of one a day. (Lady) AGHIPPA HASKELL.

DEAR SIR,—Before using "Girbola" my dog was a mastiff. He has now, thanks to your invaluable system, developed into a perfect Skipperke.

Gratefully yours,
BEATRICE BARBICAN.

DEAR SIR,—Kent has long been known as the Hop County. In recognition of your splendid invention I venture to suggest that Gloucester should henceforth be known as the Skip Shire.

Yours humbly, MOTHER SKIPTON.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON wires:—"Please send me a 'Girbola' at once. I want to try it on the Skipper of *Shamrock IV.*"

Why have St. Vitus's Dance? By a judicious blend of Girbola and the Cake Walk, this remarkable distinction, the despair of so many mental scientists, can be cheerfully dispensed with by persons of limited incomes.—[ADVT.]



SEVERE.

Husband-in-waiting. "I MUST TAKE YOU TO SEE THE WOMAN LIGHTNING-CHANGE ARTIST AT THE HALLS."

Wife. "IS SHE GOOD?"

Husband. "GREAT! SHE PUTS ON HER HAT IN LESS THAN FIFTEEN MINUTES."

A BACK NUMBER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The recent success of your "Lost Masterpieces" has encouraged me to start an Annual devoted to similar productions. In choosing a title I hesitated between *The Back Number*, *Smith's Magazine* (after my own name), and *The Nineteenth Century—and Before*; but finally decided in favour of the first of these as having a greater air of freshness than the others. For the opening issue, which bears the date April 1, I have succeeded in securing several articles by well-known masters. Among these I may mention:—

- "Crowned Heads I have had to do with, off and on," by Mr. O. CROMWELL.
- "A Puzzle Sonnet," by W. S.
- "Visits to ELIZABETH," by Sir WALTER RALEIGH.
- "A Day with the Little Ones at the Tower," by RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester.
- "From Beneath the Speaker's Chair," by Mr. GUY FAWKES.

I should be obliged if you would give this notice the prominence it deserves.

Yours, in the bonds of Editorship,
J. AUGUSTUS SMITH.

CAPSULOID COMEDIES.

(Condensed for Music-Hall Consumption.)

NOTICE.—These elegant and eminently up-to-date preparations are warranted perfectly free from all Wit, Humour, and other extraneous matter, with no trace of the musty eighteenth-century flavour which is so disagreeable to modern palates. They can be taken in ordinary costume, and do not require the old-fashioned powder to make them effective.

No. I.—THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

SCENE 1.—A Morning-room in the PETER TEAZLE'S *Maisonette*.
Sir PETER and Lady T. discovered quarrelling.

Sir Peter. I don't want to have any words over it, Lady TEAZLE,—but I must say that the bills you have been running up are something cruel! It isn't as if you'd been brought up to luxury. Before I married you, you were living in a very poor way—no class at all!

Lady Teazle. Well, I'm sure, Sir PETER, and why should I have married a stuffy old josser like you, three times my age, except for his oof? I like to cut a dash and do things in style—and you can't do that on the cheap!

Sir P. Now just you take it from me. These goings on have got to stop—do you hear me?

Lady T. (with hauteur). I hear you, Sir PETER, and, not being wishful to demean myself by having a vulgar row over trifles, I shall now leave the apartment. [Exit, with dignity.]

Sir P. (to himself). We lead a cat-and-dog life together—and yet, after all, there's a something about the girl that—(Enter Sir OLIVER SURFACE). What, my old pal, Sir OLIVER! Why, I thought you were at Calcutta.

Sir Oliver. So I was. But I've come over unbeknown, to test the dispositions of my two nephews, JOSEPH and CHARLES. As they have never beheld my old dial they are not likely to recognise my identity.

Sir P. Well, JOSEPH is all right—as moral as they make 'em; but as for CHARLES—oh lor! he is a hot 'un, and no mistake! Up to his ears in debt, and—but soft! unless I'm mistaken, I hear his voice in the passage.

Sir O. He must not spot me as his Uncle OLIVER. Introduce me as a moneylender—Mr. PETER PREMIUM.

Charles Surface (enters). Hullo—'ullo! How goes it, Sir PETER? Who's this old geeser?

Sir P. This gentleman, CHARLES, is Mr. PETER PREMIUM, a moneylender.

Charles. Good biz! Just the party I was looking out for. Mr. PREMIUM, can you oblige me with a temporary advance? Sorry to say I've no security left to offer you—except the family portraits.

Sir O. The family portraits! (Aside) The young waster! (Aloud) Surely you wouldn't part with them?

Charles. You can have the whole boiling for three hundred quid—that is, except the likeness of my Uncle NOLL. The old bird's always done the handsome by me, so I shall stick to his picture.

Sir O. (aside). He has a feeling heart after all! But I will test him further. (Aloud) As it happens, that is just the portrait I want most. I'll give you another three hundred for your Uncle NOLL. Is it a deal?

Charles. Not much! Put up your dirty splosh, little PREMIUM! Uncle NOLL ain't for sale, and there you have it in a word!

Sir O. (aside). A noble nature! (Aloud, offering notes) Well, well, here is the three hundred for the others.

Charles. You can pass 'em on to a Mr. STANLEY, who has written to me for assistance—an old chum of Uncle OLIVER's who is down on his luck. I promised I'd give him a leg ov r. [Exit, whistling.]

Sir P. Well, now you see what a careless extravagant young chap CHARLES is. Parts with everything he has!

Sir O. Except my picture! (Looks out of window.) But

who is the serious young man in black I see approaching your front door?

Sir P. Your nephew JOSEPH—who is very different to what CHARLES is—I shouldn't wonder if he was coming to call here.

Sir O. Then I will test him next. Introduce me to him as Mr. STANLEY.

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE.

Joseph. I came to inquire after your health, Sir PETER. For the man who neglects the calls of friendship—

Sir P. As moral as ever, I see, JOSEPH! Mr. STANLEY—Mr. JOSEPH SURFACE. Mr. JOSEPH SURFACE—Mr. STANLEY. Now you know one another.

Sir O. I am an old friend of your Uncle OLIVER's, Sir, and, being unfortunately stoney-broke at present, I should take it very kind if you could see your way to assisting me with a trifle till the luck turns.

Joseph. Believe me, my dear Sir, I would willingly do so if I could. But, alas! I haven't a stiver to spare!

Sir O. Why, I thought your rich Uncle OLIVER supplied you with—?

Joseph. Uncle OLIVER! Oh dear no. He's very near. Why, he never sent me anything in his life—except one of those nests of painted boxes which you can buy for a bob in Oxford Street!

Sir O. (aside). And I've allowed this beauty five hundred a year! (Aloud) Ah, I wasn't aware of that.

Joseph. No, of course not—but it's a fact. All I can do is to put in a word for you with my Uncle, if I get the chance, and I'll promise that with all the pleasure in life.

Sir O. That's uncommonly good of you! Sir PETER, a word with you in private. [Exit with Sir P.]

Joseph (alone, to himself). That's the worst of being a good young man. Everybody expects you to help them. I am up a bit of a stick. I am really courting MARIA, who is an heiress and Sir PETER's ward—but I have, somehow, got into a serious flirtation with Lady TEAZLE. Here comes MARIA.—No, it's Lady T. (Enter Lady TEAZLE.) I called to try if I couldn't get you to come and see my library this afternoon.

Lady T. What, alone? But shall I not be compromising my reputation?

Joseph. Not you! Don't you run away with any such idea. My reputation's good enough for two any day.

Lady T. In that case, perhaps, I may risk it. [Exit n.]

Joseph (aside). I do not want her particularly—but she is mine—mine! [Exit l. Change to:—]

SCENE 2.—A Library in JOSEPH SURFACE'S Flat. JOSEPH discovered, alone.

Joseph (at window). A cab! Lady T. at last! Those old cats opposite must not see her here. I will place this screen before the window. (He does so. Enter Lady T.) Why, Lady T., you do look upset. Take a chair.

Lady T. I am rather put out. Lady SNEERWELL, Mrs. CAMDOER, and all that lot have been saying such nasty ill-natured things about me and your brother CHARLES. And Sir PETER is getting the hump over it. Though I'm sure he's no reason to!

Joseph. Believe me, the best way to preserve your reputation is to lose it. And by this hand, which Sir PETER is unworthy of— [Seizes her hand; a knock at the door.]

Lady T. Sir PETER's knock! I know it well! Where shall I hide? Ah, I will nip behind this screen till he is gone. [She does so.]

Joseph (seats himself at table with book as Sir P. enters). Is that you, Sir PETER? Pardon me, I was so absorbed in my studies that—

Sir P. Ever the bookworm, I perceive. But I came to consult you about this gossip concerning my wife and your brother CHARLES.

Joseph. Dear, dear me. I shouldn't have thought it of CHARLES. It really is downright sickening!

Sir P. I knew you'd be shocked. A moral young man like you, who is courting MARIA. The fact is, Lady T. and I can't go on together any longer; but, as I can't help being fond of her, I'm going to make her a handsome allowance, and leave her everything when I go off the hooks. What a slap-up screen you've got there!

Joseph. It is rather a choice article. (*Whistling heard outside.*) Confound it—here's CHARLES!

Sir P. I've an idea. You pump him about Lady T., and I'll get behind that screen and listen.

Joseph. Not there! Fact is, there's a little French milliner behind that. She wouldn't like you to see her.

Sir P. Ho-ho-ho! So you're no better than the rest of 'em, eh? All right, this cupboard will do me.

[*Gets into cupboard.*
Charles (enters). What-ho? So you're all alone by yourself, are you?

Joseph. Er—quite so. And I want to speak to you seriously, CHARLES, about the way in which you have been disturbing the domestic peace of that worthy man, Sir PETER TEAZLE.

Charles. What, me! Go along! Who are you getting at now? Why, it's MARIA I'm after. I always thought you were the one Lady T.—

Joseph. Chuck it, can't you! Sir PETER's in that cupboard there—he'll hear you!

Charles. I'll soon have him out of that. (*Drags Sir P. out of cupboard.*) Hul-lo—ullo—what are you playing at in there?

Sir Peter. I was only listening, but I heard quite enough to clear your character. (*A ring outside.*) Why, JOSEPH, you're not going?

Joseph. Visitors—I must put them off. (*Aside to Sir P.*) Mind you don't let on about the milliner. [*Exit.*]

Charles. Regular strait-laced chap JOSEPH is, ain't he?

Sir P. Ho-ho—not so much as you fancy! Why, he's got a little French milliner behind that screen there!

Charles. JOSEPH has? I say, what a game! I'll have her out! (*Throws down screen, as JOSEPH returns with Sir OLIVER.*) Great Scott! It's Lady TEAZLE! (*Sensation; picture.*) So she's the little French—ha-ha-ha! Who's disturbing Sir PETER's domestic peace now, eh, JOE?

Joseph. I can explain all. The truth is—

Lady T. A lie, Sir PETER. I came very near being taken in by the insidious artfulness of that canting humbug—but since I overheard your very handsome intentions towards me, I have come to



RATES AND TAXES.

Ronald. "MOTHER, IS THERE A TAX ON BABIES?"

Mother. "No, RONALD. WHY?"

Ronald. "BECAUSE, MOTHER, IN THE PAPER IT SAYS THAT THE BIRTH RATE IS LOWER THIS MONTH."

my senses, and now see the error of my conduct.

Sir P. Then we will say no more about it, and never differ again!

[*They embrace.*]

Sir O. Hooray—hooray!

Charles. Here, what's little PREMIUM hooring for?—it's no business of his. Come, you hook it!

Joseph. Excuse me, his name isn't PREMIUM—it's STANLEY. Get out, Mr. STANLEY. After this I decline to speak for you to my Uncle OLIVER.

Sir O. Do you, though? I happen to be your Uncle OLIVER. CHARLES, my boy, as you wouldn't part with my portrait, I will pay all your debts.

Sir P. And I will give him the hand of my ward, MARIA. As for JOSEPH—

Lady T. We will leave the white-livered sneak to his own reflections. Come, Sir PETER.

Joseph. One moment. The man who can endure to be misunderstood without sentiments of —

Sir P. Oh, blow your sentiments! We've had quite enough of them—and you too!

[*Exit with Lady T., Sir O. and CHARLES following.*]

Joseph (alone). I begin to see, too late, that Hypocrisy is not *always* the best Policy!

(*Curtain.*) F. A.

THE name of the new "Trust" public-house, "The Waterman's Arms," has led many into the error of supposing that it is a temperance establishment. We are informed that to avoid similar mistakes in the future the next one to be built will be called "The Moderate Consumer's Legs."

HOLIDAY HINTS.

(By the Expert Wrinkler.)

WHERE to spend Saturday to Monday is, of course, the prevailing and stubborn problem in many of the stately homes of England. What then must be the difficulty when the question to be answered is where to spend the Easter holidays? The reply depends, of course, very much upon the time that can be expended upon the vacation. If, to take an example, a gentleman has only a week at his disposal, it is little use his thinking very seriously of India or the Cape; but Paris is, of course, well within his power. Given a fortnight he might get as far as Rome if he wished to, although for my part I prefer Monte. On this favourite resort, however, I need not dwell at present, as my readers will remember a paragraph on Monte and suitable costume there which I wrote some two or three years ago on the occasion of one of the infrequent breakings of the bank.

THE IDEAL EQUIPMENT.

Any gentleman who really wishes to acquire a reputation as a citizen of the world must be supplied with a large number of travelling outfits which he can pack at a moment's notice. A compendious bag fitted with requirements for the moors is always handy under my bed; and I am ready to start for the Riviera, the Normandy coast, Paris, Switzerland, the Bavarian Alps, the Rhine, Norway, Palestine, Iceland, at ten minutes notice, according as the invitation may be worded. No gentleman at all in demand can afford to dispense with such preparations. But to make travel really pleasant, remember that you must not only do in Rome as Rome does, but you must dress as Rome (or Paris) expects you to.

THE NEEDS OF PARIS.

Paris being the favourite Easter resort I cannot do better, even at the risk of repeating myself, than give a few hints as to costume in the gay city. A strong light suit of tweed dittoes, of a pronounced check pattern, should be the basis of one's wardrobe. By way of headgear a deer-stalker, a cloth, or best of all, a pith helmet, is *de rigueur* in the English visitor, and if you are not provided by Nature with side-whiskers and long projecting front teeth, you must call in the resources of art to make good these deficiencies.

A SENSIBLE SWISS OUTFIT.

For a Swiss tour I should recommend the following outfit. A dome-shaped celluloid hat for resisting the impact of avalanches: two climbing suits of stout Welsh homespun or Irish frieze (do not make the mistake of wounding the

susceptibilities of the local fauna by choosing chamois-leather, otherwise an excellent substance); hot-water tube puttees and porpoise-hide brogues. A good supply of alpenstocks and blue veils is indispensable. For hotel life I recommend tourists to take their own mosquito curtains, a pianola, and a portable swimming-bath. The changes of temperature in Switzerland are so sudden that one must be prepared for every emergency. If the noontide glare has to be faced, bombazine bloomers will be found most refreshing. But if the Matterhorn is to be scaled by moonlight you cannot be too warmly clad.

NATIONAL COSTUME.

What I would impress on any intending traveller, then, is to be prepared within certain limits to accommodate his dress to that of the country he proposes to visit. It is quite a mistake to suppose that this will involve any serious outlay. Foreigners, though sensitive, are considerate, and will not expect strangers to adopt every detail of their national costume. For instance, I have found that the alterations needful for a visit to Vienna are very few indeed. The absolute minimum is a butterfly tie, but I should also recommend a bottle of *pommade Hongroise* and a tall hat with a flat brim. The ordinary brim can be made to lie flat with a little coaxing, and can be curled up afterwards by any good hatter. High heels also create a favourable impression on the foreign mind, and if you take a black coat be sure that it is heavily braided.

THE TYROL AND ITALY.

I knew a man who said that you would be welcomed anywhere in the Tyrol if you could only jodel. Personally, though I think that a little *tul-lul-liety!* may be a passport to the affections of the Tyrolese peasant, it has no influence whatever with hotel-keepers. For Italy a velvet or velveteen coat will make you feel at home, and if this should prove beyond the resources of your purse then I strongly recommend earrings as the irreducible minimum. The preliminary operation, I admit, is a little painful, but it soon passes off. Earrings, with a red Garibaldi shirt and a Byron tie, give a man a very stylish and thoroughly peninsular appearance.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BEAU BRUMMEL (Bucks).—(1) I should recommend your using a patent safety razor; (2) If your man cannot tie your white ties satisfactorily, I should buy them already made-up.

NOMESSE ORLIGE (Putney).—If you do not like to advertise the fact that you are a teetotaller, arrange with the waiter that when you order Kümme! he shall bring you plain water in a liqueur glass.

LOTHARIO (Camden Town).—A cheap and useful present for your *fiancée* would be a box of a dozen "Delicia" handkerchiefs. They are made in extremely pretty designs, and only cost 6½d. the box.

"THINGS SEEN."

(With apologies to the fortunate observers of the "Daily Chronicle.")

PERIL.

THE *Kohinoor* with urgent paddles forced her implacable insistent way towards Margate. The sea basked in opalescent beauty implicit with repose. We were nearing our destination rapidly; the friendly pier even now beacons in the offing, when an arresting thing happened. Far on the horizon a huge steamer loomed, making, as it seemed, straight for our teeming craft.

The suspense was terrible. Would she run us down? Every minute brought her nearer: she could not be more than a mile away. Would our helmsman be equal to the occasion? On every side I saw the bright eyes of danger, as STEVENSON calls them. Women, lately so vocal, were still; strong men laid aside their pipes. The Captain, stern and white, implicit with determination, gripped the rail of the bridge.

Thus passed the minutes until the two vessels were broadside, the other about a quarter of a mile to port, and a great outstanding shout of relief went up from every throat.

At that moment my eye chanced on a leaflet which had been dropped by some proselytising tripper. It was entitled, "In the midst of life we are in death." I shuddered as I thought of the escape, and immediately afterwards was giving a penny to a member of a minstrel troupe. Such is life, a mingled yarn.

SPEED.

It was the last 'bus. With the lights of home before him the driver laid on the lash with a will, and away we sped, like the wind. In the exaltation of that delirious pace I lifted my voice and sang loud and lustily. A phrase of WHITMAN's had been obsessing me all day with dull insistence, and I sang it now:

There is no stoppage and never can be stoppage.
If I, you, and the world, and all beneath or upon their surfaces, were this moment reduced to a pallid ghost, it would not avail in the long run,
We should surely bring up again where we now stand,
And surely go as much farther, and farther, and farther.

On we went, on and on, past houses and lamp-posts and policemen, and all the while I sang, oblivious to all save the arresting rapture of flight.

At length I was interrupted by a



Algy (suddenly taking the change out of his pocket and examining it). "I SAY, OLD MAN, WHAT DO YOU THINK? I GAVE OUR CARRY A SOVEREIGN AND A SIXPENCE FOR BRINGING US HERE FROM THE CLUB!"

Freddie. "MY DEAR F'LLA, YOU'RE ALWAYS OVERDOIN' IT. A SOVEREIGN WOULD HAVE BEEN AMPLE!"

hand on my shoulder and a voice saying, "Now, then, Guvnor, when you've quite done. Can't have all this row going on in the yard." I glanced round. We were truly in the yard, and the horses were already in their stalls. I could hear the sound of their insistent vegetarian munching.

Sadly I retraced the mile to my lodgings. As I did so I stumbled over a book carelessly dropped by a passer-by. It was STEVENSON'S *Men and Books*. The page fell open at the essay on WHITMAN, and I read in the sickly light of the gas, "No singer, it is true, this brave WALT; but there are better things than song."

KNOWLEDGE.

The large dining-hall was full. It buzzed with badinage and good fellowship. Around me sat all that was best in public life, literature and art—met together to the glory of that old Persian poet who left us this rich and ruddy credo. Here was a critic whose lightest word means fame or despair to a thousand authors; there a poet whose mere name sets every heart athrob with ex-

pectant ecstasy. Next me was a novelist to whom the human soul has no secrets. Philosophers, playwrights, humourists, publicists, sat side by side, made one by the federating powers of wit and devotion. London had surpassed even her brilliant outstanding self.

Suddenly some one propounded a simple problem—"How many parts of speech are there?" Individual opinion was asked. The question ran insistent from guest to guest. "Four," said one; "five," another; "thirty-nine," a third hazarded; and so on—all visibly uneasy. No one knew for certain.

In the midst of this perplexity a waiter chanced to pause behind my chair—a slight pale youth who had attended to me very badly. I put the question to him.

"Nine," he said.

Ah, mystery of human life, paradox of learning! The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

A DISCIPLE.

Just as I turned into Holborn I perceived the small eager compact insistent crowd that indicates that a horse is

down. I peered over the heads of the surging spectators at the supine friend of man. It was a chestnut mare of some thirty summers.

"Yes, Sir," said the policeman to whom I put the usual question. "Yes, Sir" (they always call me Sir, and I never omit to say so). "Yes, Sir, it's a horse down, sure enough. But as EMERSON says, 'We cannot always be on our feet.'"

I grasped his hand: "You, too, know the sweet Sage of Concord?"

"Know him?" said the policeman. "blimy, Sir, he's beef and beer to me!"

A very young lady of Shoreham
Stole some clothes of her brother's and
wore 'em;

But her family said,

As they sent her to bed,

That it showed a great want of decorum.

Village Postmistress (reading over telegram). "Detained cannot dine with you to-night." Wad ye no say ye're sorry, Sir? Ye can dae it for the saxpence.



THE EASTER VACATION.

Owner. "WELL, THE POOR OLD MOKE AIN'T BEEN QUITE 'ISSELF LATELY, SO WE THOUGHT A DAY IN THE COUNTRY 'UD DO 'IM GOOD!"

FRONTI NULLA FIDES.

[TOMPKINS, having religiously read the leading articles and political news, hunts through his newspaper for something interesting. He hits on a likely looking paragraph.]

THIS sounds as if it should appeal to me;
I like to keep abreast of modern thought;
"A scientist's superb discovery!
New theory with vital interest fraught."

I wonder what the new discovery is!
Something of vast importance, I've no doubt;
It's marvellous what clever theories
These scientific men keep throwing out.

I'll wager now that one of these great guns
Has soared above earth's trivial cares and strife,
Grappled with worlds, wrung truth from far-off suns,
And solved the deepest mysteries of life.

Unconquered, undeterred by space or time,
With balanced mind he sifted false from true,

And here, in language cogently sublime,
He gives the issue. Come! let's read it through.

"Man's destiny is hidden in the stars";
(That's a good phrase, by George! and comes out pat.)
"We get no help from Jupiter and Mars."
(H'm, yes! That's so. I've often thought of that.)

"Pure scientific Truth must be our guide;
With her we search through Nature's wide domain.
What do we find? We see on every side
That man's inheritance is one of pain."

(That's true. We've got to put up with a lot.)
"But shall his soul on that account despair?
Can Science labour vainly? May we not
Find means to lift the load he has to bear?"

"At last a remedy is found," (That's good!)
"A perfect anodyne for daily ills.
Would you be happy?" (Yes, of course I would.)
"Then send for *Piccola Maria's Pills!*"



"TAILS, I WIN!"

RE. HON. SIR H. C.-B. "HERE'S A BIT OF LUCK! BEST CHANCE I'VE YET HAD OF GETTING IN!"

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



SEVENTEENTH FRAGMENT.

1. ORSTIN-THAPERKIL, the offspring of Isdad
2. the great Shuv-menébar,
3. the taxer of imports, the Haibari Mahdi
4. whose eye looked through crystal, the lord
5. of *inektiv* (the son did the taxing while
6. he did the *rating*), lord of Goit
7. and Givittem; who, slightly affected by
8. *megal-oményah*, appointed commissions
9. under *hisroil-saiphar*; and from sheer force
10. of habit, returning from Egypt, as he
11. got in his *hansamm*, called up to the
12. driver, "Home—Búkinam-palis." one can quite understand it.
13. (Let's see, where was I? oh!) Orstin-thaperkil
14. in the Treasury did sit
15. face to face with the Bujjit . . and much midnight
16. oil did he lavish upon it. (It was rather rough
17. luck that a shortage of money afflicted the country . . .
18. . . a *démnīshan-déffisit*. Malicious opponents said
19. all of it due to
20. the *vagériz* of Ispar.)
21. And just about this time an obvious feeling
22. of abject foreboding spread all through the ranks of
23. the *Yunyanis-tpáti*; things looked a Bit-rokki
24. they got a Bit-sherti and couldn't stand speeches from Uinstan and Silih,
25. ostentatiously folding their *Bur-menam-tógaz* around them and leaving the building
26. —a petulant insult
27. The Bit-Phunki, the Bit-shīvvri, the Bit-shéki
28. did quake like the aspen.
29. For there came in from all sides
30. *marroh-phrīsin* reports of how
31. strongholds were falling all over
32. the country; Argailshah, Ist-dorsit, Midhārfad
33. (etsettrah) (Mene, Mene, and Tekel, and likewise
34. Upharsin—as plain as a pike-staff!) . . .
35. For the Sobbaz and Rantaz, and wearers of broadcloth,
36. the thumpers of tubs of the largest *kalībah*,
37. had at last got a war-cry that paid like; were running *amok*
38. in Colonial matters, tearing passion to
39. tatters, consumed by the same old
40. astounding delusion . . . they were saving their country
41. from moral destruction by damning it
42. wholesale.
43. They'd discovered a brand-new description of
44. slave-trade (for which Arthab-ál-Phur and Milnah and others
45. deserved to be tattooed all over
46. broad-arrows!)
47. They painted a picture trans-pontine and lurid;
48. poor natives of China dragged off by their
49. *pigh-téls* by Downing Street statesmen, deluded and shrieking,
50. from the midst of their sorrowing friends and relations,
51. their poor, yellow faces all haggard and tear-stained
52. till . . . really (excuse me . . . one moment!
53. Thanks, now I feel better!) . . .
54. carted off in the hold of a slave-ship and treated
55. like rodents; then driven in herds
56. (under Hebrew task-masters with prominent noses, in diamond studs
57. and massive gold watch-chains)
58. to the hideous workings where no light ever enters,
59. there to slave for their brutal detestable drivers
60. in cimmerian darkness (what on earth *is* cimmerian? Still, I like it, . . .
61. it sounds well!)
62. till dragged to their dungeons,—their nauseous compounds.
63. A yellow edition of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; in the year
64. nineteen hundred and four it's too shocking!!
65. And all this while sober, available white men

66. are eagerly waiting on piers and on platforms (but mostly on *platforms*) for rapid

67. transshipment.—Respectable members of British trades unions!

68. —all ousted for these yellow, almond-eyed martyrs,

69. poor, caged orientals who pine for their usual

70. luncheon of puppy, sobbing heart-broken prayers to the spurious

71. splendour of Brummagem idols

72. They really persuaded electrified workmen

73. (at late *bai-elékshans*)

74. that *their* ardent desires were ruthlessly blighted by this influx

75. of *pigh-téls*; but they haven't, *lorblessyah*,

76. the smallest intention of leaving a country like England

77. where pubs are so handy and strikes are so frequent

78. and football editions come out every half-hour

79. (it is strange how athletic these workmen are getting

80. —by proxy! I shrewdly suspect there is some other motive!)

81. If they went to the Transvaal, I fancy it

82. wouldn't be long before work was suspended

83. to attend semi-finals,—

84. the Kaffir Corinthians versus Hotten(ham)totspurs

85. . . . or something of that sort.

86. What remarkable friendships these philanthropist persons

87. contrive to get hold of!

88. Having wept on the shoulders of towzled Boer leaders

89. and moistened the heaving and redolent *jibbabs*

90. of *unschvari-arabz*,

91. they throw their *ekstatikh*, hysterik embraces

92. (clasping black - thread - gloved fingers)

93. round the necks of astonished *haipothetik-al-kūliz*

94. and bathe the excessively prominent cheek-bones of their newly-found allies in

95. tears of emotion But the whole thing's

96. d nonsense. E. T. R.

Show Sunday Visitor (*inspecting finished work of R.A.*). O yes, I like that. I should go on with that, if I were you.

The New Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

WHAT? "Horrid torrid India?"—Stuff! Lord Curzon found it cool enough; In fact, the subject of our rhyme Comes home to seek a *Walmer* clime!

A RISING INDUSTRY.

THE increasing claims of Romantic Literature to take rank among our more honourable trades cannot much longer be disregarded. *Mr. Punch*, ever anxious to be *dans*—or even a little ahead of—*le mouvement*, and profiting by the example set by Mr. FISHER UNWIN, who advocates the merits of his new novels in a portable house-to-house folding poster, admirably designed and coloured, and as good in its way as anything in the Soap and Mineral Water line of *réclame*—*Mr. Punch* is prepared to compose advertisements for popular authors, and will forward designs on application. The followingsamples, though uncoloured and without illustration, will serve to give a rough idea of his methods:—

MESSRS. HALL CAINE, LTD.
(Successors to *William Shakspeare*,
dec.)

beg to announce the publication
of a new novel

THE MANXTER.

No effort has been spared to make
this work the *best of its kind* on the
market.

Please compare our quality with
that of other houses.

The Original Manufacturers.
CROCKETT'S SCOTCH YARNS.

Novels produced with
PUNCTUALITY AND DISPATCH.

Beware of Imitations.
Méfiez-vous aux contrefaçons.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME,
AND NO HOLMES LIKE DOYLE'S.

Only address: STRAND.

A. S. SWAN AND HOCKING
Guarantee all work turned out by
them to be ENTIRELY INNOCUOUS.

Next book:
THE TAME CURATE.
TRY IT.

I hear they want
MORE BOOTHBY.

SPOILT CHILDREN.

[At a recent meeting of the London Court of Common Council, Alderman Sir THOMAS BROOKE-HITCHING, speaking in support of a motion to reduce the age limit for the employment of children, said he did not believe that going to work early in life was deleterious to a child. Some of England's greatest men had begun life by going to work at six, seven, or eight years of age, but nowadays children had so much time to themselves that they acquired lazy habits unless they were under control.]

Your sentimental faddists say
That children ought to loaf away
In pampered ease each idle day
At least till their eleventh year;
You let them dawdle up the Tree
Of Knowledge, nor insist with me
That every infant ought to be
At work before its seventh year.

My aldermanic feelings boil
When I consider how you spoil
The brats who should be taught to toil:
You let them waste their golden time
And learn to gamble, smoke and bet,
Instead of teaching them to get
Their daily pap by honest sweat,
As infants did in olden time.

It maddens me—this wasteful rule
That children so mature should fool
Whole days away attending school
Where nothing they are taught to do,
But vain accomplishments they learn,
Which only serve their heads to turn
And make their fierce ambitions burn
Long, long before they ought to do.

When our great grandsires were alive,
Their sons at six or even five
Were sent to labour in the hive—
The youngsters grew industrious,
And by the time that they were at
The age when any modern brat
Is only lazy, sleek and fat,
Already were illustrious.

No idle hours their life disgraced—
They did not cultivate a taste
For muddy oafishness, nor waste
Blue afternoons in cricketing;
From morn to night with pick and spade
They plied the collier's noble trade,
Or, if a strike were on, essayed
The manly art of picketing.

Thus exercised the livelong day,
In soul and body prospered they,
Nor prematurely fell a prey
To twelve-year-old senility;
But toiling ever, tools in hand,
They early came to understand
The dignity of labour and
The virtue of utility.

SCENE: *Margate Beach on Easter Monday.*

First Lady. O here comes a steamer.
How high she is out of the water.

Second Lady. Yes, dear, but don't you see? It's because the tide's so low.



THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Extract from a Boy's Letter to a Friend.—"GROWN-UPS ARE ROTTERS! THE MOTHER'S GOT A CROWD OF PEOPLE STAYING HERE, AND I GOT UP A GAME OF HOCKEY FOR THEM THE OTHER DAY. FIVE MINUTES SETTLED THEM. THEY HADN'T A BREATH AMONG 'EM!"

THE WIRE-PULLERS.

II.—THE ANTI-TOURISTS.

For months I had been vaguely conscious of his existence. At almost every turn in my journeyings on the Continent I had met with petty annoyances—small things in themselves, but considerable in the aggregate. In Holland, for instance, there was the absurd monetary system. In Germany there was the impossibility of getting anything to eat more civilised than raw ham. In Austria it was the ubiquity of sham Tyrolean peasants. In Italy I had to record the leading dates of my life on my circular ticket. In France I couldn't get my morning tub. There was not the least doubt that some directing influence was behind it all. I could feel that there was at work some powerful mind, whose owner eluded me.

So I set about catching him.

Italian railways seemed to offer the best chance of success. I discovered an obscure village which was about to be connected by a new line with one of the main tourist routes. I took up my residence in the town from which the new line branched, and waited till it was opened. Then I bought a return ticket and travelled by the first train that was run. What I expected happened. The outward journey was the perfection of comfort. I stayed the night at the village and returned the next day. Again what I expected happened. Comfort had given place to chaos. The influence was at work. I waited on the platform and looked out for my man. His self-satisfied air was unmistakable. I cornered him outside the ticket barrier and grasped his throat.

"You brute!" I gasped. "So I've got you, have I?"

He confessed without emotion that I had.

"Why do you do it?" I asked. "Will you tell me if I stand you a bottle of wine?"

"Not Italian wine," he pleaded.

"French, then."

"Very well," he agreed, and we repaired to a restaurant.

"You've given me a lot of trouble," he said wearily when he was comfortably seated. "You see, you've been travelling at the wrong time. This is not the tourist season."

"I prefer not to travel during the tourist season."

"Ah, really? Then you're not a tourist?"

"I am here chiefly on business."

"My dear Sir," he exclaimed, "pray accept my apologies. I misjudged you. But that Gladstone bag of yours, and the suit case, and the soft grey felt hat—

if you're not a tourist, you must admit all these things are misleading. I have only appearances to guide me, and it seems to me you've not been playing the game fairly. I hold my signed orders, and duty must be done—however pleasant it is."

"Certainly," I said, "but what exactly do you conceive to be your duty?"

"Well, it's a secret, but the cat's already half out of the bag, and—the wine is really quite tolerable. Besides, you're not a tourist." He leaned forward and whispered, "I am the agent of the British Watling-place Trust. For some years the dividends of that excellent body had been falling, and there was a general feeling among shareholders that the attractions of the Continent were ruining the Home hotel and boarding-house industry. So the directors met to consider ways and means, and my appointment is the result. I am commissioned to make Europe so uninviting to strangers that no one will care to go there. I control a gigantic secret service."

I nodded. My worst fears were being realised.

"One branch of our work," he went on, "is the preparation of guide-books that tell you nothing you want to know. BEEDEKER is the great obstacle in my path there. I should like to kill BEEDEKER. I believe I should have killed him by this time if it hadn't been for his 'Manual of Conversation.' That has practically saved his life. Have you ever tried to use it?"

"Yes," I said; "and it's like trying to learn chess with a handbook. Your opponent never will give the right reply to your opening."

"Exactly. I reckon that the embarrassments occasioned by the use of that Manual have cured enough tourists to spoil Cook's fortune. Cook is another of my pet aversions. I'm not at all sure that his life is safe. It wouldn't be worth an hour's purchase if I could get him into Corsica. His ticket system is the despair of my people. We rely very largely on the difficulties connected with getting tickets. All that business of clipping them every mile or two, and writing your name on them, and so on, is fairly effective, but tourists don't mind that so much when they haven't had the trouble of buying them with foreign money in a foreign language."

"Where do you turn most of your attention?"

"Oh, to Italy. I've taken infinite pains with Italy. With the railways especially. Take an ordinary case—the journey from Florence to Pisa. If you go by the time-table it takes two hours; if you go by train it takes anything up to five. Then you've probably noticed that there is hardly ever enough room in

the trains; that people come crowding in and prevent your getting out; that it's almost impossible to find a porter; that if you do find a porter you have to use brute force to make him put your luggage into a cab instead of into the private omnibus of some hotel which you don't wish to patronise. You have doubtless observed the dim religious light and the infernal discomfort of the carriages. Well, it's all my doing.

"Then the Italian hotels. It would be hard, I should say, to equal the pitch of tameness to which I've trained the mosquitoes. You have only to extend your naked hand and they'll come and eat out of it."

"It's true," I groaned.

"But of course this is only a small part of my work. I can't tell you everything. There are the faked-up reports of Alpine accidents; the waiters who will talk to you in what they believe to be your own tongue; German pastry; the disfigurement of landscapes and old ruins with restaurants; and, above all, the Continental *Bradshaw*—"

"Yes, yes," I interrupted. "Don't open old wounds. I'm glad to have met you, very glad you've told me all this, particularly glad you didn't bind me to secrecy."

"You'll publish it?" he asked.

"Undoubtedly."

"Well," he said, confidently, "do your worst. I shall take a lot of beating."

TO AN ORANG OUTANG

At the Zoological Gardens.

O SATYR, when I saw you first
Ranging the roof with fourfold grip,
You (being, so to speak, reversed)
Betrayed no sign of consinship.
I never liked the thought, and I
Was glad to put the matter by.

But when you stood erect of frame,
And stiffly crossed the level stones,
I could no more dispute your claim
Of kinship to my old friend, JONES;
His very gait, his very build!
I'm glad I wasn't left undrilled.

And when I gained a closer view,
Your features, as I gazed thereon,
Betrayed a marked resemblance to
My more than brother, ROBINSON,
Which *did* imply a common race;
I'm glad I haven't got that face.

But, more than all, your ginger beard,
The rusty carrots on your crown,
Gave you a ludicrously weird
Similitude to dear old BROWN;
Old BROWN and you would make a pair!
I'm glad I haven't got red hair.

DUM-DUM.

MORE EXHIBITS.

THE "Invicta," which Sir DAVID SALOMONS has offered to present to the London County Council to be placed in a prominent position in the County of London, dates from 1830, and was one of the first locomotives used in this country. Some other equally interesting survivals might be similarly pilloried.

The earliest Hansom Cab, with model of its Driver and Phonographic Attachment recording the language of the latter—on an island in the City or Piccadilly where the block is thickest.

The first British-made Motor-car, as towed by a dray-horse (stuffed)—on the roof of Tattersall's.

The oldest Penny Steamboat—on the top of Lambeth Bridge.

Lambeth Bridge—on the nearest convenient Scrap-heap.

The first Flying-Machine—among the Branches of any Tree with which it may collide in Hyde Park.

The oldest Street-musician— in the middle of Salisbury Plain.

The first Passive Resister (portrait)— in any cheap stained-glass Window.

different as to their choice of newspapers. He had noticed—though he would not venture to found a generalisation on what might be a mere coincidence—that a very large proportion of the bigamists he had arrested had a copy of the *Bazaar*, *Exchange* and *Mart* in their possession.

said that so long as customers kept their place she ignored their newspapers. She had noticed, however, that if a gentleman carried a *Daily Telegraph* he invariably insisted on having "all the soda."

A distinguished football referee

HOW NEWSPAPERS INFLUENCE THE PUBLIC.

[Mr. JOHN BURNS, in the debate on the County Council Tramways Bill, stated that all the young men who fought with women for seats on the Westminster buses were readers of the *Daily Mail*.]

Mr. Punch's special inquisitor has gone round to procure accurate information as to the way in which newspapers influence their readers. This is the result.

The head porter of the Alhambra, when questioned, said that if he saw a gentleman seated in the stalls reading the *Spectator* he knew as if by intuition that that gentleman would have to be chucked out in the course of the evening. "Gets to their 'eads like champagne," observed the stalwart critic.

A railway guard remarked that if a gentleman objected to others smoking in a smoking compartment that gentleman always had a copy of the *Daily News* with him. He had no positive theory on the subject, but thought that there might be something about the *Daily News* printers' ink which made tobacco smoke objectionable. He had also noticed that ladies reading *Home Chat* frequently left their babies behind in the carriages, and thought that this was a testimony to the entrancing qualities of the paper. Ladies who read *M.A.P.* were invariably most courteous to railway servants. He attributed this to the fact that they strove to imitate the genial aristocrats described in its pages.

A detective inspector at Scotland Yard said that criminals as a rule were in-



EARLY INGENUITY.

"WHATEVER ARE YOU CHILDREN DOING?"

"OH, WE'VE FOUND PA'S FALSE TEETH, AND WE'RE TRYING TO FIT THEM ON TO THE BABY, 'COS HE HASN'T GOT ANY!"

The House Surgeon at Bart.'s Hospital remarked that some of the most interesting cataleptic cases he had known had been brought to the hospital clutching copies of the *Athenaeum*. He invariably cured them by the "red light" treatment. This was most expeditiously applied by swathing the patient from head to foot in copies of the *Sporting Times*.

A real lady, who condescendingly presides at a railway refreshment bar,

observed that if on entering the field he saw any section of the onlookers reading the *Rock* he regarded it as a very evil omen. He had always found that in such a case he was ultimately stoned out of the ground.

A Hooligan stated that it was exceedingly unwise to garrote any wayfarer who carried a copy of the *British Weekly*. "Talk abaht passive resistance," said this knight of the road; "why don't they practise what they preach?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A STORY whereof the principal scenes are placed in South Africa among the Boers is not at first sight calculated to attract the English reader; but whoever on this account dismisses *The Shulamite*, written by ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW, CHAPMAN AND HALL being the publishers thereof, without giving more than a cursory glance at this book, will be doing the authors an injustice, and will be depriving himself or herself of a very great pleasure. The situations of the tale are powerfully dramatic, the characters are all clearly defined, and the interest of the reader, through all the changing scenes of their life, in sorrow or in joy ("for which overhaul hymn book, and when found make a note of"—*Cuttle*), is never allowed to flag for one single moment. The type of Boer here represented belongs, as it seems, to the well-to-do, but rough, untutored, illiterate, farming class, and not to the superior breed whose young men become graduates at Oxford and Cambridge, and whose young women receive their education in Paris. The authors evidently set themselves a task, and have unflinchingly carried it out to the bitter end; yet, from time to time, as the web is being woven, the Baron fancies he can hear Mistress ALICE ASKEW pleading that some little consideration may be shown to the hardly-pressed lover, while, on the other hand, CLAUDE ASKEW has shown himself willing to yield to his partner's prayer on the sole condition of her extending some pity to the cruelly-used Shulamite. Neither would give way, and the result is the successful achievement of the unconventional.

Mr. WALTER SICHEL's *Disraeli* (METHUEN) will not fill the place in biography for which Lord ROWTON's unbegun book was sought. He did not know his subject personally, nor has he access to sources of private information usually supplied to the authorised biographer. He is dependent for the value of his book chiefly upon the talent of industry which led him to diligent search through the published records of DISRAELI's work, whether on the platform, in the press, or in literature. The result would be more attractive if he had been able to resist a fatal tendency to italics. There is nothing more disturbing to a reader than to come upon a passage in a page printed in italics. Mr. SICHEL peppers nearly every page of his portly volume with this offence. Another trick annoying by its iteration is the assurance that he will show us something in "my eighth chapter" or "my tenth." These are blemishes on an industrious and informing compilation easily removed should it reach a second edition. Meanwhile, being largely composed of things DISRAELI said or wrote, it has both value and charm.

We are familiar in these latter days with Mr. BALFOUR's confession that he has "no settled convictions." In a phrase of which this seems the echo DISRAELI alluded to the Coalition Ministry of 1853 as one of "suspended opinions." My Baronite is amused to come across, on page 44, the ghost of a joke made in the pages of *Punch* more than twenty years ago. It appeared in "Tony's Diary," and described how Mr. THOMASSON, the deaf Member for Bolton, "neglected his natural advantages" by going about the House, sitting under wearisome speakers, and cocking his ear-trumpet so as not to lose a word of their wisdom. Mr. SICHEL attributes the quip to DISRAELI. The last time my Baronite saw it in print was in the *Life of Lord Sherbrooke*. LOWE's biographer found it entered in his diary as one of his own much-applauded sayings. There was at least this excuse for the error. "TOBY, M.P.," happening to see the new Peer in the Gallery of the House of Commons whilst Mr. THOMASSON was enjoying himself, put the little jest in his mouth. Lord SHERBROOKE, having frequently heard it attributed to him, came at last to believe

that, though a poor thing, it was his own. And now it is Dizzy's. *Sic vos non vobis*.

My Nautical Retainer offers hearty congratulations to those two clever sisters, K. and L. MONTGOMERY, on the success of *The Cardinal's Pawn*, their remarkable contribution to UNWIN's "First Novel Series." What faults it has are due to a too prolific gift for imagery, and to an overlaboured style that tends to obscurity—defects that may perhaps be ascribed to excess of virtue. Possibly the infection was caught from the pedantry of that Medicean period in which the plot is laid, and from the influence of a land "where the richness runs to flowers." The authors have so far disregarded their own identity that they have forgotten that the narrative itself should have been told in the simple diction of to-day, and not according to the recondite and allusive methods of mediæval Italy. But this is the kind of fault that the future will easily cure, if, as THACKERAY says, "we grow simpler as we grow older." Meanwhile, K. L. MONTGOMERY (as the authors combine to call themselves) has really no need to claim the indulgence allowed to inexperience. Whether the scene is laid in Florence where the board was set, or in Venice that saw so many breathless checks and counterchecks, or in the wide spaces of forest and hill that lie between, there is no page in this enthralling book but glows with colour and is alive with the stir of adventure. Indeed the book should be read twice; first, for pure joy of the tale itself, which betrays a marvellously vivid invention; and next, for the better understanding of those high qualities of artistic feeling and observation that have been lavished on the rich embroidery of the backgrounds.

Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE's *Behind the Footlights* (HUTCHINSON & Co.) will amuse and interest many besides those who may be curious to learn in what respect actors, actresses, and other persons connected professionally with the drama and music differ from ordinary human beings. "Glitter," observes Mrs. TWEEDIE, "dazzles the eye." So it does: true; it couldn't well dazzle the nose, but that's a mere detail of only slight importance. "Nevertheless," she continues, "behind it"—i.e., the glitter, not the eye—"beat good hearts and true:" (Hear, hear!) "while hard work, patient endurance, and courage mark the path of the successful player." In this respect the path of "the successful player" is, you see, not very different from that of "the successful player" at cricket, or billiards, or of "the successful" lawyer, stock-broker, composer, doctor, statesman, or general store-dealer. The book is illustrated with some excellent photographs of celebrities. Enthusiastic as Mrs. TWEEDIE is about the stage, she yet records some advice of Mrs. KENDAL's, which does not sound encouraging: "'Dissuade everyone you know,' Mrs. KENDAL entreated me one day, 'from going on the stage. There are so few successes and so many failures.'" Well, but how about the Bar, or, indeed, any profession? From a purely business point of view Mrs. KENDAL's advice is excellent, as, were a majority to go on the stage, the front of the house would be rather badly provided with audience, and the most important box in the theatre, the cash box, would be empty. Mrs. TWEEDIE's is an entertaining book; pick it up when you like, and open it where you will, you will be indeed hard to please if you fail to find a sufficiently instructive and always very pleasant "gossip" in Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE.





PARRIED.

The Major (not so young as he feels). "Ah, Miss MURIEL, in the SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF——"
Miss Muriel (who wishes to avoid a proposal). "WHAT A MEMORY YOU HAVE, MAJOR!"

A "BOZ" NOTE.

THAT CHARLES DICKENS had saturated himself mentally with CARLYLE's *History of the French Revolution* ere ever he commenced writing *A Tale of Two Cities* must be evident to all fairly well acquainted with the aforesaid history and also with the romance; but that he had just commenced to dip into CARLYLE at the time he was either writing, or projecting, *Dombey and Son*, is a matter that only exact knowledge of chronological order of composition can determine. Now the ground for this hypothesis is in certain commencements of fresh paragraphs, of which the following is a sufficient example:—

"Whereby at least we have again this historical curiosity: a human being in an original position."—*French Revolution*, Vol. I., chap. 4.

And so on. Is it not very *Bunsby*? Likewise is it not rather Meredithian? Between CHARLES first and GEORGE second not much left for a third picker of CARLYLE bones. But not to allow *Bunsby* to escape, let us quote his very words of wisdom:—

"Whereby," proceeded the voice, 'why not? If so, what odds? Can any man say otherwise? No. Awast then!'

Dombey and Son, chap. 23.

Decidedly, *Bunsby-Carlyle*, or *Carlyle-Bunsby*. At the

next meeting of "The Boz Club" a subject for discussion, always allowing the fact rendered possible by the correct adjustment of dates, might be proposed, dealing with the influence of CARLYLE in the creation and development of the character of *Jack Bunsby*—"he was christened *John*"—the philosophic commander of *The Cautious Clara*.

Insatiable.

"COWARDS die many deaths before they die," says SHAKESPEARE. So apparently do prisoners at Hove, according to the *Brighton Herald*, which states in a recent issue:—

"For the second time within two months, a prisoner has taken his life in the cells at Hove, and on each occasion, by a tragic coincidence, the suicide has been by hanging from the bell-pull."

It is to be hoped that he won't do it again.

FISHY.—According to the *Daily Graphic* "the extraction of sunbeams from cucumbers is scarcely more inherently improbable than the recovery of an eel, which was made a day or two ago, from one of the organ pipes in a Belfast church." It has the air of a miracle; yet after all why should not eels be made from organ pipes? Codfish have sounds, and music hath charms to eel the savage breast.

"HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD."

HERE, where the jewelled waters lie
 Locked in a curve of sheltering shore,
 Sapphire that answers rock and sky,
 Turquoise above the grey sea-floor,—
 Lulled by a cool narcotic breeze
 That shrinks to break the tideless calm,
 This Slave of Duty lolls at ease
 Imbibing Nature's healthy balm.

The landward ridges, plumed with green,
 Stand sentinel to guard my scalp
 Lest any airs too rudely keen
 Should blow from some adjacent Alp;
 Likewise my soul, by that device
 As in a haven, closely furled,
 Breathes an exclusive Paradise
 Whose gates defy a fevered world.

Yet are my senses well aware
 That just a league of coast between
 Divides me from the fret and glare
 Of Monte Carlo's giddy scene;
 And, doubtless, in her stolid way,
 However much my help is missed,
 England herself, this Easter Day,
 Somehow continues to exist.

My heaven is changed, but not my heart,
 Which still is hers in any clime,
 Nor would I let exotic art
 Colour my purely British rhyme;
 And, as I tune my homing song,
 One face, one form, in Memory's van,
 Command my larynx; they belong
 To HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

In lively gratitude I reach
 Back to the monumental date
 On which he read his studied speech
 Against the War-Triumphate;
 When that old warrior burst in scorn
 Upon the one redemptive scheme
 Spared from the wreck of hopes forlorn
 That marked a moribund régime.

What sort of praise from Liberal ranks
 That bright heroic deed may earn
 I know not, but I know the thanks
 That in a Tory bosom burn!
 So round his feet may pansies blow,
 And sunlight gild his genial face
 Whose tact allowed a tottering foe
 At least another year of grace!

Q. S.

Cap d'Ail, La Turbie.

Terrible Discomforts (New Style).

THE legend beneath a war picture in the *Sphere* gives away the situation with delightful frankness. Thus:—"NAPOLEON's retreat from Moscow in 1812 has a counterpart in some of its terrible discomforts in the Russian advance into Manchuria. No fewer than four '*Sphere*' artists and photographers are accompanying the Russian army." The italics are our own.

Euphemism from the "Gazette."

RECEIVING ORDERS.—LONDON.

RUSSELL, WILLIAM FREDERICK, now temporarily residing at His Majesty's Prison at Wandsworth, but lately carrying on business at Hollingbourne Road, Herne Hill, builder's foreman, formerly master builder, March 25.

M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. I.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sure you will not deny that we are living in critical times. It was only last week that, happening, as I sometimes do, to lunch at the Xerxes (my favourite Club), I came across my old friend AUBERON, and found that he took a very gloomy view of public affairs. AUBERON, by the way—this is entirely between you and me—used in his early days to be an Irishman, but soon after he came to England he chucked it, if I may quote from *The Second in Command*, and at the same time he changed his somewhat full-flavoured Hibernian name of O'BRIEN to the comparatively Norman name under which he used to sit in the House of Commons and still writes letters to the *Times*. You remember his last one, I daresay. It was, as an undergraduate acquaintance of mine would say, a regular teaser, and had as its title "PRINCIPLE OR PARTY—WHICH?" It went on for a column and a quarter, and it showed that, while Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. BRODRICK and the rest of them were almost absurd in their incompetence, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Mr. ASQUITH were much worse, being afflicted with what the writer in one of his finest passages called "a positive megalomania for the worst results of a barren Little Englandism, which has led them from one humiliation to another until their last state has become even worse than their first, though, no doubt," continued AUBERON, "it is infinitely superior to that condition to which they are tending—I mean the sea which lies at the bottom of a certain steep place of which we have all heard." This, I may say, is a good and typical example of AUBERON's style. He himself calls it *persiflage*, and I've no doubt it must be intensely galling to those who are made its victims. I saw Mr. ASQUITH and Sir HENRY C.-B. on the very day this letter appeared, and I couldn't help noticing that, in spite of an affected ease and carelessness of demeanour, there was something alarmed and furtive about their looks, something penitential and appealing in their way of walking and talking, which plainly showed that the Auberonian shafts of satire had gone home, as, indeed, nobody could doubt they would.

On the occasion of my meeting AUBERON at lunch at the Xerxes last week, I had brought with me a young Frenchman who is making a short stay in this country with the object of studying our institutions and learning, I suppose, how we have managed to establish ourselves in a position which excites the jealousy of all foreign nations. His name is BOUDIN, JEAN JACQUES MARIE AUGUSTE BOUDIN, a queer name, you must admit, Sir, if ever there was one. Often have I asked myself in reading these and similar assortments of French names why a man should think it necessary to have a female name in addition to his other male names. Nobody would object to JEAN or to JACQUES, or even to AUGUSTE (though I own that JOHN and JAMES and AUGUSTUS have a stronger and more resolute sound), but why MARIE? I said something of this sort—of course, as delicately and politely as possible—to BOUDIN, but he merely smiled and asked me not to make him responsible for the failings of his parents. At the time I did not press the matter, but obviously this answer only shifts the matter one step back: it supplies no reason for a custom which is as absurd as it is unmanly.

However, BOUDIN himself, whatever may be said about his names, is presentable enough. His age is twenty-six, he stands at least six feet high, his complexion is ruddy, his moustache is as good, though not quite so long, as that of Sir ROBERT HERON-HODGE (which I have always held to be the *fine fleur* of British-grown moustaches), and his clothes are excellent both in cut and in taste. He can ride and he can shoot (at least he says he can), he has taken part, so he tells me, in the athletic revival of France and has played



GOOD OLD CUSTOMS.

RT. HON. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N (back from his holiday). "WELL, IT HASN'T TAKEN LONG TO CLEAR THAT, EH?"

CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER. "NO, SIR. FREE-TRADE COUNTRY, SIR!"

football (of a sort, naturally), and has rowed in a race. Intending sooner or later to launch himself in public life he has come over here, as I said, to learn what he can about freedom, progress, and Parliamentary methods. He brought a letter of introduction to me and I brought him to the Xerxes Club to lunch and we met AUBERON.

Now it was, perhaps, unfortunate that we should thus have come upon AUBERON, for AUBERON, eminent and considerable as he is, has, if I may hint it, one fault: he is, having snapped the links that bound him to Ireland and the Celts, the John Bulliest Briton that ever ate a chop and drank bitter beer at the Xerxes, than which there is no John Bullier club in London or the provinces of England, including Putney and Sevenoaks. "Ah, me boy," said he, as I approached—the odour of Irish roses still clings to his treacherous tongue—"you've read my letter in the *Times*? Well, am I right? Was there ever a Government like this? Faith, they'll be giving Middlesex to Russia next."

"What," I asked in some disturbance, for I trust I am not unpatriotic, and it galled me to hear our Government thus spoken of in the presence of BODIN, "what has happened? I have not noticed—"

"Hear him!" says AUBERON, "hear him! D'ye not see they're patching up an agreement with France on all outstanding questions—that's what they call it when they mean to abandon the interests of the country. Is it we should be making any agreement with France? Isn't it France, our bitter enemy"—here I winked violently at him, but all to no purpose—"isn't it France should be crawling on her knees to us, begging us to make an agreement wid her"—his excitement overcame him, but he proceeded—"And what's the use of it any way? France has got a falling birth-rate and there's no trust to be placed in her. She's only waiting to be grabbed by a dictator, and then see if I'm not right. She'll invade us, by the powers, and where'll your twopenny-halfpenny Government be then?" There was more to the same effect, but I hastily withdrew BODIN from the dreadful scene, and we sat down together at a remote table.

Evidently, however, we are living, as I said, in critical times, and, such being the case, it may interest you to hear from time to time what my young French friend thinks of our civilisation and how he is struck by our greatness. So far he has been very reticent.

Faithfully yours, X.

A RECENT thief, according to one of the dailies, when pursued, hid in an empty mummy-case. This is the instinct of self-preservation at its strongest.



Visitor. "DO YOU HAVE ANY DIFFICULTY IN GETTING SERVANTS?"

Hostess. "NONE WHATEVER. WE'VE HAD TEN DIFFERENT ONES IN THE LAST MONTH!"

HOMŒOPATHY.

["Mr. STENSON, Director of Pomology at the St. Louis World's Fair, is convinced that apples are a certain cure for the drink and tobacco habits. 'If there is a tendency to do something desperate,' he says, 'let a man sit down and quietly reflect upon it, meantime munching an apple.'—*Daily Chronicle*.]

WHEN skies are all gloomy and grey,
When things look as black as they can,
And when you get thinking
There's nothing like drinking
For putting some heart in a man;
For any sake, do not give way!
I hope with this craving you'll grapple;
The clouds will roll by
If you only will try
The effect of consuming an apple.

If a desperate deed should invite,
If you fear you are going insane,

If you feel suicidal
And scarcely can bridle
The madness that tears through your
brain;
Munch a Newtown with leisurely bite,
And ponder the deed you intended:
I am soundly assured
You will find yourself cured
Ere the apple of concord is ended.
For how did our troubles begin?
'Twas an apple, as everyone knows,
Whose rosy temptation
First sowed in creation
Its plentiful harvest of woes.
So if you would guard against sin,
Don't trust to your church or your
chapel:
Homœopathy's laws
Cure an ill with its cause,
And undoubtedly point to the apple.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XIV.—OUGHT WE TO TAKE EXERCISE?

SCENE—*The Covered Cricket Pitch at St. Bride's Institute.*

PRESENT.

The Editor of the "Daily News,"
(in the Chair).

Archdeacon Sinclair.

Canon Hensley Henson.

Mr. Frederic Harrison.

Mr. William Archer.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

Mr. C. B. Fry.

Editor of the "Daily News." This meeting has been convened, gentlemen, in order to arrive at some satisfactory replies to a set of four questions which I have drawn up:—

- A. Have you found outdoor exercise to be necessary?
- B. What is the particular pastime favoured by you?
- C. What benefits have you personally derived from such pastime?
- D. What are the benefits likely to accrue to the community from the encouragement of athletics?

Certain replies to these questions have already appeared in my columns, but it seemed well to discuss the matter also in convocation. I might open the discussion by saying that, personally, I could never do the work I do if it were not for the game of water polo which I play every afternoon after lunch at the Bath Club.

Archdeacon Sinclair. Water polo may be very well, but surely the ordinary game with ponies is better and prettier. If all young artisans in the large towns would play polo instead of watching football and cricket we should have a finer national physique.

Canon Hensley Henson. Do you think polo is better than punching the ball? I attribute my own good health and prosperity to an undeviating habit of punching the ball, in and out of season.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton. All perfect exercise is passive. The finest exercise in the world, combining as it did courage, the preservation of one's balance, and recognition of scientific progress, was to be obtained from the moving staircase at HARROD'S STORES. Since that has been removed I have grown steadily flaccid.

Mr. William Archer. SYDNEY SMITH, I have read, used to recommend a walk on an empty stomach.

Editor of the "Daily News." Yes, but in these indulgent gormandising days where are we to find one?

Archdeacon Sinclair. There used to be one—I forget where.

Canon Hensley Henson. At the Royal Aquarium, I think. A man named SUCCI.

Mr. William Archer. Yes, that was the name. He drew crowded houses.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree. I have reason to believe that walking on all fours is a most admirable means of building up the physique. The chest measurement of Zakkuri's spies, in *The Darling of the Gods*, who progress entirely in this way, has increased enormously since the first night.

Archdeacon Sinclair. It does not sound to me dignified.

Mr. Tree. Yet what is dignity compared with the *mens sana in corpore sano*?

Archdeacon Sinclair. True. I must practise it. Hitherto I have found that there is nothing like walking to develop the muscles of the leg. My motto is, Always do things by calves. I skip regularly every morning for some minutes after my bath, and on specially busy days I fortify myself by running round the Whispering Gallery before the sacred fane is open to the general public.

Canon Hensley Henson. Does Mr. CHAMBERLAIN hunt?

Mr. Frederic Harrison. I think not. It is his only redeeming virtue. But then he goes to the opposite extreme—that of taking no exercise—which is in its way quite as bad as the excessive indulgence in demoralising sports and pastimes.

Mr. William Archer. I hope you do not include dancing in that category. As a fervid Gael I cling passionately to the exercises of my native heath.

Archdeacon Sinclair. The Highland Fling is all very well. But would you encourage the Cake-Walk?

Mr. Chesterton. Certainly, if it conduces to municipal patriotism.

Mr. William Archer. Not that I dance to excess. I have other diversions. For example, I make a point of vaulting over every pillar-box after I have posted an article in it. The act is a form of worship, a testimony to the power of the G.P.O., the Press, and incidentally of myself.

Mr. Chesterton. I should have put "myself" first.

Editor of the "Daily News." But we are rather losing sight of the last question on our list, that lettered D.

Mr. Chesterton. Well, as to the benefits likely to accrue to the community from the encouragement to vault letter boxes, much could be said and more written. I could have a column on the subject ready in ten minutes at the usual rates.

Mr. William Archer. I don't think you ought to take my subject.

Mr. Chesterton. Perhaps not; but all subjects are one to me.

Mr. C. B. Fry. I am surprised that no one has mentioned cricket. Surely there is no exercise like that, both for the muscles and the fountain pen. As to

its effect on the populace, it makes them buy the best magazines, and what could be better than that?

Canon Hensley Henson. Are there any best magazines now-a-days?

Mr. C. B. Fry. Why, haven't you seen our advertisements? Awfully witty. "IT'S A NEW MAGAZINE. IT'S A NEWS MAGAZINE. IT'S A NEWNES MAGAZINE."

Archdeacon Sinclair. I say, who made up that? That's wonderfully good. I wish I'd said it.

Mr. Fry. It was done by a wag in our eleven—I mean our office. Just as quick as saying knife. London's a wonderful place.

Mr. Frederic Harrison. Any exercise is good that distracts the public from crowding grounds in order to see thirty-two hired bravos kick themselves to a jelly.

Mr. Fry. What game is played by thirty-two hired bravos?

Archdeacon Sinclair. Not lawn tennis?

Mr. Frederic Harrison. No, certainly not; football.

Mr. Fry. Why thirty-two? Do you count the referee and the umpire?

Canon Hensley Henson. What about the linesmen?

Mr. Frederic Harrison. Oh, well, it may not be thirty-two; but they are hired bravos anyway, and they kick each other to a jelly. I have often thought about it with pain as I scaled Mount Everest or Aconcagua. If only our young men would all become mountaineers it would be a great thing for England.

Archdeacon Sinclair. Would not Court Tennis, if universally played, tend to national salvation?

Mr. C. B. Fry. I think not. Owing to the limited accommodation of the *dedans*, the spectacular possibilities of the game are almost nil. And what is the use of a game which does not lend itself to constant journalistic comment? I doubt if our Chairman knows the difference between a "boasted force" or "chase better than two." Chase me.

Editor of the "Daily News." Both "Court Tennis" and the "Royal and Ancient" game of golf seem to me to suggest something fulsomely monarchical. The word "chase," moreover, is associated with Buckhounds, game laws and other aristocratic excesses.

Mr. C. B. Fry. Possibly you have never heard of PETER LATHAM?

Editor of the "Daily News." I like his Christian name. Is he a Passive Resister? [Exeunt.]

The Unchivalrous "Chronicle."

"ANOTHER novelty at this bazaar will be the menagerie which Mrs. ARTHUR PAGET is responsible for. Here will be found the Duchess of ROXBURGHE, Countess HOWE, Princess HENRY of Pless, Viscountess CASTLEREACH, and Lady SARAH WILSON."—*Daily Chronicle.*

CUPID AT KEW.

["Of more than a dozen young women who took up the pursuit of horticulture at Kew Gardens, not one remains. 'We have known no more enthusiastic pupils than the ladies either in the Gardens or at lectures, but we feared the movement would not last,' said the Curator at Kew Gardens. 'At our annual dinner one of our directors stated plainly that the day of the lady gardener was past. He referred of course, to the many matrimonial engagements which had been the outcome of the movement.'"]—*Daily Mail*.]

Off in the early morning

I've brushed away the dew
That hung like gems adorning

The Paradise at Kew;
There 'mid sweet scents that floated
Around me, I have noted
Twelve Eves—nn-Eve-like coated
In decent garb of blue.

They flitted 'mid the roses

Like butterflies, more fair
Themselves than any posies

That bloomed beneath their care:
Their fairy forms went tripping
From bed to bed, here snipping
A graceful lily, clipping
A *Gloire de Dijon* there.

Or if the ground was muddy,

Or April threatened showers,
In scientific study

They spent the golden hours;
Dull lecture-rooms they sat in,
They talked of trees in Latin,
And even learnt to chat in
The language of the flowers.

To chemistry they hied them,

And while with nodding head
The drowsy men beside them

Were sleeping like the dead,
They sat with brows well knitted,
While o'er the pages flitted
Swift pencils which omitted
No word of what was said.

Had EVE continued daily

The task she had begun,
What blooms had blossomed gaily
To greet the noonday sun!

But whilst her flowers she tended,
Young ADAM, gay and splendid,
Amid the roses wended—

He came—he saw—he won.

When EVE the first was married

She knew no household woes:
Her business on she carried

Unchecked by darning hose;
She sewed no hateful buttons,
Nor dreamt of beeves and muttuns;
For then the veriest gluttons

Could well dispense with those.

But life's more complicated

Than in the days of yore,
And now when maids are mated

Their great careers are o'er:
These Eves have doffed their gaiters
To wheel perambulators,
And desolate Curators

Shall view them nevermore.



Navy. "OW FAR IS IT TER DONCASTER, LAD?"

Cheeky Boy. "THERE'S A MILESTONE BEHIND THEE."

Navy. "BUT I CAN'T READ, LAD."

Cheeky Boy. "IT'LL JUST SUIT THEE, THEN. THERE'S NOWT ON IT."

WEEK-END OF THE DRAMA.—According to Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S announcement it should be possible, as he hopes, to enjoy *From Saturday till Monday* at the St. James's Theatre. This arrangement, we are afraid, has been interfered with by the fact of the intervening *Sunday* having been already secured by Mr. and Mrs. FRED TERRY at the Comedy Theatre. The two managements will probably come to some mutually satisfactory understanding.

Chafing-Dishes Superseded.

FROM the *Lady*:—

LADY can supply delicious hot-buttered eggs; absolutely reliable; 1s. 6d. dozen, two dozen post free.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Gardener* asks, "What is the right time to pinch chrysanthemums?" Surely the answer is obvious: "When there's no one about."

A VISIT TO HIGHBURY.

(In the manner of Lady Ribblesdale in the "Nineteenth Century.")

WE paid our first (and last) visit to Highbury on the 5th of November, 1903. On reaching Birmingham we found that the only conveyance available was a station omnibus, which just held me, my maid, and belongings, so BABBLESDALE had to walk all the way to Edgbaston in a dense fog. Our progress was slow and perilous, and I was very glad when we entered the gates and heard the cheery bark of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S poodle, *Zollverein*.

There was PHARAOH, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S chief butler, on the steps, and Mr. JESSE COLLINGS with an embroidered satin waistcoat tripping to meet us in the hall.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN came forward with his most charming manner, and said, "I feel very guilty in having brought you into all this fog. It looks as if I had specially prepared it for your reception; but, as a matter of fact, we have had a fog ever since ARTHUR BALFOUR was last here."

From the first our visit to Highbury depended upon the other guests who were expected—the German EMPEROR, the Editor of the *Spectator*, and the Duke of DEVONSHIRE and Mr. SARGENT. If they had been unable to come we should not have been bidden, as solitary guests at that time were considered too exhausting for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who was busily engaged on the preliminaries of his Tariff Commission. As none of them had arrived a certain air of reserve was displayed by our host, but this was happily dispelled when, on our re-assembling in an ante-room before dinner, we found the missing KAISER, Duke, Editor and Painter. There was no sign of BABBLESDALE, and Mr. SARGENT, armed with a dark lantern, gallantly sallied forth to meet and guide him home.

Soon after entering the dining-room plates filled with hot water were placed on the table, and a jar of Liebig was handed round. By an error of judgment PHARAOH brought it to me first. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN became uneasy, and whispered to him to hand it to the KAISER, but finding all his signals unavailing, sought to divert attention by calling his illustrious guest's attention to the design and length of the spoon laid for his special use. Then he began to talk of Glasgow and his reception there. He asked the KAISER if he had ever addressed mass meetings of this kind. The KAISER replied that he always spoke *urbi et orbi*. Whereupon Mr. CHAMBERLAIN gave us a description of the megaphone and the symptoms of influenza, a précis of *David Copperfield*, and an account of the process by which

soda-water bottles are blown at St. Helen's.

On my asking him whether he had called his son after the authoress of *Pride and Prejudice* he replied that he had not; which was, I thought, very frank of him at such a time.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN always required the most delicate steering. Many is the keen regret I have had over the precious moments wasted on tallow candles, crockery, poultry shops, the cultivation of strawberries, etc. He covered such a vast area, and his interests were so universal, that you were practically never safe, and he was off before you were aware you had given him his head, and then the difficulty was to turn him.

The Caucasus, even in Birmingham, is hardly inspiring; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN made some interesting digressions from the excellence of their worthies to the Birmingham people. He said they were the finest and most heroic race in the world.

Between the courses I had time to examine the wall paper of the dining-room, which was a dull red, presumably chosen to throw Mr. JESSE COLLINGS' delightful whiskers into charming relief.

I ought to say that BABBLESDALE and Mr. SARGENT came in with the dessert, both rather cross. BABBLESDALE had mistaken the way and wandered into Aston Villa football ground.

BABBLESDALE got to work at once, and quoted a remark by the Marquis Ito to the effect that "the world revolves upon its taxes." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN apparently liked this, but his disapproval was quite as marked when BABBLESDALE ventured to describe the Sheffield Programme as beatified common-sense. His brows met; there was disagreement, indignation, sorrow for the misguided, and a hundred other expressions in the shake of his head.

After dinner Mr. CHAMBERLAIN lay full length on the hearth-rug, taking no exercise, as was his wont, while we made a semi-circle around him and discussed a thousand topics. BABBLESDALE said some very good things, but the KAISER was obviously *distrain*, and the DUKE not so wakeful as usual.

Cards were brought out at nine-thirty, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN took a hand at our table, the other players being the Editor of the *Spectator*, myself, and PHARAOH. As, however, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN refused to move from the hearth-rug the game was difficult.

The next morning we were told by Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN, in answer to some solicitous questions from her husband as to the comforts of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, that his fire had smoked badly during the night. Our host's expression of sympathy when the DUKE came down to breakfast baffles description. Keener

distress could not have been shown for the loss of a Birmingham seat.

I watched with interest to see how far the DUKE would deem it his duty to spare his host pain. But he was troubled by no scruples of this kind: the smoke had been very bad indeed, but it had not kept him awake. He added, however, with a flash of unfamiliar humour, "Smoke comes natural to a CAVENDISH." Reassured by this quip, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN banished the frown from his brow and proceeded to cut slices from a large loaf which, with jam, pickles, and cold New Zealand tongue, constituted the menu.

WINSTON CHURCHILL was the chief topic during breakfast, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN contending that he was the most dangerous man to the peace of Europe. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS stoutly maintained that the prolongation of the Boer War was entirely due to his escape from Pretoria.

The KAISER, who had been busy painting an allegorical picture in the orchid house, now came in clad becomingly in an artist's blouse. The teapot was unfortunately exhausted, but with great presence of mind PHARAOH dropped two or three walnuts into it from the pickle-jar and filled it up with hot water. Luckily I was able by an eloquent kick under the table to prevent BABBLESDALE from indulging in the dangerous luxury of another cup.

After breakfast I walked round the orchid houses with Mr. JESSE COLLINGS. His hat was quite unique, and of so amazing a construction that I could not help asking where he got it. "Where did you get that hat?" was the form my question took. He could not remember. It had a conical crown of yellow straw, with a cock pheasant's tail-feather stuck in a green ribbon, a peak of patent leather, and a strap under the chin like a policeman's helmet. Mr. COLLINGS wore it on one side with an infinitely rakish air.

From the orchid houses we went into the library, which is entirely filled with editions of DICKENS. Mr. COLLINGS kept his hat on, owing to the defective heating arrangements.

During the morning all the guests left except myself and Mr. DREW, who, however, during the week I was in the house, never showed himself once, although a place was always laid for him. Mr. WITHDREW, our host wittily called him. By the third evening I had got so accustomed to his absence that it ceased to depress me, although Mr. CHAMBERLAIN made the joke regularly at every meal. But such is his charm that nothing he can do is wearisome.

I left at the end of the week.

After being with such a personality the world felt cold and stagnant.

CHARLOTTE BABBLESDALE.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO BOY.

[According to Dr. F. E. TAYLER, of Liverpool, impositions and keeping-in are harmful. He strongly advocates corporal punishment in schools. "I think the birch a capital instrument," he says.]

A MEETING of representatives of the Public Schools was held last Friday, the subject of debate being, "That this house approves of Mr. TAYLER's remarks on corporal punishment."

Mr. TOM BROWN, of Rugby, the proposer, had, he said, sometimes been called a typical public-schoolboy. He did not know whether he justified the description. (Cries of "Yes, yes.") Very well, then. All he could say was that he had been flogged repeatedly in the first half of the book, before he met his friend ARTHUR, and it had never done him any harm. It had stung for the moment (*Cheers*), but the after-glow was rather pleasant than otherwise. ("No, no.") At any rate, he thought it would be a bad thing if there was no flogging.

Mr. "STALKY" CORKRAN, of Kip's Home for Juvenile Demons, seconded. The fact of the biznai was, he said, that everybody except Gadarene swine and jelly-bellied flag-flappers liked being slain. He himself always gloated. Besides, how was an author to end up a story of real school life except with a flogging? He must now hurry off, as he had to put some decomposing rats in Mr. PROUT's bed.

Mr. ERIO WILLIAMS, of Rosslyn, opposed. Flogging, he said, was all very well for the villain or the comic-relief characters, but when it came to the hero—! He had been flogged. Did he burn with remorse and shame at the conclusion of the ceremony? No. With rage and passion. He attributed to the effects of his punishment his subsequent theft of Mr. GORDON's pigeons and the funds of the cricket club. Had he not been flogged, he thought he would not have taken to drink. Previous to the operation a small lemonade had satisfied him. Afterwards he saw life in a glass (of beer) darkly.

A Winchester representative rose to second the last speaker. He agreed with Mr. WILLIAMS that flogging was a bad thing. Not that he minded the birch. But there were fives-bats and ash-plants. He resumed his seat with an expression of pain.

Mr. JONES, of Haileybury, said that he approved of flogging, because it lent a distinction to a school. Why was Haileybury famous? Because Mr. CORNWALLIS had lowered the Varsity record for the Half-mile? No. Because its headmaster was related to the Colonial Secretary? No. Why, then? Because on the day of the relief of Ladysmith the whole



A CONFESSION.

Day Governess. "How is it your FRENCH EXERCISES ARE ALWAYS DONE SO MUCH BETTER THAN YOUR LATIN ONES?"

Tommy (after considering awhile). "I DON'T THINK AUNTIE KNOWS LATIN."

[Auntie, who was about to enter, quickly and quietly retires.]

school broke bounds, and were flogged at one gigantic swoop clean off the reel.

Mr. ROBINSON, of Harrow, said that flogging was a jolly sight better than lines. Besides, you could always use a folded towel or something. (*Deafening applause.*)

Mr. WILLIAMS now rose for the second time. It seemed to him, he said, that the matter was capable of a very simple solution. Masters should rule by kindness rather than force. How much more lasting an effect it would have if, instead of brutally assaulting a boy, a master were to present him with

an orange or a sponge-cake, together with a few gentle words of reproof. There might be a sort of sliding-scale arranged for the purpose. Thus, if found out of bounds, the culprit might receive butterscotch. For misbehaviour during school, a bag of pear-drops. For theft or smoking he would suggest a substantial tea with muffins and anchovy paste. Under such a régime the Perfect School would be a certainty.

The motion was then put to the vote, and lost by a large majority. Mr. WILLIAMS was desired to forward details of his scheme to the headmasters of all the schools in the country.

THE GAIETY GAUL.

THE agreement with France has been signed, and for some nine months or more our feelings towards our French neighbours, and, let us hope, theirs towards us, have grown more friendly, which must please every sensible Englishman, from the KING downwards. Yet for about half those nine months a lively actor at the Gaiety has been amusing crowds of more or less sensible English people with the representation of a creature supposed to be a Frenchman. The Gaiety girl is one of the noblest institutions of our country, especially when she becomes a peeress, but the Gaiety Gaul, perhaps appropriate and amusing at the time of the Fashoda dispute, now lags superfluous on the stage.

The talented (and numerous) authors of *The Orchid* have discovered a remarkable type. They ignore—perhaps *ils ignorent*—the existence of gentlemen in France as well as in England. They appear, however, to have observed that there are counter-jumpers, snobs, mountebanks, lunatics, and contortionists in both countries. By endeavouring to blend these five types the authors hoped to evolve a comic Frenchman. They have produced only a monkey. Will they forgive an Englishman for pointing out to them that this is a graceful and charming expression of our present goodwill towards the French? As to the “understanding” with France, that is of no consequence. The simian Frenchman of the Gaiety is one of those things that no fellah can understand.

But the talented (and numerous) authors, convinced that every Frenchman must be a monkey, have another surprise for us. According to them Frenchmen in France talk broken English to each other. Strange that no English traveller has observed this!

Imagine the talented authors themselves at Brighton, a miserable substitute for Nice, but sufficient for our argument. Would they talk broken French? Perhaps they would stroll out from their hotel and converse as follows:—

First Author. Quel gloriou jouah!

Second Author. Ung pou trop froah pour moa.

First Author. Jaimais contong!

Third Author. Il est allong à plouver aivong long, et je n'ai pas mong ombrelle.

Fourth Author. Pongdez le plouie! Mais ne pongsez pas de loui. Laissez nous aller sour le jaitai.

Fifth Author. Droit vous êtes, vieou homme!

Second Author. Trop froah pour moa!

Sixth Author. Oh, fermez laho aivec voter froah! Je aime la froah. Vous êtes comme ung vieou femme.



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF. DICKENS UP TO DATE.

["Two burglars, charged with burglary, frankly admitted that the reason they wore gloves was because they didn't want to leave their finger impressions for identification purposes."—*Daily Paper.*]

First Cultured Safe-Breaker. "HARRIS."

Second C. S.-B. "SIR."

First C. S.-B. "HAVE YOU GOT YOUR GLOVES ON?"

Second C. S.-B. "YES, SIR."

First C. S.-B. "THEN TAKE THE KIVER OFF!"

Fifth Author. Vous aivez oune habit trop laiger, cher garçon. Vous daivez porter oune habit de fourrure tout le année comme moa.

All the others (together). Et moa.

Seventh Author. Ici viang le plouie.

Third Author. Comme je disais il voulait.

Eighth Author. Soufflez-le! Laissez nous aller dos à la hôtel.

Ninth Author. Et commongeer ung nouveau pièce à vainir aiprès le *Orchidée*.

Tenth Author. Aivec oune drôle Onglais dong le, eh?

All the others (startled into English). With a funny Englishman in it? By Jove! That is a ripping idea. So jolly original, dear boy! Let's get to work at once!

[*They rush indoors.*]



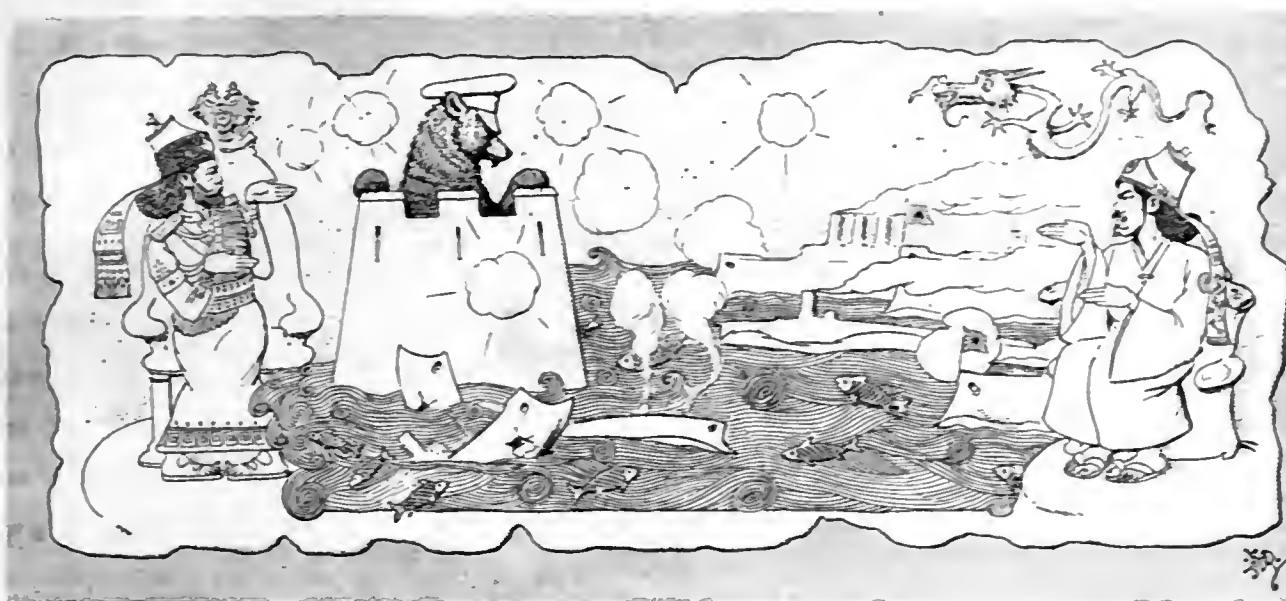
A GOOD PLUCK'D 'UN.

OLD FAMILY REFAINER. "TAKE CARE, MASTER AUSTEN! IT'S VERY WIDE AND UNCOMMON DEEP."
 MASTER AUSTEN. "ALL RIGHT, COLLINGS. WE CAN BOTH SWIM!"

(After John Leech's well-known picture.)



THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MIPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



EIGHTEENTH FRAGMENT.

1. Now in the reign of Nikkithetsar, the lord
 2. of the Russkis, the Droschkis, and
 3. *Moujiks*, of the *hiraut* and suffering *sippaz*
 4. of *vodki*, the *rihdaz* of *tolstoi*, of the
 5. *makhzimz-or-gorki*—when it isn't all blacking
 6. (every sentence that matters is as black as *yurhat*
 7. with the best *déyyun-máhtin*, —*pehsih-linkhan-anbennit*!
 8. . . . thanks to the kindly paternal attentions of
 9. a vigilant censor);
 10. Lord of the Kossaks, the wearers of dressing-gowns which flap in the breezes,
 11. who have the advantage of facing the foeman
 12. in novel positions; who, just as you fancy you've got 'em
 13. for certain, turn *rait-upsaid-dáun* on the necks of
 14. their horses . . . half-circus, half-soldier, showing only a pair of
 15. *voluminaz-brichiz*, and let off their *raiphuls*
 16. from among all the *fetlokhs*, or whatever you
 17. call them (I fancy I've heard *horsimén* call
 18. them *fetlokhs*); then regaining their saddles
 19. gallop *tordzthih-horaizun*, doing farewell *phandangz*
 20. or *tartar* Steppe-dances (a kind of a cake-walk, in a crouched-down position, and shooting their legs out)
 21. on the tails of their horses—I should say *haind-quartz*;

22. Must be most disconcerting, these
 23. *tartarath-letikhs*.
 24. But unto Nikki the King must I once more return.
 25. the lord of the Bear, and the double-faced Eagle
 26. —the Bear that walks *manlaik* (as a brother-scribe has it
 27. in the mighty *Rudaiyád* of 'Omer Khiplin);
 28. that shuffles on sideways, with a shifty expression.
 29. towards watering-places that offer
 30. an outlet for his latent ambition, gripping on
 31. to the pole with his claws half-embedded.
 32. with such *phrantikh-endévez* to look
 33. very upright that he nearly falls over;
 34. Nikkithetsar the nominal ruler
 35. of hordes of officials with *astrakhan* caps
 36. and a craving for *bakhshish* (with the
 37. silent *goloshiz* of India-robbers' who
 38. before they'd subscribe to his peaceful proposals
 39. a "Little Father" would see him—hence
 40. the title they give him! I'm told that
 41. this passion for *púrboirz*, this *likin* for *dhausurz*
 42. is quite universal; why, even the generals
 43. --you should always give *bakhshish*—and

44. *kárryar* to generals
 45. (These parentheses seem to grow longer and longer
 46. I wrestle in vain with their *Laokoóntikh* embraces.)
 47. But I really must go back to Nikkithetsar
 48. for though I admit it's anomalous—very—
 49. after all, *he's my subject*
 50. He had spread himself eastward and calmly ignoring
 51. such trifles as treaties
 52. Had bolted Manchuriyah whole, in fact
 53. bolted and barred it; but in the event it would
 54. seem that he'd bitten off more than a Man-chus
 55. with comfort.
 56. The nations looked over the wall and said, "Schoking!"
 57. We cannot permit such disgraceful behaviour!"
 58. but, as usual, did—nothing . . .
 59. Then did the Bear with a smile of repletion
 60. settle down to digest all the *pigh-tails* he'd swallowed
 61. with one paw on Korea But before his
 62. remarkable *gastrikh* arrangements could get
 63. well to work, came the rattle of armour from over
 64. the water, came along the Bit-Jappi, the Bit-Nippi,
 65. the wearers of clogs, and of *pehper-ambrellaz*.
 66. the wiry, diminutive sons of Ju-Jinsu, discarding

67. their primitive trappings of lacquer; for,
 68. wiping the eye of his Western companions,
 69. Mutsuhito the king, said he'd stand no . . . (words missing, presumably something Japanese or Assyrian) . .
 70. Whatever the others might care to put up with;
 71. he'd be jolly well blowed . . (no! that doesn't sound
 72. much like the way a descendant of Sun-gods would
 73. put it!) Forth came the warships
 74. their decks cleared for action, from the land of the *geisha*,
 75. leaving the poor little toddling creature with
 76. her paint and her powder, her *crêpe* and
 77. her sandals, to gaze through the
 78. half-opened paper partition, 'mid lanterns and
 79. blossom, dropping tears on the matting, as she said "*Sayonara!*"
 80. to the boys of Dai-Nippon.
 81. From the land of the Daimios, of Fuji-no-Yama,

82. the land of the *nets'hé*, came these ivory-carvers
 83. who have fastened their "ivories" into the calves
 84. of the foeman so firmly.
 85. Mutsuhito the King, the lightning-change-artist
 86. who a few years ago was a sanctified image, all shut in with curtains,
 87. a divine, prehistoric, brocaded *Mikado*, now sends forth
 88. his *krusaz*, the latest from Elz-wikh and Elz-where, all talking
 89. like humans on the *márkon-isistem*;
 90. as wily as weasels, as swift as the eagle,
 91. his shark-like destroyers who hover in shadows
 92. held in leash like the *cheetah* (by the way quite the
 93. best kind of beast for the purpose;) avoiding the keen
 94. flashing eye of the searchlight till the moment for planting
 95. death-dealing *torpédos* in the vitals of foeman lying inside
 96. the harbour—staggering millions and knocking them

97. endways to lie upon mudbanks But the straits
 98. of Portartha—like honourable wasp under miserable
 99. tumbler, were really a *phlih bait* to the straits of
 100. the poor journalist correspondents who'd been sent out
 101. to thrill us with startling details, . .
 102. sat about Nagasaki, and Shang-hai, and Kobé
 103. in elaborate *warkits*, and simply
 104. knew nothing; and so, to prevent all their
 105. stylographs rotting, they wrote about picnics, *jinrikshas*,
 106. their boyhood, and what sort of print-frocks their
 107. nurses wore mostly, and how they remembered one day
 108. at Kioto when someone said something,
 109. and all about Togo's great-grandmother's garden,
 110. and so on and so forth, *ettsettrah*
 111. Poor beggars! it's really pathetic!
 E. T. R.

DESICCATED DRAMAS.

(As supplied to Music-Hall Sketch Artists.)

THE LADY OF LYONS.

SCENE 1.—Interior of "The Golden Lion," near Lyons.

BEAUSEANT and GLAVIS enter from R.

Beauseant. As you justly observe, my dear GLAVIS, I am the richest and gayest bachelor in Lyons. In spite of which, PAULINE DESCHAPPELLES, who is merely the daughter of a wealthy *roturier* merchant, has had the cheek and presumption to refuse my hand in marriage!

Glavis (aside). So she has mine! (*Aloud*) What could have induced her to do that?

Beau. Because I am, forsooth, a mere commoner, as my father the Marquis lost his nobility in the French Revolution, and the ambitious little hussy turns up her disdainful nose at anything under a title.

Glavis. Then she will have to put up with a foreign one, for all titles are "off" in France.

[*Shouts outside of "Long live the Prince! Long live Prince CLAUDE!"*]

Beau. If we could but find some way to pay her and her pompous mother out! (*Enter Landlord.*) Who is this Prince they are shouting for?

Landlord. Only the pride of the village—young CLAUDE MELNOTTE, the gardener's son. We call him "the Prince," because he has educated himself above his station, which has rendered him extremely popular. He has just won the first prize in a local shooting match, and is madly in love with PAULINE DESCHAPPELLES, the Beauty of Lyons, who does not even know him by sight.

Beau. GLAVIS, an idea has just occurred to me for humiliating her. Let us discuss it in greater privacy.

[*Exit with GLAVIS, R. Enter CLAUDE, L.*]

Claude (throwing small coins to crowd outside). Thanks, friends; now go round to the tap-room and drink to my success. (*Cheers; to himself*) Glory is priceless! (*Enter GASPAS.*) Welcome, GASPAS, you doubtless bring me a letter

of thanks and compliments from the beauteous PAULINE for the love-verses I gave you to deliver to her? (*GASPAS silently holds out a bulky packet.*) What—returned! without a word?

Gaspas. Chucked at me by a flunkey, with the remark that his lady had never been so insulted in all her blooming life! Nay, worse! I have borne that which no Frenchman can suffer without indignity—they kicked me out! . . . I could show thee the marks—but, well, no matter. It seems that thy poetry must have been rather— [*Exit, injured.*]

Claude (re-reading his verses). No, I can't see a single line here to justify their kicking poor GASPAS so severely as that. What have we gained by our so-called French Revolution, if a gardener's son may not present original poetry to a merchant's daughter? Oh, to be revenged on this arrogant beauty! But how? [*Enter BEAUSEANT and GLAVIS, R.*]

Beau. I will tell thee. We will fake thee up as a bogus Italian Prince of sorts, pay all thine exes, and introduce thee to the haughty PAULINE—on condition that thou swearest to wed her and bear her to thine humble home.

Claude. My brain reels. But it is too good a chance to refuse. I swear. Fake me as ye will!

[*Exit with them; Interval. Then change to:—*]

SCENE 2.—The Gardens of M. DESCHAPPELLES' house at Lyons.

Enter Mme. D. with PAULINE, Colonel DAMAS, BEAUSEANT, GLAVIS, and CLAUDE, disguised as The Prince of Como.

Mme. D. Oh, your Highness, I shall expire with laughter! Isn't the dear Prince witty and amusing, PAULINE?

Pauline. He is indeed, Madame! And such lovely poetry as he writes, too! So infinitely superior to the drivelling doggerel of that impertinent fellow, CLAUDE MELNOTTE! How it would make you laugh, Prince!

Claude. Many thanks for the compliment. (*To Mme. D.*) Pray accept this diamond snuff-box. (*To PAULINE*) And you, this ring, set with priceless brilliants—both heirlooms in my family!

Beau. and Glavis (aside). The liar! Why, we lent them to him, to render him more of a toff! [*Exeunt indignantly.*]

Col. Damas (aside). It's my belief this fellow's a fraud! (*Aloud*) As an Italian nobleman, you doubtless speak the



HINTS TO BEGINNERS. THE HUNT STEEPLE-CHASE SEASON.

IF YOU MUST RIDE IN THE LOCAL HUNT RACES, DON'T ENCOURAGE THE OBJECT OF YOUR AFFECTIONS TO BRING HER CAMERA DOWN TO THE WATER-JUMP.

language. *Dov'è il treno per Tutti Frutti? Portatemi un po' di sapone!*

Claude (aside). Why didn't I learn more of the lingo? (*Aloud*) If you call that gibberish Italian, it's more than I do!

[*Exit Col. DAMAS, baffled.*]

Mme. D. How well you exposed my cousin DAMAS's pretentious vulgarity, Prince! I will leave PAULINE to entertain you.

[*Exit.*]

Pauline. Sweet Prince, tell me once more of that palace of thine on the Lake of Como!

Claude. Oh, ah—that palace! Well, to be worthy of thee, it should be a first-class residential mansion, lifting its marble walls—which are fitted up with every modern improvement, gas and hot water laid on all over the premises—to eternal summer. It should also include a handsome aviary, well stocked with feathered warblers, specially trained to syllable thy name. Is the picture to thy liking?

Pauline. It has quite won my heart. I should have loved thee just the same, even hadst thou not been a Prince!

[*Exit R.*]

Col. Damas (enters L. with two swords). As you don't seem to speak Italian, here are a couple of Conversation Manuals.

Claude (to himself). Luckily, I have had correspondence lessons in Fencing! (*Aloud*) Fool! Take your ground! (*They fight; CLAUDE disarms Col. DAMAS, and returns his sword respectfully.*) The State's property, I think, Sir. Be more careful of it in future.

Col. Damas. I am your friend for life! A man who can fence like that *can't* be a swindler! If there's anything I can do for you in future, name it!

[*Exit.*]

Claude (to BEAUSEANT and GLAVIS, who re-enter). Fiends, release me from my oath! I can't and won't marry PAULINE. She is such an angel!

Beau. You'll marry her as per contract this very day. If not, we'll split upon you—and then she will marry me!

Claude. Anything to save her from such a horrible fate as that! I consent.

Enter Mme. D. with PAULINE.

Beau. We've just been warning the Prince that he must fly at once, as the Directory has his name and address.

Mme. D. Fly? Before he has made me his mother-in-law? Never!

Beau. Of course not. I will order a priest and a travelling carriage, so that the happy pair may start on their honeymoon without delay.

Claude (to himself, in gloomy abstraction). 'Tis in the bond. But Nemesis will soon upset my apple-cart! [*Change to:—*]

SCENE 3.—*The Widow MELNOTTE's Cottage. The Widow discovered alone.*

Widow. So my CLAUDE has wedded the proud PAULINE after all, and they will be here anon! Deary me! Ha—they come!

Pauline (enters with CLAUDE). It is most annoying that the carriage should have broken down, and compelled us to spend the night in such a poky hole as this—however, I must say this old person seems fairly respectable. (*As CLAUDE embraces the Widow*) You seem to be already acquainted?

Claude (frankly). We are. In point of fact, she is my Mother, and I am CLAUDE MELNOTTE, the gardener's son.

Pauline. I see it all. So you are not a Prince! What a very ungentlemanly trick to play upon a lady!

Claude. It was. I loved you—you scorned my suit. When you trample on a worm you cannot be surprised if it turns—into a sham Prince!

Pauline. And this is your palatial residence? Ha-ha-ha! I shall be the laughing-stock of all Lyons!

Claude. Not so. There is no harm done. I have already informed your parents, who will presently arrive to make arrangements for a divorce. Meanwhile, I will leave you under my Mother's protection.

[*Exit.*]

Pauline. A divorce! Then he will marry someone else! (*Sobs on Widow's breast.*) Oh, Mother, he mustn't—he *mustn't* do that!

Widow. I regret to say I cannot altogether condone the mess my son seems to have got himself into.

[*Exit.*]

Enter BEAUSEANT through window.

Beau. PAULINE! By now you must know all. I have come to console you. Fly with me!

Pauline. Sir, this roof, however lowly, is now my husband's, and I must beg you come off it. Help!

[*CLAUDE rushes in, and throws BEAUSEANT to other end of stage; BEAUSEANT produces a pistol; PAULINE faints.*]

Claude. Coward! You *knew* the weapon was unloaded! Get out!

[*Exit BEAUSEANT.*]

Enter the DESCHAPPELLES and DAMAS.

M. Desch. PAULINE, my child, leave this miserable impostor, and we will procure you a divorce!

Pauline (reviving). I cannot. Impostor as he is, he is My Husband, and it is now my duty to share his lot!

Claude. What a heart I have wronged! Colonel DAMAS, you once promised to do me a good turn. Get me into the French army!

Col. Damas. I will. More, I have taken such a violent fancy to you that I will stick you into every forlorn hope!

Claude. Then, farewell, PAULINE—these are my last words. Pardon the liberty I have taken. I go—in all probability—to fall amidst the carnage and roar of battle!

[*Exit; PAULINE faints: Picture, and change to:—*]

SCENE 4.—*A Street in Lyons, two years later.*

Enter Colonel DAMAS, with CLAUDE, now Colonel MORIER.

Damas. So here we are, back again at Lyons, on the anniversary of that glorious day in which you distinguished yourself! So forlorn were the hopes into which I stuck you, and so rapid is promotion in the French army, that, although you joined as a simple private under the assumed name of MORIER, you are now a Colonel and the Hero of Lodi.

Claude. I am—and I would I were in my soldier's grave! For to-day, at one P.M. precisely, is not my PAULINE to sign a contract to marry BEAUSEANT a week after she gets her divorce from me? If I could but see her once more!

Damas. You shall. I have an invite to witness the ceremony, and will smuggle you in as a friend of mine. She will never recognise you, now you have grown a moustache. Let us go thither.

[*Change to:—*]

SCENE 5.—*A Room at the DESCHAPPELLES'.*

M. and Mme. D., BEAUSEANT, and Notary (a thinking part).

Pauline (to BEAU.). I am reconciled to my doom. Still, I implore you to let me off, while there is yet time!

Beau. Not me! It is my turn now. Unless you sign the contract, I make your father a bankrupt!

Damas (enters, with CLAUDE). Not late, I hope? Let me introduce Colonel MORIER, the celebrated hero of Lodi.

Mme. D. Proud, I'm sure, to receive such a distinguished party. PAULINE, you have heard of Colonel MORIER?

Damas (to PAULINE). As he slept in the same tent with that young MELNOTTE, he can deliver any message you may like to send. (*Aside to Mme. D.*) He will tell her what a scoundrel MELNOTTE is!

Pauline (to DAMAS). Say that I love him more than ever—but am compelled to act thus to save my father from becoming an insolvent.

Beau. (to M. DESCH., showing bundle of notes). As soon as she signs, these notes will be yours! PAULINE, the contract awaits your signature.

Claude (tears up the contract). Hold! I outbid you. (*To DESCH.*) Old man, here is a pocket-book which contains the sum twice told! In a single year, by economising my

scanty pay, I have amassed a colossal fortune. As every coin of it has been bought with a soldier's blood, you need not blush to accept it.

M. Desch. I do not. (*Takes pocket-book.*) The contract is off. But I have yet to learn to whom I am indebted for this timely assistance?

Pauline. Ah, I recognise him now, despite his moustache. It is my long-lost husband! [*Rushes into his arms.*]

Claude. Oh, joy! oh, rapture! Weep, PAULINE, weep holy tears on this humble but be-medalled breast!

Beau. Torments and death! To be beaten at the post thus! Ha-ha! I wish you joy of your gardener's son!

[*Exit.*]

Claude. A gardener's son who has beaten his spade into a sabre, and with it wooed the Angel of Virtue to cancel his crime!

Mme. D. A Colonel and a hero, in these hard times, is not a son-in-law to be sneezed at. (*Crosses to him.*) Sir, I wish you joy!

Claude. Ah! Take my word for it, Madame, Repentance is the only true mother of Respectability!

(*Curtain.*)

F. A.

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that the GRAND LAMA is not feeling very Grand to-day.]

The statement circulated by a Motor Journal that Major DUNLOP, when wounded in the Thibetan fighting, exploded with a loud bang, is denied. It is none the less a fact that the report reached England.

The *Novosti* now declares that Russia will not object to a British Protectorate over Thibet. In these circumstances we think it would be a graceful act were the British authorities to return to the Russian War Office the Russian guns which the Thibetans had evidently stolen from our friends.

Turkey has so often proved herself to be behind the other Powers in the matter of civilisation that it is a pleasure to find her for once in advance of them. Picture postcards, with few exceptions, are now prohibited from entering the SULTAN'S dominions.

Experiments having proved that water is a dangerous element in which to entrust Russian war-vessels, the eighteen torpedo boats ordered by Admiral MAKAROFF are being sent by railway.

The first suicide from a sky-scraper has been carried out with great *éclat* in New York, and there is every likelihood

that this will be in the future the smart death for Americans.

Much satisfaction has been expressed in Ireland at the compliment paid to the Irish people by the Admiralty in changing the name of the *Black Prince*, stationed at Queenstown, to that of the *Emerald*. RANJÍ, however, is declared to feel much hurt.

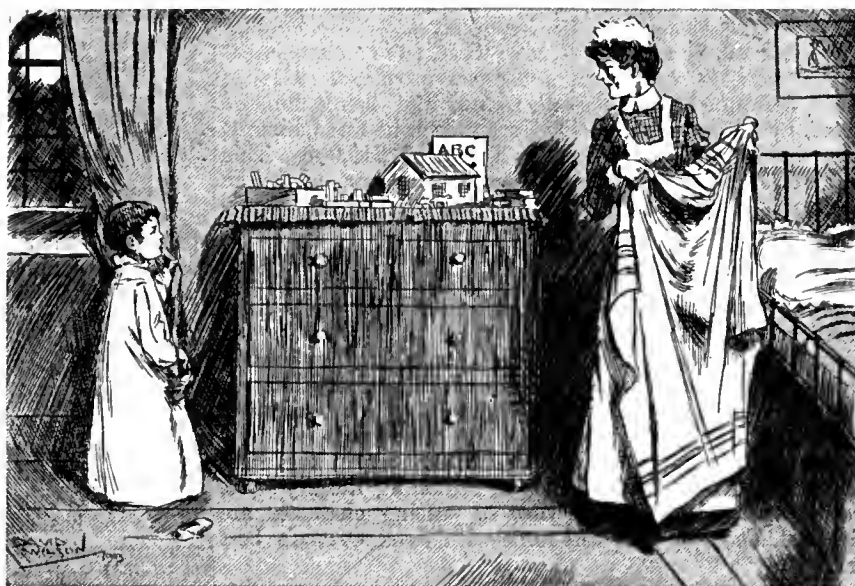
One of Scotland's leading drunkards is reported to have died suddenly last week on reading that some burglars who broke into an Edinburgh public-house wilfully turned on all the taps, and allowed 130 gallons of good liquor to run to waste.

Dr. BARTON'S airship will carry on its

months ago were stated to have been killed by the Turkhana tribe have arrived in England. They one and all deny the accuracy of the report.

It has been proposed that, to enable the Town Councils to meet local expenses, a tax shall be levied on all visitors to certain watering-places. We were under the impression that this was already done by some of the hotels.

President ROOSEVELT has disapproved of his daughter gambling on a race-course. Unscrupulous opponents are now attempting to make the PRESIDENT'S re-election an impossibility by spreading a report to the effect that he wishes to deprive his countrymen of their right to say "You bet."



Mike (who has been looking at the moon). "I THINK, NURSE, THERE'S SO MUCH LIGHT IN THE ROOM TO-NIGHT, I'LL JUST GO TO BED IN THE DARK!"

trial trip two black cats for luck. There can, we suppose, be little doubt that the reason why so many similar inventions failed is that the owners neglected this precaution.

An actress has confided to an interviewer that she contemplates writing two plays. "One is a pure comedy, and the other is a serious drama." Some think there is a greater opening for a pure drama.

The theory that boys are descended from monkeys has received an ugly set-back. A Philadelphian gentleman possesses a monkey who washes himself with soap and water.

The four members of the British expedition to East Africa who some

With reference to the indictment brought against Society people that they are now impatient of mourning, we think that it is not fair to tar them all with the same brush. A fashionable widow replied only the other day to an invitation to dinner that she regretted that, owing to her recent bereavement, she could not accept unless her hostess could assure her that it would be very dull.

Belgrade having been visited by repeated shocks of earthquake, King PETER has at last resolved to hurry on the punishment of the Regicides.

"Where will Major SEELY sit?" asks a contemporary. The answer is: Under Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The ex-Colonial Minister will doubtless sit on him.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE tale of JOHN OLIVER HOBBS's latest work, *The Vineyard* (FISHER UNWIN), will not help the reader to forecast its drift when he takes the book up, nor does it convey any suggestion of appropriateness when he lays it down. "Why Rockery?" *Betsy Tredegar* sharply asked David Copperfield's mother when she mentioned the name of her domicile. "Why Vineyard?" my Baronite would like to ask the brilliant author. Possibly the explanation may have something to do with the fact that the plot works itself out amid rural surroundings, of which there are many dainty touches.

In the main it is a series of clever studies of incompatibility of temper in *Persons About to Marry*. *Jennie Suarez* is a charming little woman, a trifle uncertain in performance of duty of making up her mind. Allured by the physical attractions of a handsome animal, unprincipled, uncultured, wholly unattractive in other respects, she falls in love with him. They become affianced, he characteristically insisting upon the engagement being kept secret. This enables *Gerald Federan* by and by to make what, from a commercial point of view, is a more advantageous marriage. Having meanly defrauded everyone all round, and being himself cheated by a more accomplished scoundrel, he finds himself under the necessity of providing a sum of £15,000. This happened to be the fortune of *Rachel Tredegar*, whom he had originally schemed to rob. So he throws over *Jennie* and makes love to the heiress, who incontinently yields herself up to the charm of his god-like countenance, the grace of his shapely limbs. *Rachel Tredegar*, though not presented as the heroine, is the most interesting, because the oddest, of the many women who play their part in the drama. That young gazelle, *Jennie*, having suffered much vicissitude of the affections, marries, not a market gardener, as was the habit of the fair known to *Dick Swiveller*, but a drawing-master. The wooing of these two is, in its way, as quaint as are the successive enterprises in the same field of *Gerald Federan*. As far as sparkling literary style, shrewd saying, and incisive view of passing character are concerned, *The Vineyard* will rank with JOHN OLIVER's best work.

The Celebrity at Home, by VIOLET HUST (CHAPMAN AND HALL), is an eccentric sort of book with an attractive cover and a title that suggests great possibilities to a too imaginative reader who, it is possible, may find himself somewhat disappointed.

One of my Junior Baronites reports: "I have just read *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* (JOHN LANE), the first novel of the brilliant and paradoxical (some would say 'brilliant but paradoxical') essayist, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON. It not only entertained, but fascinated me. Why? Honestly, I should find it difficult to explain. Not because of the love-interest, for the very sufficient reason that there is not a single female in the whole book. Nor yet because it gives an imaginary picture of London a century hence—for the reader who expects 'anticipations' in the manner of Mr. H. G. WELLS will be disappointed; it pleases Mr. CHESTERTON to assume that the London of that day will be precisely the same as now,—only, if possible, more so. I can't give any idea of the story, beyond saying that it is wildly fantastic, and even preposterous. If you asked, as the Scotchman did of *Homer*, what it was intended to prove, I could only answer with a very uncertain voice.

"The author may have meant to point out the danger

of a hypertrophied sense of humour—but this is scarcely a fashionable ailment at present. Or he may have desired to show the disastrous results of being without any sense of humour at all—though there are few withers, even at Notting Hill, that will be wrung by his 'awful example'.

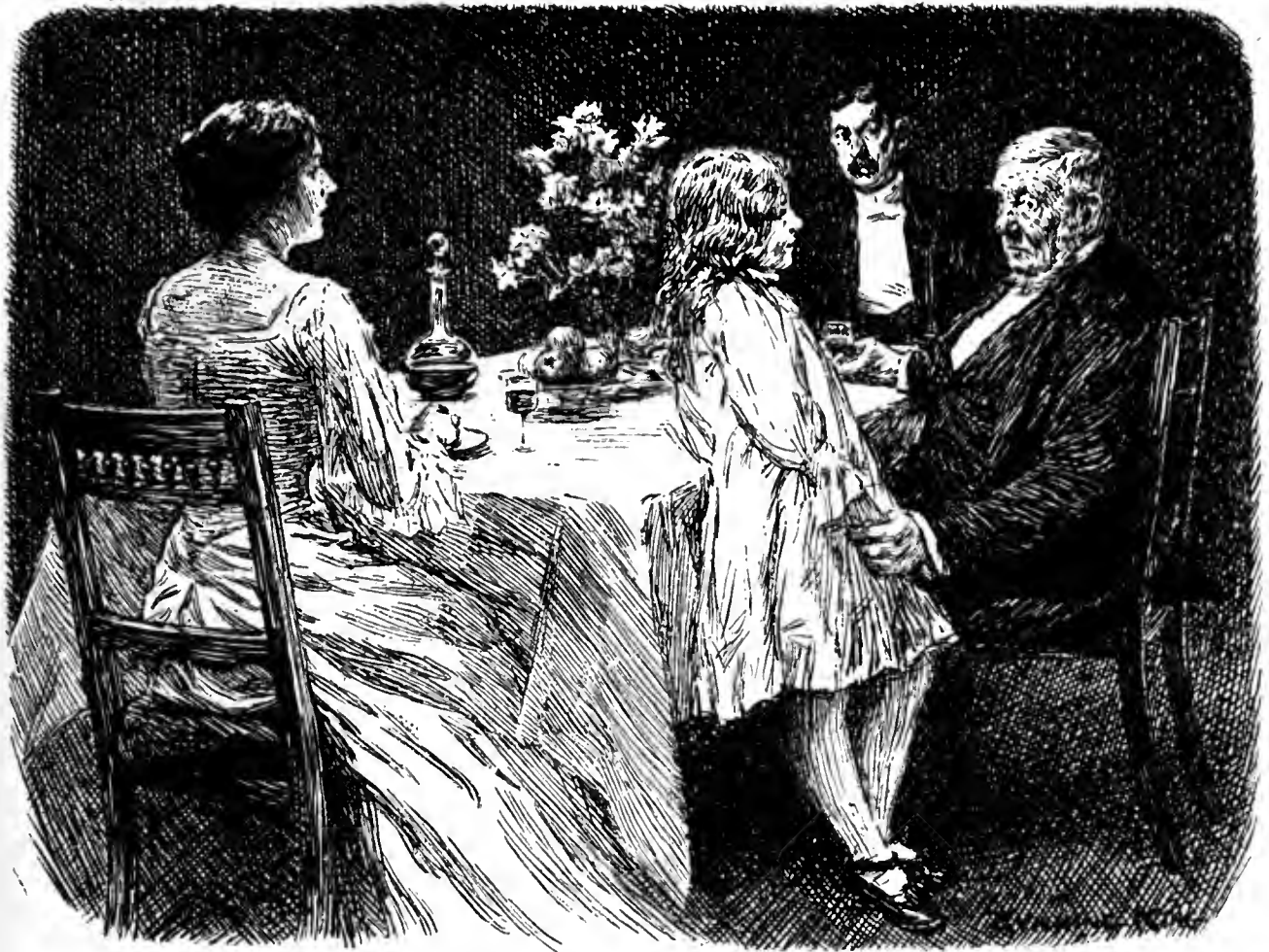
"Should we learn the lesson that Patriotism is not a whit more sublime or more ridiculous, whether it embraces the whole British Empire, or is concentrated on Notting Hill? Or that Romance may lurk in the most unlikely quarters and personalities; or that Life without the spirit of Militarism would be but a humdrum affair?"

"I don't know, nor do I much care: I am content to accept the story as an excellent jest, to enjoy its wit, its picturesqueness, the vivid realism of even its most outrageous incidents, while I fancy I can see, here and there, a suggestion of some deeper purpose—though it would puzzle me to say precisely what."

"The author and his illustrator have, between them, left little doubt as to the identity of one of the principal characters—but whether in doing so they have or have not overstepped the bounds of literary and artistic amenities is a question upon which the original is best entitled to give an opinion. I can only say that, for me, the book has the charm of a new and piquant literary flavour, and that I shall look forward to Mr. CHESTERTON's next work of fiction with unusual interest. And I predict that many of his readers will say the same."

Given two sisters as closely resembling one another in appearance as did *Louis* and *Fabian dei Franchi*, yet as different in their lives as is the unprincipled rake from the honest Bohemian; given also that the godfathers and godmothers of these two sisters being of a mildly humorous turn, and enjoying, by anticipation, comic, or serious, complications, conferred on their god-daughters the christian names of *Annabel* and *Anna* respectively; add to this, that good sister *Anna* is so devoted to reckless sister *Annabel* as to take upon her own innocent shoulders the burden of the latter's peccadilloes and crimes; and further let there be two men of the name of HILL, so much like each other that it is difficult to tell 't'other from which, and there you have in *toto* the basis of the plot of Mr. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM's latest romance entitled *Anna, the Adventuress* (WARD, LOCK & Co.). It is well written, carrying the reader straight along, never giving him time to pause, and bringing everyone out of the awful tangle triumphantly. For just one second, at a very critical point in the strange story of these heroines' lives, the deeply interested reader, taking in every detail, will tremble lest the absolute necessity for the intervention of a magistrate (by a misprint we read "magistrates," p. 262) should clear up all mystery and bring matters down to a mere commonplace level. But Mr. OPPENHEIM knows his business thoroughly; he is quite aware of the thin ice which must be crossed, and he skims over it in a single line, apparently without an effort, and so swiftly, that the danger has practically never existed. It is all good melodrama, and the author in writing it has adopted the method which should be the rule without exception in all dramatic composition intended for stage representation, namely, that of letting his readers into the secret and keeping his actors in the dark. This he does up to a certain point, and then comes a real surprise which does great credit to his boldness of invention.





SWEET SIMPLICITY.

The Pet Niece (who, on valuable uncle's visit, has been allowed to stay up for dessert). "OH, UNCLE TOM, FATHER SAID YOU WOULD BE SURE TO BRING OUT SOME OF YOUR OLD CHESTNUTS. MAY I HAVE SOME? DO, PLEASE!"

VENUS TO MARS.

[“A private of the Buffs has been court-martialed for striking a corporal during an altercation arising out of the private having worn his curls outside his cap. . . . It is probable that the cap now in general use in the Army, and also khaki for home wear, will disappear, as both are in disfavour with recruits.”—*Daily Paper*.]

DEAR man of Mars, whose lordly gait
Upsets the nerves of foreign nations,
We, one and all, commiserate
Your pardonable perturbations.
Though men may fail to understand
The need, in clothes, of schemes poetic,
You'll find the ladies of the land
Most sympathetic.

And *did* they put upon its head
A cap inordinately silly?
And *must* it change its gold and red
For bilious khaki, willy nilly?
Khaki's *such* unbecoming wear
When cheeks are pale in chilly weather;
Nor may one curl of silky hair
Escape its tether.

The butcher woos the parlour-maid,
And cook prefers a dark-blue helmet;
But though the vogue has turned to
trade,
You're impotent to overwhelm it.
What influence can you exert
On nurse perambulating Baby?
Enlist!—small blame if you desert.
As soon as may be.

We sympathise with your distress,
We know the power of pretty clothing,
The tragedy of dowdiness
Fills us with honourable loathing.
If they refuse to make you smart,
And keep your value down to zero,—
How can they think you'll have the heart
To be a hero?

Visitor. Well, now, tell me [how old you all are?

Little Girl. VERA's twelve, MURIEL's ten, VIOLET's eight, GUY and UNA, the twins, are six, and I'm five. I think mother's twenty.

Note and Query.

I HAVE often heard of “Sewing the Wind.” Has a stitch in the side which stops one's breath anything to do with this? Yours, A CONSTANT INQUIRER.

Embarrassment of Riches: Margate.

Mother. Now, TOMMY, which would you rather do—have a donkey ride or watch father bathe?

FROM the *Dublin Evening Mail* :—

“MR. HYNES also moved for a similar order against JOHN WARD, deceased, THOS. WALDRON, deceased, . . . and for an extension of time for a month for the service of the order, owing to the difficulty of effecting service. The application was granted.”

FROM the *Coleraine Chronicle* :—

“WANTED, a NURSE to take entire charge of a baby, not under 25 years of age Apply,” &c.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

II.

BENEATH a noon athirst to spend
The night's largesse of healing dew,
Russet and grey the rocks descend
Sheer to the sudden shoreless blue;
Blossom of almond, bloom of peach
From crannied ledges lean their banners,
And Nature, far as eye can reach,
Adopts the most engaging manners.

Here, closely linked, the dancing hours
Renew the one unwearying strain;
Each season flaunts her spoil of flowers
Moving with jocund steps and fain;
And Winter's self, the mate of Spring,
Checks not the feet that follow after;
And April weaves her dædal ring
With never a tear to dim the laughter.

Man, too, where other prospects please,
Is not, as usual, simply vile;
His lesson learnt at Nature's knees,
He wears an *entente cordiale* smile;
I hear his happy, reckless hoot,
I breathe his generous pungent odours
Where all the lower Corniche Route
Resounds with Anglo-French exploders.*

Why, then, should I desert a spot
That makes my vagrant waistcoat thrill,
Prompting the rhymes I loosely dot
Down on my local washing-bill?
Why quit a world whose beauty wakes
The lyre of middle-aged Apollos,
And seek a dubious clime that breaks
The back of disillusioned swallows?

Is it in view of BROWNING's words
Touching the charm of British Springs
That I, with those misguided birds,
Propose to fare on northward wings?
Is it because my spirit pines
For London's over-rated season?
No, it is not. The following lines
Confess a larger, loftier reason.

There is a moment (just behind
The vernal equinox it falls)
When patriots, like the undersigned,
Are ware of England's voice that calls!
At once, from bower or bath or bed
(No cost so great the heart would grudge it)
They fly, like me, to hold her head,
And help to see her through the Budget! O. S.

Cap d'Ail, La Turbie.

* By Tre, Pol, and Pen
Ye may know the Cornish men.—*Old Song.*
By Teuf, Hoot and Toot
Ye may know the Corniche Route.—*New Song.*

"A Little Learning."

Lady Tactful (visiting small farmer). I hope, JOHN, the rain has not damaged the wheat.

John. Ah, my lady, some of it will never grow; the wet has busted it.

Mrs. John (who is "educated"). He should have said "burst," my lady. That's what he means.

Lady Tactful. Never mind. I think I prefer the old-fashioned pronunciation.

M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. II.

I HAVE tried on more than one occasion to explain to BOUDIN that one of the numerous secrets of our greatness as a nation is our resolute devotion to sport and open-air exercise, and the consequent hardihood and indifference to danger which are bred in us by these pursuits. "BOUDIN," I said to him the other day, while we were on our way to see a great football match between the Southminster Meteors and the Stonewall Thursdays, "BOUDIN, it's a wonderful thing this love of sport that is implanted in the British breast. We hold by it a great deal; our public men encourage it. You will see Lord SOMERSHAM kick off the ball to-day."

"Ah," says BOUDIN, "Lord SOMERSHAM is a player of football? I did not know. Which side does he play on, this lord? Is he a strong man? Can he run fast and kick the ball far?"

"Why, no," I said. "I'm not sure that he ever played football himself, and, as to strength and pace—well, you'll see him and judge for yourself. But you must admit that it's a good thing to have a man like that—an Earl, you know, and all that sort of thing—showing an interest in the amusements of the people. We hold that in this way we avoid revolutions and bring classes together, don't you know?"

Well, you may believe me or not, but it's the plain truth that BOUDIN, if I may say so, wouldn't have this at any price:—

"I know your SOMERSHAM," he said, "as well as if I had already seen this lord who is not a football-player, but who is to kick the ball once to-day with a patent leather boot. He will not kick him very far, oh no, but he will kick him, and the spectators will give lively applaudings and he will walk away thinking he is a splendid fellow for giving this kick, and the crowd will think they are splendid fellows because he has come down amongst them. We have not quite got rid of our SOMERSHAMS in France: they are still there, but we do not fall down and let them put their patent leather boots on our necks."

"My dear BOUDIN," I interrupted, for we were walking with many others, and I didn't care to have such sentiments addressed to me without protest. "My dear BOUDIN, you must admit there is some slight difference between a monarchy and a republic. A republic is unfavourable to the growth of individuality: it cultivates a dead level of respectable mediocrity—"

"Oh," laughed BOUDIN, "I know that phrase by heart. I have read it myself in your Daily Something or other. It is a beautiful phrase and very consoling, and it goes on that a monarchy like the British Monarchy which rests upon the affections of the people can do—well, I really do not know that there was anything that this newspaper thought it could not do—but I do not think it explains Lord SOMERSHAM. And these football-players, now—what kind of men are they?"

"The Southminster Meteors," I replied, "are famous for their great victory last year. The Stonewall Thursdays have been, I believe, comparatively unknown until this year. In fact their last season was almost disastrous, but the Committee includes some of the best business men of the district, and they got together a considerable sum of money and managed to collect a really first-class team. They pay their men well and regularly, and train them to perfection—"

"Pay them!" said BOUDIN, putting his hand up to his head, like a man who has had a sudden shock. "Pay them! Then it may be they are not from Stonewall these Thursdays that are to play to-day! They are hired and paid. Oh, but they cannot win against the Southminster men, those patriotic



OUR ENTERTAINMENT.

Wicked Performer. "Easy on, Bess! I can't keep up!"

Meteors who are not paid. I will bet five francs on the men of Southminster."

"Pardon me," I observed. "You do not seem to understand. The Southminster team is paid also. They are both professional teams. I don't think there's a man from Stonewall or Southminster amongst them, except one, by the way, from Stonewall, and he's playing for the Southminster team."

"But then," says he, "they are gladiators. They do not count. Where is your love of open-air exercise in this? You all sit and look on while twenty-two men, who are well paid at so much the kick, run about after a ball. Now in France we play ourselves, not many of us, it is true, but we do not pay gladiators to amuse us. My dear friend, you are in your decadence. You are like the Spaniards with their bull-fights."

"Pardon me, BOUDIN," I said, with some asperity, "I cannot permit you to compare our British football to anything so degrading as a bull-fight."

"Oh," said he, "I take back the bull-fight if you do not like him, but the rest is true."

At this moment we arrived at the football ground, and went in. I have left myself no room to describe either Lord SOMERSHAM's opening kick or the progress of the match. It was a glorious sight, such as you can see only in this country. That much BOUDIN was forced to admit.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

THERE be to whom the buttered bun
And thumping gingerbread appeal,
Who eat the artless Sally Lunn,
And swallow macaroons with zeal;
Who when they hear the bell for tea, 'll
Assume an obvious air of zest,
And eat enormously, yet feel
Quite comfortable in the chest.

Give me, at half-past twelve or one,
A homely but substantial meal;
Boiled mutton, slightly underdone,
Or ribs of beef, or even veal.
The prawn, the oyster and the eel,
The lobster's claw, the turkey's
breast
Impair the wan digestion's weal,
But I consume them with the best.

I deem it cowardly to shun
The hidden terrors they conceal;
They give you pains, but never one
That patent pills refuse to heal;
Though I myself prefer to deal
Less drastically when oppressed
By too much food:—I simply steal
Into the library and rest.

SEASONABLE SPRING PUBLICATIONS. —
LAMB'S Tales.



NOT QUITE HER MEANING.

The Vicar's Daughter. "I'M GLAD TO FIND YOU'VE TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF, MUGGLES, AND DON'T WASTE YOUR MONEY AT THE PUBLIC-HOUSE."

Muggles. "YES, MISS, I HAVE IT IN BY THE BARREL NOW, AND THAT DO COME CHEAPER!"

LEGEND ABRIDGED.

[Professor BRIDGE, lecturing on sounds due to modifications of the internal anatomy of fishes, stated that the Sirens of the ancients were undoubtedly vocal fish.]

WHAT was the song the Sirens sang
Once in the long ago?
Is it not written in BUTCHER and LANG?
Surely the latter would know.

Where shall we seek those wondrous
isles,
How shall we hear those strains?
Follow a leader of many wiles,
Choose a Professor of brains.

Come, let us sail on a keel of Fact,
Bound to a mast of Prose;
This way are Sirens caught in the act,
Thus we may find——Who knows?

Haply a fish in the wine-dark sea,
Blest with a bladdery drum,

Using a twist in his vertebrae
Simply to make things hum.

Haply a proof that if HOMER nod,
Science provides excuse,
Melody wrung from a vocal cod
Put to equivocal use.

What if the Sirens' song was sweet?
Think of a fish-bone ridge!
Fancy and fact at the last shall meet,
Knowledge creates a BRIDGE.

Liverpool's Speciality?

FROM the *Northern Daily Mail*:—

"Among the passengers arriving by the Cunard liner *Etruria* at Liverpool on Saturday night was Dr. LUDWIG HEKTOEN, who purposes to carry on experiments in this country for tracking the scarlet-fever germ. Dr. HEKTOEN will spend about two months in Liverpool, and experiment on apes. There is a fine field for research at Liverpool."

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that, encouraged by the success of the Anglo-French arrangement, the Sultan of Morocco is about to come to terms with the Pretender, the basis of the agreement being that the SULTAN is to have England, and the Pretender France.

We are sorry to learn that the recent sudden and treacherous attack by the Thibetans on our men at Garu seriously injured the photographs that the officers were taking.

By the courtesy of the *Daily Mail* we are enabled to publish a further Royal and Imperial Joke made by the KAISER at Malta. In the gardens of the San Antonio Palace the august visitor planted a tree. As he did so, he said wittily and laughingly to the gardener, "Don't forget to water it, GEORGE."

The war-correspondents at Tokio are stated to be spending their time playing billiards. It is of course only natural that they should like to see the balls flying, and every now and then to hear a cannon.

Mr. Justice GRANTHAM has been fined £20 by a pickpocket without option of imprisonment.

The Ayr Town Council has been recommended by a public meeting to re-elect Bailie MUXRO, the author of the recent Burns Temple hoax, on the ground that "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." This idea of giving the members of the Council a chance of showing that they are, after all, wise men, is really shrewd.

One of the conditions of the sale of old British warships which took place last week was that none of the vessels was to be sold to the Powers now at war. The dispute between the London County Council and the Thames Steamboat Company therefore prevented any of these vessels being purchased for river traffic.

The Germans have fought an eight hours' battle with the Herreros. The Trades Unionists claim this as a victory.

In consequence of the recent theft of cannon from the Rotunda at Woolwich, all our new guns are, it is said, to have a neat chemist's label affixed, "Not to be taken."

The Moore and Burgess Minstrels are no more. Peace to their bones!

With reference to the edition of

DICKENS'S works which a New York publisher is preparing for millionaires, we understand that the same is not for reading, but merely to brag about.

A complete set, as already announced, will cost £26,000. It is possible that, later on, a popular edition at £13,000 will be produced.

It is hoped that the members of the Football Club who so disgraced themselves at Tenby the other day will shortly win a gaol.

We understand that next year the Motor-Boat Races at Monte Carlo are to take place in the evening, as the effect of the illumination when a boat catches fire is so much prettier in the dark.

"May and December cannot mate," said Mr. PLOWDEN the other day. Our recollection of last May is not so pleasant.

More Post Office delay! Mr. BOULDING, in an address to London spiritualists, stated that he had only just received a communication from ANNE BOLEYN.

MUSICAL JOTTINGS.

THE BILGER FESTIVAL.

ALL the arrangements are now complete for the BILGER Festival, which is to be held early in June at Olympia. In all, four performances will be given: on Monday the 6th, Wednesday the 8th, Friday the 10th, and Saturday the 11th. Professor ERASMUS BILGER, who will conduct the Festival, has never visited England before, but his name has long been a household word amongst us. More strident than STRAUSS, more exciting than SOUSA, more dramatic than WAGNER, it is not too much to say that the famous Bessarabian composer is now the foremost luminary of the musical world.

The programme for the opening day will include the new overture *The Siege of Port Arthur*, the new concerto for the *grosse caisse*, and the Symphonic Poem, *The Devil among the Tailors*. On Wednesday will be presented the cantata *Pandemonium*, the overture to *The Boilermakers*, and a new scena for bass solo and double orchestra entitled *Stentor defying the Thunder*. Friday's programme will consist of the oratorio *The Bull of Bashan*, and Saturday's will be devoted to extracts from the opera of *Armageddon*, and the new puzzle symphony *Abracadabra*; or, *He, She, and the Postman*. The above titles are all literal translations from the Bessarabian.

As the *Abracadabra* symphony has never yet been heard in England, the following extract from an article by Mr. H. CHOLLOP, the eminent American critic, may interest our readers. Writing in the *Minnesota Mugwump* Mr. CHOLLOP says:—

"Rigid and unmanageable in their simple form as chunks of old red sandstone, the themes become, in Herr BILGER's magical hands, as plastic as putty, as digestible as blanc mange. The working-out section in the first movement, where the solemn strains of the perdoneum are heard for the first time through a shimmering mist of *tremolando* picaroons, is in its way quite unique. As the poet remarks, 'imagination's widest stretch in wonder dies away' before the rhomboidal conglucination of BILGER's polyphony. One word, and one only, can dimly adumbrate the galliambic frenzy of the Scherzo—it is salicylic, unless indeed we should say atarambaphian. The slow movement is more than divine: the finale is the apotheosis of amentia. It used to be said, See Naples and die. A better way is to hear BILGER and get a new drum to your ear."

The orchestra, in addition to the usual complement of strings and wind, will be augmented for the occasion by the following instruments: Two Bombardophones, three large perdoneums with muted scoops, four bass jamboons, three picaroons, two octoroons and one macaroon, four contra-zoedones (the first two in D and A, and the two others in M and N), four sitzbaths, one tubular Italian bedstead, ten cab-whistles, three pairs of kitchen tongs, one piccolo warming-pan, one sax-harp, one pestle and mortar, two gas-jets (in C and C sharp), and sixteen cockatoos.

LIMITATIONS.

FOR Mr. BEERBOHM TREE'S Dramatic School there is to be, as announced, a "First Entrance Exam." Quite right, of course, but why not "a Second Entrance Exam." and another for a Third Entrance? Or is there to be a special class for students whose duties in the art of acting are to be entirely confined to coming on at the "First Entrance" either "R.H. or L.H."? If this be so, should there not also be a very strict examination of the pupils whose duty it will be to get a rise in the Theatrical profession by coming up "traps"? Will the Grigolatis have a class which will include the responsibilities of Wire-pullers and the duties of flying fairies? We are anxious to see a further developed prospectus of the School of Treeatrical Art as soon as possible.

MORE ARMY REFORM NEEDED.—From the *Yorkshire Post*: "Leeds.—Capital beer-house, doing nice steady trade, suit ex-soldier." Who controls soldier-ex?



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Distinguished Artist. "PERHAPS IF YOU COME HERE YOU WILL GET A BETTER LIGHT ON 'THE PICTURE.' THIS STUDIO IS NOT NEARLY LARGE ENOUGH."

Fair Visitor (desirous to understand). "YES, YES, I KNOW. ONE CAN'T GET FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM YOUR PICTURES!"

FRANCHISE REFLECTIONS.

"In the Australian Commonwealth every male and female who is of age and qualified by residence possesses the suffrage. . . . The Premier of Victoria has been reduced to threatening a Bill compelling the voter to come to the poll."—*Daily Chronicle.*

THE old, old tale! Man prizes
What he possesses not,
And evermore despises
The treasure he has got.
The apple on the topmost tree,
The unattainable fair She—
How excellent they seem to be
While still beyond his lot!

Brave men have fought and striven
With body and with soul
That they might e'en be given
The freedom of the poll;
And lady lobbyists, at sight
Of whom pale Members speed their
flight,
Believe the world would all be right
Were they upon the roll.

But glance o'er Southern waters,
Where Freedom reigns alone,
And all her sons and daughters
Can make their wishes known.
There you will find the votes as thick
As blackberries, when corn's in rick,
And none of course will care to pick
What is so freely strown.

Old Athens in her glory
Was called upon to face
The same ignoble story
About her sons' disgrace.
They would not go to vote—not they!
They loved to loaf the livelong day,
And gossip in an idle way
Around the market-place.

Then was the rope well reddened,
Compelling one and all
Whose civic sense was deadened
To answer duty's call.
If any sought to duck his head,
His *chiton* showed the tell-tale red,
And from his purse the obols sped
To build the long sea-wall.

Ah, happy thought! Let's follow
The Periclean lead!
Let every Briton wallow
In votes he does not need;
And if he fail to exercise
The privilege he ought to prize,
Such action let us stigmatise
And make his pockets bleed.

Thus deficits shall vanish,
And lo! the unwonted sight
Of surpluses shall banish
The fears of Budget night. [play
Instead of frowns, glad smiles shall
About the House on that fair day
When other taxes pass away
Into the *Everigkeit*.

A JURYMAN OF A SIZE.—A Welsh publican who weighs thirty stone has lately been informed that his bulk will not invalidate him from sitting on juries. "Squashing the verdict" is likely to become a popular feature at the Welsh Assizes.

UNLIMITED ST. LOUIS.

CEASELESS in their endeavours to turn the St. Louis Exhibition into a veritable microcosm, the Executive have arranged not only for a vivid representation of the Boer War, the preparations for which have been just concluded, but also for the faithful reproduction of a variety of other phases of the British spirit. Thus:—

Side Show No. XXIII.**THE BRITISH SENATE.**

A FISCAL NIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Every day at 3 and 9, the English MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, specially engaged at enormous expense,

will repeat his famous

CLEARING-HOUSE SPEECH,

in the midst of which a number of TRAINED AND BRAINY HISTRIONS will execute an exact imitation of the MINISTERIAL STAMPEDE, headed by

BILL GILLETTE as MR. BALFOUR.

Side Show No. XXX.

LONDON DURING THE SALES. ENGLISH AMAZONS ON THE WAR-PATH.

THE SIEGE OF DERRY AND TOMS.

For this representation, which will occur twice a day during the Exhibition, THREE HUNDRED OF LONDON'S LEADING BARGAIN-HUNTERS will be specially imported.

N.B.—A Thousand Dollars worth of Remnants are TORN TO SHREDS at every performance.

Side Show No. LXVI.

(Reduced Model.)

THE BRITISH MUSEUM READING ROOM

On Saturday Afternoon.

SERMON-COPYING IN FULL SWING.

In the Great Arena.

TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY

will be given by

MR. A. P. WATT'S

CONGRESS OF ROUGH WRITERS, chief among whom will be

RUD KIPLING (Imperialist Verse-jerker).

M'RIE HEWLETT (Battle-Axe Exponent).

CON DOYLE (the Human Sleuth-hound).

BILL LE QUEUX (Sensational Illusionist).

GEEKY CHESTERTON (Lightning Improviser).

THEO WATTS-DUNTON (Hyphen Expert).

PET RIDGE (Cockney Impersonator).

"FUTURE" WELLS (with Counsels of Perfection).

JEROMKY JEROME (with imitations of MARK TWAIN).

SID LEE (the Stratford-on-Avon Bacon-puncher).

and

ALF AUSTIN (British Lion Comique).

The British Slow Lunch Restaurant.

In this Eating-house Americans who are in the habit of placing on their office doors a placard which runs:—

"GONE TO LUNCH,
BACK IN FIVE MINUTES,"

will have the novel sensation of being neglected by

LONDON WAITERS

whose

NATIVE DELIBERATENESS

is aggravated by

RHEUMATIC ARTHRITIS.

At this Restaurant even the

HASTY PUDDINGS FREEZE EN ROUTE.

SPECIALITY:—POTAGE D'ESCARGOTS.

N.B.—Don't ask for the *salle à manger*: ask for the *salle d'attente*.

N.B.—Have your tips handy, as there is a charge for going out.

MORE NEW ELEMENTS.

(An Interview with Sir William Ramsay.)

THE report that Dr. BASKERVILLE, the Trans-Atlantic RAMSAY, has discovered several new elements in the radioactive group, has not excited any surprise on the part of our Sir WILLIAM RAMSAY, whom one of Mr. Punch's representatives recently interviewed at University College.

"Yes," said the Gower Street scientist, "BASKERVILLE is an able chemist and veracious investigator, and I place complete confidence in his statement of the discovery of two new elements, which he has no doubt already tried on his hound, an animal of a highly fluorescent temperament. But, after all, the addition of two new elements is a paltry contribution compared with the half-dozen which I have discovered in the last few days."

"Half a dozen?" asked Mr. Punch's representative in amazement. "So many?"

"O, yes," replied the intrepid savant, "I consider a day lost that does not produce a new element."

"And what are the latest?" inquired the interviewer.

"Well, let us take them in order. The first is Savillium, a gregarious substance which gives off the well-known Lankester Rays in great profusion and intensity."

"Can these Rays be used for illuminating purposes?"

"Yes, certainly. One of them is now installed at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, where it may be observed in a high degree of activity."

"This is profoundly interesting. I implore you to continue."

"Certainly: to proceed with my list. Another of the new elements is Tim-helium, found originally in some vitriol waste at Bantry, co. Kerry. This is an extraordinarily active and aggressive element, the peculiarity of which is that it is excited to an inordinate degree by contact with the cognate elements of Dillonium, Flavinium, or Davittium."

The great scientist here paused for breath, giving the interviewer an opportunity of recording his words exactly as they fell from the magician's lips. After imbibing a refreshing draught of liquid air (DEWAR'S Special Vatted) the speaker continued:—

"Corellium, another recent discovery, is an extraordinarily beautiful but very sensitive element, recently found in mighty atoms on the banks of the Avon, but as to its utility there is a conflict of opinion."

"Lastly," said Sir WILLIAM, "there is Seelium, found all over the Isle of Wight, and also for a while at Westminster. Curiously, however, Seelium vanished from Westminster for a short period—completely. But it is now again noticeable there. A very disturbing element indeed."

"And how long a life, Sir WILLIAM, do you give these new forces?"

"They will disintegrate and disappear," said the Marvel of Science, "in a very short time—one and all," and with these profoundly pessimistic words he turned again to his liquid air.

DRY-FLY NOTES.

FOR THE VERY RICH.

HAVING secured a mile or miles of some first-rate chalk-stream, and thus having established his claim to social distinction, the plutocratic tyro will next set about providing himself with the apparatus necessary to his sport. On this point the following hints may be of service:

Waders.—These are essential. No portion of the fisherman's outfit has a more thoroughly sporting appearance. As spurs serve to mark the fearless horseman, so waders must always indicate the successful angler. It is well to enter the water from time to time. The wet area resulting from this practice will always create a pleasant impression upon the mind of the spectators.

Brogues.—These should always be built of canvas and brown leather. The straps and buckles are very workman-like, and nothing gives a better finish to the costume.

Rod.—It is advisable to have a rod. Should the fisherman find occasion to walk any distance along the high-road, the presence of this implement at once declares his purpose to any brake-loads of holiday-makers which may overtake

or meet him. Without the Rod he might conceivably be mistaken for a farm hand. With it, the most ignorant of tourists must know him for what he is.

Landing-net.—When using the high-road as above-mentioned, it is customary to slip the handle of this useful weapon down the back of the jacket, allowing the net itself to stand up immediately above the head. This is very effective. Of course, by the water, both rod and net will be carried, each by its proper attendant.

Flies.—No self-respecting fisherman will provide himself with fewer than six assorted dozen of these indispensable little contrivances. Of these, five dozen will be retained for purposes of comparison, discussion and exchange, should the Waltonian meet with a brother of the angle.

The twelve remaining flies will be selected carefully from among the May-flies, Sedges, Alders and other large varieties, and will be sewn strongly on to the cap, topee, or other head-dress. This simple precaution will always win the admiration of the uninitiated.

It is assumed that the angler for whose benefit these lines are written, though suitably wealthy, is one who desires to conform as fully as possible to the simple and unassuming canons of his craft. The number of the attendants who, it is suggested, should await upon him has therefore been brought down to the irreducible minimum. None but anglers of the very first rank (incomes from £200,000 per annum upwards) will find it necessary to surround themselves with a greater number of servants. In a few words then, and by way of illustration, let us try to indicate the manner in which a modern trout should be brought to grass.

The *Angler Proper* will repair to a tree situated at a convenient distance from the water, thereunder to enjoy his Regalia or his repose as his fancy may suggest.

The *Notifier of Rises* will station himself by the stream, the surface of which he must closely scan for any sign of a moving fish. This office involves some responsibility, for he who fills it must possess the power of discriminating between the rises of small or large trout. A really competent *Notifier* will never bring his master to the waterside for anything under three pounds.

On a fish being signalled the *Rod-bearer* will betake himself with all speed to the bank, and after getting into position will let out sufficient line to enable the *Angler Proper* to reach the quarry. All being ready, the *Notifier* will inform his employer of the fact.

The *Angler Proper* will now come into action. Taking the rod from its



WHAT SHE OUGHT NOT TO HAVE SAID.

She. "I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY OF YOUR PEOPLE HERE TO-NIGHT, MR. CARTER. I HOPE THEY ARE WELL?"

Mr. Carter. "NO. THEY'VE ALL GOT COLDS. I WAS THE ONLY ONE OF THE FAMILY ABLE TO COME."

She. "OH! I AM SORRY."

bearer he will make the necessary cast, rise and hook the fish, when, relinquishing the split-cane to the *Player* (who should stand close by), he will return to his amusements. Nothing now remains but for the *Lander* to slip the net under the Spotted Beauty, for the *Photographer* (who has already secured a record of the successful cast) to develop his plate, and for the *Reporter* (whose office may, where Spartan simplicity is a desideratum, be held by the last-named official) to send in his account of the capture to enrich the columns of the *Sporting Press*.

WHEN is a fisherman like a Hindoo?
When he loses his cast.

A "Times" Query Answered.

SAY, "Who controls Policeman X?"

Why, look'ee,

He—so devoted to the sex,

And ever wary

Near an "airy"—

Is oft controlled by "Cooky."

AWARDS OF MERIT.—MR. C. B. FRY, in recognition of his services to Sussex cricket, has been presented with a motor-car. Taking the hint, the motorists of Great Britain have presented Mr. C. S. ROLLS with a cricket-bat. Both gentlemen hope to make some record, runs with their gifts.



A SPRING HANDICAP.

"WHY DID YOU NOT RUN YOUR HORSE, UNCLE?"

"BECAUSE THEY PUT TOO MUCH WEIGHT ON HIM, MY DEAR."

"I SUPPOSE THEY THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO RIDE HIM YOURSELF."

SHAKSPEARE IN LONDON.

A BRIEF official announcement has been made to the effect that on the 23rd inst.—the anniversary of SHAKSPEARE'S birth and death—Mr. FAIRMAN ORDISH will conduct a ramble through SHAKSPEARE'S London, followed by a short address in the Hall of Gray's Inn by Mr. CARMICHAEL STOPES. Mr. *Punch* is glad to be able to supplement this bald statement with the following interesting details as to the itinerary to be followed on the occasion.

Every member of the expedition having been furnished with a copy of BACON'S Map of London, the procession will form up outside Mr. SIDNEY LEE'S residence in Kensington, whence, singing in unison "*Come unto these yellow sands*," it will march to the Albert Hall, where a pianoforte recital by Mr. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE will be given.

Between the *morceaux* Mr. FAIRMAN ORDISH will lecture on "What SHAKSPEARE

would probably have thought of the Albert Memorial if he had seen it."

The party will then move on to the British Museum, singing "*Sigh no more, ladies*," where a pause will be made for a review by Dr. FURNIVALL, in the costume of a Field Marshal, of all the students in the Reading Room who are engaged in Shakspearian research. To each a copy of the latest homœopathic edition of *Love's Labour's Lost* will be presented, together with a microscope to facilitate perusal.

To the strains of "*You spotted snakes*," the procession will now seek Madame TUSSAUD'S, where the effigy of the Bard will be examined, and where Mr. ISRAEL GOLLANCZ will recite in the Chamber of Horrors "*O that this too too solid wax would melt*."

The company, tearing itself away, will then march four abreast to the tune of "*On, Bacons, on*," *viâ* Ham Common, to Denmark Hill, and give an open-air performance of *Hamlet*, with Mr. HARRIS,

the Sausage King, in the rôle of *Polonius*, and Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON as *First Grave-digger*.

The programme will be fittingly completed by an *al fresco* fête in Stratford Place, with old English games, climbing a greased pole, tilting at the Quintain, &c., organised by Sir GILBERT PARKER and Sir LEWIS MORRIS, and a grand costume conversation and champagne-supper at the "*Falstaff Arms*," Eastcheap, when the Laureate will present Mr. FAIRMAN ORDISH with a "butt of Malvoisie and sing "*Hark, hark, the lark*."

FROM the *Yorkshire Post* :—

"WANTED, HOUSEKEEPER-GENERAL. Birthday about September 23; small house; four in family; entire duties except laundry." "Birthday on February 29" would be more easily understood.

A STIRRING ARTICLE.—A teaspoon.



THE RECKONING.

• MR. BULL. "YOU'RE A CHARMING COMPANION, MY DEAR ARTHUR; BUT I REALLY DON'T THINK I CAN LET YOU ORDER THE DINNER AGAIN."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, April 12.

— Reassembled after Easter holidays. In spite of frantic summons from perturbed Whip, attendance at opening small. Just now, 4 P.M., situation lugubrious. Navy Estimates under discussion. CASABIANCA PRETYMAN alone on the Treasury Bench whence all but he have fled. Occasionally that other son of Neptune, joint representative of the naval power of Great Britain, Brevet-Major ARTHUR LEE, sometime Adjutant of the Hong Kong Volunteers, looked in to lend a hand to Admiral PRETYMAN should any rope go astray.

At question time announcement made that in nine years seventy millions have been spent upon construction of new ships. Time was when patriotic ambition at Admiralty was limited to having in fit and ready state a tonnage of fighting ships exceeding that of any two Powers. Now, by lavish expense, are running close up to kicking the beam in the three Powers scale. That is good. Add an ex-Captain of Artillery as Civil Lord of the Admiralty, and an ex-Professor of Strategy and Tactics from the Royal Military College, Canada, as Secretary to the Admiralty, jointly representing Department in House of Commons, and the heart surges with proud conviction that, actually, Great Britain ranks on an equality with any four Naval Powers.

In spite of this exhilarating thought profound depression reigns. Only men equal to resisting influence are DILKE and CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES. The CAP'EN,



"THE CAP'EN" TAKES THE LANDSMEN OUT OF THEIR DEPTH.

(Mr. G-b-s-n B-w-l-s, Mr. Pr-ty-m-n, and Mr. L-e-e.)

throned in his corner seat, is ominously deferential to PRETYMAN (late R.A.). Admits that his knowledge of naval tactics is extensive and peculiar. But hints that perhaps men who have been to sea since boyhood also know a thing or two.

Makes no personal reference to an old salt who left a leg at Aboukir and dropped an arm at Trafalgar. But the few Members present gaze in sympathy on the war-worn front and reflect on the perversity of judgment, the fantasy of prejudice, that arranges who shall sit on the Treasury Bench and who shall be stranded on a back bench.

As for DILKE, what a day he is having, to be sure! There has been lapse of full a fortnight since, turning over the pages of his encyclopædic mind, he had opportunity of reading one or two to listening Senate. Has won European recognition as critic of military affairs. Knows the Navy equally *au fond*. With ambidextrous skill plays with the profundities of either or both. This afternoon, luminous on the undergunning of cruisers; wary on the subject of boiler; distrustful of Germany; posted up on submarines, he, alert, informing, rose to speak on successive votes.

Amazed at the moderation of his own erudition. Meanwhile, on Treasury Bench sat the enraptured ex-Captain of Artillery, the entranced ex-Adjutant of remotely situated Volunteers, blushing at the elementary knowledge of naval affairs which justified their Ministerial authority.

Business done.—Enormous. By seven o'clock, after two divisions and many speeches, Opposition suddenly collapsed.

In three hours, diversified with talk, seven millions sterling voted for Navy. Then, as rapidly as Chairman could rattle through details, six votes, totting up to additional two millions, submitted and agreed to.

"A PRETY good day's work, MAN," said the Secretary to the Admiralty to the Civil Lord.

"Yes," said the Civil Lord to the Secretary, "we've made up LEE-way."

Thus do grave Ministers palter with puns after four hours in Committee of Supply on Navy Estimates.

Wednesday.—Regret to observe in that otherwise estimable statesman, our new COLONIAL SECRETARY, lack of human sympathy. Missed a great chance this afternoon. SWIFT MACNEILL addressed to him series of questions designed in spiritual interest of heathen Chinese soon to be journeying to South Africa.

During their voyage what provision will be made for the exercise of their rites? asked the Member for Donegal.

On their arrival at their destination will the mine-owners, in addition to caring for their material needs, allot, free of charge, building sites for temples? And how about observance of Chinese festivals? Dear to AH SING are the recurring epochs of the New Year, the Dragon Boat, the Full Moon, and the Winter Solstice. Will he have opportunity of observing them?

Although on spiritual mission bent, SWIFT MACNEILL was of a frugal mind. Given the sites for the temples, who was to meet the charges of the buildings? The fiscal relations of Great Britain and Ireland notoriously unfairly weigh upon a country distressed through the ages.



Dr. Hutchinson has been making inquiries about "Low Grade Hops!" (Our Artist trusts it is not *this kind*!)



"THE BOARD'S CALVES."

"Mr. W-r asked the President of the Local Government Board whether Dr. Blaxall, a salaried officer of the London Board, receives from the Scottish Board £105 per annum for lymph prepared in the Board's laboratory and produced from the Board's calves"

Is Ireland's share of Imperial taxation to be enlarged in order that AH WHY and AH NO, having relieved their sleeves from storage of superfluous aces, may repair to their tabernacle and do honour to the Dragon Boat, obeisance to the Full Moon?

A cricketer of renown, ALFRED LYTTLETON might reasonably have been expected to play up to SWIFT MACNEILL's little game. One of his insidious "slows" would have bowled him out in the first over. LYTTLETON, who resents reference, however guarded, to the harmless Chinese, shortly answered that he had nothing to add to a former reply protesting total ignorance on the subject.

Nor was he more communicative when JEREMIAH MACVEAGH put supplementary question brimming with delicate consideration for interests of an absent Minister.

"If idols are provided in the compounds will the right hon. gentleman," JEREMIAH asked, "undertake that they shall be made in Birmingham?"

JESSE COLLINGS audibly purred with pleasure. As a rule doesn't think much of the Irish Members. Here was one whose connections were remote from the Midland capital of Consistency and Intellect. Seeing his opportunity of putting in a word for the trade of the town he seized it.

Birmingham has its idol, its face to-day turned homeward. MACVEAGH not using word in that sense. It is the image compact of brass or meaner metal, sold by the pound weight, with something

thrown in for the services of the artificer, that filled his generous mind. Birmingham has had much to do with creation of state of things leading to importation of Chinese to the Transvaal. It has, therefore, a right for preference in reaping any material reward going. Our new COLONIAL SECRETARY ignored question, and SPEAKER called on the next.

Business done.—Well, none between COLONIAL SECRETARY and the Member for South Down interposing as uncommissioned agent for Birmingham Brass Foundries. Hence Lamentation of JEREMIAH.

Friday night.—"House just now reminds me of timid old gentlewoman wanting to cross Piccadilly in what New Yorkers call rush hour of the day. Gathers her skirts tightly round her limbs so that she is sure to stumble if she misses her footing; makes dash forward at most inopportune moment; runs back just when half a dozen steps boldly taken would have carried her over. Altogether in pitifully nervous, shaken condition. Like TIM HEALY's friend HABAKKUK, *capable de tout* in the way of foolishness."

Thus the MEMBER FOR SARK, surveying the House, almost in moribund condition. True that spirits are hopelessly depressed, especially on Ministerial side. The question "Is Parliamentary life worth living?" universally answered in negative. Opposition eager to get off to the poll, where, in spite of still divided leadership, they feel like "Tommy Dod, sure to win." Minis-

terialists harassed by constant cries from Whips' room of "Wolf, Wolf!" riven on questions of high policy, disgusted with wobbling in high places, do not care how soon it is over. All the same, with the instinct of self-preservation felt by men on a raft, they cling to the cheerless creaking planks and try to dodge the engulfing seas.

Rumour having a rare good time. At every turn fresh flush of perturbation. When, on Tuesday, sittings were resumed, and PRINCE ARTHUR announced postponement of introduction of Licensing Bill, everybody knew what it meant. Hopeless division in the Cabinet; impossibility of smoothing it over even by circulation of a fresh pamphlet. Happy thought: "Let us rush Thibet to the front; plead urgent necessity for authorising engagement of Sikhs (who have for months been in the field); put off Licensing Bill to some indefinite day next week; perhaps in the meantime may hit on compromise."

Doubtless no basis for this circumstantial rumour. But there it was, important at least in its significance as indicating the mood which SARK pictures in his homely metaphor of the old lady on the Piccadilly pavement.

Things one would like expressed Otherwise.

Visitor (who has accepted an invitation to a local concert). Is it evening dress?

Hostess. Oh, no; just as you are dressed now - or worse, if you have it.



1ST EDITION :- THE JAPANESE HAVE LANDED TROOPS
AT CHING-WANG-TAO THE RUSSIANS OCCUPY



"SEND ME EVERY EDITION AS IT COMES OUT SAY"



WHAT'S THIS !!! NO JAPANESE TROOPS HAVE LANDED AT
CHING-WANG-TAO - AN UNCONFIRMED REPORT SAYS THE
RUSSIANS HAVE LOST 4 BATTLESHIPS



EXTRA SPECIAL :- THE RUMOUR THAT 4 RUSSIAN
BATTLESHIPS WERE SUNK IS INCORRECT - THE JAPANESE
ARE ACROSS THE YALU



STOP PRESS - THE RUSSIANS HAVE SUNK TWO JAPANESE
TORPEDO BOATS - THE STATEMENT THAT THE JAP.
ARE ACROSS THE YALU IS DENIED



SPECIAL EXTRA :- THE JAPANESE ADMIRAL
DENIED THE LOSS OF HIS TORPEDO BOATS



EXTRA STOP PRESS :- IT IS OFFICIALLY CONFIRMED THAT THERE
HAVE BEEN NO MOVEMENTS ON EITHER SIDE FOR THE PAST
10 DAYS ON ACCOUNT OF THE ICE AND COLD



REND' BULL

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

PRELIMINARY EDITORIAL NOTE.—As will be evident from our occasional comments, we print our ingenuous Contributor's communication under very considerable reserve.

I.

To
Illustrrious Editor of
London Punch.

In War-Correspondents' Compound,
Tokyo, Japan.
March 20, 1904.

MY DEAR RESPECTED!

I am fully conscious that your two eyes will jut out in sheer amazement on beholding above superscription of my whereabouts. [ED. COMMENT.—As the envelope bears an ordinary Indian stamp and Calcutta postmark, it would not be surprising if they did.] For it is sure as a gun that the very Fates and Deities who superintended my nativity did not for a moment anticipate that I was ever to figure even indirectly as a bellicose!

And if my hard lines of Destiny have compelled me to cry "Havoc!" and give the slip to pugnacious Dogs of War, I can only plead (like the impecunious Mantuan pharmacist, who dispensed a fatal dose to Romeo while severely afflicted by love-sickness) it was my Poverty and not my Will that, wheezing "I will ne'er consent!"—consented!

I must make the dismal confession that, after presenting my magnificent tragedy of Mr. Frankenstein in New York City, it entirely failed (owing chiefly to excessive fire-alarms and inclemency of dramatic season) to at all split the adder-like ears of Transatlantic groundlings. In consequence all my golden expectations of loaves and fishes incontinently went to pot, and I was again on my beam-ends, without any prospect of inducing same to meet!

But the darkest dawn has proverbially a silvered lining! So, while still employed in busily bewailing my ill-fortunes, I was infernally surprised by a reply-paid wire from hon'ble Editor of the *Chittagong Evening Conch*, a highly respectable local rag, [ED. COM.—It may be—but we have failed to find it in any list of Anglo-Indian periodicals] entreating me to proceed *sine die* to Japan, in the capacity of Confidential War-reporter!

My first instinct was to return a decided "Nolo Episcopari." However, both my better halves, with their appurtenant mothers, together with all of my offsprings who were sufficiently precocious to articulate a lisp, did urge me so vehemently that I was not to nill a responsible sinecure which was infallibly to bring grist to their internal mills, that I reluctantly consented to render myself holocaustic on Family's Altar.

Not to risk becoming a prolix by chronicling such very miniature beer as the humdrum incidents of a journey to Japan, I will at once ask you to imagine myself disembarking at the town of Tokyo. [ED. COM.—We are doing our best.] Now, after arrival, I expected of course to be at once politely forwarded to the nearest local scene of carnage—but, hoity-toity! it turned out *tout au contraire*!

I found myself mewed up ignominiously, like pig in poke, with sundry other correspondents of English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, American, and Continental nationalities without being afforded the smallest facilities to exercise our *ecceïthes scribendi*!

My fellow colleagues partook of humble pie in this Castle of Indolents with too, too pigeon-livered pusillanimity—but, though no swashbuckle, such indignities soon rendered me cross as two sticks!

"Are we then mere cats, Masters!" I demanded, with fiery and garrulous umbrage, "that we are to be hoodwinked under the thumbs of such undersized Asiatics? Is there no one here with common audacity to go as bellwether to some official big-bug, with the categorical imperative that

we are to be permitted to witness at least a mediocre skirmish?"

But all their tongues were tied by excessive sheepishness, so, perceiving that I must work the oracle single-handed, I undertook to buttonhole a certain military Sho-gun, a highly influential old chap of the name of Hon'ble DAI ITCHI GINKO, [ED. COM.—It is also the name of a well-known Japanese bank] who enjoys the title of an hereditary Daikon. [ED. COM.—On referring to our Anglo-Japanese vocabulary, we find "Daikon" down as "a radish"—but of course it ~~may~~ have another meaning.]

I was received in very polite affable style by the said Sho-gun, who was in his Hall of Audience, and luxuriously seated upon a yebi, but wearing simply his national samisen. [ED. COM.—Our vocabulary gives "yebi" = lobster, and "samisen" = a Japanese banjo—but no matter!]

I have the honour to append my *verbatim* note of this momentuous interview. [ED. COM.—Can Mr. JABBERJEE, while in New York, have seen a performance of "The Darling of the Gods"? We merely ask.]

Sho-gun (with rather too fulsome Oriental obsequiousness). Industrious diffuser of intelligence, I break my bones upon you. Augustly deign to seat your highly-scented self on my miserable mat. Do you eat happily and well, and how is hon'ble health?

Myself (adopting, as British Subject, a bluff, hearty Anglo-Saxon deportment). Hon'ble health, old cock, is fit as a fiddle. But, as official mouthing-piece of amalgamated Cosmopolitan [fellow-war-reporters, I must beg to inform you that we are getting hon'ble hump. We unanimously consider it is high old time that we clapped our impercipient optics on your hon'ble war-operations.

Sho-gun (fanning his bosom in effeminate fashion). Our miserable little unimportant war is totally unworthy of your hon'ble notices!

Myself (in wheedling accents). Not at all—it is already rendering several civilised hemispheres all agog with lively curiosity.

Sho-gun (unable to restrain a pleased simper). But you English have very nice war of your own—in Thibet. Why do you not go and report that?

Myself. Alas! I am no Leviathan of filthy lucre that I can possibly afford a ticket to Thibet! Besides, hon'ble SHO-GUN, I and my poor unfortunate comrades are here on the spot with orders to report progress—and how is it possible to turn out so much as a single brick without some straw to show the way of the wind?

Sho-gun. We are hon'bly apprehensive lest hon'ble correspondents should permit some rather unpropitious cat to leak out of their hon'ble newsbags.

Myself. Surely, Polacious Sir, you are not so utterly obsolete as to under-rate the sweet milk of a first-class advertisement? You cannot desire to perform all your heroisms in a hole and corner! Believe me, hon'ble Stylograph is mightier than hon'ble Sword, and it is sheer childishness to tuck up your nose at the Power of Press.

Sho-gun. I miserably regret that I am unable to perceive your hon'ble point.

Myself (significantly). If I am to be denied more *bonâ fide* information, I might, perhaps, render a tit for a tat by cabling crushing Japanese reverses and regrettable incidents to the *Chittagong Evening Conch*.

Sho-gun (dissembling his fall of chaps). Pooh! A mere hon'ble native organism of very so-so circulation!

Myself (secretly surprised at extent of his information). But I am here in *additum* as the accredited commissioner of a far more notorious periodical—Hon'ble London Punch!

Sho-gun (inhaling his breeze and prostrating head reverentially on floor). Hon'bly excuse me for miserable ignorance! I give you double bowings! That renders it, of course, the

totally different pair of shoes. Unfortunately, we have no war, up to date, in our immediate localities, and I can only abjectly entreat you to accept this miserable free-pass to a front seat of war in Korean Continent.

Myself. I accept—on condition that I may take an assortment of my colleague's companions.

Sho-gun (smiling). Well, well, I can refuse no favouritism to hon'ble representative of such a highly-renowned facietions.

Myself (going). I am most awfully obliged, my dear old chap. I make my little kowtow to you. [Here I went.

It is a superfluity to add that such an unexpectedly felicitous success has acquired for me an immense *kudos* with all my fellow-special-reporters. And I am serenely confident, almighty Sir, that you too will be immoderately gratified by the great liberty I have taken in sheltering my unworthy self under your paternal *egis*. Also that you will perceive the nude necessity that the representative of so tip-top a periodical as *Punch* must of course be figged out on very superior footing to the mere correspondent of the *Chittagong Conch*!

I have the honour to report that already I have incurred several out-of-pocket expenditures—to wit: some acrobatic opera-glasses, a field bedstead, a colonial riding-saddle (the steed for same I can perhaps procure with more economy in Korea—but I may have to take some preliminary equitation lessons from some Japanese jobmaster or other). Please kindly remit funds to provide for same by next mail. [Ed. Com.—*We thought this was coming!*] I am sending this under cover to be posted on, *via* India, as shortest overland route [Ed. Com.—*Ingenious, but a trifle thin!*], and all sinews of war, &c. are to be forwarded to my registered address at the Burra Bazar, Calcutta. They are thus far more likely to come to hand than if despatched direct to so outlandish a neighbourhood as Korea. [Ed. Com.—*Quite so!*]

I shall not require more (at present) than about rs. 500—though an even more moderate *honorarium* would not be too scornfully rejected. In Japan the rupee is called a "yen"—though of far, far less intrinsic value! *Verb. sap.!!* In all human probability, the *Chittagong Conch* would consent to go snacks with you for my working expenses—but this of course must be matter of private arrangement between you.

With 1000 infinite thanks (in anticipation) to such a benevolent and inimitable blessed party! I am, Radiant Sir!

Your affectionate, beloved, genuine and sincere Friend,

HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.

[Ed. NOTE.—We are complying with Mr. JABBERJEE's modest request—just to see how far he intends to go.]

URBS RURI.

["Possibly it may become the fashion fifty years hence for jaded country people to come to London for rest and quiet."—*From the last Presidential address to the Institution of Chartered Surveyors.*]

AMANDA, quit the rural lane,

And to the urban fastness fly;

For there, shrieks never passing train,
Nor noisy motor hurtles by.

No more sad Philomel's lament

Lends music to the verdant copse;

Instead by hoots the air is rent,

That call the workers to the shops.

TWO FABLES.

I.

ONCE upon a time Too-Many-Cooks spoil the Broth. So the King sent for Too-Many-Cooks, and when they had arrived he tasted the Broth before them.

"Bad broth, O Too-Many-Cooks," said the King; "try it."

The Too-Many-Cooks tried the Broth.

"Bad broth, O King," said they: "veritably bad."

"And whyfore?" inquired the King.

"Because we are Too-Many-Cooks," answered they.



UNIMAGINATIVE.

Auntie. "DO YOU SEE THE HAIR IN THIS OLD BROOCH, CYRIL? IT WAS YOUR GREAT-GRAND-FATHER'S."

Cyril. "I SAY, AUNTIE, HE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH!"

A grimy network of canals,
A tangle of electric wires,
Asylums, prisons, hospitals,
Usurp the acres of our sires.

Ah, quit the busy haunts of Trade,
And fly to London's calm retreat,
Where 'neath the plane tree's grateful
shade

The public wealth provides a seat.

Here spacious streets and quiet slums
Shall give your shattered nerves repose,
Where scanty traffic softly hums,
And kindly Nature seems to doze.

Here we will mark the gradual Spring
And watch the Pelican at play;—
St. James's Park—the very thing!
AMANDA, come to town, I say!

"Dear me, so you are," said the King.
"In which case what's to be done?"

"O King, live for nearly always!"
replied the Too-Many-Cooks. "To a less sagacious ruler than yourself it might appear that the remedy lay in a decrease of the number of cooks. But we beg to suggest to your Sensible Majesty that a pleasanter way out of the difficulty would be to double the quantity of broth."

"Let it be as you suggest," said the King.

Moral.—There are more ways of killing a pig than three.

II.

Once upon a time Good Wine needed no Bush. But that was a long time ago.

Moral.—Advertise.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

DURING his life it used to be lamented that Lord ACTON wrote so little. The marvel and the regret were the greater because it was known, intimately by his friends, vaguely by the public, that he knew so much. He might have added precious things to English literature. He seriously, but too long, contemplated writing *The History of Liberty*. It remained at his death "*The Madonna of the Future*," as Mrs. DREW, appropriating the title of one of HENRY JAMES's novels, wittily called it. However, Lord ACTON for awhile held office as Lord-in-Waiting to the QUEEN, one grim flash of

humour in a life which humour did not obtrusively illuminate. The world is indebted to Mr. HERBERT PAUL for giving it *The Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone* (GEORGE ALLEN), prefacing the volume with a scholarly biographical note. Written without prospect of publication, they are the frank, shrewd, commentary of a scholar and a man of affairs upon current events, chiefly in English political affairs between the years 1879 and the first month of 1886. Lord ACTON doubtless went on writing throughout that troubled year, which, as he predicted, in certain circumstances saw the wreck of the Liberal Party. Writing on August 29, 1884, he said, "The Home Rulers are going to be the arbiters of Party government. That means ruin to the Liberal Party." He lived to see fulfilment of his prophecy, brought about through the agency of the statesman at whose feet he ever sat, an admiring, affectionate disciple. His faithfulness unto this last was testified to by his acceptance of office—the grotesque position alluded to—in Mr. GLADSTONE's last Administration. The volume is full of interest. Not the least informing passage is found in a note, transcription of a page from what Lord ACTON calls "the precious diary" of his correspondent. In this, recording a conversation at Hawarden under date November 15, 1881, Mrs. DREW discloses Mr. GLADSTONE's contemplation of retirement—this at a period little more than twelve months after he had been returned to power by an overwhelming majority. My Baronite does not remember any rumour of the intention reaching House of Commons circles at the time. It is in its way tragic to find that in considering his successor in the Leadership of the House of Commons, Mr. GLADSTONE mentioned Sir CHARLES DILKE as "the man best fitted."

Were *The Sanyasi*, by Mrs. F. E. PENNY (CHATTO AND WINDUS), considered only from one point of view, as a series of scenes in Indian life, vividly and picturesquely described in admirable word-painting, it would be a most interesting work; but when added to this there are, passing through these scenes, strongly-marked characters, native and European, actuated by various passions and motives, every one in his or her own way working out a gradually and artistically developed plot wherein comedy and tragedy intermingle, we find ourselves becoming so absorbed in the doings of these individuals, that we cannot lay aside the story until we know the very worst, and the very best, that the authoress has pre-determined for them. The animated scene of the pearl-fishery is exceptionally powerful, and would arrest our attention apart from its bearing on the main incidents of the tale, of which, thus deftly worked in, this pearl-fishery becomes an essential part. Fascinatingly realistic too is the description of life in Madras. *Miggle*, the Indian butler, is, to an untravelled European, a study of a novel character, convincingly true and intensely humorous. The scene between this faithful servitor, who is almost as devoted to the forbidden sport of cock-fighting as he is to his most respected

and business-like mistress, who will have none of it, is as good comedy as anyone could wish. Indeed for "a reading," emphatically in this instance "A 'Penny' Reading," these passages, if dramatically rendered, ought to be exceptionally successful.

In *Dwala* (SMITH, ELDER) Mr. GEORGE CALDERON has hit upon a happy idea and—a wise man—he does not work it to death. The story, brimful of fun and satire, is told in a small, pleasantly printed volume. The hero is an old friend—the Missing Link. Where the novelty comes in is in respect of the adaptation of circumstances. The great ape is discovered in Borneo, and is at the time of his introduction in the company of *Mr. Bone*, the emissary of an American showman in search of novelties. He has found the Missing Link, dresses him in the clothing of Western civilisation, teaches him to talk and to perform household duties. *Mr. Bone*, of whom we see too little, is delightful. Best of all in a canvas crowded with exaggerated types is the Missing Link itself, "a thing of large majestic motions, eyes deep set under thick eyebrows." Through what to average man would have been an exciting career the great ape lounges with the serenity that comes of ancient birth and innate good breeding. From kingship of a neighbouring tribe to acceptance of the post of the Prime Minister, with a seat in the House of Commons, nothing comes amiss to him. Amid sordid self-seekers, latest fruit of civilisation, the ape is in his simplicity and single-mindedness the truest gentleman. My Baronite suspects that was the lesson Mr. CALDERON set himself to teach. But he does not let his moral run away with him and spoil a pleasing tale.

The Albert Gate Affair, by LOUIS TRACY (WARD, LOCK & Co.), is a cleverly devised story of a robbery, successfully carried out in spite of all safeguards provided by ward, lock and co., the "co." in this particular instance being the police. The romance is one after the manner of *Sherlock Holmes* and *Monsieur Lecocq*. It is decidedly interesting, but only those possessed of such mental gifts as would qualify them to shine as criminal lawyers, detectives, or persevering solvers of chess problems, can be expected to comprehend and closely follow pursuers and pursued through the various intricacies of their mysterious movements. The author is gifted with a happy name for this kind of literature. He should bring out *Tracking Crime* by TRACY.

In *The Tutor's Love Story* (CONSTABLE & Co.), Mr. WALTER FRITH, having selected the diary form for his novel, has achieved success by means as simple as they are artistic. In a few masterly touches you get the diarist before you; you proceed with him in his work, his pleasure, and his trouble; and yet he is a man with whom it is as difficult to sympathise as it is with the conduct of the lady for whom he cherishes a secret passion, and who, with equal secrecy, is in love with somebody else. The slight incidental sketch of the "society Irishman" *Johnny Ball*, only lacks the complement of a talent for singing comic Irish songs, with the brogue turned on pretty strong, and catching refrains, to be perfect in its way. The *Stathams*, artist and wife, are evidently studies from originals. It is a cleverly written and interesting book, and, with the exception of one incident, without a note of sensational effect from beginning to end.





R. A. GEMS.

Fair Amateur (to Carpenter). "MY PICTURE IS QUITE HIDDEN WITH THAT HORRID TICKET ON IT. CAN'T YOU FIX IT ON THE FRAME?"
Carpenter. "WHY, YOU'LL SPOIL THE FRAME, MUM!"

MR. PUNCH'S BUDGET.

In order to meet future deficiencies the following sources of supply are crying aloud for the attention of Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN or his successors:—

1. The Amount of Time wasted during each Session by garrulous and obstructive Members of Parliament.—As the number of hours in the day is limited, and public time is a national asset, an Imposition of Five Guineas per minute (beyond the first ten minutes) is recommended on all Speeches in either House, to be paid by the Member so offending. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who will of necessity require some hours for the introduction of his Budget in accordance with long-established usage, will have the satisfaction of feeling that his remarks are thus automatically reducing the deficit. The same Imposition, in a descending scale, to apply to members of the London County Council, and all other representative bodies; also to Hyde Park orators.

2. Infants (up to the age of seventeen) who have contracted the Cigarette Habit.

—A Duty, inversely increasing with the years of the juvenile smoker and with the price of the cigarettes, should result in a large addition to the Revenue.

3. Bridge-players.—A nominal impost of a penny on each game would go far to relieve a Chancellor's embarrassment.

4. Urban and suburban Dogs, Cats, and Fowls.—A tax of one halfpenny per bark, mew, or crow (as the case may be) between the hours of sunset and 8 A.M. might be suggested. The supply appears to be inexhaustible.

5. The British Climate.—An excise duty of one farthing per gallon above the mean daily rainfall in the United Kingdom to be levied on the Clerk of the Weather, the Meteorological Office, or other parties responsible.

6. Spectators at Cricket and Football Matches.—A Poll-tax of One Pound per head per annum on all mere onlookers, shouters, and referee-baiters should prove a valuable item on the credit side of the national ledger. Players of any athletic game and persons who exercise their own muscles to receive a bounty.

7. Circulars, Handbills and Prospect-

uses of all kinds.—These delightful ingredients of the letter-box, the persistent appeals for Cast-off Clothes, Old Teeth, Coal and Washing Orders, Eye-sight Tests, and similar reminders so touchingly ignored, might be made to bear a sixpenny stamp. As some millions are distributed daily in London alone by seedy and doorstep-dirtying individuals, we have here a means of wiping off the National Debt, not to mention the Deficit.

8. Hyde Park and St. James's Park.—Now that the season has set in, and these two fashionable open-air dormitories are once more being extensively patronised by the free-and-easy classes who toil not neither do they wash, ground-rents might be levied from the temporary occupants of each patch of grass and "all that messuage." Every little helps, and the sum thus raised could go towards the salary of part of a policeman, or the pin-money of one of the Parliamentary housemaids.

We are not quite clear as to the best means whereby the above contributions may be collected, but are content to leave such problems to experts.

"SWEET USES OF OBESITY."

[Lines suggested by an article in the *Daily Chronicle* under the above title, from the pen of Mrs. ERNEST AMES, who discusses the popularity, the social precedence, the immunity from control and criticism, enjoyed by the very, very fat woman. The author of these verses wishes to express his extreme indebtedness to Mrs. AMES for the temporary loan of her theme.]

WHAT guerdon of praise shall I give her,
What measure of thanks for her meed
Who comes to release and deliver
My soul in its uttermost need;
Whose breath is the perfume of Parma
In seasons of dulness and drouth,
Who puts with imperative charm a
New song in my mouth?

I have sung (growing sadder and wiser)
Of JOSEPH, his ways and his works;
I have carolled enough of the KAISER,
And more than he merits of PERKS;
I have harped on Sir LEWIS (of Hades),
And drummed on a Laureate's vat,
But I never made lyrics to ladies
Whose foible was fat!

To the form that is elfin and fragile
And slightly defective of lung,—
To the limbs that are lusty and agile
As is the opossum, when young,—
I have bowed, I have bent, as in duty,
Unnumbered and dolorous knees,
But my heart never burst for a beauty
Distinctly obese.

Yet here, I am told, is a topic
Inviting the bibulous bard,
Like a well in the waste of a tropic,
Whose price is as precious as nard;
The report of that pearly oasis
Ah, had I but earlier known,
I had sung long ago of her graces,
Sweet seventeen stone!

Though her figure be other than airy,
Though its "note" be the largeness of earth,
Yet her temper is that of a fairy
Addicted to methods of mirth;
Exuding a natural joyance
Her jests have an infinite scope,
And in bathing she bobs with the buoyance
Of Somebody's Soap.

By the calm of her weight that is welter
Immune from the menace of shock,
In her shade half a dozen may shelter
As under the lee of a rock;
There is that in her mountainous motion,
A force elementally free,
Which recalls to a student of Ocean
The surge of the sea.

In the glow that her presence diffuses
She fares as a favourite guest;
Her pyramidal structure excuses
What license would ruin the rest;
No rivals, for Nature has built her
Compact of the substance of ten,
Would suspect her of pounding a philtre
For stealing their men.

She is set with her face to the horses,
She flops in the roomiest chair,
And her bed, as a matter of course, is
A twin of the wonder of Ware;
They allow her the lengthiest tether,
Her lines are in BENJAMIN's lot,
And she says what occurs to her, whether
They like it or not.

O profuse and imposing and passive,
O dame of the devious waist,
Whose circuit, amorphous and massive,
These arms could have never embraced,
You may puff, it is true, like a porpoise,
And heave like a wallowing hulk,
Yet your heart is as big as your corpus,
Our Lady of Bulk!

O. S.

IRRESPONSIBILITY.

OF *Saturday to Monday*, officially described as "an irresponsible comedy,"—whatever this may mean—by Messrs. FENN and PRYCE, it is difficult for a "responsible" person to express a decided opinion. As the timid Curate, breakfasting with his Bishop, said of the indifferent egg, "It is good in parts." Now this is just the case with this irresponsible comedy: it is good in "parts"; the parts, that is, the "character parts," being superior to the whole. And moreover all the parts are capitally played.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER has chosen to represent *Lord Culvert of Alcester* (late *Captain, R.N.*), who is simply a mere practical joker. Were he only a public-school boy, aged fifteen, instead of a man well over thirty, he might just escape flogging on the plea of "first fault," and would be dismissed with a severe caution. The sympathies of the audience can never be with an actor of his position who emulates the rôle of what Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH has described as "the Society clown." Such a part, supposing it to have been better written and in an altogether better piece, might have been accepted at once by the public, had it been played by that "chartered libertine" Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY.

The success of *Dr. Bill*, of which character Mr. ALEXANDER was the admirably merry exponent, affords no precedent, as nowadays the public only see in Mr. ALEXANDER the impersonator of some hero of romance, dashing, earnest, gay, gallant, yet with subtle touches of cynical humour. His public will have him in costume, and regret his return to modern twentieth century everyday attire.

Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE is a delightful hostess as *Mrs. Wendover*; Miss ELINOR AICKIN is a somewhat tryingly vulgar elderly *Lady Diana*; as *Angela*, her daughter, Miss BEATRICE FORBES-ROBERTSON is a charming *ingénue*; as *Miss Ursula Toop* and her friend *Miss Skeat*, Miss FRANCES WETHERALL and Miss ALICE BEET, both being fearfully and wonderfully made up, are perfect; and the neat handmaids *Thompson* and *Jarvis* are rendered with natural grace by Miss CORISANDE HAMILTON and Miss NELLA POWYS. As the colourless *Probyn Dyke* Mr. A. VANE-TEMPEST is very amusing, but it is a thankless part. Mr. HIGNETT, as a didactic clergyman, the *Rev. Lemuel Toop*, gives us a decidedly clever sketch; and as the ridiculous idiot *Stanley Pidding* Mr. VIVIAN REYNOLDS makes a great deal out of poor material.

There is plenty of bustle in the piece: the action goes with much laughter; the sentimental portions, being without heart and reality, are *de trop*; and, except the young girl's letter, cleverly read aloud by Miss AICKIN, the dialogue, which is on a very ordinary level, owes whatever success it may obtain to its brisk delivery with emphasis and discretion by the actors.



ERIN'S WELCOME.

"HE LOVES THE GREEN ISLE, AND HIS LOVE IS RECORDED
IN HEARTS WHICH HAVE SUFFERED TOO MUCH TO FORGET."

(Moore's Irish Melodies—"The Prince's Day.")

[His Majesty King EDWARD arrives in Ireland, Tuesday, April 26.]





STRONGLY RECOMMENDED FROM HIS LAST PLACE.

Lady (engaging a page-boy). "WELL, HOW SOON CAN YOU COME?"

Page (readily). "AT ONCE, MUM."

Lady. "BUT SURELY YOUR PRESENT MISTRESS WON'T LIKE THAT!"

Page (brightly). "OH YES, SHE WILL, MUM. SHE'LL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO GET RID OF ME!"

LADY BABBLESDALE'S VISITS.

II.—CHATSWORTH.

We paid our last visit to Chatsworth early in April, 1904, travelling by the Midland to Rowsley, where a large motor-van was in readiness for my trunks. The Panhard Victoria, however, only just held me, my two maids and the chauffeur, so BABBLESDALE once more had to pad the hoof. On this occasion, however, I had provided him with an Ordnance map, and felt no anxiety about his missing his way.

No incident marked our drive to Chatsworth, except that, in passing through the famous chestnut avenue at Edensor, we nearly ran over Sir M. E. GRANT-DUFF, who was reading his diary aloud to some of the oldest inhabitants. The chauffeur "kept a gallop for the avenue," and brought us up in fine style at the main entrance,

where most of the house party were picturesquely grouped in expectation of our arrival. The Duke, in a brown velvet lounge jacket, beamed a welcome from the top step; Mr. JOHN BURNS, Mr. PERKS, Mr. HALDANE, Mr. ALFRED LYTTELTON, ANDREW KIRKALDY, Madame MELBA and Mr. C. B. FRY, greeted our arrival with manifest relief. I briefly explained the cause of BABBLESDALE's non-arrival, and the Duke kindly dispatched his major-domo with a photograph of SARGENT's picture to identify him by.

As I was passing through the hall Mr. PERKS called my attention to the striking resemblance which it bore to the Westminster Aquarium. The Duchess kindly showed me to my room, and we met in the great picture gallery before dinner. The Duke took me in, and the conversation soon became general. I asked him if he liked

Marcella. He said he always preferred dry to sweet wines, and wanted to know had I seen *Madame Sherry*. From this the talk diverged to the national taste in wines. Sir M. E. GRANT-DUFF recalled the fact that, in his youth, small botanic beer was commonly drunk at breakfast, and related several appropriate anecdotes of DARWIN, HOOKER, and BURTON, the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

Mr. PERKS drank only water, and we were all amused to see him take a sardine from the *hors d'œuvre* tray and drop it in his glass. Being rallied upon this eccentricity by Madame MELBA, he replied that he did it in order to be reminded of *WESLEY* and the Aquarium. He went on to say that since the Wesleys had acquired the stately Westminster pleasure dome, he had perfected himself in the favourite conjuring trick of materialising bowls of gold fish out of nothing. By means of diagrams he

explained to the Duchess the method by which the bowls are concealed in the coat-tails of the prestidigitateur. Sir M. E. GRANT-DUFF was all the time writing busily under the table.

BABBLESDALE, whose bump of locality is not what it was, once again entirely missed his way, and did not reach the dinner-table until the plovers' eggs were all eaten. There was a look of anguish on his face which in anybody else's might almost have seemed out of proportion to the occasion. Keener distress could not have been shown for the disappearance of a favourite shirt-stud.

During dessert the Duke complained seriously of the thinness of modern finger-glasses, and proved it to demonstration by the familiar musical experiment of passing the hand round the circumference. The Duke broke three glasses before he was able to extract a musical note.

The Duke said he doubted the value of SCHOPENHAUER as a teacher, for he had searched in vain through his works for any recognition of the social value of Bridge as a link between the classes and the masses. Mr. HALDANE demurred to this, but the general feeling of the table was with the Duke, though Mr. PERKS went so far as to say that he thought working-men ought not to be encouraged to play Bridge before mid-day. This roused Mr. JOHN BURNS's smouldering indignation. "If an honest and intelligent artisan," he exploded, "is not to be allowed to imitate the least reprehensible recreations of the aristocracy, what becomes of the dignity of labour?"

When the gentlemen rejoined us in the great drawing-room, Mr. C. B. FRY delighted the company by an exhibition of parlour gymnastics, winding up with a running jump over six Louis Quinze chairs. The Duchess's face during this last feat was a perfect study. A move was then made to the music-room, and Madame MELBA (who boasts of her Scotch descent) and ANDREW KIRKALDY charmed their hearers by a realistic rendering of "We twa hae paidled in the burn." The entertainments of the evening were completed by Bridge. BABBLESDALE only revoked once, and wittily apologised to his partner—the Duke—by saying "Playing with you made me think it was Nap."

We were all startled at breakfast by an extraordinary occurrence. In the midst of an impassioned discussion of GOETHE and *Wilhelm Meister*, in which Mr. HALDANE surpassed himself, BABBLESDALE was seen to pass the window. He was so negligently dressed—his tie in more than ordinary dishevelment—that his attire, coupled with his ascetic lineaments, carried the honest socialistic heart of Mr. JOHN BURNS, who had not been introduced to BABBLESDALE the night

before, by storm. He rushed to the groaning sideboard and, seizing with one hand the cold ham and with the other a béchamel capon, he flung open the window with his teeth and hurled the dainties at what he conceived to be the destitute mendicant. BABBLESDALE, whose dexterity is proverbial, caught them ere they fell, and with a ready smile promised that they should be conveyed to the Buckhounds.

After breakfast Mr. LYTTELTON and Mr. JOHN BURNS played Mr. C. B. FRY and BABBLESDALE at single wicket on the cocoa-nut matting pitch in the second palm house. BABBLESDALE, who once, he tells me, was no mean practitioner, seems to have been out of form. However, although he made no runs he broke more panes of glass than all the others put together.

Most of the next morning was agreeably spent in those prehistoric peeps which old photograph albums supply. Here I discovered chubby, callow, bewhiskered editions of the Colonial Secretary, the present Prime Minister, and our host in incredibly striped peg-top trousers, and the tiniest of bowlers. I must have made this remark aloud, for Mr. LYTTELTON remarked, "Not tinier than BOBBY ABEL, I expect. He has given up bowling now." On hearing this, Sir MOUNTSTUART GRANT-DUFF was heard to misquote dear MAT. ARNOLD:

"Ere the fleeting bon-mot fly,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory!"

or "taiblets," as ANDREW KIRKALDY reminded me *Wee Macgregor* would have said.

By the way, owing to an unfortunate slurring of consonants on the part of the Duke when making the initial introduction, BABBLESDALE acquired the painful impression that ANDREW KIRKALDY was ANDREW CARNEGIE, the American plutocrat. With his usual readiness to put everyone at his ease, BABBLESDALE addressed to KIRKALDY several remarks bearing upon the endowment of free libraries and the claims of democracy. They never really got on to terms until BABBLESDALE happened to mention the pleasure he had in driving with the CONYNGHAM GREENES in Switzerland. KIRKALDY at once rejoined: "I'm no sure whit wey they drive in Switzerland, but there's no driving on the greens at St. Andrews." With incredible swiftness of repartee, BABBLESDALE rejoined, "How about green tee, then?" At this Sir MOUNTSTUART rushed from the apartment to the conservatory, obviously in search of a fountain pen.

Tea was more than usually comforting that afternoon, and the Duke, who always sleeps with a hop pillow, sat down snugly at the table. As he handed me the muffins, he said the person who takes the top piece is as

self-denying as the man who chooses the gizzard wing of a chicken.

After such company the life of London was painfully exciting.

CHARIVARIA.

THE abolition of Mr. BRODRICK's Army Corps can scarcely have come as a surprise. It will be remembered that, when the ex-War Secretary introduced the scheme to the House of Commons, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN congratulated him on it.

Father CREAGH, of Limerick, has stated to an interviewer that, if his persecution of the Jews in that town has a successful outcome, he will, in his opinion, have accomplished one good thing in his life. This ambition to accomplish one good thing in his life is laudable, but it seems rather hard on those who have been chosen as the means to the end.

As the result of two recent actions in the High Court, mothers-in-law throughout the country are reported to be adopting a truculent attitude, and will require careful watching.

It is characteristic of the change that has come over Anglo-French relations that, although the little boy who was found abandoned in Paris the other day was dressed in a sailor suit, and a cap that bore the inscription "H.M.S. *Powerful*," he was not arrested as a spy.

A great sense of relief was experienced here on the 16th inst. by the publication of a telegram from New Zealand stating that Mr. SEDDON considered the Anglo-French Agreement satisfactory.

The over-feeding of infants has been responsible for so many deaths recently that it is proposed to legislate with a view to making it compulsory for every child to be marked with a load-line corresponding to the Plimsoll mark on ships.

By the by, greedy little boys will be interested to hear that in Greece a "Swallow Feast" is held once a year.

The agitation in favour of "Clean Milk" is already bearing fruit. But care must be taken to see that the water used for this purpose is first thoroughly filtered.

THE Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, of the City Temple, who has just gone over to Rome (*viâ* Mt. Cenis), spoke recently on the subject of the new Education Act, and declared that "Nonconformists are not prepared to give the Liberal Party a blank cheque." We think the epithet regrettable as coming from a minister.

The Rouge Trade has received a nasty blow. The Commissioner of Police at Johannesburg has issued an order that in future no coloured person is to be allowed to use the sidewalks of the streets of that town.

On the occasion of the introduction of the Licensing Bill, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE made a violent personal attack upon Mr. BALFOUR. On being called to order by the Speaker, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE declared—what we have frequently hoped to be the case—that he must not be taken to mean what he said.

Is the Government really anxious to promote the cause of temperance? It is true that the Licensing Bill has been introduced, but, at the same time, many inebriates who are anxious to reform their habits declare that the Budget makes it impossible for them to turn over a new tea-leaf.

An American millionaire has been explaining the secret of his success. In a nutshell it is this: Look after the pence—and you will become a Copper King.

A number of artists have written to the Press to complain of the unjustifiable rejection of their masterpieces by the Royal Academy. It would be a good revenge if they were to refrain from sending any more.

The current number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* contains an article on Physical Culture for Women. The introductory section is headed "Looking Backwards." This is surely the mildest form of athletics that has ever been suggested.



PENRHYN STANLAW

A SERIOUS DECISION.

Beatriz aged six, after remaining in deep thought for quite two minutes, addresses her mother, who has been choosing frocks for her). "MUMMY, DEAR, . . . BEFORE YOU BUY THE FROCKS, I'VE THOUGHT IT ALL OVER, AND I THINK I'D RATHER BE A BOY."

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

II.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—It is only due to our Readers to repeat that we are very far from satisfied that our Correspondent's account of himself can be depended upon—or even that he is at the front at all.

*In Japanese Headquarters with
Honble. Col. Khakimono, Korea.
(Precise locality suppressed by Censorship Regulations.)
April 1.*

AFTER a somewhat tempestuous transit as the Bird of Passage on Japanese transport-junk *Shimbu*, I am now deposited with all my paraphernalias in the Hermetically-sealed Kingdom of Morning Qualm. I have been attached to a flying column personally conducted by a rather diminutive but dashing commanding officer, viz., Honble. Col. KHAKIMONO, who is ably seconded by his honble. and gallant friend, Major NETSUKÉ.

Korea has already succeeded in winning my golden opinions. Possessing same latitude and longitude as Italy, the climate . . . [Ed. Com.—*The next few sentences, which seem to have been industriously paraphrased from some work of reference, are omitted.*] . . . It is also the happy hunting-field for carnivorous faunas—tigers, leopards, bears, caymen, deer, otters, *et hoc genus omne* being plenty as blackberries.

When not too engrossed in describing horrors of war, I shall make best endeavours to secure a skin or two, which I beg you will do me the honour of accepting as Office hearth-mats and door-rugs.

As, by official order, all war-reporters are required to sport proprietorial badges, one of my arms has necessarily been ticketed "*Conch*"—but you will, I humbly think, be pleased to learn that it is my *right* arm which is branded, in Japanese characters, with the proud title of "*Punch*." [Ed. Com.—*Most gratifying!*]

So conspicuous a stigma has very naturally rendered me a jaundiced eyesore with my fellow-reporters who correspond for less humorous contemporaries, but I am too thick-skinned to heed the malicious buzzings of such paltry flies in my pomatum.

The Korean aborigines cut highly ludicrous figures of fun in immoderately tall broad-brimmed hats, composed of horse-hairs and fastened under their chops with ribbons and bows, like antiquated British spinsters, and it is not possible to encounter them without giving vent to uncontrollable cachinnations.

However, they are highly polite, peace-loving parties, though incredibly bashful and timorous.

I am setting up a stud, having become the sole proprietor of a small but very lusty secondhand crock of piebald complexion, for the rather moderate price of yens 25 (about £2 10s.). This, being a necessary, you will kindly allow as working expenses. I have not baptised him as yet with any *nom de plume*, and you must not take it in snuff if I should not decide to name him after your illustrious self, since he is scarcely deserving at present of so good-humoured a god-parent.

For he is of such an excessively *noli me tangere* temperament that it is not possible to venture my person within his sphere of influence except under penalty of receiving some shocking kick! One of these has severely dilapidated a rather valuable gold-rimmed nose-pinch, and compelled me to purchase a pair of native Korean goggles as a *pis aller*.

Although I can only nurture a slender hope that your paternal generosity will decree me compensation for damages which (perhaps) do not strictly come under "heading of "ordinary wear and tear," I may be allowed to mention that

a similar nose-pinch could not be purchased in Calcutta at all under rs. 15.

You can readily suppose that, until the ferocity of my aforesaid pony has abated, I am reduced to ride entirely at anchor, and cannot be expected to scour the surrounding sceneries in pursuit of tit-bits of information.

However, I am far from being a *mere dolce far niente*, and it is invariably the still sow, according to the proverb, that takes in most of the pigs' washing. Accordingly I have already wormed myself into the good books of Colonel KHAKIMONO, who imparts to me many important military secrets which he preserves with the snugness of wax from ordinary journalists.

For example, he has whispered, in strictest privacy, his expert opinion that, should some irresistible Japanese force encounter any invincible Russian army-corps, there will infallibly result a somewhat severe snip-snap. This you may regard as *official*.

With excusable national partiality he foregoes the conclusion that he is triumphantly to emerge on top. But, although I refrain from clouding his cocksecurity by any doleful vaticinations, I am wholly unable to believe that it will be mere child's play for even the pluckiest pigmies to succumb these Colossians of the North.

At present the enemy is reported to be retiring into his own interior with seven-league boots, but I have the shrewd suspicion that this is a trick to entice us into chasing a wild goose.

So I have exhorted Col. KHAKIMONO that he is on no account to make such a *faux pas* as Honble. BONAPARTE, by pursuing so wily a foe as far as the metropolis of Moscow, since he would probably soon find himself out in the cold owing to some treacherous incendiarisms.

I am proud to say that my honble. friend has promised to follow these counsels of perfection.

It is a popular fallacy (as I am cabling the *Chittagong Conch*) to imagine that Japanese soldieries are rigged up in old-fashioned panoplies, or that their field-pieces are fashioned to resemble dragons and the like. On the contrary, they all carry muskets which, though home-made, are far superior to any Indian matchlocks. Whether they are as proficient potshots as Russian marksmen, I am not as yet in a position to say.

As for the cavalry, they have scarcely the firm seats of ancient Centaurs, and indeed are by no means even such practical jockeys as our native Sikh horsesoldiers.

Nor can I entirely commend the Japanese custom of warbling national ditties when engaged in combat; whether this is done to terrorise the enemy, or simply as a preventive against funkiness.

For it is not possible to sing and shoot simultaneously with equal correctness, while it is also mere waste of valuable wind, since no song will reach the heart with the celerity or certainty of a bullet.

However, it is not for this unassuming self to dictate to the Goddess of War as to whom she is to award her apple of Discord.

The National Religion of Korea consists in the worship of Ancestors, but, for the convenience of parties who may not possess such articles, and who would otherwise be reduced to Atheism, it is permissible to venerate any local demon.

This I learnt from a certain Bonze whose acquaintance I have recently scraped. For, on presenting him, as my letters of marque, with a back number of your salubrious periodical, I discovered that, though constitutionally incompetent to understand any Western waggery, he nevertheless received it with profound awe as a kind of sacred *shastra*, to which he commanded his disciples to do *poojah*. And I myself, being able (after a fashion) to expound the inner meanings of the



Lady Visitor (to old parishioner). "WELL, MR. HUGGINS, AND HAS THE NURSE BEEN TO SEE YOU YET?"

Old Parishioner. "YES, MUM, THANK 'EE. SHE 'S CALLED ONCE, AN' DONE MY FOOT MORE GOOD THAN ALL THE IMPRECATIONS I'VE EVER USED!"

cartoon pictures, am now in no small repute as a Sanctimonious. My friend the Bonze, a very honest childlike old chap, has made the rather ingenious suggestion that it might be feasible to dedicate a small mountain shrine to your Honour's lordship, with appropriate idol, faithfully copied in local colours from your paper's frontispiece. It appears that a neighbouring devil, owing to being ordered abroad on active service, would be willing to dispose of his shrine, goodwill, &c., for a mere song or mess of pottage.

This, I am fully aware, is the rank piece of superstition. Nevertheless, it might be worthy of your while to think it over as a business proposal, since all converts would of course be required to become regular subscribers. I think I could undertake to do the trick for (shall we say?) yen 200—or, as it is penny wisdom and pound folly to attempt to burn your ships with a haporth of tar, why not have the effigy life-sized and splendidly gilded? This would be a very small extra item in the estimate, and, with best quality gilding, will indubitably be *aere perennius*.

I am anxiously awaiting your honoured instructions.

H. B. J.

[Ed. NOTE.—We are letting Mr. JABBERJEE know our private opinion of this suggestion.]

OPERA OPERANDA.

ON Monday, May 2, take place the Two "Great Events." The Royal Academy opens its doors by day to the public at the small charge of a shilling a head, that is at the rate of sixpence an eye, and the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, by night opens *its* doors to all and sundry at prices varying inversely as the lowliness and loftiness of the purchaser's position in the house. Again we have M. MESSENGER, of the Messageries Musicales, as Manager for "the Grand Opera Syndicate," while, as heretofore in the satisfactory past, Secretary NEIL FORSYTH is to control "the business department." No pleasure without business: the greater the pleasure, the better the "business done." "Special performances" of certain operas (nothing uncertain is worth mention) named in the list, are to be given "*without cuts*." Mr. Punch begs to state, for the benefit of all concerned, that for *his* part (a very strong one in every opera) he hopes to give from time to time some account of these same special operas "*with cuts*," otherwise "illustrations," forming a part of his "Operatic Notes," which will, by reproducing the lineaments of singers, musicians, and operatic persons generally, present some features of interest to the general public. Of what surprises may be in store for Opera-goers, no foresight, nor FORSYTH, can assure us.



QUITE ANOTHER STORY.

R.A. (who has engaged Chelsea Pensioner as model, looking forward with interest to stirring narrative of battlefield where he was disabled). "AND WHERE DID YOU LOSE YOUR LEG?"

Veteran. "ROUND THE CORNER, SIR, AT MRS. WEMBLEY'S. YOU SEE, WHEN I LEFT OFF SOLDIERING, I WENT INTO THE FURNITURE BUSINESS AS CARMAN. UNLOADING VAN, PIANNER FELL ON MY LEG AND BROKE IT. THEN I OOT INTO THE 'ORSPITAL." [R.A. gloomily continues painting.]

THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

WHEN urchin voices wake the street,
Pushing the sale of "all the winner,"
And toil-worn City men retreat
From stocks and shares to rest and dinner,
And Sol assigns the aerial heights
To Luna and her satellites,
I only at that cherished hour
Retain no sense of exultation;
For me no sweet suburban bower
Abuts upon the railway station:
No offspring welcomes me with kisses—
Chiefly because I have no Mrs.
For me beside the fender bulge
No large and languorous carpet-slippers;
No aromatic airs divulge
The savoury mess of new-laid kippers;
No soul-reviving pint of Beaune
Lends the repast a giddy tone.
For I am of the luckless band
Who, when sweet ease invites their neighbours,
Still find, aggressively on hand,
The subject of their arduous labours;

Whose daily task is still to do,
Long after other folks are through.

Briefly, I am upon the Stage
Where oft provincial maids and men mark
The easy verve with which I gauge
The feelings of the *Prince of Denmark*;
It makes the artless rustic weep
In places where the Drama's cheap.
But here in Town my tedious art,
The common lot of all who plod, is
To trifle with a thinking part,
Or even "outside shouts, and bodies."
To play a lifelike corpse, observe,
Requires intelligence and nerve.
Nightly for quite a paltry sum
I entertain my fellow creatures
By putting greasy paints and gum
On what are really classic features,
And striving freely to amaze
The well-dined Public's torpid gaze.
Ay, there's the rub: it's not the waste
Of intellect that's so distressing;
And managers devoid of taste
Must be put up with, though depress-
ing;

It's not that life leaves much to seek
In London on a pound a week.

It isn't that the hours are late,
The dressing-rooms extremely grimy;
That supers all expectorate
And usually say "gorblimey";
It is because I'm always fated
To have my meal-times dislocated.

What I persistently deplore
Is eating breakfast at eleven,
And wrestling with a meal at four
That others have at half-past seven.
Food at such times may stay one's inner
Pangs, but it really isn't dinner!

And, long accustomed though I am,
It stirs my self-respect profoundly
To find myself consuming ham
When other folks are sleeping soundly.
So late it hardly seems refined
To swallow food of any kind.

O how I long to dine once more
When other folks are also feeding;
And having dined to sit and snore
The solid hours away unheeding,
Nor care a cent how Chronos plies his
Hour-glass or when the curtain rises.



"HITTING THE HAPPY MEAN."

LICENSING BILL. "OH! MY FRIENDS! MY FRIENDS! DON'T HIT ME! I COME BETWEEN YOU AS A PEACEMAKER!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

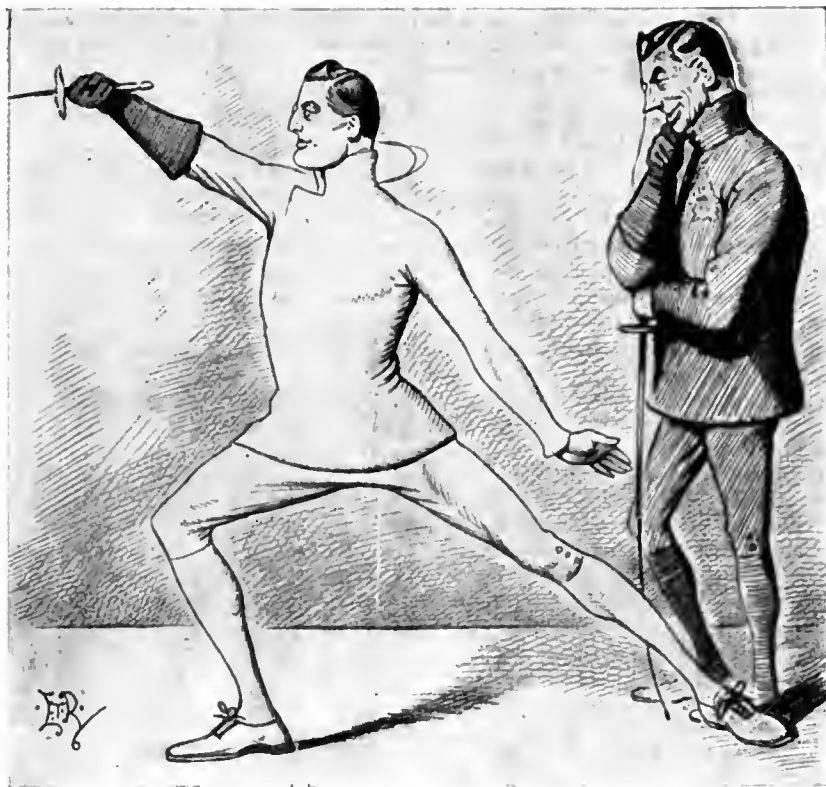
House of Commons, Monday, April 18.—Lord DUNRAVEN, *blasé* with Biarritz, pent up with the placid pleasures of Pau, bethought him of the place to spend a happy day. Not Rosherville, but the House of Commons with Irish debate to the fore. Remembers days of old when PARNELL was in his prime, with JOEY B.'s broad smile beaming over expansive imitation sealskin waistcoat girt with massive gold chain fashioned like a ship's cable. Wit sometimes; always humour, if occasionally of Donnybrook Fair order. Certainly movement, fire, possibly an explosion.

Looking down to-day from Peers' Gallery, DUNRAVEN finds NANNETH on his legs, making dull speech of prodigious length on subject of Primary Education in Ireland. Also O'DONNELL—not him of the eyeglass, who, nigh thirty years ago, used to rise from this very seat and stir up the Saxon. This is O'DONNELL of Kerry West, a national school-teacher. None the worse for that. But alack! so long in getting to what he thinks he wants to say.

In due course, in place of PARNELL with his tall, slim figure, his keenly cut intellectual face, his icy manner and his biting sentences, comes portly JOHN REDMOND, ornate, oracular, overbearing.

"I warn the right hon. gentleman," he said, shaking a fat forefinger at WYNDHAM yawning on the Treasury Bench, "we will not tolerate the creation of a new Castle Board."

Terribly severe JOHN looks as he hurls this threat amid a pom-pom of cheers from SWIFT MACNEILL. WYNDHAM has been warned so often in the same bass voice with identical gesture that, like the eel injured by repetition to what to begin with was a painful process, he doesn't mind it.



THE OLD "MAÎTRE D'ARMES."

"By Jove, he'll do!"

As for PRINCE ARTHUR, he knows nothing of this new submarine destroyer launched against an often-threatened Ministry. He hurried off after questions, as indeed did the vast majority of Members present at that hour. The sitting is being wasted in long speeches manufactured at Westminster for currency in Ireland. Personally he does not complain of the persistence of the Irish Members in marking (with Melancholy) the sitting as their own. Indeed, by so doing, they relieve him from embarrassment. But for their insistence the day might have been utilised for introduction of the Licensing Bill, that Barmecide feast at the Ministerial table. Ever since Session opened this particular dish has appeared on the *menu*. Whenever *Schacabac*—represented by C.B.—has sat himself down, lifted the cover with anticipatory gusto, behold the dish was empty.

"Another day; some day next week," says BARMECIDE BALFOUR.

Positively announced for last Tuesday. Guests assembled hungry, not to say thirsty. BARMECIDE suddenly discovered there was another dish must be taken first. Thibet displaced the Licensing Bill on the only available day of last week. But here is Monday, set down for what is humorously called "getting the SPEAKER out of the Chair," on the

Civil Service Estimates. No urgent necessity in point of time. Gymnastic operation could be accomplished equally well on Wednesday.

But the Irish Members have prepared the speeches aforesaid. The Harp that once through Tara's halls not been thrummed for at least three weeks. Promise extorted from PRINCE ARTHUR that to-day (Monday) should be appropriated for the performance. Had PARNELL still been to the fore he would, with poignant courtesy, have released the belated PREMIER from his pledge, and pressed on his acceptance Monday for the purposes of a Bill over which the Cabinet still wrangled. PARNELL's successor blunders into threat of what will happen if their Monday is taken away from Irish Members. PRINCE ARTHUR, with a sigh of relief, says if things are put in that way he really must keep his pledge. So the difficulty is evaded; days of grace extended to Wednesday, when in some form or other the dish will be ready, and *Schacabac* will have chance of gorging himself.

Odd thing about complicated business is that when the long-delayed delicacy is at length actually placed on the table there is no one more sure to regret its appearance, criticise its composition, than the erstwhile unfortunate *Schacabac*. Meanwhile here is an



"This is O'D-nn-ll of Kerry West."

afternoon wasted that NANNETTI and O'DONNELL may make speeches, each an hour long, and REDMOND *ainé* may wag a truculent forefinger at an indifferent Chief Secretary.

Business done.—Chiefly talk.

Tuesday night.—It is eleven years last February since AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, engaging a four-wheeled cab, bade the driver take the New Cut on his way to the House, and at one of its many emporiums freighted the vehicle with top hats that had seen better days. Hurrying on to the House he planted them out on the benches below the Gangway just as if they were cabbages. By these means secured priority of place for what in those days were called Dissident Liberals.

A great deal has happened since then. To-day the still-young Member has come to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. Seizes earliest opportunity to reward the care and loving-kindness of his parent by increasing taxation on his cigars.

Rarely since that February day when Mr. G. expounded his second Home Rule Bill has House been so crowded. Four ex-Chancellors of the Exchequer sat at the feet of GAMALIEL from Highbury. JOKIM peered down from Gallery over the clock. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD-CUM-NUNEHAM reflectively stroked his chin as he looked across the Table at our new Financial Minister and, like King GEORGE with the apple in the dumpling, wondered how the—well, how he got there. From his place of exile below the Gangway RITCHIE loomed large. Above it sat ST. MICHAEL in the unseen company of All Angels. Just below RITCHIE, under the lee of his new leader, HARRY CHAPLIN, was DON JOSÉ, bronzed with foreign travel, all unconscious at the moment of the little surprise AUSTEN had in store for him in the matter of cigars.

An exceptionally embarrassing position for the *début* of a CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Hard enough for one of modest mien to face this crowded House; harder still to meet deficit approaching five millions sterling. All very well for JOKIM, at the period when GRANDOLPH "forgot" him, to come into the accustomed heritage of a surplus, legacy of a Liberal Government. It was AUSTEN's fate to reach the Treasury after nine years of continuous Conservative administration, and that, as RUDYARD KIPLING used to say, is another story.

He fronted the ordeal courageously; neither forward nor affrighted. Made no effort to emulate the eloquence of Mr. G., the learning of Mr. LOWE, or the epigrams of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. In language unadorned he lucidly explained his purpose, adding to the gratitude of the audience by the comparative brevity of his discourse. Only time he faltered

was in view of the painful scene between those eminent tea-dealers, Messrs. LOUGH and KEARLEY, when they heard about the tuppence extra duty on tea. As they convulsively clasped hands their sobs filled the tear-dimmed House.

Said Mr. LOUGH to Mr. KEARLEY,
" 'Tis of the Poor I'm thinking merely."
To Mr. LOUGH said Mr. K.,
" Yes; I was thinking we'll make 'em pay."

AUSTEN generously dropped a tear into an imaginary tea-cup, and passed on to explain the intricacies of stripped tobacco.

Business done.—Budget brought in.



A TOUCHING SCENE; OR, TUPPENCE ON TEA.

Eminent Tea-dealers (together). "My poor dear friend! (sniff). To think that it should come to this!" [Retire sobbing.]

Wednesday.—The Licensing Bill at last! No longer a Barmecide invention; a substantial joint more or less succulent. AKERS-DOUGLAS, recovered from depression born of days when he was *locum tenens* of the absent Leader, carries the dish round shoulder high, for inspection of guests.

As foretold, *Schacabac* inappeasable; will have nothing to do with the Bill for which he of late cried aloud. "I cannot," he said, "promise anything but the most strenuous opposition at every stage."

Funnier still attitude and position of WILFRID LAWSON and WHITTAKER. Up to moment when Home Secretary, standing at Table, expounded his Bill, no one knew what it contained. As mere matter of fact its actuality is a surprise. In anticipation of debate WILFRID LAWSON had fairly written out some jokes condemnatory of the Bill as his imagination pictured it. Similarly WHITTAKER in the seclusion of his study had with same design drafted a new *Almanack*. And here was the provoking Home Secretary bringing in quite another Bill.

That, however, an immaterial detail. WILFRID worked off his jokes and WHITTAKER read pages from his *Almanack*, just as if the Bill had been what they imagined, not what *habile* Ministers, endeavouring to walk on both sides of the road at the same time, had drafted.

Business done.—Licensing Bill brought in.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

ABOUT TOWN.

SEVERAL ladies have chosen this week for taking walks. As I was popping down Bond Street a few days ago I nearly ran into sweet Lady B., who was dressed in the softest brown, with a dear little robin redbreast perched lovingly in her *toque*, which was a veritable *dernier cri*. There is a beautiful story in connection with the little dickey, as Lady B. believes that it is the same little feathered darling she used to feed with crumbs on her window-sill last winter! It is such a joy to her tender heart to feel that her little pensioner will now never be parted from his benefactress—while the *toque* lasts.

A few minutes later, while I was returning the Countess of A.'s bow, I caught my foot in the *marabout* of one of our most unconventional and witty American visitors, who is, by the way, the heroine of the following delightful little story. While staying at a country house, not a hundred miles from a certain little white village with red roofs, the house party was taken to a local flower show. At dinner that evening, charming Miss X., who was a member of the party, was asked by her partner if she took an interest in gardening. "I guess I'm only interested in strawberry leaves!" was the witty answer.

BOOKS TO MATCH ALL DRESSES.

All lovers of literature will be delighted to hear that Miss CUMBERLAND SMITH's latest work, *Chained by Circumstance*, is to be issued in tooled green leather to match the dainty little belts which are being shown this week by Mr. PETER JAY. This book would look particularly well with a white satin Liberty robe, a stole of Indian work, and the hair *coiffured* in the *mode retroussé*, which is now, we are glad to see, once more with us.

Another little gem for book lovers is certainly Lady M.'s wonderfully realistic *Revelations of Revolt*, bound in crimson and black. No brunette should be without it. To go with this beautiful volume we should strongly recommend a simple Empire costume of crimson *paume*, with deep frills of accordion-pleated white chiffon, edged with black *ruching*, with sprays of crimson chrysanthemums falling to the feet.

CITY AND SUBURBAN NOTE LAST WEEK.—"Dean Swift" wasn't quite up to his name. At all events the Dean wasn't Swift enough, as he only came in second, with *Robert le Diable* in front of him! The very deuce! and this race wasn't to the Swift.



"SHARP MISERY HAD WORN HIM TO THE BONES."

(A Reminiscence of Easter Manœuvres.)

Colonel Washbull, O.C., 1st V.B. Shoreditch (vainly trying to restrain his hired charger). "STEADY, YOU BRUTE! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TROTTING?"

A FREE CONVERSATION.

THE *Daily Chronicle*, of April 15, stated that "The reception of Mr. HENRY NORMAN, M.P., by the TSAR . . . was of an entirely private character, for Mr. NORMAN was not introduced by our Ambassador or by any official personage, and the audience, which lasted over half an hour . . . was conducted, by His Majesty's wish, with complete freedom of speech on either side. The TSAR began by saying that he had read Mr. NORMAN'S book, kept it in his private library, and found it the best and fairest account in English of his own country. Of course, Mr. NORMAN does not intend to publish this interesting conversation."

Mr. Punch thoroughly appreciates the nice instinct for reticence shown by Mr. NORMAN in respect to the details of his Imperial interview; and, if the facts have nevertheless leaked out, the public must draw its own conclusions as to the system of key-hole intrigue that obtains in the TSAR'S immediate entourage.

SCENE—*The Tsar's Library.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Mr. Henry Norman, M.P.

Nicholas II., Emperor of Russia.

Nicholas II. I have read your book. I keep it in my private library. I find it the best and fairest account yet written in English of my own country.

Henry Norman. Ha!

N. II. I like *Wee Macgregor* too. And did you read that very ingenious feuilleton in the *Daily Mail*, called "Mr. Smith, of England"?

H. N. I read the *Chronicle*—

N. II. What a pity you missed that! The author is a Mr. ANDREW LORING. Now, if only *he* would call upon me!

H. N. I doubt if he is a publicist.

N. II. That is what I meant. Is there not a bill now interesting your House of Commons on the proper regulation and control of publicists?

H. N. Publicans, I think your Majesty must mean.

N. II. Very likely. These *nuances* of a foreign tongue take so much learning.

H. N. The Far East—

N. II. By the way, what horse-power is your motor-car? I understand you are one of the pioneers of the new locomotion.

H. N. Assuredly. I don't think the World's Work could go on without motors.

N. II. This is very interesting about the "ashes." It created a profound impression at our Court when the news of their recovery reached us. It is a great thing to be an athletic nation. I suppose you know Mr. Fry, C.B.?

H. N. Intimately. We are fellow Editors.

N. II. I was wondering if he could be tempted to settle here for a while and introduce cricket among my moujiks.

H. N. The claims of the English season are very exacting.

N. II. Ah, well, it was only an idea of mine, perhaps Quixotic.

H. N. There has always been a Quixotic strain in the Romanoffs.

N. II. Yes, indeed.

H. N. Japan—?

N. II. Oh, by the way, is the interest in London in Russian music still what it was? We look upon your great conductor Mr. HENRY J. TREE as one of the best of the English friends of Russia.

H. N. Not HENRY J. TREE, your Majesty; HENRY J. WOOD. Perhaps a not unnatural confusion. We have a TREE too, an actor. He played in an adaptation of Tolstoy's novel *Resurrection*.

N. II. Ah, yes. How foolish to confuse the names. But I often do not feel sure of them. Let me see, you are Sir ALFRED HARMSWORTH, are you not?

H. N. No, your Majesty; Mr. HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

N. II. Tut, tut, how *gauche* of me! Mr. NORMAN, of course. You have been here before, have you not?

H. N. I am esteemed in England greatly on account of my intimacy with your Majesty.

N. II. Quite right, quite right. And what was the purpose of the present visit?

H. N. A few words on the situation, your Majesty.

N. II. The situation? Ah, yes. Charming, is it not? The view from this window always seems to me exceptionally fortunate. And now I must say Good-bye. [Interview closes.]

IMMEDIATELY, detached country or seaside cottage, with accommodation for six fowls; two sitting, three or four bed-rooms; convenient to Roman Catholic Church.

The above, appearing in a weekly lady's paper, shows the status to which the barn-door fowl is rising. The two sitting-rooms are of course euphemistic for the nests, and perches now take the more refined designation of bedrooms. But why "convenient to Roman Catholic Church"? Surely where Brahmas or Cochin Chinas are concerned a Temple to Vishnu, Siva, or Buddha would be more in keeping.

"Ah," sighed the rejected and rejected author, as he glanced at the betting list in a sporting paper, "I wish I could say this of my manuscripts—'Offered and taken.'"

CONSOLATIONS FOR THE UNHUNG.

Now that the painful month of suspense in Studioland is at an end, it behoves us to apply our most soothing embrocation to the wounded feelings of geniuses whose works have boomeranged their way back from Burlington House. Let them remember:

That very few people really look at the pictures in the Academy—they only go to meet their friends, or to say they have been there.

That those who *do* examine the works of art are wont to disparage the same by way of showing their superior smartness.

That one picture has no chance of recognition with fourteen hundred others shouting at it.

That all the best pavement-artists now give "One-Man" shows. They can thus select their own "pitch," and are never ruthlessly skied.

That photography in colours is coming, and then the R.A. will have to go.

That REMBRANDT, HOLBEIN, RUBENS and VANDYCK were never hung at the Summer Exhibition.

That BOTTICELLI, CORREGGIO and TITIAN managed to rub along without that privilege.

That the ten-guinea frame that was bought (or owed for) this spring will do splendidly next year for another masterpiece.

That the painter *must* have specimens of his best work to decorate the somewhat bare walls of his studio.

That the best test of a picture is being able to live with it—or live it down—so why send it away from its most lenient critic?

That probably the *chef-d'œuvre* sent in was shown to the Hanging Committee upside down.

That, supposing they saw it properly, they were afraid that its success would put the Academy to the expense of having a railing placed in front.

And finally, we would remind the Rejected One that, after all, his bantling has been exhibited in the R.A.—to the President and his colleagues engaged in the work of selection. Somebody at least looked at it for quite three seconds.

A Rapid Glance Round.

THE following advertisement of an Isle of Wight Hotel appears in the *St. James's Gazette* :—

"Miles of Beautiful Coast Scenery from nearly every window. From Waterloo to Hotel Pier, 12.30, arrive 4.5; return 4.10, arrive 7.35."

Cinq minutes d'arrêt! It sounds inadequate.

M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. III.

Of course I have seen to it that young BOUDIN should pay a visit to the House of Commons; indeed, I went with him, for I was anxious to note what impression was made upon him by the sight of the institution which is at once the cause and guardian of our liberties and the promoter of our progress. "BOUDIN," I said to him, "I am glad to tell you that I have been able, through the good offices of my friend WINDLESTRAP, the Member for East Wopsall, to secure cards for the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons to-day. I hope it will be convenient for you to go."

"Convenient?" he replied. "Oh, yes, I can make it convenient, but I do not know that I am enthusiast for the House of Commons. I have seen the Chamber of Deputies and I suppose they are much alike. They are old gentlemen with bald heads that shine as you look down at them; and they talk and sometimes they are angry and beat themselves. Your House of Commons will be the same thing, will it not?"

I own that this way of putting it affected me disagreeably, but I kept calm and said, "The Chamber of Deputies, my dear BOUDIN, is no doubt all very well in its way. I am the last man to say a word against it; but the House of Commons is the oldest representative assembly in the world, the mother of Parliaments, and all that, you know, and—well, we're accustomed to think of it as something rather different from other bodies of a similar nature set up by foreign nations."

"As to that," says he, "I do not doubt it will be different in little things, but in principle they are all the same. And to be old is not to be full of wisdom; but I will go with you willingly and see your great House of Commons," and he bowed to me and lit himself a cigarette, as if it was all a matter of no importance.

However, I took him in spite of his flippancy.

We were lucky in our evening, for the adjournment of the House was moved from the Opposition benches almost immediately after we got there, forty Members having risen to support the orator who proposed it, and the debate that ensued was one of the liveliest and angriest it has ever been my good fortune to listen to. Epithets came pelting down like hailstones; eyes flashed; fists were clenched; there were interruptions, roars of fury, retorts, pale faces—all the signs in fact that denote a situation strained almost to bursting-point. I had the utmost difficulty in restraining BOUDIN from joining in the uproar and thus causing our expulsion from the Gallery:—

"It is not human," he said, "to prevent me from shouting. I smother if I do not shout. Oh, sacred name of a pipe, it is better than the Chamber of Deputies; it is better than the battle of Austerlitz at the Cirque; it is better—oh, but that was a terrible thing your Mr. BALFOUR say of your Sir BANNERMAN; and yet you say there will be no duels after this."

"My dear BOUDIN," I said with some dignity, "in a country which has long been in the enjoyment of liberty, and which has realised that progress depends on free and open discussion, there is no necessity to resort to the brutal and senseless arbitrament of the duel. We have got beyond that sort of thing. We do not bring political animosity into the field of private friendship. I myself agree with Mr. BALFOUR and the Conservative Press that the Liberals on the Opposition are, with few exceptions, a set of unprincipled scoundrels, the friends of every country except their own—but I should be sorry to let this opinion of mine break up my private intercourse with Liberals."

"Ah, then," cried BOUDIN, "you are all hypocrite; you are pretending like children. All this noise and fury you make them for fun. You mock yourself of the country; you



PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

"I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING, MISS BULLION. MY SISTER MAUD'S GOING TO MARRY YOUR BROTHER DICK. BUT DON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT, 'COS HE DOESN'T KNOW IT HIMSELF YET!"

make a *pied de nez* at the people; you are humbugs" (he pronounced it "ombogs"). "You call a man a rogue and then, by blue, you dine with him and you smile, and he say to you, 'That was a splendid speech. I felicitate you;' and you say to him, 'Oh, but your speech' (in which he call you a villain), 'that was magnificent. My compliments.' Oh, come, let us go away. I cannot listen any more."

Of course I laughed at him, but for once in a way he seemed in earnest.

"Oh," he said, "you are indeed a great nation. You have my respectful homages. You make a serious thing of your football, and you make your politics like a play at the Palais Royal. Yes, you are a great nation."

"BRITISH OAK," who is interested in historical relics, writes from Wick to complain of a shocking case of vandalism reported in the "Literary and Scientific Corner" of his local paper. The facts are given as follows without comment:—"At the Royal Institution, before a brilliant audience, Professor OSTWALD took his stand at the historic green-clad table, from which JOHN DALTON a century ago enunciated his atomic theory, and proceeded to demolish it." Mr. Punch heartily shares the disgust of "British Oak" at this wanton act of destruction.

WANTED, A SITUATION as Working Butler, where footman is preferred.—Maidenhead Advertiser.

Is this a case of humility, or simply cussedness?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN spite of the fact that readers of *The Woman with the Fan* (METHUEN) will not make the acquaintance of a single desirable person, Mr. ROBERT HICHENS' book is fascinating by reason of its clever studies of character, enthralling in the drama it unfolds. It is always a pity that good people should not be capable of becoming, in the skilled novelist's hands, as interesting as the bad. My Baronite's limited experience does not bring him in contact with the exceedingly seamy side of highly-placed London society

familiar to Mr. HICHENS. All his men are bad (with the exception of a feeble old gentleman whose physical infirmities are pitilessly dwelt upon), and all his women (save one septuagenarian) are in varied manner vicious. Nevertheless one eagerly reads what they say, and intently follows their plotting and counterplotting. Amongst many finished studies is the character of *Lord Holme*, a sort of twentieth century Bacchus, with a touch of Silenus. *Robin Pierce*, a discarded suitor of *Lady Holme* who openly makes love to her in her married state, is the nearest approach to a gentleman in Mr. HICHENS' gallery. But this character is evidently imposed upon him with ulterior design. It helps to make the strongly dramatic situation in which *Robin*, after passionately protesting that *Lady Holme's* beauty is nothing to him, all he sought being "the angel within her," discovers that her face has been disfigured by an accident, and silently turns away and withdraws from the stage. There are other scenes that suggest dramatisation of the novel. But of course *Lady Holme's* scarred and seamed countenance, upon which the tragedy turns, makes such adaptation impossible.

Miss Arnott's Marriage, by RICHARD MARSH (JOHN LONG), can be recommended by the Baron only to the totally inexperienced in novel-reading, or to the thoroughly accomplished and indefatigable skipper conversant with the ropes. The story begins well; and thus it happens that the commencement is the best of it, "which," quoth the Baron paradoxically, "is just the very worst of it."

In the Editor's preface to *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates* (WARD, LOCK & Co.) record is made of the death of Mr. BENJAMIN VINCENT, which took place since he piloted through the press the twenty-second edition of this indispensable work. Behold in this portly volume his unique monument. Mr. VINCENT commenced his editorial labours in connection with the seventh edition, and continued them through the last hitherto published. The twenty-third exceeds former records by two hundred precious pages, not to mention space gained by condensation, printing in smaller type, or the expunging of matters of lessening interest. As it stands the volume is world-embracing. There is no subject, from Atoms to Zollverein, that is not dealt with compendiously yet comprehensively. The art of condensation reaches its perfection in these skillfully-arranged pages. Not only is the history of every nation in the universe brought up to date, but where, since the last edition was published, history has been made, place is found for succinct record. Turning over the pages my Baronite finds not less than ten devoted to record of the progress of the South African War. In this narrow compass are found, instantly accessible, particulars and dates of every one of the leading incidents in the Titanic struggle. The *Dictionary of Dates* is for the literary or business man a library in itself.

The Tragedy of the Great Emerald, by WETHERBY CHESNEY (METHUEN), is the story of a robbery, two murders, a suicide,

and the discovery of criminals without any assistance being given by professional detectives and subordinate police officers. The gentleman and the lady who undertake the detection of the above indicated crimes are not by any means strikingly original creations. The one really strong melodramatic situation arrests attention at the commencement of the story, but "subsequent proceedings" are not of increasing interest. The pace at first is too good to last: hence disappointment. Still, those whom Providence has blessed with an abundance of spare time may set themselves many a less profitable task than the perusal of this tale of meddle, muddle, and mystery.

Dr. BARRY is a master of perplexing style. My Baronite, reading *Newman*, the latest addition to the *Literary Lives* Series published by HODDER AND STROUTON, feels the touch of nature that makes him kin with the coster's acquaintance of the Old Kent Road, "'E dunno w're 'e are.'" Frequently he comes upon really illuminating sentences, and thinks he is now going to learn something about the Cardinal, his life and his works. But the next sentence, obscure, involved, has nothing to do with the matter, wandering blindfold on another tack. At best it is a lay figure round which the book is written—a pity, since there have been few personalities so rich and rare as that of the English Cardinal. The best things in the book are the various photogravures, from the miniature painted whilst NEWMAN was still in residence at Keble College to the Dantesque face presented a year before his death, with its pathetic gaze into an unknown future, and its unspoken prayer, "Lead, Kindly Light."

Bright in colour is the frontispiece of the *Pall Mall Magazine* for May, which opens with a poem entitled "A Summer Evening," by King OSCAR of Sweden and Norway. The translation of the Royal contributor's work is by EMILY JULIAN. There are some capital cricket notes, headed "Don't," aptly illustrated. MAUD RAWSON's story of "Pepita" is dashing-ly illustrated by S. H. SIME, who introduces a new method of dealing with the action of individuals in the tale by showing a page of curiously quaint landscape (in a certain sense Gustave Dorésque), wherein hundreds of trees appear like gigantic powdered heads of goblins in a valley, while the two principal actors in the scene are in the foreground, proportionately insignificant. Then in the next illustration we are shown how "he stood facing *Pepita* with flashing eyes," but the spectator sees only the broad back of the gentleman facing *Pepita*, and whether *his* eyes are flashing or not cannot be gathered from their reflection in those of *Pepita*. A lively and interesting number, as it should be for "The merry month of May."

SHORT NOTICE.—On this occasion Mr. *Punch's* Dramatic Commissioner can do no more for *The Rich Mrs. Repton*, the new comedy produced last week at the Duke of York's Theatre, than record the instant and well-deserved success of Mr. R. C. CARTON's wealthy widow. It is a delightful piece, capitably "staged" by Mr. DION BOUCICAULT, and perfectly acted. The eccentric heroine, *Mrs. Jack Repton*, a modern *Lady Bountiful*, is charmingly impersonated by Miss COMPTON. Congratulations to Manager CHUDLEIGH and to all concerned; details in "our next."





CONSOLATION.

Wife of his bosom (to Daubsley, whose masterpiece, "The Calais-Douvres failing to enter Dover Harbour," has also failed to enter the Royal Academy). "NEVER MIND, GEORGE, I'M SURE THERE IS REALLY GOOD WORK IN IT, FOR I DISTINCTLY HEARD THAT CRITIC FRIEND OF YOURS SAY, WHEN HE WAS HERE ON SUNDAY—AND YOU KNOW HE NEVER PRAISES ANYTHING UNDULY—I DISTINCTLY HEARD HIM SAY THE PICTURE POSITIVELY MADE HIM FEEL QUITE ILL."

A CAFÉ IN PICCADILLY.

(Why Not?)

SINCE the Agreement with France was signed, the London climate itself seems on many days to have acquired a Gallic gaiety. The smoke still poured from a million chimneys, the smuts still descended on five million faces, but nevertheless those sunny April days, showing the freshly-painted white houses clear-cut against a sky that was almost blue, tempted us to sit outside a café in the sunshine, and watch the passers-by while we smoked at ease. The temptation was easily resisted, for that café was but a dream. However fine the weather may be, one can sit nowhere in London streets, except with tramps on a public seat, or with flower-girls on the base of the Shaftesbury Memorial.

People say the climate of London makes sitting out of doors impossible. It is quite possible in the Park, and very agreeable and cheerful at certain hours in the daytime, if the weather is warm and still and rainless. But one

can sit outside a *café* in the evening, and in weather much less warm and settled, because one is sheltered by the buildings and probably by an awning. People used to sit out in the charming garden behind the Albert Hall, at the time of the Fisheries and other Exhibitions, until that garden, which the richest city in the world could not afford to preserve, vanished for ever. Even now some adventurous explorers get as far as the Wild South-West, and discover a sort of open-air resort, sandwiched between railway lines and coal yards. The climate of London in summer is not so very much worse than that of Paris, though the sky is less clear. The temperature of the two cities is much the same. London has no monopoly of rain, or Paris of sunshine. Last summer a gondola in the Rue de Rivoli would have excited no surprise, and any May one can meet in the Avenue de l'Opéra a North wind that would be a credit to Cromer.

People also say that we ought to sit out in the Embankment Gardens, if we

want to imitate the French. But nobody in Paris sits upon the *quais*, charming as they are. At least there is no *café* of any size between the Louvre and the Trocadéro. The Parisian prefers the cheerful streets, and if we tried to imitate his *café* it should be in Piccadilly.

It might be on the site of St. James's Hall, or among the shops near Half Moon Street, facing the Green Park. It is true that in neither of those positions could there be chairs actually in the open air. But the seats could be inside as they are in Vienna, or Berlin, or Brussels, and through the windows, wide open or entirely removed in warm weather, one could see the movement in the street. There is, however, one ideal position. If there were a *café* on the ground floor of the new Ritz Hotel, with a *terrace* overlooking Piccadilly and the Green Park—by that time perhaps more green than now, and no longer half black with recumbent and filthy tramps—the Londoner, other than the tramp, could try at home what he appreciates so much abroad.

STORM IN A TEACUP.

UNDER a hide profoundly elephantine,
To Nature's touches practically dead,
He hid a heart inhuman, adamantine,
Who lightly thought to tax the people's bread;
But he, I hold, possessed a constitution
Tougher by one incredible degree,
Who faced a country ripe for revolution
And put an extra tuppence on its tea.

What made him choose a course so rash, so risky?
Why pinch a people in its tenderest place?
Was it the falling-off in wine and whisky
That asked revenge in kind to meet the case?
Are we conjecturally right in stating
That he has penalised that sacred cup,—
The sort that cheers without inebriating,—
Merely to make the liquid difference up?

To him, I dare surmise, it little mattered,
So he could once restore the year's decrease,
Whether or not that tuppence rudely shattered
The dearest prop of our domestic peace;
That charm that in the mansions of the mighty
Makes bearable the women's gossip-hour;
The same that in the humbler form of "high-tea"
Draws home the clerk to his suburban bower.

I would some friend, some Treasury Achatas
Had warned him not to put our tempers out
By carelessly upsetting those Penates
Who find their focus in the tea-pot's spout;
Had bid him mark that best of Britain's mottos,
Which, like her flag (to every wind unfurled),
Elicits loyal cheers and reverent "What ohs!"—
The hand that rules the kettle rocks the world!

For not by beer alone, nor yet at Eton
(The site where Waterloo was largely won),
Have we acquired the knack of being beaten
Without acknowledging when we are done;
But half our gallantry in earth- and sea-fights,
And that unrivalled gift of keeping cool,
Was learned in hand-to-mouth provincial tea-fights
Inaugurated by the Sunday School.

And what associations round it ripple,
The beverage that genii loved to gulp!
COWPER, whose Muse immortalised the tippie,
Grew nightly pensive o'er its sodden pulp;
On this, to cope with BOSWELL's deadly tedium,
The champion lexicographer relied;
WEIR drew his mellow note from just this medium,
And ANNE absorbed it freely—ere she died.

And if to-day we must forego that liquor
Which binds the nation as in bonds of blood—
Thicker than water anyhow, and thicker,
If you but leave it long enough, than mud;
When on the storied urn we used to brew in
We carve the dying record of the free,
His be the shame who wrought his country's ruin
By putting tuppence extra on her tea! O. S.

A PLEASANT EVENING.

THIS can be insured in the company of *The Rich Mrs. Repton* at the Duke of York's Theatre. As Mr. CARTON's sweet widow is able to draw cheques to any amount, so may she draw the public. *Mrs. Repton* is a woman with a queer past, but ever ready with a splendid present. So good a character could not have a better representative than Miss COMPTON.

Mr. CHARLES ALLAN is excellent as an Anglican Bishop, also "with a past," at least so he gives the audience to infer from his uncommonly precise bearing in the presence of a lady whose morality he considers somewhat questionable. As his nephew, *Lord Charles Dorchester*, Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS "goes up" more than "one." He has a future of light-serious comedy before him, and this particular part he plays to perfection.

It is quite on the cards that Mr. CHARLES TROODE—enacting *Captain Pugsley*, an amateur conjuror—would be a good *remplaçant* for Mr. MATTHEWS whenever required at short notice. He has very little to do, but that little is always effective, and never obtrusive. In the hands of Mr. ERIC LEWIS the absurd character of the kind-hearted ninimypiminy *Bryce Kempshaw*, known as "*Fluffy*," is very safe. He brings out all its best points and never exaggerates its foibles.

Mr. C. M. LOWNE gives us a clever sketch of honest *Edward Lurcott*, a failure as a barrister.

The one part that might endanger the success of the play—namely, that of *Paul Rance* the Dramatist, simply because the public (a first-night audience excepted) is quite unable to sympathise with an author in agonies about the production of his new piece,—is remarkably well rendered, without the slightest exaggeration, by Mr. DION BOUCICAULT.

Capital as is Mr. DAWSON MILWARD's villain, *Fitzroy Marrack*, yet, is it necessary to make him up as such a ghastly bilious-looking rascal? How much more artistic would it have been were he shown as quite an ordinary-looking individual.

Miss DORA BARTON as *Mrs. F. Marrack* does not make this mistake: from her attractive appearance, her character might be good, bad, or indifferent: and, when it comes to business, she never loses a point. This happy couple to a certain extent resemble DICKENS's *Mr. and Mrs. Merdle*; while older readers may be reminded by them of *Mr. and Mrs. Wracketts* in ALBERT SMITH's *Pottleton Legacy*. *Mr. Wracketts* is there described as a gentleman very like a "dissipated eagle;" also "he had a very pale face," and his wife "was a very pretty woman, evidently his junior by ten or twelve years." Mr. CARTON's swindlers pretty closely resemble this latter happy couple.

Miss DORA BARTON is nice as the *ingénue* *Norah Lamonby*, and Miss LENA HALLIDAY enlists all sympathies by her quiet rendering of *Miss Petworth*, *Mrs. Jack Repton's* secretary. The part of *Jowling*, *Mrs. Jack's* highly respectable butler, is capitably made up and played by Mr. CHARLES DALY.

The stage, at the present moment, is strong in representations of upper and lower domestic service: and no piece just now is complete without a typical butler, footman, and house-keeper. The smart housemaid of ancient farce and comedy will have her turn again; the valet is once more getting his chance, as witness the *Vellamy* of Mr. LEWIS FIELDER.

The dialogue is epigrammatic and natural; the action, dramatic. Whether Mr. CARTON's play is strong enough for a long run must depend on "the taste and fancy" of the somewhat uncertain public.

THE *Westminster Gazette*, in reviewing the Stratford-on-Avon performances, says:—"Mr. BENSON has gone back to 5000 (*sic*) B.C. to show us that SHAKESPEARE and ÆSCHYLUS have much in common." Can the reference be to Proto-plasms?

"THE visit of M. LOUBET," says a *Times* correspondent, "confirms and symbolises the French recognition of *Roma intangibile capitale d'Italia*." "What's the use of an 'intangibile capital?'" asked a well-informed speculator on hearing the above. "One can't take much interest in it, or get any interest out of it."



THE WASTED WATERWAY.

FATHER THAMES (*who has been waiting for his Steamboat service for over three years*). "H'M! THEY TALK ABOUT 'CONGESTION OF TRAFFIC'! LORD! I WISH I HAD HALF THEIR COMPLAINT!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, April 25.—
 "I wants to make your flesh creep."

Thus the Fat Boy known to Mr. Pickwick, prefacing communication to his mistress of the scene in the arbour between Mr. Tupman and the spinster aunt. Nothing about the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR that suggests the Fat Boy; nothing save a certain subtle something in his manner as with dignified, yet lithe step he paced the floor this afternoon on his way to the Woolsack. Attendance small; through it ran quick apprehension that something direful about to happen. First thought suggested Dissolution. PRINCE ARTHUR might, on further reflection, be disposed to revert to ancient constitutional practice of resigning after defeat in the Division Lobby. But there had been no disasters of that kind; on the contrary, matters mightily improving in the other House. Ministerial majority more than once ran up to its old figures, even exceeded them. Moreover, if Dissolution were to the fore, it wouldn't be LORD CHANCELLOR's business to announce it.

Could DON JOSÉ have been saying or doing something? Was the LORD CHANCELLOR bearer of a message from him? If so, would Black-Rod be despatched to other House to request their attendance at its delivery, whilst in Palace Yard the Mansion House band played a bar of "God Save the King"?

That obviously absurd, including suggested action of band. Never know what we may come to; as yet this stage not reached. Anyhow, something evidently to the fore. Know it by the quiver of the LORD CHANCELLOR's wig, the ominous rustling of his silken gown.

Having seated himself on Woolsack, LORD CHANCELLOR slowly rose. Fresh quiver of excitement passed along the benches. Noble Lords leaned forward with parted lips. Speaking rather in sorrow than in anger, LORD CHANCELLOR told his simple story. Two years ago CHARLES HENRY CHANDOS HENNIKER-MAJOR succeeded to the British barony of his ancient house. In no hurry to take his seat in the Lords. Made no move in that direction through last Session. Now occurred to him might as well keep up family custom. Advised that before presenting himself to take oath must possess himself of writ summoning him to Parliament. Looked in at Crown Office.

"Don't happen to have about you writ for Baron HENNIKER?" he enquired. "HENNIKER-MAJOR, you know. I'm called Major because I was born in January and my brother GERALD was born in December of same year. Odd thing, you know; doesn't often happen in a family.



ORSTIN, THE TAKER-IN OF SHEKELS.

Some idea, I believe, of christening me Alpha and GERALD Omega. But not carried out. Yes, you are quite right; we sit in the Lords as Baron HARTISMERE. Things altogether a little mixed. But thought I'd look in for the writ. Thank you; now it's all right, I suppose. Just drop in at the Lords, hand in the document, sign the roll, and there you are—at least, there I am."

So he was on the Tuesday following. But as it turned out he had no business there. The clerk at the Crown Office so interested in HENNIKER-MAJOR's story—"Quite a romance of the peerage," he said to his wife when he returned home—that, looking up a file and finding a writ ready for Baron HARTISMERE he handed it over.

Accepted as matter of course by clerk at table in House of Lords; ALPHA HENNIKER-MAJOR, sixth Baron in the



JOHN OF BATTERSEA.

(After the manner of M-x B-rb-hm.)

Peerage of Ireland, second in that of the United Kingdom, duly signed the roll of Parliament and took his seat. Then dread discovery made. It wasn't his writ at all! HENNIKER-MAJOR's a hap-hazard family. The fifth Baron went to his grave without ever possessing himself of the writ of summons to the last Parliament of Queen VICTORIA. Long it lay at the Crown Office, till the sixth Baron, casually dropping in, dazing the clerk with entrancing autobiographical details, gets handed to him his late father's writ, and but for accidental discovery might (legislatively) have lived upon it to the end of the chapter.

As it is, the Constitution must be saved. Instant action imperative. Thus the LORD CHANCELLOR comes down in State and, setting aside all other business, moves that the writ of summons directing Lord HARTISMERE to attend be set aside. Also that the name of Lord HARTISMERE, set forth among the Lords present on Tuesday last, should be deleted, and that the signature on the test-roll be struck out.

Noble Lords held their breath expecting the LORD CHANCELLOR would conclude dread sentence with the formula, "And may the Lord have mercy on your soul!" Stopped short at that; and noble Lords, feeling unequal to strain of other business, forthwith adjourned.

Business done.—In Commons, opposition to Aliens Bill defeated by a majority of 124. In Lords, Lord HENNIKER declared to be an alien. Name struck off roll of Parliament—*pro tem.* of course.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—A dull day, my masters. Nothing to the fore more important than voting in Committee of Ways and Means a trifle of one hundred and thirty-four millions sterling. Not at any time present through discussion one hundred and thirty-four Members. One touch of humour flashed over preliminary scene.

Before House went into Committee ANSON brought in Bill amending Education Act passed t'other day. Affairs have, it seemed, reached deadlock in Principality. Town Councils hold purse-strings of Education funds. When managers of Church schools come along for their share, County Councils, representing majority of Nonconformist population, dole out in threepenny bits exactly as much as the Church schools were accustomed to receive under old régime. That seems fair enough. But, working out, it falls roughly on school managers. Education grant formerly supplemented by contributions from the Faithful. Solicited to-day to renew subscriptions, the Faithful with discordant levity reply, "You bet! We successfully brought pressure to bear upon best of all Governments to throw

charge of denominational education on the rates. Go and take it out of them."

But AP MORGAN and AP THOMAS who, as their fathers did, worship in, and out of their own pockets maintain, bleak stone-faced chapels on a thousand hills, won't stump up another penny beyond what particular Church schools formerly received from Education Department.

"They knew your needs and your just claim," says Alderman AP MORGAN, "and met them out of public funds. We, now administering those funds, allot you precisely the same amount."

"Felly," says Councillor AP THOMAS, dropping into the vernacular.

Managers of Church schools retire to secluded glen, and indulge in strange language. But it does not produce any money.

This, in brief, is the education pickle in the Principality. Government who created it by Education Act of yesteryear now step in to mitigate it by amending Act. The Education Board will supply the deficit created by backwardness of former subscribers to Church schools, and will afterwards take it out of the rates.

"Coercion! coercion!" cry the Welsh Members, raging furiously.

'Twas here the flash of humour crossed the parched mind. Idea of associating Sir WILLIAM ANSON—prim, precise, slight in figure, the ideal Professor for the University founded by the Lady PSYCHE and the Lady BLANCHE, one who might well have worn their

academic silks, in hue

The lilac, with a silken hood to each,
And zoned with gold—

to connect him with coercion too delightful!

"They'll be calling him Buckshot ANSON next," said SARK, recalling well-known episode in turbulent days of Chief Secretary FORSTER.

All the same, this being the line to take, LLOYD-GEORGE followed fuming, burling round placid head of Secretary to Board of Education bolts of nicely-calculated thunder, gleams of home-made lightning. ANSON, who, as few suspect, once meekly bore the dignity of a City Alderman, instinctively shrank behind the bulwark of body of HOME SECRETARY. Managed throughout the tirade bravely to wear a smile not unworthy a Vinerian Reader in English Law.

Business done.—A good deal, of sorts.

Friday night.—NANNETTI has given notice of strange question addressed to the POSTMASTER GENERAL. He has put it down for Monday. It is to ask "if he is aware that men are frequently supervised by females in Dublin; can he say if this practice is general throughout the entire service? and, if not, will he make arrangements to have the practice discontinued?"

Lord STANLEY rather in a fix. Speaking as a married man he says the condition described in the question is not confined to Dublin. He has known cases on this side of the Channel, even in domestic establishments not unconnected with his old Department, the War Office. Why NANNETTI should have fixed upon him to deliver an opinion on the subject, urging him to make arrangements for having the practice discontinued, is entirely puzzling.

Business done.—Private Members'.

GREAT GOLFERS.

A SERIES OF APPRECIATIONS.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. G. W. Beldam.)

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Now we come to a player whom many consider to be gifted by nature with the most remarkable style in the Kingdom of Golf—an opinion in which I decidedly concur, for to see the Duke of DEVONSHIRE hitting hard with his wooden clubs is a sight for the gods. Some of the feats he has recently accomplished on the private links at Chatsworth are altogether unprecedented: on one occasion when playing a full-iron shot he cut what BEN SAYERS (no mean judge) declares to be the largest divot on record. It is said that when he is playing with the Hon. OSMOND SCOTT he is consistently out-driven, but I have never seen Lord HALSBURY drive a ball quite so far as the Chatsworth crack.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, as instantaneous photographs show, adopts an extraordinarily wide stance—there being fully three and a half feet between his feet—with the ball placed equidistant from the two heels, so that it is impossible to say for certain whether he plays off the right or the left leg. Another peculiarity of his is that he never fails to strike his shoulder, neck or head with the club-head at the top of his swing. The follow through is just as full of dash as the upward swing, as may be proved from the fact that the Duke has been known to strike the ground eighteen inches behind the ball, *and yet succeed in striking it several yards off the tee!* But his proficiency is by no means confined to his wooden clubs. With his mashie, when he is in form, the Duke can socket, dunch and flub against any amateur living, and Lord DARNLEY, better known as the Hon. Ivo BLOH, has been heard to say that he has never seen any golfer make such a stroke to cover point.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

If there is one player who may be said to have a distinctive style of his own, it is the ex-Colonial Secretary. To begin with, in addressing the ball he entirely dispenses with any preliminary waggle.

His somewhat slight physique affords no criterion of his driving power, which is quite remarkable. But perhaps his most striking characteristic is his daring yet successful use of that difficult yet delightful shot—the push-stroke. Generally speaking, it is only used when the ground is firm; but no matter how difficult the lie, or how delicate the ground, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN can always rely on bringing it off with a certainty which paralyses the most imperturbable opponent.

Another great service which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has rendered to the game is the revival of the spoon. Time was when the driving mashie was the popular favourite. It had dethroned the cleek, as the latter club had superseded the spoon; but the spoon is once again amongst us, and I firmly believe has come to stay. It is a club to which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, like Mr. HILTON and SANDY HERD, is peculiarly partial, but in one important particular he differs from these famous exponents of the game. They always use a short club, while he varies the length of his spoon according to the character of his partner.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

The peculiarities of the Liberal Leader's style are pronounced and easily described. Time after time he unconsciously "faces" in an entirely different direction from that in which he intends to go, with a result to his partner that can be easily imagined. It is said, however, that of late he has been assiduously practising a forcing stroke with a captive ball in a Chinese compound, and his present style would certainly tend to confirm this rumour. In addressing his ball he favours a prolonged waggle, and leaves a good deal to be desired in regard to the follow through. He is generally considered what is termed a left-leg player, but observation of his recent methods inclines us to the supposition that he has altered slightly his attitude to the globe, with the result that he is not quite so much of a left-leg player as he was.

It appears from the account given in the *Times* of the attempt to assassinate General KUROPATKIN, that a Cossack in attendance on the Commander-in-Chief noticed one of the two Japanese, "disguised as Chinese beggars, put his hand inside his dress, whereupon he felled him to the ground." Exceptionally sharp body-guard this. It recalls the case "down west" when a simple stranger, on putting his hand behind him, to draw out his handkerchief from his tail pocket, was immediately shot by the Arkansas gentleman of whom he was about to ask the way. Still the Cossack was right this time—if the story's true.



A TOAST.

"LONG LIFE TO YER HONOUR! MAY ASSES DANCE ON THE GRAVES OF YER INIMIES!"

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

A SOLDIER OF WEIGHT.

In the dim and distant ages, in the half-forgotten days,
Ere the East became the fashion, and an Indian tour the craze,
Lived a certain Major-General, renowned throughout the State
As an officer of standing and considerable weight.

But, though weightiness of mind is an invaluable trait,
When referred to adiposity it's all the other way;
And our hero was afflicted with an ever growing lack
Of the necessary charger, and the hygienic hack.

He had bought them by the dozen—he had tried them by
the score,—

But not one of them was equal to the burden that he bore;
They were conscious of the honour—they were sound in
wind and limb—

They could carry a cathedral, but they drew the line at *him*.

But he stuck to it, till finally his pressing needs were filled
By the mammoth of his species, a Leviathan in build,
A superb upstanding brown, of unexceptionable bone,
And phenomenally qualified to carry 20 stone.

And the General was happy; for awhile the creature showed
An unruffled acquiescence in the nature of his load;

Till without the slightest warning that superb upstanding
brown

Thought it time to make a protest, which he did by lying
down.

They appealed to him, reproached him, gave him sugar, cut
his feed,

But in vain; for almost daily that inexorable steed,
When he heard his master coming, looked insultingly around,
And with cool deliberation laid him down upon the ground.

But they fought it out, till in the end the undefeated brute
Made a humorous obeisance at the general salute!

Then his owner kicked him wildly in the stomach for his
pranks,

Said he'd stand the beast no longer, and "returned him to
the ranks."

(An interval of about three years has elapsed.)

Time has dulled our hero's anguish; time has moved our
man of weight

To an even higher office in the service of the State;
And we find him on his yearly tour, inspecting at his ease
A distinguished corps of Cavalry, the Someone's Own D.G.'s.

And our fat but famous man of war, accoutred to the nines,
Was engaged in making rude remarks, and going round the
lines,

When he suddenly beheld across an intervening space
A Leviathan of horseflesh, the Behemoth of his race.

"Colonel Robinson," he shouted, with enthusiastic force,

"A remarkably fine horse, Sir!" The remarkably fine horse
Gave a reminiscent shudder, looked insultingly around,

And with cool deliberation laid him down upon the ground!

DUM-DUM.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

III.

*Still in Korea—but higher up.
April 8.*

SINCE my last date of writing I have figured as a somewhat prominent fly on the wheel of international politics! This may perhaps appear almost too bombastical an assertion, even for the emissary of so potential a factor as Hon'ble *Punch*; still, like *Othello*, I have done the State some service, and they know it, so I need say no more of that—except to narrate how it all transpired.

As the fanatical admirer of my plucky little Jap cronies, I have been deeply mortified to perceive that their Korean entertainers, far from showing them their super-fatted calves, kept them at the arm's length of a cold shoulder; such boycotting tactics being due to the bad example of His Imperial Korean Majesty, who adopted the strictly neutral and ostrichian attitude of pretending to be unconscious of their nude existence!

I was anxious to intervene as the mutual friend to split their difference—but *que faire*? For the Korean EMPEROR is unhappily of such excessively sequestered and unsociable disposition that, whenever he makes the shortest promenade through the streets, the populace are strictly forbidden to witness the procession, even from their windows, and any such Peeping Tom is unceremoniously launched into the Coventry of Eternity!

And his courtiers also are compelled to turn their backs, and remain *sotto voce*, without so much as a hiccup, while his soldiers must carry small sticks in their mouths to evade all suspicion of loquacity.

Moreover, he is so sensitive to criticism that when, for some offence or other, he had ordered one of his sisters-in-law to be roasted to death in a brazen apartment, and a certain Governor had hazarded the *obiter dictum* that this was rather too ungallant behaviour towards a member of the fair sex, his Majesty not only ordered the said Governor's head to be decapitated, but that his shins were subsequently to receive twenty strokes from a *bastinado*! [ED. COM.—*We cannot permit our Correspondent to libel a most humane and amiable monarch in this way. This particular Court scandal will be found recorded in HAMEL'S "Account of a Visit to Korea"—published about two hundred years ago! Vide Pinkerton's Voyages, Vol. VII. Mr. J. must really be more careful as to the references he consults in future.*] Under these circumstances I naturally hesitated before venturing even my tip of nose in such a Cave of Despair as the Imperial Palace!

But, most fortunately, a friendly Yang-ban, or member of the Korean Upper Ten [ED. COM.—*We are bound to admit that, on consulting an authority, we find that "Yang-ban" may be translated "gentry"*], gave me the valuable advice that if I desired an audience from the King, I must curry myself into warm favour with a certain Lady Hm, who was the light of his imperial optics.

Needless to state that I at once took measures to ascertain the length of her foot, and very soon succeeded in rendering her my friend in Court.

Lady Hm is a matronly Begum of imposing obesity, with a sallow visage, and liquid organs of vision which do not hunt in couples. She is of highly susceptible temperament, and, if I may credit the *oudits* of Korean *hoi pollies*, possesses a past of a rather luridly spicy character.

The ordinary reticence of an Indo-Anglian gentleman of course suppresses me to indicate the precise sentiments with which she regarded myself.

However, some of your readers may perhaps remember a certain celebrated Indian romance, in which the hero (*Mr. Bhosh*)

was put out of his countenance by the too forward advances of the *Duchess of Dickinson*. The incident in question was, I happen to know, drawn more or less correctly from the Author's personal experiences. It is notoriously waste of time to nod and beck with wreathed smiles at a wilfully blind horse, and I will restrict myself to the discreet hint that such a history may possibly have once more repeated itself.

Nevertheless, I must do Lady Hm the justice that, so soon as she was convinced by the inflexible prudery of my demeanour that she was a Moth who was hopelessly out of my Star, she did not exhibit any of the vindictive felinities of coroneted European feminines, but, on the contrary, put up with my friendship on strictly Plutonic principles.

In token of same she most kindly undertook the jobbery of presenting me at the Palace as a distinguished stranger.

I shall not attempt to describe the gorgeous sumptuosities of its gilded saloons [ED. COM.—*Why not?*] beyond affirming that the interior is truly magnificent, if perhaps in too barbaric a style for cultured Western Tottenham Court Road taste.

Stooping in order to make a conquest, I imprinted my chaste salute upon the imperial foot to the solemn accompaniment of a stroke on the gong.

Then, erecting myself to my full stature, I said, with modest self-sufficiency: "Kindly excuse this intrusion, since I am here for the strictly business purpose of patching up a very old sore."

And, perceiving that His Majesty did not tip the wink to any executioner, but seemed willing to allow me my head, I proceeded to address him through the medium of an interpreter, who, however, was of such gross incompetency as to convey my fecundity in wretchedly bald laconisms.

I said it was the thousand pities that so enlightened and progressive a Potentate, in lieu of perceiving which was the buttered side of his bread, should be so inordinately paralysed by Yellow Perils as to remain a mere mugwump. To which the Emperor responded that he was by no means in love with the Japanese, whom he regarded as so many unmitigated nuisances.

"Still," I argued, "why, O intimate connection of the Sun and Moon, why snub individuals who are engaged in moving Heaven and Earth to prevent the double-headed and Promethian Eagle from praying over your internal economies? Is not said Eagle at the present moment lying, like dog-in-manger, in Port Arthur, and is Hon'ble Admiral Toko, with all his abilities, a Canute that he is to command the sea without assistance?"

His Majesty rather grumpily replied that the Japanese were already overflowing their footwear, and that, having himself a many-wintered crow to pluck with them, he would not be sorry to see them denuded of some of their stuffing.

"Do not, hon'ble EMPEROR," I implored of him, "neglect such an Al opportunity to heap coals of fire on their underserving nuts! Why should such a first-class Navy as yours sit on the fence between the deep sea and a foreign devil, when it might be sent, with a magnanimous message, to your hon'ble Cousin the MIKADO, and contribute a formidable *brutum fulmen* to the bombardment of Port Arthur?"

For a while he made rather ominous apologies for the rough-and-tumble accommodation of his imperial torture-chamber, which suspended me on tenderhooks—until I had the unexpected felicity to gather that I had gained my point.

Bursting into lachrymation, he summoned thirty of his Rear-Admirals, who made their reverential entry on all fours [ED. COM.—*It seems that the actual number of Korean Admirals is twenty-three*], and ordered that, unless the Navy set its sails for Port Arthur by sunset, every Admiral was to be flown as pennant from his own yard-arm.

With incredible celerity the magnificent Korean fleet [ED. COM.—*According to Mr. ANGUS HAMILTON, it consists of*

one iron-built coal-lighter] was under its weight, and I think I may fairly claim that if it should prove, in very short space of time, to turn the scale in the balances of Naval Power—it is entirely owing to my agency.

After a little tittle-tattle on topics of the day, His Majesty graciously dismissed me, with the handsome present of a roll of silk and a fan, which I am sending home to my family circles. This diplomatical success (which surely adds an extra feather to the cap and bells of my revered Lord Paramount) emboldens me to put in a petition on my purely personal hook: I find that all my journalistic-rivals are equipping themselves with patent wireless telegraphic poles.

Accordingly, as it would be the beastly shame if so peerless a paper as *Punch* were to be less up-to-date than penny or half-penny periodicals, may I order myself a Marconigramophone apparatus—price, complete, yen 500 (or, say, £50), which is surely an inconsiderable drop in the inexhaustible bucket of your benevolence?

P.S.—I have had *Punch* idol put in hand by professional Korean carver and gilder. The nose is already protuberating, and (if I may say so) is the squeaking likeness! H. B. J.

NOMINAL HUMOUR.

[One of the delegates from the Lhasa Government is called MA.]

WHY, why don't we thrill with emotion
When Mandarins totter and fall?

Why find it so hard
Such events to regard
As of any importance at all?
If we cannot but laugh at the notion
Of people called Li and An Foo,
Then I venture to claim
There is more in a name
Than the amorous *Juliet* knew.

A Briton can scarce be expected
To take as a serious man
Any news he may get
From a place like Tibet
Or China or funny Japan:
There, names, one would think, are
selected

To tickle one's sense of the queer,
And you straightway expand
In a smile that is bland
When the sound of them falls on your ear.

The talk is of Chinese intentions?
At once you relapse in a grin
As you think of the wiles
Of that master of guiles
Who is known to the world as *Ah Sin*;
The title *Mikado* one mentions,
And memory bears you with joy
To the potentate who
Used to rule *Titipu*
On the boards of the dear old Savoy.



"HE COMETH NOT, SHE SAID."

Mistress (who is going out for the day). "AND, MARY, YOU MAY INVITE A FRIEND TO COME IN TO TEA, IF YOU LIKE."

Mary. "PLEASE, 'M, I HAVEN'T GOT ANY FRIENDS. ONLY KNOW YOUNG WOMEN!"

Our gravity falls below zero;
When we think of Tibet, it's the same,
For the papers declare
They've a Lama out there,
And that MA is the gentleman's name.
At once we imagine a hero
On farcical lines, and we can't
Bring our mirth to an end
As we picture a blend
Of DAN LENO and, say, *Charley's Aunt*.

But sometimes, when merriment bubbles
So fast that it cannot be checked,
As I think what a joke
Are these ludicrous folk
With the comical names they affect;
A doubt will assail me that troubles

The pit of my cynical chest—
Does the West seem at least
As absurd to the East
As the East would appear to the West?

At the sound of the word MONTMORENCY
Do the Lamas explode in their
mirth?
Do they grin and agree,
As they chortle, that we
Are the funniest people on earth?
Do the Chinamen's tails in a frenzy
Of merriment wag when they hear
There are Britons who claim
Such a ludicrous name
(And are proud of it too) as DE
VERE?



OUR THEATRICALS.

The Countess. "WILL THIS CRUEL WAR NEVER END? DAY AFTER DAY I WATCH AND WAIT, STRAINING EVERY NERVE TO CATCH [THE SOUND OF] THE TRUMPET THAT WILL TELL ME OF MY WARRIOR'S RETURN. BUT, HARK! WHAT IS THAT I HEAR?"

[Stage direction.—"Trumpet faintly heard in distance." But we hadn't rehearsed that, and didn't explain the situation quite clearly to the local cornet-player who helped us on the night.]

[ALIEN! IMMIGRANTS.

"Oysters are being shipped from Bordeaux by the million to stock the beds at Ainsdale-on-Sea, between Southport and Formby, where the beach is stated to be entirely unpolluted." —*Daily Paper.*]

I'm British to the core, but none can say
I'm narrow-minded as regards my eating—

I feed, although I state it, in a way—
That takes some beating.

No edible that's known can vex my eyes
Except the thing all honest gourmets
curse—a

Seductive alien food in English guise,
Or *vice versa*.

British or foreign, well or underdone,
No pale dyspeptic qualms have I to smother;

"All's fish"—so it be definitely one
Thing or the other.

Yet here my gastronomic sense is shocked
By just these very blatant masqueraders—

Our English oyster-beds are being
stocked

With French invaders!

For, were I asked to state the thing above
All else that fills my soul with satisfaction,

I'd name the home-bred bivalve—this I love

Most to distraction.

So now in sheer despair I grind my teeth;

No more, as supper nears, my mouth
grows moister;

Why can't I have, upon my native heath,
My native oyster?

"FIRST-RATE INVESTMENT."—The Prince of WALES formally invested the King of WÜRTEMBERG—with the Order of the Garter.

MOTTO FOR MUSIC-HALL PROPRIETORS.—
Sketch as sketch can.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

[According to the *Daily Mail*, Lord SUFFOLK, who, "during his sojourn with Lord CURZON in India, worked hard at amateur theatricals," has organised a company of seventy amateurs for the performance of *A Country Girl* at Charlton Park.]

WE understand that the young Duke of HOLYHEAD, who, while *aide-de-camp* to Lord CROMER, distinguished himself for his devotion to ping-pong, has organised a crusade for the revival of that neglected pastime in the Potteries.

Lord BOOTERTOWN, celebrated while secretary to Lord MILNER for his agility as a step-dancer, has recently started a Cake-walk Academy at Banbury.

Lord ALGY FITZWOODLE, who won the Bumblepuppy championship at Constantinople when *attaché* at the British Embassy, has now renounced diplomacy for Bridge, and has been adopted as a Progressive candidate for the Borough Council of Pontefract.



THE ECLIPSE OF VENUS.

MADAME VENUS. "OH, GOOD EVENING! I WISH YOU COULD DO SOMETHING FOR A YOUNG FRIEND OF MINE, SUCH A NICE BOY—"

GENERAL MARS (*pulling himself together*). "SORRY! BUT I MUST REFER YOU TO THE LATEST ARMY ORDER."

[*"No officer is to seek an interview at the War Office without the written consent of the General of his district. When an interview is asked for by another person on behalf of an officer it will be considered, unless there are grounds to show otherwise, that the application is instigated by the officer concerned."*—*Latest Army Order.*]



CHARIVARIA.

ARTISTS are asking angrily who is responsible for the removal of the scaffolding which has for so long concealed the Albert Memorial.

"Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT is not likely to appear at the Adelphi this season owing to the success of *The Earl and the Girl*." Yet there are some who profess to think lightly of the taste of our theatre-going public.

One of our leading newspapers, which published a strong article on the subject of a certain detective agency, carelessly printed an advertisement of the same firm in the same number. It is doubtful which will prove the greater *réclame*.

250,000 cigars perished last week in the great fire at Aldgate. It is now suggested that this was a case of suicide due to the Budget.

We hear that a mass meeting of children is being organised by Our Little Chicks' League to protest against the threatened rise in the price of cigarettes.

A remarkable case of a man changing his colour from white to black is at present engaging the attention of the medical profession, and the problem of finding employment for Englishmen in South Africa may yet be solved.

Southend has so often been chaffed for its presumption in calling itself a seaside town, that we have much pleasure in drawing attention to the fact that last week it required the services of no fewer than twelve constables to take an ozone-laden prisoner to the local police-station.

The inconvenience caused to motorists by dogs and other pedestrians who get in their way has long been a crying scandal. We are therefore not surprised to hear that a proposal has been made for the Motor Volunteer Corps to be provided with a machine-gun.

A Heidelberg Professor claims to have discovered the Missing Link among the aborigines of North Queensland. This reminds us that devotees of golf strongly object to a column in the *Pall Mall Gazette* devoted to their doings being entitled "Gossip from the Links."

The latest *Entente* is between Russia and England. It is hoped that one between England and Russia may shortly ensue.

There is a feeling among the Chinese that the Russian custom of pulling pig-



OFFENSIVE FAMILIARITY.

Vulgar Street Boy (shouting to Master Merton, who is with his Mamma). "HALLO, TUMMY!"

tails to ascertain whether they are dealing with a real Chinaman or a Japanese spy presses rather hardly on the innocent natives.

Spring Poets have appeared in such numbers this season that one or two of the London District Councils have thoughtfully fixed wire baskets to the lamp-posts for the reception of manuscripts.

M. DE ROUGEMONT is to ride a turtle at the Hippodrome. M. DE ROUGEMONT, it is stated, regards the experiment in the light of a scientific exposition rather than as a diversion. Nevertheless, certain City Aldermen have let it be known that they consider this as the most disgraceful use to which a turtle could be put.

The statement that one of the many detectives who have been watching betting-men in South London was attired as a clergyman has had the effect of making the sporting fraternity very chary of doing business with gentlemen in holy orders.

"UP RIVER SEASON."—Father Thames is making himself uncommonly smart to receive visitors. His locks have been brushed up. Supplies are already being forwarded to meet the expected run on the banks. Ham sandwiches will be always ready, and Eel-pies are to be had hot and hot on the Island: thoroughly digestible and not in the least eel-pie-sonous. Everyone looking forward to the L.C.C. steamers, or rather, the L.C. River steamers.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(For the assistance of visitors to the Royal Academy Exhibition, Burlington House.)

GALLERY No. I.

3. *Portrait of Goscombe John, A.R.A.*, by ARTHUR HACKER, a Hacker-demician. Idea suggested is "Anybody looking? No? Then I'll just pocket this horn pickle-spoon. I'm not to be frightened by a bust covered up with a cloth to look like a ghost!"

8. "We two." By JOHN GRAY. Child and a Donkey. Puzzle—find the other.

9. "Only so so, thank you." Mr. RUSSELL represents pretty lady as she appeared after a severe Channel passage.

13. "Under the Red Robe" is SEYMOUR KINO, looking more like King Seymour than the First Mayor of King-sington, as he is. SOLOMON, A., by wealth of colour indicates the Mayor in possession of plenty of "the red." "red."

14. *Sand and Canvas*. Perfect. Isn't it by B. W. LEADER, R.A.? To be shore it is.

20. A Model family sitting to SIEISMUND GOETZ.

21. *The worried Archbishop*. "They've tied me up with a gorgeous bell-rope, and it's quite put my sermon out of my head! Can't say much against ritualism now I'm associated with A. COPE (A.)."

50. *Tit for Tat*. A Judge well hung. Executed by GLAZEBROOK.

53. "Caparisons are odorous." Gentleman in splendid robes looking up at No. 50, and congratulating himself on his own apparel as represented by W. W. OULESS, R.A.

57. "Fiat Justitia!" And here he is; the Lord Chief, Justice done to him by A. S. COPE, A.

64. Under examination and not yet plucked. "Fouls" claimed by IDA M. BOLTON.

GAL. No. II.

75. That the *First Gal* in "Gal. II." is hypnotised by fear, is transparent to everybody, as transparent as she is herself (admirably rendered by FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.), praying for rescue from Mr. WARWICK REYNOLDS' fierce tiger "*Rajah*" which (it is chained up at No. 77 for the entire season) looks as if he would come down on her at any moment.

88. *Wound up and going strong*. Children, as Mr. GEORGE WETHERBEE saw them, taking mechanical lambs out for a walk.

89. The story of *The Melancholy Maiden, the Haunted Harpsichord, and the Ghost's head under the keyboard!* Scene from a grim musical piece intended, so W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A., says, for "The Lyric."

91. Isn't this the very picture of the pretty little girl who, "when she was good she was very, very good," but who, in a temper, is saying "No! With these light shoes and this blue butterfly of a lopsided rosette I will not go out! I won't move! No—I won't!" And at that instant clever Mr. KERR (sly dog that he is) caught the expression and fixed it on canvas.

95 and 138. "Venice preserved" for us in oils by HENRY WOODS, R.A. To quote old song, "Here's life in the Woods for me!"

106. *Harvey's Sauce! or, dear me, I thought I was Irving!* Cornered by J. J. SHANNON, A.

112. *The Lady in waiting; or, Her late husband.* "Here am I," she says, "all ready, with my new big hat and feathers! Why doesn't he come to take me out for a walk? Never mind. Mr. HUOH DE T. GLAZEBROOK shall take me." And so he did, evidently, "*Fabula narratur* 'DE T.'" GLAZEBROOK.

142. *The Sea*. A very rough idea cleverly suggested by E. G. FULLER.

141. Just the very contrast to the above is "*The Nymph's Bathing-place*." The Nymph objects to sea, or to being seen, so comes to a sea-cluded spot and here "in cool grot," denuded in toto, she puts in one toe at a time just to take the temperature. "A limner then her visage caught." But where was he in ambush? As an artist he would probably be concealed in some neighbouring brush-wood. Anyway, the nymph was an unconscious sitter to Sir E. J. POYNTER, Bart., P.R.A.

164. "*The Open Door*." Admirable specimen of draught-manship by G. D. LESLIE, R.A.

171. Mr. VAL C. PRINSEP, R.A., gives us one of his best. "I do applaud thy spirit, VALENTINE!" as saith the prophetic SHAKESPEARE.

177. Four charming ladies, evidently very late for a dance, have dressed hurriedly, and have quite forgotten that there had been a fall of soot! The name of the *Pa' de quatre* in the catalogue is that of the artist, JOHN DA COSTA.

188. Here Mr. WALTER HUNT shows both his calves. "Twins," he calls it. Glad they're a pair.

194. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain at his writing desk among his papers, a first-rate portrait of the eminent statesman by the eminent artist, Professor H. VON HERKOMER, R.A. This is a new edition of *Josephus*, with notes. It represents our orchid customer, with an eye-glassy stare, difficult to be successfully tackled by either painter or politician. But here the Professor has "done him in the eye."

214. *Heroism*. Lady with smashed and wounded fingers (or has she been picking and stealing strawberries?) silently suffering. Perhaps Mr. SHANNON, A., intends her for a Baroness whose heraldic sign would be similar to that of a Baronet, i.e. the sanguinary hand? A painful mystery.

229. *Joan Junior*. By JAMES SANT, R.A. Compare her with what she was as First Gal 75. Rather an old Gal then. The two together may be remembered as "*The Joans of Burlington House*."

267. *Gala Day*. Punch and Judy show at the Mansion House. The show is set up at the end of the Hall. Performance during dessert to amuse the guests as recorded by W. HATHERELL.

268. Mr. FARQUHARSON, A., has been wool-gathering with wonderful result.

270. Fine live mermaids, fresh caught this morning by EDWARD SLOOMBE.

280. Professor HERKOMER gives us a notable example of "Two single gentlemen rolled into one," in his portrait of "*The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot*." He carries a spare rod, and the little page-boy had better look out.

281. "*Two Belles*," by SHANNON, A. Taken red-handed. Of course they've been irresponsibly flirting, and have got some queer chaps on their hands.

314. *A Corner in Marble*, or young lady taking it coolly, as seen by C. E. PERUGINI.

331. Sporting subject by BEATRICE OFFOR. EVE before the race began, and she has nothing on!

345. *The Haunted Fiddler; or, a singing in his ears*. By BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

404. *Two Tigers preparing for Spring Time*. HERBERT DICKSEE.

423. Irritable gentleman, with cigar, a speaking likeness (by WILLIAM ORFEN), says, addressing somebody not in the picture, "What! smoking not permitted in the Academy! Bosh! Hang me if I stand it!" And they took him at his word: so here he is, hung.

460. Two girls dance, young lady playing harp. Mr. SHRIMPTON's idea of "*True Harpiness*."

463. Girl in garden of "the allotments" looking at some very brilliant vegetables. "Hallo! who's been painting my cabbages a bright green?" "I have," says Mr. ERNEST (very earnest) WALBOURN.

470. To quote the Bard, *à propos* of a Shaksperian subject, this picture by Hon. JOHN COLLIER is one of "Collier's counted bright." The brightness represents the brilliancy of the actresses. The likenesses of Mrs. KENDAL and ELLEN TERRY as the *Merry Wives*, and of BEERBOHM TREE made up as *Falstaff*, are perfect. "Hang him, sweet COLLIER!" (we substitute our own epithet for that in the text) on the walls of the Garrick Club.

493. *Sea-birds in Stormy Weather*. A lot of Puffin' and blowin'. J. FARQUHARSON, A.

496. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. This striking likeness by BACON, A. (quite BACON, A1, not SHAKESPEARE), must be more than merely O'Connorably mentioned. [Exit.]

524. *Regrets; or, The Bare Idea!* "Ah," says the warrior to THOMAS COWPER the artist, "I ought to have kept my helmet on."

560. *Ecece Signum*. Intended for "The King's Head." Painted by H. WEIGALL.

562. "Where the Marshes meet the Sea," and very nearly the ceiling. An example of the very highest art, as it is sky'd. The artist of this is MONTAGU CRICK, a name suggestive of what you feel in your neck when you look up at it. The teaching of the R.A. catalogue is highly moral, as it tells of "better things above."

574. SYBIL DOWIE's little unwashed old woman ought to take the cake—of soap.

682. "*The Blue Pool*." Not a game at billiards, but a landscape regarded with a jaundiced eye by ADRIAN STOKES, who perhaps wishes us to beware of "The Yellow Peril."

764. Familiar face in this little picture. It might be less, but, it is Littler, i.e., Sir Ralph Littler, C.B., K.C. By BEATRICE OFFOR. After this "No Offer refused" by the R.A.

769. Fishing boats arrived. *Mer Tronquille*, a Sea Peace. TERRICK WILLIAMS.

782. We are introduced by Mr. S. WATSON (we "follow you, WATSON") to a gracious lady delighted with her pearl necklace and charmed to receive visitors, while at No. 787, just a few doors off, there is another lovely lady who is regarding the first with envy, as though saying, "Ah, she may have a pearl necklace, but I prefer my (A. P.) GARNETT."

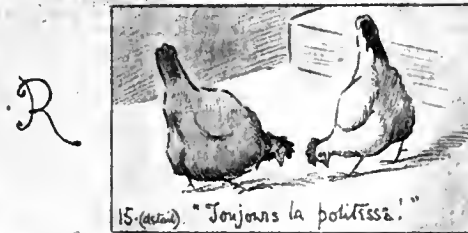
807. Lady and little boy with nets. The picture might be styled "*The Transparent Boy, or Tommy without little Mary*." Perhaps Mr. CHARLES SIMS means to show that they are both out catching butterflies for the diaphanous boy's supper.

834. London; the Thames as it ought to be. *A Happy Dream*, by W. L. WYLLIE, A.

840. Leopard spotted in the very act by ARTHUR WARDLE.

862. Little Red Riding—without the hood. Why is this *petite cavalière* clad all in red? "Because," answers Mr. HARRIS BROWN, "such is her habit."

We haven't done all, but we "can no more, though poor the offering be." Plenty left where these came from. So walk up, walk up, and see the show, which, on the whole, is certainly above an ordinary average.



MR. PUNCH'S TESTS.

THAT the literary profession is overcrowded is generally agreed, and it is likely to become more so unless some steps are taken to keep down the newcomers. At the request of the Committee of the Athenæum Club and the Society of Authors, *Mr. Punch* has drawn up a number of Entrance-Examination papers, from which he gives below a selection of questions. Unless these questions are satisfactorily answered the candidate must continue to be a mere barrister or schoolgirl, curate or civil servant.

DRAMATIST PAPER.

The plums of the writing profession going now to the authors of successful plays, it follows that every child would be a dramatist. Six questions from the entrance paper for playwrights are subjoined, and only on answering four of them with *éclat* will the candidate be allowed to continue at his MS. :—

1. Assumed that your play has been produced without catcalls, from which of the following conditions would you augur most success?

(a) Sprightliness in the *Times*; disapproval in the *Telegraph*.

(b) Sarcasm in the *Times*; rapture in the *Telegraph*.

(c) W. A.'s confession in the *World* that he had slept.

2. Define melofarce. Give specimens of dialogue proper to (a) musical comedy, (b) comic opera, (c) melofarce, illustrating the differentia of each class.

3. Supposing that, having been commissioned to write a musical comedy, you spent eight hours over the plot and dialogue, how long should it take your six rhyming confederates to write the lyrics?

4. Do you think lyric a good word to describe these things? Suggest another.

5. The word "damn" having shown signs of late that it is losing its old drawing power on the stage, what would you substitute? Confine your selection to six expletives.

6. Give your reasons for believing in the need for a School for Actor-Managers too.

EDITOR PAPER.

Editors are supposed to be born and not made—their one point of resemblance to poets. But *Mr. Punch* would have them examined too. Here are a couple of questions :—

1. Given the need for a circulation-reviving serial at short notice, state the order in which you would apply to the following novelists :—

Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON.

Mr. ANDREW LORING.

Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD.

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON.

Mrs. WILLIAMSON.

Mr. LE QUEUX.

Mr. HENRY JAMES.

2. Given the need for a special middle article on anything, in what order would you apply to the following ready pens?

Mr. CHIOZZA MONEY.

Mr. HAROLD BEOBIE.

Mr. ANDREW LANG.

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON.

Mr. HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

Mr. BART KENNEDY.

REVIEWER PAPER.

Reviewers similarly are supposed, like Minerva, to spring into the arena fully armed, either from Oxford, Cambridge or Scotland. But here again the examiner steps in.

1. Say whether in your opinion a reviewer should learn more from his author or an author from his reviewer. Much depends on your answer.

2. Take the necessary discount off the following phrases :—

(1) Mr. — may now be said to have arrived.

(2) The book bears the mark of distinction on every page.

(3) This edition is definitive.

(4) A work of genius.

3. Say what is wrong in the following sentence: "Neither Mr. GLADSTONE nor Mr. CHAMBERLAIN were able to completely fool all the people all the time." What punishment would you recommend, from your high position as a critic, for the wretch so abandoned as to pen such enormities?

NOVELIST PAPER.

In spite of the overcrowded market, novelists are continually arriving, like Ostend rabbits, or leaves in Vallombrosa. There is now a new novel for every hour of the day; there will soon be one for every minute—unless, that is, the difficulty offered by these three important questions is a deterrent.

1. Give some idea of the paralysis of the art of fiction that would ensue if Bridge were forbidden by law.

2. *The Man with the Single Spat.* Devise a scenario for this title in the manner of (a) Sir A. CONAN DOYLE, (b) Mr. CONRAD, (c) Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT, (d) MARK RUTHERFORD.

3. ELIZABETH is said to have had her day as a heroine's name. What would you substitute?

ART CRITIC PAPER.

Here are two leading questions for would-be art critics :

1. What is your idea of the terms of the Chantrey Bequest?

2. Explain in as few words as possible the necessity which seems to exist

for every member of the New English Art Club, however young and intelligent, to paint Mr. GEORGE MOORE.

MUSICAL CRITIC PAPER.

Music plays so large a part in our life that the exclusion of incompetent critics is a paramount necessity. By way of achieving that end *Mr. Punch* suggests the following test questions :—

1. Explain who were

(a) The Bonn Master.

(b) The Bayreuth Colossus.

(c) The unfortunate Brabantian nobleman.

2. Distinguish between JOHANN and RICHARD STRAUSS, BRAHMS and BRAHAM, CÉSAR FRANCK and CÉSAR CUI, and state the nationalities of GRIEG, ONDRICEK, SILOTI, CAMPOBELLO, BROCCOLINI, TERNINA and GIULIO PERKINS.

3. Did GLUCK write *Orphée aux Enfers*, and why do English printers almost invariably prefer the form GLÜCK?

4. Account for the strange fact that the same pianist has supplied more than one firm of pianoforte manufacturers with testimonials stating that their instruments were superior to all others.

5. Who observed of an inferior performer that he played the easiest passages with the greatest difficulty?

A Questionable Habit.

In predicting the vogue of the ride-astride skirt the *Ladies' Tailor* reminds us that these garments are occasionally seen in New York and other American towns, while in Mexico, the Plate River and the Malay Archipelago ladies all ride in this style.

It may perhaps stimulate enthusiasm for this new fashion if we further inform our fair readers that quite the best set in the Camaroons, and the smartest women in the most exclusive circles of Albert Edward Nyanza, not to mention *tout ce qu'il y a de plus chic* among the Choctaws, patronise this mode of equitation.

Finis Coronat Opus.

"I HAD been completely run down through overwork and decided to try —, with the result that in a day or two I was relieved of a peculiar nervous dread, and I attribute my present ability to work long hours and sustain prolonged mental effort to the fact that I have not yet finished . . . the first half crown bottle.—*Adet. in the "British Weekly."*

THE Primate, interested as he is in any Licensing Bill, would do well to apply his proposed "time limit" very strictly to sermons. Say, ten minute from start to finish.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

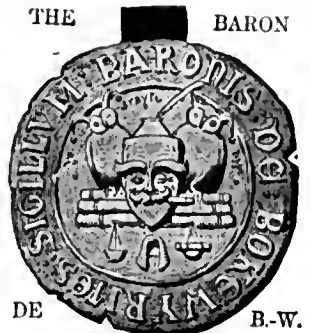
JEFFERSON HOGG's *Shelley at Oxford* (METHUEN) is not new. It first saw light in the *New Monthly Magazine* of seventy years ago. It was, later, incorporated in Hogg's *Life of Shelley*, forming the most attractive feature in the book. TRELAUNY testifies that "it paints SHELLEY exactly as I knew him." To lovers of the poet it is a precious bequest, bringing close to them the personality of the genius in his budding time. Before he took to writing deathless verse, SHELLEY dabbled in chemistry, to the alarm of his college scout, the detriment of tablecloths, carpet, and articles of furniture in his newly-furnished rooms at Oxford. More than fifty years ahead of electric telegraphy, nearly a century before telephones and motor-cars, SHELLEY, combining the gift of the seer with the grace of the poet, foresaw the future of electricity. "What a mighty instrument it would be," he wrote, "in the hands of him who knew how to wield it, in what manner to direct its omnipotent energies."

Bats at Twilight, by HELEN M. BOULTON (HEINEMANN), is a story of such absorbing interest as to hold the reader in its grip in spite of its being somewhat slowly worked out, through sordid scenes of domestic tragedy, to the end, when the deaf heroine, a touchingly simple character, sees "the joyful home-coming within reach." The author's style is nervous and incisive, and the characters are drawn in a masterly manner. The title may be somewhat misleading to those who, in their light-heartedness, expect to find in *Bats at Twilight* a sequel to *Crickets on the Hearth*, and still more so to those of a sporting turn who purchase this book in joyful anticipation of its being the first of a series whereof the sequels will be *Stumps in the Gloaming*, *Bowlers at Midnight*, and so forth.

In *Greater America* (HARPER BROS.) Mr. COLQUHOUN has contributed to literature what my Baronite ventures to predict will be a standard work. Its more than four hundred pages teem with intimate knowledge of an ordinarily perplexing subject. Most of us know America, chiefly on the route between New York and Chicago. With extensive view Mr. COLQUHOUN surveys the relations of the Republic, present and prospective, with other parts of the world. The Monroe Doctrine, as we know, works only in one direction. No foreign Power may be permitted to establish itself newly on the mighty continent dominated by the United States. But the United States may (and occasionally does) go afield, picking up the Philippines, protecting Cuba, and putting a spoke in Russia's wheel in Manchuria. Mr. COLQUHOUN, who has studied the question on the spot, gives an interesting account of America's work in Cuba and the Philippines. With respect to her latest expansion by way of the Panama Canal he has some weighty remarks. Approving it in the interests of the United States he perceives in it immense strategic value to Great Britain. It provides an alternative route to British dominions beyond the seas, at present chiefly maintained by the Mediterranean and Suez Canal, open to attack all the way from the English Channel to the Red Sea. Dealing with colossal interests of intricate and multiform nature, the book is a model of lucid condensation, conveying fresh and valuable information on a prominent topic of the day.

A Magdalen's Husband, by VINCENT BROWN (DUCKWORTH & Co.), is a dramatically conceived story of a somewhat unsavoury Zolaesque type; unequally, but, on the whole, powerfully written. Not infrequently the author develops a high falutin style quite out of keeping with the tone of the narrative. To

obtain from the public, as jury, a verdict of "serve him right" on the fate of the man whom the author is scheming to sacrifice as victim to the obstinate mad vindictiveness of his "hero," is clearly a duty of the novelist's art; but to overdo the besmirching is dangerous; and, brute beast as is the murdered man, nought but the proof of temporary insanity can excite in us any sympathy whatever with a hot-headed assassin who mercilessly stabs his sleeping, unresisting victim. Artistically fine, its chief merit consists in its conscientious development of character. Strange that in what may be considered as part of the lighter relief to the tragic gloom of the drama we are suddenly reminded of a situation which has served several French comic dramatists as a leading incident in more than one of their outrageous farces; for the story of *Martin's* father, the seafaring Captain with two wives, is by no means a novelty to the Palais Royal school. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt as to the genius of the author of *A Magdalen's Husband*, nor as to the firm grip with which this grim, uncompromising story holds the reader.



M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. IV.

"I HAVE seen your Westminster Abbey and I have seen your St. Paul's and your Thames Embankment, which is magnificent, but *triste* to split your heart, and I have seen the Bank of England and the Tower of London with the Beefeaters. Aha, I pinch you there. What do you think the Beefeaters is derive from?"

It was BOUDIN who spoke, and his manner was aggressive. "The Beefeaters," said I, "are derived from—well, isn't it fairly obvious what they're derived from? There's nothing very mysterious about a word like that."

"Pinched, my old man, pinched," cried BOUDIN in great joy. "Now, I tell you, you think it is British at the backbone, that word; it is because that old gentleman, the *invalide* in the funny cap and the red tunic and the big knickerbockers, because he have always eaten rosbif or bifeck à l'Anglaise, because he is therefore an old *bouledogue* of the first order, that he is called Beefeater. Not a bit. It is I, JEAN JACQUES MARIE AUGUSTE BOUDIN, who tell you so."

"Come, come," I said, "moderate your transports. What is it derived from, then?"

"It is from a French word, my brave one, from a French word, and that word is *buffetier*. And so you see, old cock of the walk, when you want to have anything really British you have to get it from France. And it was from France you get your Norman kings with their noses like beaks of eagles. Ah, they have jollily arranged you, did they not?"—and thereupon he skipped about the room and sang a verse of the "*Marseillaise*" at the top of his voice.

He had got me in a tight place; for I did not know at the time that his patent derivation for Beefeater was all moonshine, and that the word is as much Anglo-Saxon as anyone can want a word to be. I was forced to let that pass, but I was not going to let him off quite scot-free.

"My dear BOUDIN," I said, "seeing that you live in a glass-house—"

"Like a peach—oh, yes, I am like a peach," said he.

"Seeing," I went on, without noticing his interruption, "that you live in a glass-house, it is not for you to throw stones."



"FLATTERING UNCTION."

Mrs. Nooovoriche. "YES, MY DEARS, I GAVE A HUNDRED GUINEAS FOR THIS GOWN! PRETTY FIGURE, ISN'T IT?"

Chorus (after due inspection). "SIMPLY AWFUL!"

"Ah, you are going to throw back your stones, are you not, and break my glass-house? and the poor peach, she will die in the cold wind—is that it?"

His flippancy was maddening, but I was determined not to be put off my point, so I proceeded relentlessly:—

"Doesn't your own nation use plenty of English words? How about the *highlif* and the *strugliffeur* and *le five o'clock* for instance?"

"Aha," said he, "you think I am caught *à l'improviste*? Not a bit. Your silly three words, 'struggle for life,' we take them and make them into one, and we give him a feminine"—he blew me a kiss with the tips of his fingers—"and that adorable feminine it is *struglifeuse*. Ah, you have not heard that? *N'importe*, you cannot know everything, my poor friend. And the five o'clock with us is a new word with a genius of its own, for we can five o'clock at four or at six o'clock. But, sapristi, I throw you back your stones. Do you not say yourself that you write under a *nom de plume*? Bah! you think you talk like a Parisian when you say him, but you do not. We know not the expression: it is not use at all. You have invent him to make your aunts and your grandmothers believe you know French——"

"Gently, BOUDIX," I broke in; "how about 'sportmans'?"

"Yes, and how about '*façon de parler*,' which I see every day in your Daily Something or other?"

"And how about 'jockey'?"

"And how about '*châssis*' and '*chauffeur*'? There, you are *flambé*; I have beat you. Surrender, my brave one; *tout est perdu fors l'honneur*. You have your honour safe still, my friend, with the Britannic *morgue*, but as for me I will sing you again '*La Marseillaise*,' for you have given me to-day the best cup of coffee you have given me yet, and, by blue, you are a good fellow, but you do not know your own English. So now——" and he started off with "*Allons, enfants de la patrie*."

"BOUDIX," I shouted to him, "I warn you, if you go on I must retaliate. I shall sing '*Rule Britannia*'—at least, as much of it as I can remember." And, as he didn't stop his French caterwauling, I had to begin. We sang at one another across the table for about five minutes, and I daresay we should have been singing still, if my wife hadn't come in and disturbed us.

In its review of Sir WILLIAM LEE-WARNER'S *Life of Lord Dalhousie* the *Standard* remarks:—"He was charged with having . . . sown the seeds of that discontent which, under his predecessor, yielded the harvest of mutiny and rebellion. It is one of the main objects of the book to show how little truth there was in this accusation." But surely this is good labour thrown away. The man who would believe that DALHOUSIE really left this terrible heritage to his predecessor would believe anything.

LAW AND DISORDER.

DISORDER on a "first night" seems to have reached its climax last Thursday at Wyndham's Theatre, after the curtain had fallen on *The Bride and Bridegroom*, whose honeymoon thus commenced most unfortunately. According to report Mr. ARTHUR LAW's happy pair would have gone off merrily enough, with the old slipper thrown after them for luck, but for the malevolence of the gods (in the gallery), envious of so much human happiness. So with one accord they indulged in the sport of "manager-baiting," which, in the theatrical world, seems to be on a par with "brawling in church" in the ecclesiastical. Such disturbers of the piece as these "first-nighters" ought to be summarily dealt with at a police-court. Of course rowdiness of this kind can never be lawful, and in this particular instance both Law (the author) and Order (which includes courteously-given free admissions to the friends of LAW) were undoubtedly on the side of Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM. In spite of this stormy commencement, it is to be hoped that *Bride and Bridegroom* will enjoy a happy *lune de miel*, and that the "sweet little cherubs" who behaved in so unangelic a fashion "up aloft" will in future show themselves to be the very best of good (gallery) boys, not in opposition to a known LAW, and heartily ready to give a hand to "CHARLES his friend."

A SUGGESTION.

(For Sir A. Ackland Hood's consideration.).

[Conservative Members, according to Mr. WILLIAM REDMOND, are accused of lethargy, of party disloyalty, of a sullen resentment against the legislative proposals of their leaders, whereas in reality they are merely dissatisfied with the smoking accommodation.]

O GENTLE Whips, forbear to rave!

We do not really mean
Disloyalty: we simply crave
My Lady Nicotine.

Yet always, if we want a whiff,
The smoke-room's overflowing;
No vacant chair is ever there,
Nor can mere words describe the air,
So off to clubland we repair
To set our Cubas glowing.

The House itself has many a seat
No Members occupy;
Long rows of olive desert meet
The wondering stranger's eye.
We promptly go when So-and-So
On Scottish evenings preaches,
While some there are who frankly say,
When others speak they never stay,
But hurry off as soon as they
Have finished their own speeches.

Instead of being plunged in gloom,
If you had any nous



STARTLING!

Young Mr. Noodle at a suburban dance). "Oh, Miss PETTIFER, NOT TAKING ANYTHING?" (Persuasively) "DO LET ME PRESS A LITTLE JELLY ON YOU!"

You'd make the House the smoking-room,
The smoking-room the House.
We all could thus our weeds discuss
In quarters not unpleasant,
Nor would the House be changed, as folk
Might fancy, by this simple stroke,
For things would still all end in smoke
Precisely as at present.

LEST WE FORGET.

(Some Extracts from our "Lapses of Memory" Correspondence.)

"SYKES" (Portland) writes:—"My case presents an interesting psychological phenomenon. As Lady BULLION's butler I had cleaned the silver daily for fifteen years until March 18 last, when I forgot to put it back."

"COSSACK" (Central Manchuria) says:—"Our squadron had a unique experience. Ordered to advance at the

Yalu—a manœuvre we had performed correctly hundreds of times at rehearsal—in a moment of aberration we charged for No-Go (25 miles to the rear)."

"STATESMAN" (Oldham) asks:—"A Conservative from birth, a short time ago I accidentally voted with the Opposition on a Free Trade motion, and am now asked to become its Leader. Has a similar mistake ever occurred in Parliament?"

"RING-MASTER" (travelling Hippodrome) writes:—"Our lion, holding my late partner's head in his mouth yesterday afternoon—forgot to keep it open. He had never failed in the trick before."

She Stoops to Conquer.

GIRL (18), country, as under housemaid or house-tablemaid, where lady would be willing to learn.—*Scotsman*.

THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

Nor of the times portrayed by Monsieur MALORY,

When, poisoning high in air his barber's pole,
Your lusty knight beneath the ladies' gallery
Took a preliminary caracole,
Then went and got himself severely bruised
So as to keep the pretty dears amused :—

Not of the period dimly pre-Quixotic

When, wearing mail for flannel next the chest,
Heroes half gladiatorial, half erotic,

Rode out upon the thing they called a Quest :—
Not of those days I speak, for I have read
How that CERVANTES, cynic, killed them dead.

I speak of other times and other morals,

An age of Tin replacing that of Steel,
When Chivalry declines to hunt for laurels
By charging ponderously, spur at heel,
On deeds of high emprise down Piccadilly
(Unless it wants to look supremely silly).

Doubtless the better sort would gladly nourish

Those notions which occur in ARTHUR's tale ;
Doubtless Romance might still contrive to flourish,
Changing its knightly for its Daily Mail,
If Woman would but give our modern gallants
A livelier chance to ventilate their talents.

Men ride abroad in rubbered automobiles,
Naked of armour, bar the nauseous smell,
Not bound on any ransom save to owe bills
Contracted by some errant damosel,
So that in Carlton's Halls, superbly gowned,
She may adorn their Dinner-table Round :

But here their service ends. They fain would wrestle
With horrid dragons or a heathen crew ;
Ride *ventre-à-terre* to help the weaker vessel,
Behaving just as LANCELOT used to do ;
Only you cannot keep it up much longer
When once the weaker sex becomes the stronger.

With nothing left to learn (outside the nursery),
These types of self-contained and virile strength,
Have they, I ask you—kindly take a cursory
Glance at their pictured shapes, three-quarters length,
Exposed, for sixpence, in the social Press—
Have they the air of ladies in distress ?

Believe me, Woman's skin is not so tender ;
She knows, as well as you, her way about ;
Why offer, then, your arm as her defender
When she can manage nicely, thanks, without ?
Why sacrifice your seat in trains or pews,
When she can chuck you from it if she choose ?

And, since the creatures we were taught to cherish
Cease to comply with Nature's holy plan,
If the old Chivalry should shortly perish
Let none that finds it murdered blame the man ;
But write this epitaph for its demise :
Crushed by a woman's boot (men's extra size). O. S.

From the "Field."

SALMON and SEA-TROUT. — Bally-
Furnished COUNTRY RESIDENCE ; nine bed and
Lough Inagh, for £1 per day or £20 per month.

The "nine bed" sounds ample ; but are they at the bottom
of the Lough ? Nothing definite is said about the "bally"
furniture of the Lough, and it certainly has a fishy look.

M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. V.

"My dear BOUDIN," I said to him one morning, "how comes it that your compatriots, admirable as, no doubt, they are in many respects, pay so little attention either to the requirements of religious observance or to the dictates of that morality which is established as a standard in our own country ?"

I was a little annoyed with BOUDIN. He had lately been becoming rather aggressively French. For instance, he was wearing a low collar and a tie tied in a bow with two large streamers, a sort of speckled sash, in fact, round his neck. Besides, he had not expressed what I considered to be a sufficient admiration for some of the sights I had shown him and some of the institutions I had explained to him, and on the whole I thought the time had come when I ought to take him down a peg.

He looked up at me quickly :—

"What do you drive at ?" he said. "Explain yourself, my old fellow."

"Oh come, BOUDIN," said I, "you know well enough what I mean."

"Word of honour, I do not understand a word of what you said."

"Well, then," I began very patiently, for I was determined to keep my temper, "I'll try to make my meaning clear to you. You know we all admire and like the French—"

"Bah !" said BOUDIN.

"And we realise that they have many great qualities which—"

"—which you think you have better and greater yourselves. Oh, I know you, you English."

"—which," I continued quietly, "are necessary to the progress of our common civilisation. At the same time we are made painfully aware that our lively neighbour, the Gaul, does not see eye to eye with us on certain matters which go to the root of life. He is of a volatile and mercurial temperament, and is apt in mere carelessness to set at naught those sanctions of morality and orderly conduct which prevail amongst ourselves. Of the inner life of religion which shines so brightly amongst people of the Anglo-Saxon race he has but little conception, while—"

"Oh, thunder !" shouted BOUDIN, springing from his seat, "I can no more. My friend, you should write down what you have said, write it down very careful and correct, and send it to the *Daily Telegraph*. They will print it—at least, provided they have not print it already, for I have read it, I am sure, somewhere."

"Be calm, BOUDIN, be calm. I am not blaming you for it, I am only stating facts which really cannot be denied. Everybody knows that the worship of the goddess *Aselgeia* is still very prevalent in France."

I had been reading MATTHEW ARNOLD, and I thought the quotation would bowl BOUDIN over.

"Oh, go away with your goddess," he said ; "I do not know her. I have not the honour of being presented to her. She is not in France. And I tell you, my friend, *franchement vous m'éreintez* with your everybody. Who is this everybody ? I am one of him, and I deny him. I throw him into your teeth. What do you, for example, *vous qui m'assommez* with your disquisitions, what do you know about morality in France ?"

"My dear BOUDIN," I interrupted, "I have spent some time in Paris."

"Oh, I know, read a novel, or you go to the Palais Royal and you puff with laughter at the play, and you come out and you make yourself a long face, oh so melancholy, and you say, 'Shocking ! it is shocking.' But what do you know of the life of my countrymen ? Nothing. You do not know—you would



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

JOHN BULL. "DOCTOR, I FIND I'M LOSING A LOT OF STRENGTH IN THIS ARM."

DR. ARNOLD FORSTER. "H'M—I'M AFRAID WE MUST USE THE KNIFE A BIT ON IT."

JOHN BULL. "THAT'S RATHER A DRASTIC REMEDY, ISN'T IT?"

DR. ARNOLD FORSTER. "WELL, I CAN WRITE YOU OUT A CONSCRIPTION, IF YOU PREFER IT."



2017 TO 2018

THEY WERE A BUNCH OF...
THEY WERE A BUNCH OF...
THEY WERE A BUNCH OF...
THEY WERE A BUNCH OF...

not believe—that we respect our fathers, that we adore and reverence our mothers—that these fathers and mothers bring up their children to be virtuous—that, even if we do not make our looks sad and our lives black, we are taught to obey the law and to say our prayers, and to respect our neighbour, and to be honourable men. All this you are ignorant of, and then you come and you say me by heart an article of the *Daily Telegraph* about the wickedness of 'our lively neighbour the Gaul.' Bah, I detest him—your lively neighbour, the Gaul. He may go with your remarkable goddess whose name I will not pronounce, and they may find a home for them in your Divorce Court, or in your so moral music-halls, or——"

"Steady, BOUDIN," I broke in, "steady. Don't you think it is a little unfair to judge us by our Divorce Court cases?"

"Ah, you think so?"

"Certainly I do. They are no test of the real home life of England."

"Well, my friend, if that is so, then follow your own example and regard more the home life of France. And, above all, do not laugh as you did yesterday at our *Priz Montyon* for virtue, or our crownings of *rosières*. They are innocent games, but they show perhaps more of the real France than your Palais Royal. And now let us go and promenade ourselves."

CHARIVARIA.

SOME uneasiness is being felt at St. Petersburg lest the stupid Chinese should be unable to grasp the fact that the recent defeat of the Czar's troops and capture of guns was in reality a Russian victory.

The Japanese are gradually rising in the estimation of the Russians. At the outbreak of the war they were "Miserable monkeys," but last week the *Novoe Vremya* promoted them to "Venomous dwarfs."

It is reported that the United States Minister at Belgrade has been instructed by the State Department to resume diplomatic relations with Servia. It is realised that if some of the leading regicides could be persuaded to visit the St. Louis Exposition they might catch on as a side show.

Turkey has pointed out to England and France that it was not consulted when the recent agreement relating to Egypt was being negotiated. We understand that England and France have replied that this is so.

The *Entente* continues to grow. A distinguished French journalist denies that the English are a Germanic race,



CROSS PURPOSES.

She (thinking of the dogs). "UGLY LITTLE THINGS, AREN'T THEY?"

He (alluding to the children). "OH, I WOULDN'T GO AS FAR AS THAT. BUT PERHAPS IF YOU DRESSED THEM DIFFERENTLY——"

and declares that the French are our real cousins. This must be Love.

The current number of the *Fortnightly Review* contains a contribution by the Poet Laureate modestly described as "The Wind Speaks."

Imitation snails are to be seen in many shops in Paris. Over here they are only to be found on certain railway lines.

"Cannibals attack a steamer," announced a placard the other day. We trust it gave them indigestion.

Major McBRIDE, who married Miss MAUD GONNE, has expressed the hope that their little boy SEAGAN will be the first President of the Irish Republic. We, too, wish the little fellow long life.

Fresh uses are found for motor-cars every day. Last week one of them ran into a band at Dewsbury and put four of the instruments out of action.

A Judge who was trying a case in which the wife of the defendant confessed to having got thirty-six blouses and ten hats in eighteen months remarked that he himself only bought one hat a year. A lady points out that he was silent as to the number of blouses he purchased during the same period.

An interesting exhibit at the Royal Academy is a drawing executed by the artist when he was only sixteen years of age. Quite a feature of the show, too, is the number of pictures by artists over that age which have the appearance of having been painted by artists under that age.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

IV.

*In Hon'ble Col. K.'s Headquarters—
but nearer Yalu.*

I REGRET to report that my aforesaid piebald pony still exhibits extreme peevishness. For no sooner do I approximate him than, like *King Claudius*, "his heels fly up, his head remains below!"

Consequently I am curing his doleful dumps by Hon'ble CHAMBERLAIN'S homoeoa of putting a self-protective tariff upon his food imports.

And, seeing that up to date he is of more ornament than utility, I have rather facetiously christened him "*The Sho-ji*"—an Anglo-Japanese *jeudesprit* by which Hon'ble KHAKIMONO, on my explaining it, was so immoderately tickled to death that he requested leave to incorporate it into his despatches as his own manufacture.

To which I willingly assented—on condition, of course, that *Punch's* copyrights in same were strictly reserved.

Interpreting your kind silence as the tacit consent, I have now furnished myself throughout with a patent wireless telegraphing pole, fitted complete in best quality finish, as per illustrated catalogue.

It is far handsomer than any of my competitors', and already a going concern; so, as soon as I have completed a highly intricate private code of my own invention, it will, I fondly hope, entirely supersede all more hum-drum methods of communication.

My most favourable hour for dropping aërograms will be about 5 P.M., and, as you may be aware, in Korea we are about nine hours faster than Greenwich time. Therefore you should be upon the tiles of *Punch's* office punctually between 8 and 9 A.M., when, by lending your ear with even ordinary attention, I think I may promise that you will not improbably hear something to your advantage.

Unfortunately, my aforesaid code is still in its embryo, as it is the matter of difficulty for me always to clearly comprehend my own signalings. But you can take it for granted that a cackling sound, like the thanksgiving hymn of a hen after safe delivery of a fowl-egg, will mean, either that "All is quiet on the Yalu," or that "Some important military movements may shortly be anticipated."

As these are the only two messages permitted to special war-reporters at present, I shall probably be under the necessity to cackle till further notice.

Col. KHAKIMONO, in very quiet gentlemanly circumlocutions, has intimated that he may be miserably compelled to set up any indiscreet correspondents as hon'ble cockshots for such of his recruits as have not yet fired their class in musketry practice.

So, being at the loose end of my tether and reduced to kill Time by the felloek, I have recently, at the invite of some Korean native gentlemen, taken part in the *battue* of a tiger.

There is a Chinese saying that the Korean spends one half of the year in hunting the tiger, and the remaining half on the *vice versa* system; so I was careful, before accepting, to ascertain that the latter half-season had not yet set in. My fellow-reporters, who, on my suggestion, were also invited to share the sport, excused themselves on the somewhat pusillanimous plea that tiger-chasing was considered, by all real Korean sporting-nobs, as a vulgar *infra-dig.* pursuit.

After a sleepless night, owing to excitement, I turned out of my cold snug couch at 4 A.M., since it is only the early bird that catches the worm in bud, and, assuming the kit of a Nimrod, sallied forth with my shooting-irons, to surprise "Mister Stripes," by putting him in the bag.

My manly courage was greatly accelerated by overhearing the contempt expressed by my fellow sporting-men for their quarry, whom they accused of abject physical cowardice.

Being unaware that this was a mere *façon de parler* to sustain their pecker, I pressed myself ahead with ardent intrepidity until I had the unspeakable satisfaction to run up against the object of my pursuit while hot-busy with feeding-time in a mountain gorge!

Now, whether my native friends or the tiger were in error as to which of us was entitled, under game laws, to close time, I am not to say. I can only affirm that I became a *sauve qui peut* on the spur of the next moment, with the devil endeavouring to harass my unprotected rear and take my hindmost!

But providentially I preserved my head sufficiently to lead my pursuer on to the society of my less adventurous companions, and was running like game to my finish, displaying (so I was afterwards assured by credible eye-witnesses) phenomenal proficiency as a sprinter—when suddenly I became lost to sight and dear to memory in a profound pit hole which had been insidiously masked in foliage to entrap my formidable antagonist!

As luck would have it, he failed to notice my compulsory retirement, and continued his wild career until he was bowled out by a well-delivered ball from some fellow-tigerslayer.

So, besides severe perforations owing to my descent on sundry acutely pointed stakes, I had the additional mortification of being unable to be present at the death!

However, for consolation prize, and as a *proxime accessit*, I was very kindly awarded a couple of claws and one whisker. I hope I shall not be exceeding the bounds of amenity and reverie by forwarding these simple trophies of my chase by Korean Parcels Post to the gracious and cheerful members of your home circle.

The above-named whisker would, I think, form a rather splendid egret's feather in the cap (or bonnet) of your amiable spouse, while the claws, with gold-stoppings, will make handsome brooches on the shawls of your hon'ble dearest darlings.

Or rather, as second-hand thoughts are invariably best, I will reserve my gifts until I can accompany them with a fine bearskin of own slaying, since I am informed that the bear-baiting in these parts is even superior to any tiger-stalk.

I am now to narrate a still more shuddering episode:—

A few evenings ago I sauntered out of the camp, in the Korean get-up of a cloak and tall Welsh horsehair chimney-pot tile, for private practice on my wireless telegraphic pole.

While endeavouring to send cacklings in direction of *Punch's* Office, and being totally unaware that any enemy was inside my radius, O Gemini! I was unexpectedly accosted by a large hirsute Cossack *sotnia*, who demanded in very rough phraseology the nature of my game!

Being all of a twitter with the apprehension that I might be mistaken for the Hon'ble *Times* reporter and shot out of his hand, I replied that I was simply an orthodox Korean, engaged in performing my usual evening devotions with the aid of a portable praying-pole.

But he intimated that this explanation belonged, in his opinion, to the rat department, and desired me to at once accompany him to a contiguous Russian officer, or Samovar. So, perceiving that said *sotnia* was already in possession of my scruff of neck, I thought it best to accept his invitation in the spirit with which it was given.

Thinking that my praying-pole excuse was, perhaps, too filamentous for the credulity of any superior officer, I trumped up the more ingenious explanation that I was a native Korean entomologist, and that it was a native apparatus for capturing nocturnal *lepidopteras*, which are notoriously very fine and large in these localities. Most luckily the Samovar turned out to be too juvenile and beetle-headed to comprehend the precise *cui bono* of my said pole, and proceeded to put some searching questions to me respecting Japanese tactics and strategies.



FIN DE LA SAISON.

(At a Cercle Anglais. "Le Fiv' o'clock," i.e. Afternoon Tea.)

Britisher. "COMING TO THE BALL TO-NIGHT, COUNT?"

Monsieur le Comte. "MOI, MON CHER? AH, NON. I AM TIRED. I HAVE THE ACHE EVERYWHERE. I HAVE PLAY THE FOOT-BALL!"

Britisher. "GOOD! WHAT?—FORWARD, HALF-BACK?"

Monsieur le Comte. "FORWARD! HALF-BACK! PAR EXEMPLE, I AM 'ARBITRE'—HOW YOU SAY IT?—REFEREE!"

Whereupon I decided to reveal myself as the *Civis Romanus*: "O dearly beloved son of a Big White Father," I said, "beneath this Korean garbage beats the bosom of a full-blown British subject. It is *contra bonos mores* for me to be guilty of such shocking form as to reveal any prison-house secrets—even under the persuasions of the wildest horses." (I had previously observed that he was not in the Cavalry!) "For I am a special London Press Correspondent."

No sooner had he heard this than he at once commanded that I should be dismissed, since to question me any further would be merely attempting to get milk from a ram! Accordingly I came with peace and honour out of my tight fix, and carried home my pole in triumph at such a striking testimonial from an antagonist to the unswerving secretiveness of professional war reporters.

You need be under no apprehension, however, that I shall risk depriving you of my services by any injudicious daredevilry, since I am not an Acarus to fly in the face of Providence and tempt it beyond its powers of endurance! [Ed. Com.—We breathe again.]

P.S.—I reopen this to say that I have just heard from my friend the Bonze that the before-mentioned mountain-shrine, with adjacent devil-tree, has now been vacated. But, owing to extremely untidy habits of outgoing demon, repairs and

cleaning have cost the pretty penny of yen 25. Bonze would be willing to act as caretaker and work the orsle for the weekly stipend of yen 5—a month's screw to be paid in advance. *Punch* idol is now fit for service—but the carver churlishly refuses to hand it over except for c.o.d. A speedy remittance will therefore oblige. H. B. J.

OUR ANXIETY RELIEVED.—It was with immense delight that Mr. *Punch* read the true explanation of the report that on last Thursday night his old friend Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE, M.P., had "joined the majority." The truth being—Mr. LABOUCHERE being *Truth* itself, *cela va sans dire*,—that in the division upon Major SEELY's motion our LABBY went into the wrong Lobby. Of course on his part it was a Seely mistake. Anyhow, he is still the right man in the right place, and long may he continue with us.

THE NEW ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSION.—Surely Mr. BALFOUR has made a mistake in his selection of these new Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Where there are "disorders in the Church," ought they not to be dealt with and prescribed for solely and only by "Doctors of Divinity"? Such professionals would be all "specialists."

TO THE SEA-SERPENT.

(On his recent reappearance.)

STRANGE denizen of those unbottomed deeps

Whence, having vanished for I know not how long,
You come to ease our minds, and give the creeps
To some astonished mariners at Aolong,

Welcome, thrice welcome! 'Tis a weary time
Since last you came, and saw, and sank rejected,
Dourly to welter in obscurest slime,
Where man was not, and you would be respected.

Year after year, with constant ill-success,
You were benevolently spurred to soften
Th' autumnal rigours of the Daily Press,
And were denied—and mocked at—just as often!

Skippers would log you, giving times and dates;
Foc'sle and quarter-deck combine in witness;
While picturesquely gifted bo'sun's mates
Described your charms with more than naval fitness;

But the Great Lubber—bitter shame be his!—
Blind to the claims of evidence and reason,
Spoke scoffingly of Giant Gooseberries,
And kindred figments of the Silly Season.

So you retired to Ocean's oozy floor
To soothe your hundred feet of outraged vanity,
Nor rose, awhile, to shed the light of your—
May I say—countenance upon humanity.

But now, how sweetly rings the old, old tale!
Men saw a mystic object—diverse fancies
Leaned to a rock, a turtle, or a whale—
When lo! before their horror-stricken glances

Coil upon coil unwound; a frightful crest
Craned upwards; and behold, in girth tremendous,
In length full thirty metres, moved confest
KRAKEN, the Serpent, monstr-ingens-horrendous!

O KRAKEN, those were men of proven skill
In war's alarms, with minds attuned to slaughter,
Armed with horrific engines, which, at will,
Had blown you skywards from your native water.

Nobly they spared you, tho' I know not why;
One would have thought that any sporting cap'en
Would go full steam ahead and have a shy,
Just for the sake of seeing what would happen.

But no such fracas marred the peaceful scene.
You dived beneath the keel, and passed to labb'ord,
And they forbore to seek the magazine,
Nor loosed the hungry cutlass from the scabbard.

One cannot wholly blame them for the fact;
No doubt, if one were placed in their position,
One would have done the same; they may have lacked
Leave to expend their service ammunition;

Maybe their spirit thirsted for the shot
Which more prudential counsel deprecated,
Fearing that, if they missed a vital spot,
You might have actively retaliated.

And though we feel a *soupeon* of regret
The chronicle remains; the world has read it;
And you, great KRAKEN, though uncaptured yet,
Are partially, at least, restored to credit.

Not wholly; but one never knows one's luck;
And we may hope, with confident reliance,
That you will soon be comfortably stuck
Or "potted," in the sacred cause of Science.

DUM-DUM.

THE PERILS OF AUTOGRAPH-HUNTING.

[The letter-box of a contemporary having overflowed, *Mr. Punch*, with characteristic chivalry, has come to the rescue of the crowded out.]

DEAR SIR,—I am surprised to see that the five-shilling fee (destined for a hospital) charged by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN for his signature is considered high. As an old and keen autograph-hunter, I can assure your readers that five shillings is a low figure. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS asks fifteen, one crown for each acre.

Yours, &c. A KEEN COLLECTOR.

DEAR SIR,—I have now no objection to say that I have recently obtained thirty of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's autographs at five shillings each, the application being made under a different *alias* each time. I sold them in the ordinary way of business for a sovereign apiece. What I want to know is, Is this Protection or Free Trade? Yours, &c.

Z. BRAUNEBERGER.

DEAR SIR,—My experiences in connection with an attempt to obtain Mr. BALFOUR's autograph should be interesting to any student of the manners unhappily obtaining in English public life. First of all I called at Downing Street in person, requesting to see Mr. BALFOUR. I had my autograph book with me, and intended to save him all trouble. I even had a fountain pen laid on. But I was denied admittance to his sanctum on the ridiculous plea that a Cabinet Meeting was in progress! I then wrote explaining that I had been treated with some discourtesy, and demanding a signed reply. I received instead a formal letter signed by a secretary, whose autograph, I have ascertained, is not worth the paper it is written upon. I wrote again saying so, and again renewing my application for the PREMIER's signature. Will it be believed that to this letter I have had no reply? And Mr. BALFOUR is sometimes called a gentleman. *Absit omen.*

I am, &c.,

AUTOLYCUS.

DEAR SIR,—It may be of interest in connection with the correspondence on the cost of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's autograph if I give the price of a few well-known hands on my list:—

	£	s.	d.
BOBBY ABEL, plain	0	0	6
Ditto, with expression of cordial goodwill	0	1	0
Mr. C. K. SHORTER, plain	0	0	6
Ditto, with denunciation of classic	0	0	3
Ditto, with praise of <i>Sphere</i> novelist	0	0	1
Sir WILFRID LAWSON, plain	0	1	0
Ditto, with anti-Bung poem	0	2	6
Mr. P. F. WARNER	0	5	0
HACKENSCHMIDT (with translation)	0	7	6
Mr. GEORGE MOORE, plain	0	0	2
Ditto, accepting proposal of a member of the New English Art Club to paint his portrait	0	0	1½
Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN, plain	0	10	6
Ditto, with phrase from song	1	1	0

It will be seen from these figures that whereas, compared with that of some gentlemen, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's figure is high, compared with that of others it is low. I am, &c.,

DEALER.

"ONLY THEIR FUN."—How frequently the stupid phrase occurs in reports informing us that "up to the present time there has been no serious fighting." As if, on the stage of the Theatre of War, there could be any such relief to the tragedy as "*comie* fighting!"

DESPERATE DOINGS AT OXFORD.*(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail.")*

SOME sensational letters having reached this office with regard to the reign of terror prevailing at Oxford, a representative of *Mr. Punch* travelled down to that classic city last week to collect and collate information as to the Assassination Clubs which are alleged to be the root of the evil.

"Yes," observed a brawny giant weighing some nineteen stone, as he lounged in a rocking chair in his tastefully decorated rooms, "there is no doubt that assassination is rampant in Oxford to-day. As I belong neither to the assassins nor to the assassinated, perhaps I may be taken as an impartial and trustworthy witness. The fact is, that a certain number of undergraduates refuse to conform to the usages of the University, and, persuasion having failed, recourse has been had to extreme measures. The first serious case was that of a Worcester man, who would insist on wearing a bowler hat with a frock coat. About six weeks ago his decapitated head was discovered in Port Meadow."

"Great Heavens!" observed our representative. "Can such things be in this so-called nineteenth century?"

"Wait till you hear the rest," was the significant response. "The police were communicated with, and a guillotine was discovered in some unoccupied rooms in Tom Quad. The assassins were consequently driven to adopt other methods, and shortly afterwards a Duke's son, who had rendered himself conspicuous by the lowness of his collars, disappeared from Balliol. No trace of his body was ever discovered, but the wrecked condition of his rooms following on a violent explosion, which shattered all the windows in the college, left no doubt that he had been removed by dynamite."

"And was no redress obtained by the deceased Peer's sorrowing relatives?" queried our representative.

"None whatever," replied the giant in mournful tones. "You see, owing to the peculiar jurisdiction of the Vice-Chancellor—who, by the way, is supposed to be blackmailed by these secret societies—ordinary legal procedure is not available."

"Do you mean to say, then, that if I were to be kidnapped and flung into the Cherwell, my murderers, even if discovered, would not be prosecuted?"

cent's, Blues and so on, and public opinion is entirely on their side. Personally, I disapprove of their methods, especially the practice of torturing the victims—"

"Do you mean to say they torture them first?"

"Yes, by dislocating their limbs. Allow me to show you," and, suiting the action to the word, the giant seized his interlocutor by the ankle and gave his leg so violent a pull that he incontinently swooned. On coming to he was conscious of a parching thirst, and feebly

asked for water. "I'm afraid I've nothing but brandy," was the cordial reply; "try and swallow this."

"Thanks," murmured our representative, "I think I could swallow anything."

A few minutes later, disguised as a scout's boy, he stole from these haunts of crime, shattered by his awful experience, and ran all the way to the station, travelling up to town under the seat of a third-class carriage.

**THE UNPROTECTED MALE.**

Mother (after vainly offering a bottle to refractory infant). "ERE, TAKE IT, WILL YER! IF YER DON'T 'URRY UP, I'LL GIVE IT TO THE GENTLEMAN OPPOSITE!"

"Certainly not, unless action were taken under the Rivers' Pollution Act," was the unhesitating answer. "But, as a matter of fact, the odds are a hundred to one against your remains ever being recovered. The Assassins have taken to cannibalism, and hardly a day passes without an orgy. Yesterday they roasted the bursar of Keble in broad daylight, at the foot of the Martyrs' Memorial, and there is to be a great Voodoo carnival in Peckwater to-morrow evening, culminating in the human sacrifice of four of the most unpopular smugs in 'the House.'"

"But will there be no attempt to rescue the victims?"

"Not likely! You see, the Assassins are all leading men, members of Vin-

cent's, Blues and so on, and public opinion is entirely on their side. Personally, I disapprove of their methods, especially the practice of torturing the victims—"

FROM the *Daily Express* of April 30:

"The *Devonshire*, a fine specimen of the new heavy but fast type of cruiser, will be launched at Chatham to-day, and christened, appropriately, by a Devonshire peeress. Her dimensions are . . ."

But *Mr. Punch* refuses to reproduce either the lady's name or her dimensions, which, it is evident, have been grossly exaggerated. But, apart from this, he considers that the *Daily Express*, in quoting any figures whatever in such a connection, was guilty of a grave lapse from its usual standard of good taste.



NO SENTIMENT.

Romantic Young Lady. "DOESN'T THIS REMIND YOU OF A SCENE IN SOME EXCITING MELODRAMA WHERE A HEROINE ESCAPES BY A TREE THAT HAS FALLEN OVER A RAVINE?"

Unsentimental Tommy (her cousin, "in the City"). "NO FEAR. BUT, IF I WERE SUPERSTITIOUS, IT WOULD MAKE ME A BIT NERVOUS—IT'S SO SUGGESTIVE OF A FALL IN 'GRAND TRUNKS'!"

CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

[The *Tailor and Cutter*, in a recent supplement, laid down the law as to what to wear and when to wear it.]

My brothers, no longer shall care
And despair
With premature wrinkle
Your forehead becrinkle,
While snowy flakes sprinkle
Your hair!

Those agonised hours when you used to explore,
Uncertain, the depths of your wardrobe are o'er.
The oracle speaks: you need puzzle no more
The problem of what you should wear.

The rules for your toilet here lie
Cut and dry—
They tell you what braces
Are worn for the races,
When boots should have laces
To tie;

When buttons and spats are a *sine quâ non*,
And ample instruction is given upon
The cut of the collar which gentlemen don
When various relatives die.

Your dress when you marry a bride
They decide;
Sartorial fancies

For dinners and dances
And river romances

They guide.

A week or two's study will bring you to see
When coats must be "morning," when "frock" and
"D.-B.,"

When taste in the matter of vests may be free,
When its flights must be sternly denied.

They tell you when diamonds you
Must eschew—
Thus, when you are going
To cricket or rowing,
You cannot be showing
Too few;

But the motorist, borne on petroleum wings,
Is bound to wear dozens of diamond rings,
And of course they are quite indispensable things
For golfer and fisherman too.

The worries that once made you groan
All are flown:
A simple inspection
Of this or that section,
And lo! your direction
Is shown.

A very few suits should suffice, say a score,
And it's not *de rigueur*, as it has been before,
That each single suit should possess any more
An overcoat all of its own.



A STRATEGIST.

RUSSIAN BEAR (*silly*). "RUNNING AWAY? NOT A BIT OF IT! I'M LURING 'EM ON!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 2.—So the MARKISS is to have his monument. Settled to-night in one of those casual conversations that sometimes conveniently take place between private Member and Minister. ST. MICHAEL—what a fine statue he'd make with All Angels artistically disposed about a pedestal!—asked whether PREMIER proposed to move a vote to cover expenses. PRINCE ARTHUR modestly replied it was not a matter on which he could be expected to take initiative. But, since ST. MICHAEL mentioned it, certainly thought course suggested was desirable.

Members on both sides cheered. All Englishmen are proud of the MARKISS, admiring not least his unconcealed contempt for the majority of them. In an age of self-advertisement he was scornfully silent. He never bent his knee to that political Baal the Man in the Street. Rather he delighted to flout him with utterance of what came to be known as blazing indiscretions. Only drawback to satisfaction in prospect of a statue of the Victorian statesman lies in apprehension of what may be turned out. We are a great people, mighty in commerce. We can colonise. But we can neither carve nor cast statues. Think of our Dukes of York, our Nelsons, our Prince Consorts.

SARK says the only decent modern statue he ever happened upon in London stood for awhile in the square at the



"Boots!"

Japanese Maidens. "Abject, moth-eaten, dogs'-eared servants must most unworthily remove honourable boots of high-born, honourable Mister."

(Mr. W-r suggests that Japanese girls should be provided at the House of Commons to remove the boots of hon. Members, and replace them with Japanese sandals. This was suggested to him by his own experiences at Nikko.)

bottom of the Haymarket, by the Atheneum Club. It showed OUTRAM, with sword drawn, riding to battle—a live man, a living horse. Passed by a week later to feast his eyes on the rare spectacle, and lo, it was gone. Too good for London, it had been captured by Calcutta.

Since then there has been placed in the quadrangle of Burlington House WATTS' equestrian statue, a real thing handicapped by a ridiculous label. "Physical Energy" it is called, just as you would write "Black Currant" or "Gooseberry" on the parchment covers of pots of jam. Besides, WATTS is not likely to undertake the MARKISS. So Common-place will, in the end, take its revenge over the mighty mind, the keen intellect, that in public and private scathed it through more than fifty years.

Yet the leonine head, the massive figure of the MARKISS, lent themselves generously to the sculptor's art. There are men still living who remember Lord ROBERT CECIL the counterfeit resemblance of Cousin HUGH, who after the lapse of

half a century sits in his father's old quarters below the gangway. Tall, slim, with stooping shoulders, head bent forward to discharge the barbed darts fashioned by an acrid tongue, DIZZY's old foe of the 60's gave no promise of the figure which loomed in the sight of man in the opening days of the twentieth century. We are more familiar with the great bulk, the colossal weight, the slow tramp down the corridor, across the central lobby, reminiscent of an elephant treading a thicket, solitary, meditative, unnoticing.

If the chosen sculptor knew the MARKISS in the flesh, had the genius to conceive an embodiment of his presence in bronze, and the skill to realise it, we should be blessed indeed. But I fear me.

Business done.—A cheery night with Scotch gentlemen discussing their Education Bill.

Tuesday.—Just before five o'clock this afternoon House justified its ancient reputation. Since it met for a new week been steeped in what seemed invulner-



AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE!

Mr. W-nst-n Ch-rch-ll said that "The late Colonial Secretary had greatly reduced the amount of flogging all over the British Empire. (Cheers.) It was a question on which the rt. hon. gentleman held very strong views." (We strongly suspect that his dislike of flogging is not of universal application!)



M'KENNA AND HIS SUBMARINE ARE RECEIVED WITH A WITHERING FIRE.

able dulness. Yesterday it was the Scotch Members; to-day, on report of Budget resolutions, talk is of stripped tobacco and of cigarettes at five a penny. The House is ever like the sea. At one moment lulled in deadly calm, the next, struck by a hurricane, it becomes a seething cauldron.

It was DON JOSÉ who, as Cousin HUGH in a brilliant speech said, acted the part of amateur hurricane. At the outset his position was secondary. It was as the father of his son he interposed. Talk on the Opposition Bench of singular increase in imports of unstripped tobacco immediately preceding the Budget. More than twice as much cleared from Customs last March compared with same month in last year. By strange coincidence increased duty put on stripped tobacco. Fortunate persons who had (accidentally) commenced with great energy to strip Custom houses of unstripped tobacco found themselves threepence a pound to the good. Another coincidence was that largest dealer in unstripped tobacco trade is a member of DON JOSÉ's Royal Commission.

Putting all these things together, M'KENNA wanted to know. Brought no charges against anybody. But there were the Custom-house figures of 1903 and 1904; there was Mr. GALLAHER, tariff reform his foible, unstripped tobacco his forte; there was DON JOSÉ; and,

finally, there was SON AUSTEN, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"What conclusion does the hon. Member draw?" asked AUSTEN sternly.

"Will he explain a little more fully his insinuations against me?" demanded DON JOSÉ, pale to the lips with righteous wrath.

No; M'KENNA made no insinuation, brought no accusation; merely mentioned facts and invited explanation.

"Do you bite your thumb at me?" DON JOSÉ insisted.

No, M'KENNA didn't bite his thumb at him; did not, in appreciable degree, bite his thumb at anyone; stood up merely as a note of interrogation. Wanted to know, you know.

The House, filling as by magic, became scene of almost savage excitement. Cheers and counter-cheers applauded thrust and counter-stroke. At one moment DON JOSÉ and M'KENNA on their feet together. Neither disposed to yield. Later, CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER being in possession of House, M'KENNA tried to get in a word. Amid yelling cheers waved down by CHANCELLOR.

Storm ceased as suddenly as it had arisen; Members went plodding through Division lobbies in succession of divisions.

Business done.—Budget Resolutions carried through report stage.

Friday night.—Whilst the gallant Jap

stands at grip with the Russ by the banks of the far-off Yalu River, Mr. WEIR, seated in the House of Commons, recalls an episode in his visit to Japan. When he entered one of the sacred temples at Nikko, or crossed the threshold of Palace of the ancient Mikados at Tokio, there approached him two fair damsels who lisped, "Boots."

At first, the Member for Ross and Cromarty, shrewd Highlander though he be, was baffled. The interval afforded opportunity of gazing upon the damsels who, prone on hands and knees, looked up at him with laughing gaze. Behold, they were fair.

"Boots," they murmured, drawing in their breath with that gurgling sound peculiar to a Japanese when he or she desires to please.

Then it dawned on Mr. WEIR that on the sanctity of the temple floor, on the snow-white purity of the Palace plank-ing, no earth-crust boot must press. In brief, he was expected to have his boots removed and slippers substituted before he entered.

Cloud of disappointment gathered over the brow of SARK as WEIR recited the incident to the House. He whispers to me how, when he and I were in Japan, we partly shared Mr. WEIR's experience. We, also, were required to remove our boots. Service was performed, not by dimpled damsels with almond eyes and snow-white teeth, but by our guide or other male attendant.

Birds of a feather flock together. Mr. WEIR drew the youth and beauty of Japan, as he fails to "draw" the Lord Advocate on the topic of trawlers in lonely inlets of northern seas.

Incident happened in debate on vote for Houses of Parliament. System of ventilation discussed, as it has been annually talked of since the days when ACTON SMEE AYRTON was First Commissioner of Works. Members talk critically about ingress and egress of air, which, as most people know, is driven through iron lacework concealed under matting of flooring, and makes its way out through passages in the ceiling. Complaint made of its being stuffy, loaded with microbes.

Mr. WEIR explains it all. The radical fault that shatters an intricate costly system of ventilation lies in the boots. That a subject on which honourable Member long been accepted as authoritative. As House knows from daily observation, Mr. WEIR, by use of peculiar, delicate hydraulic machinery, pumps the lower notes of his impressive voice out of his boots. Effect observed when Secretary for Scotland, having made feeble reply to series of searching questions, takes refuge in silence as Mr. WEIR puts a fifth. Then is heard rolling through the House, like the



FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Father. "WHY, WHAT A LITTLE WOMAN SHE'S GETTING!"

Mother. "YES, A VERY EXPENSIVE YOUNG LADY. SHE GROWS OUT OF ALL HER FROCKS."

Dorothy. "MAMMA'S EXPENSIVE TOO. SHE'S GROWN OUT OF ~~HER~~ PRETTY FROCK!"

sough of wind in the caves of wintry Staffa, a sepulchral groan, "No answer."

It rises from the level of Mr. WEIR's boots. Enlarging on his argument, Mr. WEIR shows how fresh air ascending from the floor comes in contact with boots of Members and is carried upward to throat and nostril.

"Why not," he persuasively adds, "engage the services of two Japanese girls, who will remove the boots of honourable Members before they enter the House."

Two? What are they among so many? The matter is a larger one than Mr. WEIR sketches. It would not be necessary for every Jack to have his Jill. But two Japanese damsels to remove the boots of 670 Members, some of them Irish, and only one (a naval authority) with a wooden leg, is ridiculously disproportionate. If Mr. WEIR's suggestion be accepted, and no doubt it has been received with a wave of pleasurable excitement, the damsels must be brought over in transport ships, like the Chinese labourers for South Africa. Under the personal supervision of ALFRED LYTTELTON, they might live in compounds laid out in Palace Yard.

Long time since Mr. WEIR was so popular.

Business done.—Private Members'.

THE WIRE-PULLERS.

III.—THE MATERIALISER.

JUST as we passed the Dragon in Fleet Street the driver of our omnibus suddenly reined in his horses. The cause of the disturbance was a large brewer's dray which had come down Chancery Lane and was trying to take its place in the stream of traffic going west.

"Nah ven, Bung-ole," said the bus-driver, "fink yer goin' to stuff up the bloomin' road?"

The speech struck me as terse and pointed, and I was accordingly not a little surprised at what followed. An old gentleman who was sitting on one of the front seats leaned forward and tapped the driver on the shoulder.

"No, no," he said, "that's not at all the thing. You must consider your metaphors. A bung-hole cannot stuff up a road. Had you said 'bung' instead of 'bung-hole' it might have passed. But there is a chance for something far more brilliant. You could have said, of course in your own inimitable way, something like, 'Now then, Barrels. What are you doing out of your cellar? The Tuppenny Tub is the place for you. Your shape would just about fit it.' Something like that."

"Right O, Guv'nor," said the man; "better luck next time."

During this little conversation I had

whipped out an envelope and jotted down a note for my great novel. I felt that I had found a type which would ensure its welcome as one of the masterpieces of the century. My excitement attracted the old gentleman's attention.

"You are a genius, are you not?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Unrecognised?"

"Practically."

"Not entirely?"

"Well," I said, "I have an aunt——"

"Yes, yes," he interrupted, "I knew that. But you would like the world to recognise you? Well, I'm your man. Nowadays, the genius in literature or art is the person who can depict life as it really is. Very few can, so I go about teaching life to behave as it is depicted. That produces the same result in the long run. If I come across a genius who cannot hold the mirror up to nature, I hold nature up to the mirror. It's my hobby."

"Take, for example, this omnibus-driver. Nature prompts him to speak as you heard him speak. Mr. PETT RIDGE, one of my *protégés*, would have him speak more according to the instructions you heard me give. The ultimate result of that must be the recognition of Mr. PETT RIDGE as a very observant writer."

"Have you many clients?" I asked.

"Hundreds. But you are wrong to call them clients. The majority of them are quite unaware of my existence. There's Mr. DANA GIBSON, for instance. I've done a great deal for him in the way of cultivating his particular type of feminine beauty."

"You send out specially trained ladies, I suppose?"

"No, certainly not. It's done entirely with dressmakers' lay-figures. Women will imitate models, but they will not imitate one another. I hope soon to have a couple of dozen genuine Gibson girls distributed over London, and so establish the artist's reputation for fidelity to nature. But my work is always rather delicate where women are concerned. I much prefer the other sex."

"I spent a most successful season, recently, stocking Scottish slums with *Wee Macgregors*. I have devoted quite a lot of my time for some years to getting detectives to measure footprints, smoke shag, and act generally like *Sherlock Holmes*. You'll perhaps not believe me, but there is hardly a man in the Force to-day who doesn't carry pocket editions of GABORIAU and EDGAR ALLEN POE."

"Art, too. I have peppered the country with CECIL ALDIN's popular creations—parsons who play golf till they are red in the face with suppressed imprecations; huntsmen who sit till the last minute in

front of gigantic game-pies; vehicles with no spokes to their wheels. I have an estate reserved for the rearing of trees after the pattern of HERBERT RAILTON, and in the same artist's interest I have laid out heaps of money in white-washing old iron gates to make them stand out well against dark backgrounds. If in the near future you happen upon any rather fat people with their hands carefully thrust out of sight behind them, you will know that I have been giving a little of my attention to Mr. HASSALL."

"Those are just a few of my favourites. But I do also a good deal of promiscuous work that has no application to any particular genius. I can say without boasting that there are to-day scores of Scotsmen about who couldn't see a joke if you paid them to, and Irishmen who really do say, 'och' and 'arrah, be jabers,' and carry a shillelagh."

"Do you work much out of England?"

"Not at present, but I hope to extend my field. In American plantations I intend to teach the coons that quaint inquisitiveness which impels them to spend so much time in gazing with shaded eyes into space, and I shall also introduce some dress reforms if I can get a tailor to supply trousers with one leg permanently turned up. And I am thinking of instructing miners in Australia and the Klondike in the subtle pathos of dreaming of home. Now, is there anything I can do for you?"

"I am afraid," I said, with hesitation, "that—that——"

"Ah, I see," he said. "You would rather try and get on without me. Well, well. Most of them feel that way—at first. Candidly, I admire you for it. But I'll bear you in mind all the same. Hullo!—excuse me a minute. There's one of Mr. JACOBS' seamen just come out of Liverpool Street station, looking as though he were not altogether at sea in London. I must alter that."

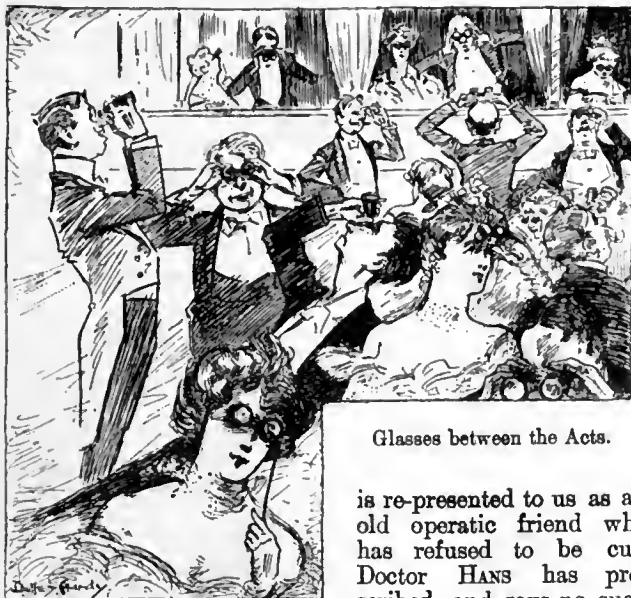
He flew down from the bus, one step at a time, and that is the last I have seen of him.

In the description of the *grand foyer* of the recently extended Savoy Hotel it is mentioned that there is a sculptured group representing "The Three Graces." Surely, as appropriate to the *restauration* department, there ought to have been just double the number—symbolising the graces before and after the three principal meals of the day, Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner. Supper being an extra, another couple of graces would be superfluous.

A GENEROUS FOE.—Pending the completion of the Russian commissariat the Japanese have offered to give them beans, as many as they care to have.

OPERATIC NOTES.

OPENING night, Monday, May 2, when *Don Giovanni*, having already interviewed Manager MESSAGER and Dr. HANS RICHTER,



Glasses between the Acts.

operation is necessary. Thus is it that we get the *Don* almost to perfection. An excellent performance to a comparatively small, though select, audience. "No Royalties" here: which announcement sounds to joyful musical publishers' ears like "No Fees." Fräulein DESTINN as *Donna Anna* is the first novelty, and, instantly, a great success: Miss ALICE NIELSEN as *Zerlina* is the second, about whom there is too much Gaiety-girlishness. Monsieur RENAUD's *Don* we know and admire; and as *Leporello* and *Mazetto* Messrs. JOURNET and GILBERT, always amusing, give us nothing new, and have forgotten nothing old. As the statue, who, like some weary *habitués*, nods towards the end of the opera, Mr. RADFORD is basso-profoundly statuesque. With Dr. RICHTER and his orchestra, including three hands in the ball-room, no fault can be found.

Tuesday.—*Tristan und Isolde*. House, never inconveniently crowded, revealed at first the aching void proper to the pre-prandial hour. Herr BURRIAN and Frau REINL (each a new and welcome guest at the Garden party) made a pair of lovers of the robust type associated with Wagnerian traditions. Yet "mighty and mellow" were mixed in their singing; and the great duet of the Second Act, exquisitely sung in its softer movement, gave them ample scope for qualities of sweetness and strength not always found together. Madame KIRKBY LUNN's most sympathetic rendering of the part of *Brangäne* was a pure delight, notably in that difficult



Distinguished Soprano hurrying to her destination is accommodated with special train.

passage where her voice breaks in out of the night upon the lovers' amorous session. The climax of the duet, delivered with those formal gestures of the arm which may also be supposed to be a matter of Bayreuth tradition, must have penetrated a good way

into the forest, and might easily, without information received from Detective Melot, have aroused the suspicions of King Mark. Herr KNÜPFER, in the rôle of that outraged monarch, enunciated his homily on the proprieties with a right portentousness. Subsequently *Tristan* took a most unconscionable time in dying; but that was not the fault of Herr BURRIAN, who must have wanted his supper. Herr SCHÜTZ, as *Kurwenal*, enjoyed himself most on the ship, where his *staccato* methods recalled the choppiness of a Channel passage. Herr REISS, as the herd, played his piping part admirably through the medium of a gentleman in the orchestra. Here, and on the head of its conductor, Dr. RICHTER, rested the laurels of the evening for a performance, on their part, absolutely flawless.

Wednesday, May 4.—Fairly good house welcoming return of MANCINELLI conducting GOUNOD's *Phlémon et Baucis*; "Arcades ambo." Gods and mortals are pleased with Jupiter JOURNET, but remember Jove PLANÇON. Then all delighted to re-welcome LEONCAVALLO's *Pagliacci*, wherein Fräulein DESTINN distinguishes herself as *Nedda*. M. SALIGNAC as *Canio* is good, and SCOTT's *Tonio*, in acting and singing, fine. New scenery sets off *Phlémon*, but the gem, *Pagliacci*, requires no brilliant setting.

Thursday.—Two magnificent bouquets occupied the Royal Box until the arrival of their Majesties at about 8.30. Considering that the KING and QUEEN had only arrived from Ireland—after their most successful and thoroughly popular visit—at 6.30, this, "their first appearance" at the Opera after their *tour de plaisir* must be recorded as a genuine *tour de force*. An excellent performance of *Roméo et Juliette* awaited them; Mlle. SUZANNE ADAMS being a most sweet singing and thoroughly dramatic heroine, true as a *Juliette* should be, without the single false note



Rapid exit of the exile Roméo-Saleza.

even wherewith to pay the crafty but impressive herbalist Frère Laurent (M. JOURNET), as an illegal marriage fee. Once again we salute our undefeated favourite, Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, in one of her most popular impersonations, namely, that of the highly trained nurse, *Gertrude*; and M. SALEZA, who, as *Roméo*, is as fresh as he was in 1902, when, as now, Signor MANCINELLI was the *bâtonnier*. The *entr'actes*, on this occasion, occupying less time than usual, the evening was most enjoyably passed in the society of Messieurs GUILLAUME SHAKESPEARE, GOUNOD, and company. "Et vive la Compagnie!"

Friday.—*Tannhäuser*. Suppose the Hørselberg must at one time have had its attractions for the hero, but to-night Herr BURRIAN frankly turned his back on the ballet and a couple of rather risky *tableaux vivants* provided for his entertainment. And indeed they manage these things better at the Halls. He was not altogether happy in the scene with *Venus* (Frau EGLI), who sang more than respectably but just fell short of fascination. As his case became more desperate, Herr BURRIAN's singing, as distinct from his action, improved steadily in dramatic power: and he was at his best in the Third Act, after the Evening Star, which had grown brighter and brighter at the prospect of being sung to by *Wolfram*, had modestly withdrawn.

Fräulein TERNINA as *Elisabeth* proved that her voice has

lost nothing of its unforced charm, her manner nothing of its sweet graciousness and dignity. Would that we had more of such Visits of *Elisabeth*, rarer than those of angels! House fuller (though still fasting) and a touch more appreciative. *Enfin*, a good week's work for a beginning.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Life of Frederick William Farrar, by REGINALD FARRAR (JAMES NISBET & Co.), is an interesting biography of a distinguished ecclesiastic who, when Canon of Westminster, was reckoned among the most popular of preachers. In his outspoken, manly character he somewhat resembled CHARLES KINGSLEY, though he could not be reckoned among the professors of muscular Christianity. As a parish clergyman, FARRAR was energetic and thorough; a lover of Art; indefatigable as author and lecturer at home, in Canada, and in the States. An *ultra* Liberal, almost Radical in politics, he owed his first preferment to the great Conservative minister DISRAELI, and for his subsequent promotion to the Deanery of Canterbury he was indebted to Lord ROSEBERY. Had Dean FARRAR been less courageously outspoken he would have been a Bishop. But his opinions were considered dangerous by "the safe side," and the Dean was no Dr. TRIMMER. The biography lacks an index of reference.

In English history, and in hearts of Englishmen all over the world, the New Forest lives by reason of two circumstances. One, the death of RUFUS; the other, the choice of residence by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who for more than a generation has murmured in the glades round Malwood the impromptus with which, in ordered speech, he later delighted the House of Commons. Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON has written a book about *The New Forest* (METHUEN) which does justice to the alluring theme. Lightly sketching its



history, he saunters around, pointing out its sylvan beauties and its points of historic interest. In both fields he has been helped by Mr. WALTER TYNDALE and Miss LUCY KEMP-WELCH, who between them contribute fifty-four charming sketches reproduced in colour. Most are charming enough to suggest framing. But it would be barbarous to divorce them from the text. My Baronite has the delight of knowing Beaulieu Abbey, which has for many years found a loving custodian in the father of our dear JOHN SCOTT-MONTAGU, Member for the New Forest division. Taking into account all the architectural treasures handed on to the twentieth century, Time has bestowed no more beautiful guerdon than Beaulieu. Of it and of other bits of the ancient forest Mr. HUTCHINSON chats in charming fashion. People who for divers reasons cannot visit the New Forest may, thanks to this beautiful volume, take patches of it home with them.

Of all the books of ready reference commend me to *Bartlett's Concordance to Shakespeare*, published by Messrs. MACMILLAN. Good and satisfactory as is the well-known compilation of CRUDEN this American production of BARTLETT's is better, and far more satisfactory in its completeness. Frequently hath the Busy Baron, when improving the shining hour and gathering honey from every petal of the flowers of literature, to pause in order to verify some quotation, professedly Shakespearian; and to no better authority upon the subject can he turn than to this work of BARTLETT's, which was commenced in 1876 and brought out in 1891; its latest edition is dated 1894.

CLARK RUSSELL and JOSEPH CONRAD, A.B.'s both, write books relevant to the sea, vivid with its colour, whether sleeping in sunlight or raging in storm. They generally go down to the sea in ships bound south. In *The Way of the Sea* (HODDER

AND STROUT) Mr. NORMAN DUNCAN goes north and west to Newfoundland. Here is a sea of quite another sort, its dangers dared by men and boys of a race new to the British novel-reader. It is the first time my Baronite has come across work by this author. In descriptions of the North Atlantic surging round the rugged coast of Newfoundland, it is magnificent. In dealing with the fisher-folk there are frequent touches of humour and pathos. The chapter "Concerning Billy Luff" is a gem of purest ray serene.

The Poets' Corner, by MAX BEERBOHM, published by HEINEMANN, is an album of coloured caricatures of a daringly eccentric and utterly *bizarre* character, which, absurd as they are, must be as caviare to the general public unacquainted with the individuality of the more modern originals. Where SHAKESPEARE, BYRON, or BURNS is caricatured, the utter absurdity of the picture suffices for amusement. The entire collection will no doubt be laughingly and tolerantly appreciated by many kindred spirits among artists and literary men "in the know." It would have shown better taste on the part both of author-artist and his publisher had they decided to omit the silly nursery kind of caricature depicting TENNYSON reading "In Memoriam" to his sovereign. This is the blot on the scutcheon.



A FAULT OF COMMISSION.

["The odious practice of touting for orders in Society shows no decrease. Even young girls increase their pocket-money by 'recommending' certain firms to their friends."—*Evening Paper*.]

THOUGH tactfully reluctant to employ the word "affection"

About her present feeling for the writer of the rhyme, Undoubtedly AMANDA shows a certain predilection

Which rather makes him fancy that the rest may come in time.

I'm bound to add, however,—and it nearly drives me frantic—

Whenever I attempt to give my aspiration wings,
And make my conversation sentimental or romantic,
She will insist on talking of the *most* prosaic things!

I spoke of lyric poetry; my words were not at all meant
To bear upon the topic which she strove to introduce—
The plain advisability of buying (by instalment)
A "Helicon"—the typewriter for every poet's use!"

"The fire of my emotion"—as I still submit, with deference—
Is not the sort of phrase which leaves you doubtful what it
At any rate, it need not have elicited a reference [means;
To Somebody's abominable "Putitout" machines!

Already I begin to feel a trifle apprehensive;
To be with her is pleasant, but I really wonder why
She always talks of bargains—which are far from inexpensive,
Which—here's the dreadful part of it!—she wishes me to
buy.

She begs me, and of course I yield; she smiles—it's pleasant,
very;
To gain her smile is worth, I know, a lot of sacrifice;
But why should it assume the form of writing off for sherry—
A rather common sherry, at a most uncommon price?

Perplexed why dear AMANDA should be bent on my undoing,
I come across this paragraph—and do not like its sound!
Well, either I must manage to accelerate my wooing—
Or pay a final dividend of sixpence in the pound!

CHARIVARIA.

THOSE persons who doubted the sincerity of Russia's promise to evacuate Manchuria are looking rather foolish to-day.

We would respectfully direct the attention of Frenchmen on the look-out for a good investment to that of Port Arthur.

Mr. FOLEY, an Irish giant, 7 ft. 4 in. in height, from Co. Carlow, was a visitor in the public lobby of the House of Commons one day last week; but, if the Irish think we are going to be intimidated into granting them Home Rule, they are mistaken.

The observant have noticed that a different fount of type has been used for printing the cover of the Royal Academy Catalogue this year. We understand that this was done as an answer to those critics who declare that the Royal Academy never institutes reforms.

Sir E. J. POYNTER, speaking at the annual dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund, made a strong appeal for funds to help "those who helped to make beautiful the homes of many of those present." The Royal Academy itself looks after the other painters.

A proposal to pay Members of Parliament has again been before the House, but those Members who are in favour of the innovation would do well to remember that the taxpayers might insist on getting value for their money.

At the same time we do think that, seeing that the Members have to listen to one another, some slight compensation should be given to them.

Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, in his speech at the dinner to Mr. F. C. GOULD, omitted to draw attention to the fact that the gifted caricaturist had been correctly described as "the most valuable asset of the Liberal Party."

Mr. BARRIE's prowess in the cricket-field is matter of general knowledge; but it may not be so well known that

Mr. C. B. FRY, the famous journalist, is also something of a batsman.

The site originally selected at the Hague for a Palace of Peace as a memorial of the CZAR's proposals, is called the Bosch. But, of course, the word may have a different meaning for the Dutch.

A Corsican mayor and his friends

People who are in favour of increasing the rates—Motorists.

The report that there are 46,719 total abstainers in the British Army is welcome news, but what grieves recruiting officers is the number of total abstainers from the British Army.

Mr. CARNEGIE's work, *The Gospel of Wealth*, has a steady circulation. The author has just presented a copy to Kettering Free Library.

King PETER of Servia denies the rumour that he is about to abdicate. He may have to do it all the same. He should not have expelled the *Daily Mail* correspondent.

English waiters have been protesting against being elbowed out by foreigners. The grievance is a legitimate one, but we think the cry, "We want justice. How long shall we have to wait?" an unfortunate way of putting it.

A member of the Reichstag has declared that the British Navy is becoming a danger to Germany. We sincerely hope he has not been misinformed as to its dangerous character.

THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON CHURCH DISORDERS. — We understand that inquiry is to be made as to the "alleged prevalence of breaches" among our Bishops.

London Opinion has been inviting contributions to "an open discussion introduced by SARAH GRAND" on the subject, "Should Women Emigrate???" The rate of payment offered is no less

than *ten shillings per letter*. How munificent after the beggarly two shillings a word received by one of our most popular writers of magazine fiction!

GENTLEMAN or LADY finds chargeless residence in a fashionable bath during the summer for English Conversation Lessons. Advt. in "*Daily News*."

We recommend this "situation" to the charming authors of *The Bath Comedy*.

HOUSEHOLD CARVER'S PROVERB.— "What's underdone cannot be helped." (At least, it oughtn't to be.)



"LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES."

(Cheerful Passage in the Life of a Whitesunside Holiday-maker.)

barricaded themselves in a polling booth, and flung out of the window the dead body of a delegate sent to interview them by the opposition party. In England this would be illegal.

The plague of gnats reported from many parts of the country has not yet invaded Buckingham Palace; but the *Morning Post*, in an interesting historical article on the Nicaraguan trouble, reminds us that at one time the Mosquitos actually placed themselves under JAMES THE SECOND.

A HIGH PRIEST OF BACCHUS.

["Prime Minister's Eloquent Defence of Alcohol."

"Brewers win by 157."

"Mr. Balfour's Tribute to the Efficacy of Drink."

—Radical Headlines on Second Reading of Licensing Bill.]

ARTHUR, they did you wrong, those fools and blind
Who deemed you had no settled views to give,
Who loosely pictured you with open mind,
Constructed like the Danaïd's leaky sieve,
Paddling about
In devious pools of philosophic doubt!

They judged too soon; they had not heard you yet
Upon a theme that closely touched your heart;
Nor seen you stand with courage firmly set,
And in a voice where Passion strove with Art
Loudly extol
The efficacious charms of Alcohol!

Was this their "Pretty FANNY"? this the vain
Young thing they jested at a while ago?
They should have rather dubbed you "Roaring JANE,"
Not from our brilliant naval expert, no,
Not FREDERICK T.,
But after Mistress CAKEBREAD (R.I.P.)

What though about your fiscal point of view
A certain fog at times has seemed to hang?
No sort of vapour masked the obvious blue
Then when you rose and in a voice that rang
Convinced and clear
Reminded members what they owed to Beer.

Long time among your ranks a vague unrest
Had left you preternaturally bored;
But now you had that swelling in the chest
Which comes of loyal confidence restored,
And gave it tongue,
Backed by the serried armaments of Bung!

At length you knew, with heart uplifted high,
The awful joy of making up your mind;
An unaccustomed fire possessed your eye,
Haunted no more by mutineers behind,
Or doubts within,
To mar your jocund eulogies of Gin!

I was not there: I missed that moving scene,
And so was duped by your reported plea
For sober habits and the temperate mean,
Your praise of that financial honesty
Which should occur
Even inside a strict teetotalter!

How could I gather from the literal word
That you were briefed to boom the poisoned cup?
Yet an impartial Press was there and heard,
And those resumptive headlines show you up
In streams of ink
As England's Champion Advocate of Drink!

O. S.

A DISCLAIMER.—Of course it is not absolutely necessary, yet it may be as well to notify to the less informed portion of the public that the "PUNCH & Co." mentioned in the recent case of "*Sievier v. Duke*," before Mr. Justice GRANTHAM, is not in the remotest sort of way connected with "*Mr. Punch*," the one and only possessor of that honoured name, whose palatial residence in Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, is "the hub of the universe."

M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. VI.

"My faith," said BOUDIN a few mornings ago, as he put down the *Times*, which he had been studying for some time with great absorption, "my faith, but he is a great man, your Mr. BALFOUR. Word of honour, I take off my hat to him and I make him a reverence of the most humble. He have piqued me the heart with his speech."

I admit I was pleased, for a good many of us here in England, I fancy, are rather proud of our BALFOUR and think him a striking statesman of sagacious and highly disinterested principles. The difficulty, of course, is to get a foreigner to agree with us. Most of them seem never to have heard of him. I met an Austrian last month who was thoroughly up in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, but when I put in a word for ARTHUR BALFOUR he looked quite blank. I was all the more glad, therefore, to find BOUDIN so appreciative:—

"Yes, my dear BOUDIN," I said, "he really is a great man, and, besides that, he has a most extraordinary courtesy to his opponents, a charm of manner which makes people love him even when they most disagree with him, a kind of graceful politeness, a *je ne sais quoi*, which——"

"Ah, that is it," cried BOUDIN ecstatically, "I do not speak of his courtesy so *chevaleresque*, nor of his graceful politeness. It is the *je ne sais quoi* which I mean. You have said it, my brave, and you have said it in French which is, by blue, the only language which serves to describe a man so remarkable."

"Oh, for the matter of that," said I, "I could describe him in English fast enough, only I thought——"

"Yes, you thought, admirable man that you are, that for me it would be easy if you do it in French. Here, you say to yourself, is that poor BOUDIN, that Frenchman so ignorant and so *grossier*, he will not understand our Mr. BALFOUR in English; for BOUDIN's sake I use a French phrase—and, *sapristi*, you do it, and it is BOUDIN who is profoundly touched with what you do for him."

I didn't want to let him drivel along on that line, so I harked back:

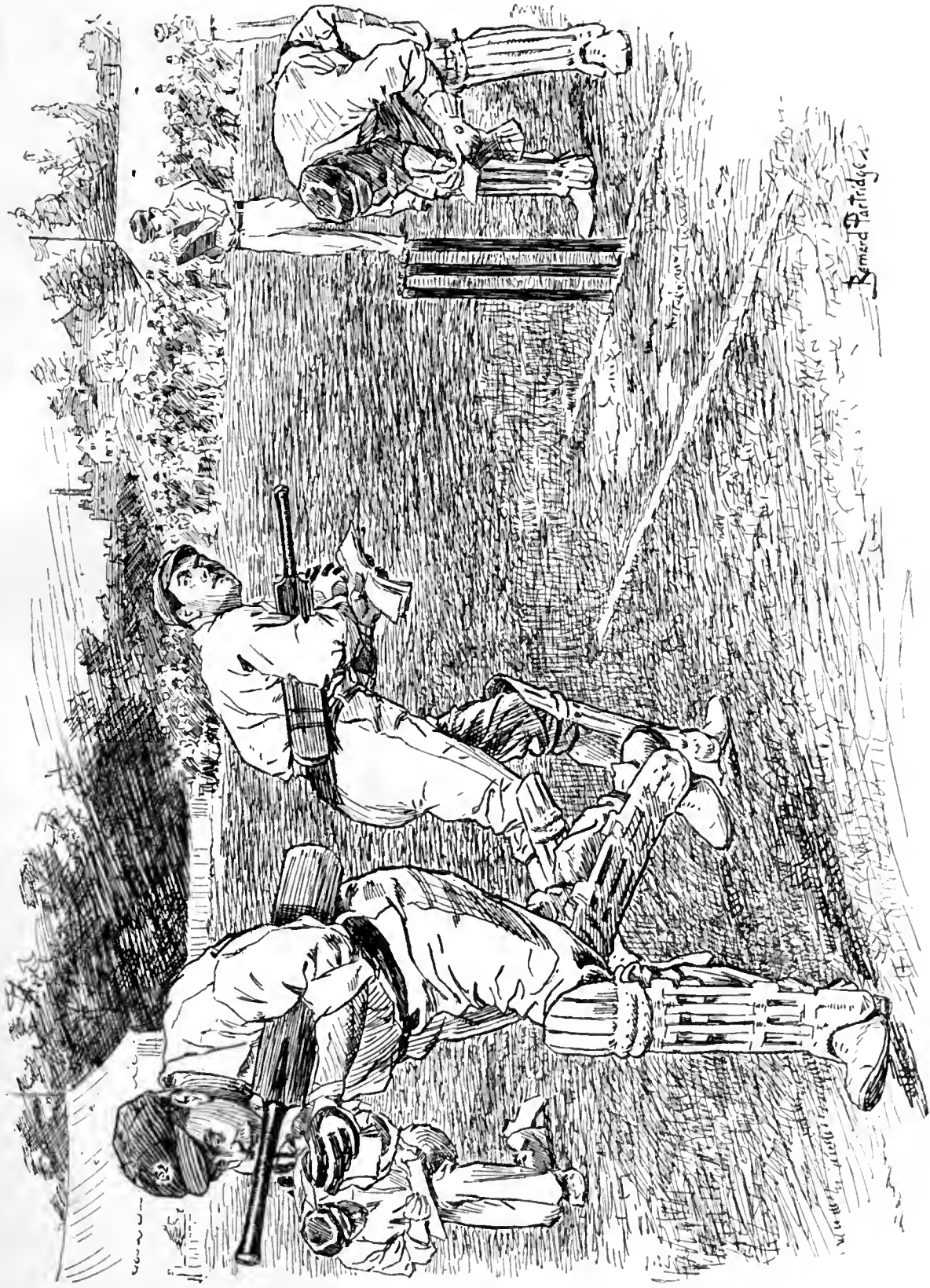
"But, BOUDIN," I asked, "what is it that has struck you so particularly to-day about Mr. BALFOUR?"

"Here he is," said BOUDIN, taking up the *Times* and adjusting his pince-nez. "He speak about a Licensing Bill, which, my faith, I do not understand and I do not mix myself with it, and someone ask him who is to compensate the widow and the son and the daughter who have been ruined by the publicans, and he say, 'Sir,' he say, 'these people are ruined by their gross and criminal self-indulgence. The fault,' he say, 'lies with the drunkard, with the man who cannot control his appetites.' And he compare him to members of Parliament and say the man drink more than members of Parliament who never drink too much, and he blame him, word of honour, he blame him for!"—he read this with great deliberation—"for the lack of manly self-control which is necessary to resist temptation." I tell you, my fine fellow, your Mr. BALFOUR he speak like a *père noble* in the theatre. Have you ever hear the *père noble* speak?"

"Yes, but how——"

"Well, you know, the *père noble* he has a bald head with white favourites—that is to say, whiskers—and he has a big waistcoat beautifully rounded and a thick gold watch-chain, and he speak the most beautiful things about virtue and honour and modesty, and he say long *tirades* very vehement against wicked men and vice, and oh, but he is a dear little innocent white lamb this *père noble*—and that is, I think, your Mr. BALFOUR when he speak of the laborious classes and the lack of manly self-control, and, *enfin*, all that heap of nonsense I read to you from the *Times*."

"My dear BOUDIN," I said warmly, "I cannot allow you to



SPOILING SPORT.

[Most of our prominent cricketers are now engaged as expert reporters by various journals.]

2005-2010

impeach the sincerity of our public men in that way. Mr. BALFOUR—"

"Oh, it is not your Mr. BALFOUR alone. We have them in France, too, these deputies who think the poor man whose life is hard and whose pleasures are not many, my old fellow—that he shall always resist, resist, resist, and if he do not resist the temptation, well, he shall sink to the bottom of the sea, and we shall thank God we have sent there so poor a type."

"Well, why not?" I asked.

"And you too; *et tu, Brute!* Make him less the temptation, *sapristi!* and in the end you make him stronger, the poor man. But to talk like a *père noble* is to talk like a *ombog*, and it is not the less true because it is I, JEAN JACQUES MARIE AUGUSTE BOUDIN, who tell you so. Come, we will go out in Hyde Park, and you shall tell me innocent stories."

MERE VACUUM.

I WAS conscious of an unusual something in the air as I walked up the street to call on MABEL, something between a motor-car marking time and the bursting of a waterpipe. Still meditating as to the cause of the disturbance I came in view of the house, and my heart stood still at the sight before me. Through a turbulent crowd which overflowed the road into the front garden I caught a glimpse of a scarlet engine, and through a cloud of white smoke I saw the firemen's hose-pipes trailing down, like white serpents, from each doomed window. The vision of MABEL in flames roused me to frenzy, and pressing my top hat firmly on my head I dashed through the crowd and into the open front-door. The hall and ground floor were crowded by strange men pulling at the heavy furniture, or running the hose-pipes up the stairs, while in the back-ground, pale and excited, stood the pretty parlour-maid. I seized her shoulder and shook it frantically.

"Are they all out!" I cried.

"Lor' no, Sir!" she said in a startled voice; "they're all upstairs!"

"Great heavens!" I ejaculated, "what are they doing?—looking after their jewellery, I suppose." And disregarding the angry glances of the men, who seemed to resent my remark, I leaped up the stairs to the drawing-room door, and, flinging it open, stood transfixed by the sight that met my eyes. MABEL, BERTIE her small brother, BERTIE's governess and MABEL's mother were sitting serenely about the room at afternoon tea.

"Isn't there a fire?" I remarked feebly.

BERTIE laughed aloud, but MABEL, with her sweet eyes on mine, replied: "No, it's only the vacuum cleaner at work."



"DON'T POINT!"

Tommy (remembering his mother's lecture on the subject). "Oh, MUMMY DEAR, ISN'T THAT VERY RUDE?"

MABEL's mother said: "Really, Mr. GREEN, you startled me dreadfully!"

BERTIE's governess said: "Indeed, yes." And all the while I was conscious of the little beast they call *Flipsie*—one of those waistcoat-pocket pet dogs, a cross between a rat and a spider—making a tour round my boots and growling diminutive thunder to itself.

I should have married MABEL last autumn if it hadn't been for *Flipsie*. *Flipsie* ruled the house with absolute authority, and from the first had declined to look favourably on me or my suit.

MABEL's mother chose her friends, servants and tradespeople according to *Flipsie's* unerring instinct—and I was weighed in the balance and found wanting.

"What a marvellous thing instinct is!" said MABEL's mother; "his intelligence penetrates where ours fails. All that is hidden from us is laid bare to him. Do you remember what an extraordinary aversion he had to the green-grocer—a fair-spoken young man—who afterwards forged his master's name and attempted to murder his aunt?"

At that moment I felt ready for a life

of crime myself, but I merely asked MABEL in a low voice if she would show me the cleaner at work. She rose with alacrity, but her mother interposed.

"BERTIE will be delighted to show you, Mr. GREEN."

I followed BERTIE. A man was wandering up and down, directing the end of a hose-pipe along the carpet, the large open-mouthed nozzle of which sucked up all dirt, dust, fluff and feathers, and in fact all unconsidered trifles that came in its reach. The man's attention was somewhat distracted by the presence of the pretty parlour-maid in an adjoining room, and presently, after warning BERTIE not to go too near, he left the pipe and went to help her hang a pair of curtains. No sooner was his back turned than BERTIE swiftly slipped an open paper under the gaping mouth of the vacuum pipe. Instantly the paper was licked up with all its contents.

"What's that?" I said.

"Oh, only my night powders," he replied gleefully; "now I'm going to fetch that lace collar they make me wear, and my toothbrush. I say, it's a pity you haven't got yours with you."

As he ran out of the room an idea struck me which in the sequel led the way to MABEL and matrimony. Ever since I left the drawing-room *Flipsie* had been dangling attentions, as usual, on my boots—my furtive but vicious kicks only strengthening the bond between us. The aperture of the pipe lay upturned on the carpet, sucking in the air with an uncanny swish. I approached my patent leather boot with *Flipsie* in attendance nearer and nearer, till only five inches divided us, and then I gave my foot a frantic wrench back to counteract the horrid pull that suddenly dragged it—like a steel filing to a magnet—into the vortex of this domestic maelstrom. I wrenched myself free and looked down with a strangely beating heart. *Flipsie* had disappeared!

Hastening through the door, I upset BERTIE and a miscellaneous collection he was carrying, amongst which I noticed the governess's *pince-nez*, a book of five-finger exercises, and a pat of soap. I dashed downstairs, hailed a passing hansom, and fled the scene.

Three days later I received the following message from MABEL:—

"We have lost our darling *Flipsie*; he must have strayed away when the cleaners were here. Our grief seems to have drawn us closer together, and Mamma wants you to come to dinner to-night, and bring your music. She says that personally she always liked you. Poor darling *Flipsie*!—Yours, MABEL."

"P.S.—The vacuum people have written most insultingly to Mamma, saying the dirt in our house was so abnormal it has quite choked their pipes."

THE LAWS OF CRICKET.

(Latest version.)

THE GAME.

I. A match is played between two sides of eleven ready-writers each. Each side has two innings and a reserve supply of pens and ink.

APPOINTMENT OF UMPIRES.

II. Before the commencement of the match two umpires shall be appointed, one for each end. They must both write a clear hand and be proficient spellers.

APPOINTMENT OF MESSENGERS.

III. Before the commencement of the match twenty-four messengers shall be appointed, one for each player and umpire, to convey copy to the telegraph office.

THE BALL.

IV. The ball shall weigh not less than five ounces and a half, when filled with ink. At the beginning of each innings it must be re-filled.

THE BAT.

V. The bat shall not exceed four inches and one quarter in the widest part; it shall not be more than thirty-eight inches in length. It must contain a fountain pen in the handle, like a sword-stick.

THE PEN.

VI. The pen must not be more than eight inches in length, and must be made of some unbreakable substance in case the ball strikes it. Every player must carry two.

THE PENCIL.

VII. The pencil must be protected by a shield over the point. This is known as a cover point.

THE PADS.

VIII. The pads must be blotting pads.

PLAY.

IX. At the beginning of the match, and of each innings, the umpire at the bowler's wicket shall call "Write."

DICTIONARIES.

X. No dictionary or thesaurus shall be allowed on the ground; but the pavilion must be full of them.

ORTHOGRAPHY.

XI. Umpires may be consulted as to the correct spelling of a word only when a batsman is out.

THE BOWLER.

XII. The bowler may be allowed to make notes between the delivery of each ball. While he is doing so the ball shall be considered dead.

THE WICKET-KEEPER.

XIII. The wicket-keeper may rest his writing-pad on the top of the stumps,

but he must not remove the bails in doing so.

THE FIELDSMEN.

XIV. Short leg must know shorthand.

THE ROLLER.

XV. The roller is to be used only after the completion of an innings. Players should place their writing-pads beneath it in order that the crease may be taken out of their style.

THE STRIKER.

XVI. The striker shall be out if in his report of the match he splits an infinitive;

XVII. Or if while stepping out to set down a good adjective he draws his foot over the popping-crease, and the wicket-keeper, abandoning his pen for the moment, stumps him;

XVIII. Or if he writes "and which;"

XIX. Or if in running he obstructs the field by joggling the arm of anyone who is writing.

WRITER'S CRAMP.

XX. The match shall be considered drawn when more than four players on either side are incapacitated by writer's cramp.

THE ANTI-MEAT MOVEMENT.

A GREAT meeting was held at the Albert Hall on Saturday last to discuss the subject of national diet, with special reference to the growing tendency to abstain from flesh foods, as recommended by Dr. HAIG.

Lord AVEBURY, who occupied the chair, said that bees, who were man's superior in almost every department except, perhaps, banking—his own banks he would remark, in the poet's phrase, were "furnished with bees"—were strict believers in the HAIG convention, if he might be allowed a pleasantry. It was, he would remind them, after office hours. No bee was ever known to eat a beef-steak, yet their polity was beyond praise.

M. CARAMELO, the *chef* of the Churchill Restaurant, who spoke under the influence of strong emotion, declared that unless this pernicious habit of low feeding were to be checked, the most refined of the arts would perish of inanition. Only the night before, an aristocratic party from the Opera came in to supper and ordered a dish of nut outlets. On his refusal to prepare these ignoble viands, they promptly withdrew to a vegetarian restaurant in the Strand.

Mrs. EARLE said that her only objection to Dr. HAIG's system was the omission of goats' milk from the *régime*. Goats' milk was an essential to health, although among the milkers the rate of mortality was high. This was because they were not sufficiently padded. Since the death



SUBTLE.

"AREN'T YOU A LITTLE OFF YOUR GAME THIS MORNING, MR. SMYTHE?"

"OH, I'M NOT PLAYING THIS MORNING, MISS BERTHA. ONLY JUST AMUSING MYSELF."

of the Piccadilly Goat the vital statistics for that thoroughfare showed a marked deterioration.

Mr. B. T. BOSANQUET, who described himself as a confirmed Fruitarian, declared that the success of the M.C.C. Team in Australia was due practically entirely to their devotion to Plum.

Colonel ALFRED NUTT, the Folk Loris, said that he had been browsing upon his surname for many years with complete success. Scandinavian mythology, no less than the aboriginal legends of Northern Australia, pointed to the excellence of the HAIG menu. In his old home in Brazil, where, he would remind the company, the NUTTS come from, all the strongest men were followers of HAIG.

Sir GILBERT PARKER said that, Imperial cheese being one of the chief products of Canada, he had recently purchased a residence in Wensleydale, which was called by his facetious friends the Seat of the Mity. But at the same time he was far from denying the merits of a good moose steak.

The Secretary of the Beefsteak Club said that the dietary of a certain section of the members was reducing the name of the Club to the condition of a *lucus a non lucendo*. Apart from that the

financial results of the new habit were most serious. A large number of members never took anything for lunch or dinner but what was included in their table money, and it was impossible to run the kitchen at a profit on these terms. The cook had already left because he was sick of making nothing but milk puddings, and his successor already showed signs of lively dissatisfaction.

Mr. W. R. CREMER, who won the Nobel Prize for the excellence of his Model Dairies, said that there was no doubt that the cow was the best friend of man. In the season all Society went to COWS. (*Sensation, during which Mr. CREMER was whipped and clotted.*)

Sir MOUNTSTUART GRANT-DUFF stated that all his life he had been an impassioned botanist, but he was obliged to admit that for the manufacture and chronicling of *bons mots* it was impossible to dispense with a carnivorous dietary. As CÆSAR remarked in his immortal work, *cibus eorum lacte caseo carne constat*. The imperfect appreciation of humour which characterised the Scotch was, in his opinion, due to their excessive addiction to porridge. He noticed that the best things were always said at the tables of the carnivorous

and not at the vege-tables. "I remember," continued Sir MOUNTSTUART, "attending a vegetarian banquet, at which the best thing said was, 'When is a collie dog not a collie dog?' the answer being 'When it is a cauliflower.' When I related this to GOSCHEN at GRILLION'S next morning he said, 'Didn't it give you the colliewobbles?'"

At this point the Chairman abruptly called for a show of hands, which gave a pronounced majority to the carnivores, and the meeting broke up to the strains of "*The Roast Beef of Old England*," tastefully intoned upon the grand organ.

From the "Jersey Times."

"The Emperor and Empress to-day unveiled in the Thiergarten a statue of the Emperor WILLIAM I. The Emperor looked well and sun-burnt."

Yes, but *which* Emperor?—or perhaps they were both nicely bronzed.

By the courtesy of the Admiralty H.M.S. *Buzzard* has been anchored as a permanent guardship of honour immediately opposite the approach to Mr. Punch's offices in Bouverie Street. The compliment is much appreciated.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

Grand End Begone.
 For Arthur Marmont.

It would not at all surprise me, however, Sir, were I aware you are at last treated a denigrator as a very lowly personage, for two closely resembling a poor nation while it is that that you will once more caution your readers that they are only to swallow my above address with a very large saline grain! [Ed. Com.—We would admit that the idea has occurred to us.]

How well did the late King Lear exclaim: "How now, dost thou wind, you do not crack my cheek so much as the verger's word of a thousand editorial!" I grieve from memory, as these outlandish neighbourhoods do not possess my Dictionary of Familiar Quotations.

Doubtless you will bring your victims, like a winning and judicious Gaul, under the lash of my severe satirist—but I am not a mere Free Trader that I can take a hint in my mother regions being down! [Ed. Com.—What in earth have we done now?]

I would respectfully ask: is it first-class wicked to hit me below my unarmoured belt with the insinuation that I am pulling your leg before-wicket? It is vain to deny that I have caught you out as the fragrant heretic—for under your velvet glove I detect a clenched fist in all its naked indecency! [Ed. Com.—We are at a loss to conceive how we can have detected this pernicious misapprehension.]

Still, as Hon'ble Isaac Watts said to his favourite lay-brother, after he had carelessly denounced his intimate brother as *The Love of Generation*: "Diamond, Diamond, Evil is wrought by want of Thought, as well as want of Heart."

So perhaps you did not anticipate the printing anxiety with which I, as a stranger in a savage locality where there is only one postal delivery per diem, and none at all on Sundays, was awaiting the arrival of the copy of *Punch* containing the first instalment of my aggressive insinuations!

Otherwise, surely, surely you would not have inserted so many injurious lines in my defenceless ear!

It is true that you commenced with the flattering compliment of a notice that my contribution was published "under considerable reserve," thereby betraying that at least you deemed them worthy of protection against the piracies of rival periodicals.

But, lack-a-day! you proceeded to interpolate sundry notes and comments, which (whether so intended or not) must infallibly produce the unimpeachable impression that you do not regard myself as an absolute *bona fide*!

I venture to think, Sir, that such a breach of ordinary *Punch* faith entitles me to pose as an injured innocent—even if I should not demand legal damages for defamation of my character!

As for the very mediocre *honorarium* forwarded by same mail (receipt of which I beg to acknowledge with thanks) I may remark, like Hon'ble Samuel Johnson in his preface to *Poore's Dictionary of National Biography*, "had it been bigger it had been kinder."

But whether or no you should deem it politic to heal my wounded pride with a fresh supply of golden ointment (no less in it this time!) I must obsequiously insist that you are to cease these petty and carping criticisms in futurity!

Remember that the late Hon'ble Laurence TESSIER, in his address to a plump head-waiter at Cock Hotel, London, desired that he was to "trust him all in all, or not at all"—and what is the worth of friendship if it cannot endure such a simple test as the Confidence Trick?

I warn to justify myself! Good Champagne wine needs

no gooseberry dust—and I can well afford to let sleepy dogs go in with their bums.

Having thus placed my point of contention in your Honour's eye, we must consider the incident closed, and I will promise not to again abuse it as sure a subject.

Except by saying that, if you should consider my said present address too indelicate for publicity, that is simply because you are making like Lord Salisbury's mistake of assuming too large a map.

My own pocket chronometer shows the distance from London to Port Arthur is not more than one inch, three quarters.

But is not it the matter of total indifference whether it is an inch or an ell? It is enough for me that I have safely traversed it, and not on mere *French* business—but as bearer of secret instructions from my hon'ble friend Col. K. K. K., who being only a native of Nippon has more implicit confidence in my veracity than certain sceptical European editorial guidances!

For it seems he has been stupefied up with sinister tales of hope from Tokyo War Dept. that Port Arthur was already in the pretty hands of fish if not actually in the soup; and, being desirous of somewhat more ocular information, he requested myself to proceed on the spot, and bring him back my impressions of the final catfishery.

So, being duly furnished by him with passport, Cook's circular return coupons (available for one month only) and introductory epistles to the Governor and Port-Admirals, I started for my hazardous mission, on pins and needles last, like backward grass, I should not come up till after the starting need had been sicken.

But happy-vity! my fears proved to be totally chimerical, and already I am convinced that Col. K. has been too sanguinely counting a chicken which is not yet even new laid!

For, so far are the inhabitants from contemplating the slightest surrender that they do not admit that they are at all inconvenienced by so trumpety a bombardment—but are piping precisely as though in times of peace! [Ed. Com.—We feel a delicacy in venturing any remark that might further wound Mr. JABBERJEE's feelings—but it is really too obvious that his circumstantial description cannot have been based on personal observation; he seems to have been inspired by certain telegrams which were being circulated, about a month ago, from St. Petersburg.]

I have secured a suite of apartments, with excellent view of bombardment, as pensioner at above hotel, and am transported with amazement at the general tranquillity and gaiety.

The Bathing Season is now in a full swing, and the Promenade and fashionable pastrycookshops are full as an egg with elegant *bona mondes* and *élites*, while there is not a backseat to be hired in any of the theatres.

At night the entire neighbourhood is brilliantly illuminated by splendid searchlamps.

LATER.—There are pleasure yachts which will, for cost of one rouble per head (children half-price) take excursionists on a sailing jaunt round the Japanese blockading-junks, but I have not yet accomplished this trip, owing to the fact that, at present, the fleet is not yet in sight, to the insoluble disappointment of all visitors.

Even when it does appear on some offing or other, I am informed that their bombshells are so amateurishly aimed that they fall ludicrously short, to blush unseen in unfathomed ocean caves. It is true that one cannon-ball did, a few days since, descend into a goat-sledge which was stationed near one of the bandstands—but fortunately the vehicle was untenanted by any puerile occupant, and the goat, though severely shaken, is now able to return to his ordinary duties.

I am utterly astounded at the temerity of Hon'ble Admiral

TOKO in thus persisting in besieging a citadel after being magnanimously warned by all its leading inhabitants that it is totally impregnable!

Moreover, there are innumerable armour-clad Leviathans lying snug in the docks, which are fully competent, so soon as Russia should condescend to assume an offensive demeanour, to blow any blockading squadrons into a cocked hat.

Some of the aforesaid Leviathans are perforated with rather extensive orifices, but this, I am assured, is simply to improve the ventilation between their decks.

Altogether I have the shrewd suspicion that the Japanese officials—with a disregard for nude Truth which is, I fear, too characteristic of some Orientalists!—have been sedulously sprinkling a peck of dust in the World's eye, by circulating barefaced taradiddles originally intended for their own marines!

It is out of the question that I can waste more of my precious time by burning daylight in such a mere health-resort, so I have packed up my traps, inquired for my bill, and am now to return to Korea, where at least there is more going on of which I can make a copy.

P.S.—Have just seen bill. O my gracious goodness! Please send me some more pocket-money *instantly*.

H. B. J.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE *Daily Mail* has arranged with a number of leading cricketers to telegraph the point of view of their side after every day's cricket. Mr. *Punch*, as usual, goes further, and has arranged for the point of view of a great variety of other antagonists, including some cricketers.

THE LOAMSHIRE POINT OF VIEW.

The wicket was never good; it was awful when I was in.

RUMJIBUNJI batted freely.

The ball often broke.

C. B. ROAST had no luck.

The grass was green.

I could not get my eye in.

BOBBY CAIN gave no chances.

We drew stumps exactly on time.

A. C. MACINTYRE,

Captain.

THE BUMPSHIRE POINT OF VIEW.

The wicket was superb.

RUMJIBUNJI was very cramped in style.

The rain kept off.

C. B. ROAST was very lucky.

MACINTYRE got his eye in at once, but was bowled by a beauty.

BOBBY CAIN gave several chances.

We were late in beginning.

H. B. MUMMERY,

Captain.



QUITE EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

He. "DON'T YOU MAKE ANY MISTAKE. I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU."

She. "CAN'T POSSIBLY GUESS THE EXACT AMOUNT, BUT I'LL GUARANTEE NOT HALF SO MUCH AS I KNOW ABOUT MYSELF!"

THE MAGISTRATE'S POINT OF VIEW.

Three months' hard labour.

THE BURGLAR'S POINT OF VIEW.

The magistrate was most unfair.

The policeman was a liar.

I stood in the dock without a quiver.

Three months is absurd!

I shall do it again directly I come out.

THE HUNTSMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

One of the best runs of the season.

Good scent all the way.

Sir HEAVYSTONE STODGON unfortunately fell at a stiff bank and broke his collar bone.

At the last moment, I regret to say, the fox got away.

THE FOX'S POINT OF VIEW.

So tired I can hardly write.

The worst and hardest run I ever remember.

I am glad to say that one man fell and was hurt.

At the last moment, when death seemed certain and not unwelcome, I escaped.

THE PUBLISHER'S POINT OF VIEW.

The publisher of *The Albino Agnostic* is confident that in this book he has discovered a work of genius worthy to rank with *Feverel of the Freak* and *Robert Hellsnear*. Never in his experience can he recall anything to compare with the *frisson* which he experienced on reading, &c., &c.

THE SANE READER'S POINT OF VIEW.

Rubbish.

"RUSSIAN NAVAL APPOINTMENT."—Very satisfactory we hope. Rather more so than recent Russian Naval Disappointments.



THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT.

First Budding General. "I SAY, IS THAT JOHNNIE ON THE HILL A SCOUT OR A WRETCHED CIVILIAN?"
Second Budding General. "MY DEAR CHAP, DO YOU TAKE ME FOR A SORT OF SHERLOCK HOLMES?"

FABLES.

I.
 THE giddy fly paused in his circumvolatory exercises.
 "It is undeniable," said he, "that the flame of a candle exerts a powerful fascination. But it is equally undeniable that to venture too close to it would be the height of folly, folly from which disastrous consequences would inevitably ensue. Briefly to review such consequences: I should perish. My untimely end would effectually wreck all my hopes and plans for future prosperity; my home would be desolated, my family rendered destitute, and I should leave behind me, in place of an honoured memory, sorrow and shame to the third generation. Shall I commit a folly so criminal, a crime so foolish?"

Having soliloquised thus, he entered the flame.

II.

On a certain fine day in India you led a horse to the water, but you could not make him drink.

So you gave him what for.

Then you tried again, and again you could not make him drink.

So you cursed his stupidity, and taught him a lesson.

And a third time you tried, and a third time you failed to make him drink.

Then you spoke with the tongues of men and of angels, and had not charity. Indeed, you swore most earnestly, slandering the creature's ancestry and blaspheming his gods. After which you seized the rein, and, stepping into the river,

tried to pull the brute in, for he was nearly dropping with the drought of a fervent Indian noon.

I heard the Mugger laugh as he grabbed your leg.

THE IDEAL NEWSPAPER:

THE *Scotsman* I ken, for the grocer sends hame
 The butter an' eggs wrappit up in the same;
 An' the *Times* I hae read, for I foun' it, ye see,
 Tied roun' a bit paircel I had frae Dundee.

Wi' sic a wide readin' ye a' maun confess
 I ken a wee pickle aboot the warl's press,
 But in a' o' my studies I never hae yet
 Seen aucht to compare wi' oor *Anster* Gazette*.

Your *Times* an' your *Scotsman* are jist a fair fash
 Wi' their politics, furrin affairs an' sic trash,
 But as for real news, gin ye're wishin' to ken
 What's daein' in Anster, why, whaur are ye then?

Thae ignorant editors! Likely the loons'll
 No mention my speech at the last Pairish Cooncil,
 Nor yet my address at the Sabbath Schule Tea,
 Nor the bonny bit blessin' was spoken by me.

Na, na! Gie me fac's aboot fouk that ye ken,
 Nae Kings an' sic cratur, but real livin' men:
 The Bailies I've cracked wi', the Provosts I've met—
 Gie me my Ideal, the *Anster Gazette*.

* Anglicè, Anstruther.



CHANGE OF TASTE.

JOSEPH (*the Chef*). "DON'T LIKE THE OLD RECIPE. TOO RICH. FAR BETTER WITHOUT ALL THAT DEVONSHIRE CREAM."

[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, finding the present constitution of the Liberal Unionist Council too "aristocratic" for his taste, is bringing forward a series of resolutions with the view of reconstituting the Council on the basis of a fuller representation of the Party.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 9.—Occasionally gentlemen below the Gangway, who know more of Parliamentary strategy than their pastors and masters soaring above it, complain of C.-B.'s tactics in Parliamentary warfare. All concede he had a happy thought when he selected THOMAS BURT to move rejection of Licensing Bill. The Member for MORPETH, a constant attendant on Front Bench, rarely offers a contribution to debate. Almost morbidly modest, he is hard to move from the conviction that what he has to say on any particular topic is not worth troubling mankind with. Nevertheless—perhaps consequently—there is none the House would rather hear than the ex-Secretary to the Board of Trade, who, as he mentions for the information of students of *Dod*, "commenced working in coal pits at an early age."

Following the HOME SECRETARY this afternoon he held in close attention the largest audience of the sitting. His deep, musical, Northumbrian burr recalls a countryman, colleague, and friend who long since left us. BURT has not the eloquence that adorned the infrequent speeches of JOE COWEN. That was a thing apart. The quaintly-dressed scholar and man of letters who sat for Newcastle-on-Tyne through the seventies was the last of the born orators found below the Gangway. Another, a contemporary who predeceased him, was P. J. SMYTH.

But though the ex-coller, who has represented MORPETH these thirty years, makes no effort at winged flight of oratory, his speech has excellent literary flavour, the sentences being perfectly turned, weighty in argument, informed by high personal character. The speech put a powerful spoke in the wheel of the Bill on this its first turning.

Business done.—Debate on Second Reading of Licensing Bill opened. The Lords busy with Education Bill introduced by Bishop of ST. ASAPH. A pains-taking, ingenious device to ease the deadlock in Wales created by Education Bill. Right Rev. brother of ST. DAVID's gave judicious measure of support. With the Welshman speaking in the House of Lords and the Northumbrian addressing the House of Commons one had flashed upon him sudden vision of the variety of race, each with native tongue, who people a geographically insignificant island.

"What line is ST. DAVID's taking?" SARK asked a noble Lord who was quitting the House.

"I am not quite sure," said the irreverent Peer. "As far as I can make out he is reading in his native tongue an early Welsh manuscript."



"EXCELLENT LITERARY FLAVOUR."

Mr. Th-m-s B-rt.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—

"No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive Our bosom interest. Go, pronounce his present death, And with his former title greet Macbeth."

Thus the LORD CHANCELLOR. And as he murmured the words of DUNCAN, King of Scotland, he unconsciously put on royal air. The hand imperiously waved toward Lord CAWDOR conveyed subtle impression of holding a sceptre.

House generally in state of uproar unfamiliar in the placid atmosphere. Noble Lords on both sides cried "Order! Order!" just as if they were in the House of Commons, and the gentleman on his legs was an Irish Member.



Lord M-rp-th follows the Member for Morpeth.

CAWDOR looked round in blank amazement. What was the matter? Had they all gone mad? Had Birnam Wood untimely come to Dunsinane? Had *Macduff* cried aloud the weird secret of his birth before receiving the cue?

CAWDOR really didn't know; all he was conscious of was that, he having risen with intent to say a few words, here was the whole House at his heels like a pack of hounds, the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR mysteriously wagging his head and pointing at unseen things on the horizon.

As he stood with blanched cheek staring at demented Thanes, one whispered a word in his ear. Clapping his hand to his head he found it was true. In deep thought he had risen from his seat without removing his hat. Hence this outcry.

"Wouldn't you also like to put up your umbrella?" a noble Lord sympathetically whispered in his ear from a back bench.

A pleasing incident, varying the austere respectability of the Chamber. In the Commons it is not an unusual thing for a Member strolling out to a division to forget to remove his hat. The uproar that follows puts in the shade the emotion displayed by noble Lords to-night.

Affair brought into prominence peculiar difference between procedure in two Houses. The LORD CHANCELLOR, though he draws an additional £5000 a year for presiding over legislative Chamber, is not endowed with disciplinary authority. Had the third Earl of CAWDOR still been Lord EMLYN, with a seat in the Commons, his apparition with his hat on whilst he addressed the Chair would have been met by stern cry of "Order!" from the SPEAKER. All the LORD CHANCELLOR could do was to wave his arms, at first sight suggesting to the bewildered Chairman of the Great Western Railway the idea of a station porter directing the shunting of a train.

Business done.—Lord CAWDOR forgets to take off his hat.

House of Commons, Wednesday.—Commons had their burst of uproar to-day. Row in the Lords when Thane of CAWDOR presented himself in twentieth-century hat mere murmur by comparison. Happened at twenty minutes past seven. Prince ARTHUR resumed seat after winding up debate on second reading of Licensing Bill. House crowded in anticipation of division. Feeling of relief at conclusion of three days' drear debate. Just get division over in time to slip away and dress for dinner. Deputy Speaker risen to put question; found himself confronted by HERBERT ROBERTS, who had something to say, its deliverance designed to carry debate over half-past seven, and so necessitate resumption at fresh sitting.

Members gasped for a moment in pained astonishment. HERBERT ROBERTS of all Members, the mildest mannered man that ever cut in where he wasn't wanted. The silence, awful in its intensity, suddenly broken by anguished howl. A den of tigers seeing the lions' dinner carried past their cage, themselves apparently forgotten, could not exceed the roar of the gentlemen of England at the prospect of their dinner postponed.

HERBERT ROBERTS faltered, bending before the sudden hurricane like a sapling in a north-west gale. Members thinking they had frightened him almost out of life intermitted their roar. ROBERTS



"STOP, STOP!"

Porter H-lsb-ry stops the Cawdor
(Un-)Parliamentary.

seized opportunity to observe, "Mr. DEPUTY SPEAKER—"

These were his first and last audible words. For ten minutes by Westminster clock he stood, his lips moving, his hand apparently emphasising argument or enforcing illustration. He was evidently making a speech, possibly in Welsh. He might an' he pleased have lapsed into that language or even worse without rebuke from the Chair. Not the faintest whisper of his voice rose above the uproar.

At twenty-five minutes past seven Colonel SANDYS jumped up and said something in a sentence. No one caught its drift; guessed he was moving the closure. Deputy Speaker made no sign. Prince ARTHUR lolling on Treasury Bench, discussing with ALFRED LYTTELTON moral

bearing of Chinese labour, seemed indifferent to episode that threatened upsetting of all business arrangements. Indifference assumed; eye furtively kept on the clock. When long hand moved almost within touch of half-past seven he rose. Gentlemen of England, still howling, varied their note into a wild cheer of welcome. Then silence whilst Prince ARTHUR moved that "the question be now put." Put it was, and Members with parched throats went forth into the division lobby.

Business done.—Second reading of Licensing Bill carried by 353 votes against 196.

Friday night.—Looking through a fresh book of "Memories" by Dr. KERR come upon a story whose moral will recommend it to Major RASCH in his crusade against long speeches.

One THOMAS THORP bequeathed his savings to a distant relative on condition that the legatee should place by his grave-side a tombstone, preserving his name for posterity, and throwing in a bit of poetry. On making enquiry the canny Scot upon whom fortune unexpectedly smiled discovered that inscriptions on tombstones cost so much a word. He gave instructions to a local artist to prepare one as short as possible. The stone-cutter after profound thought suggested the following:—

Here lies the corp
Of THOMAS THORP.

The legatee, mindful of the condition of the bequest, but careful for shillings, spent a sleepless night in effort further to reduce the inscription. At length he succeeded, and in a far-off Scottish graveyard stands at this day a moderately sized headstone bearing this inscription:

THORP'S
Corpse.

This triumphantly shows what can be done in the way of condensation, whether of speech or writing, if a man honestly gives his mind to it.

Business done.—Private Members'.

Startling Occurrence in a Post-office.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am not subject to hallucinations, and this is what happened. I stood in the spacious hall of a post-office. Beside me a fellow citizen was transacting business with an official. Some slight error occurred, for which the official was to blame; imagine my feelings when I heard him pronounce these extraordinary words to the customer: "*I beg your pardon, Sir.*"

Oh, Mr. Punch, Sir, is the Millennium near?

Yours in deep respect and agitation,
A PLAIN MAN.

MORE SUSPICIONS.

It is hinted in the Lobby that Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL is in possession of information which gravely affects the character of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. An Irish Member chanced to be making a small purchase at a tobacconist's when the Chancellor came in, and after buying a twopenny Borneodora observed to the assistant, in a markedly significant manner, "It's a fine day *to-day*," thus implying that it might not be a fine day for the tobacconist on the morrow. The next day saw the introduction of the Budget. Mr. MACNEILL, it is understood, will put a question on the paper, and, save in the highly problematical case of a satisfactory explanation, will afterwards move the adjournment.

The energy of Mr. McKENNA is said to have unearthed another highly suspicious circumstance. The story is that on enquiring at the Civil Service Stores he found that on the day prior to the Budget Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN's house-keeper purchased two pounds of 3s. 6d. tea in place of the one pound she usually bought. The attention of the Chancellor will be drawn to the growing practice of forestalling, and to move a resolution.

Lord LANSDOWNE's latest indiscretion will possibly be noticed on the Foreign Office Vote. Just before the publication of the Anglo-French Treaty, Mr. WEIR saw the Foreign Secretary and the French Ambassador drive up to the Foreign Office in a hansom. Lord LANSDOWNE allowed the Ambassador to pay the driver. Mr. WEIR says that of course he does not imply that the surrender of British rights in Morocco is a direct consequence of this, but he remarks very justly that it is most undesirable that an English Secretary of State should be under financial obligations to the Ambassador even of the most friendly nation.

On Doctor CLIFFORD's last visit to Oxford a reliable informant remarked to him that there had been a great increase in the quantity of firewood supplied to All Souls College recently. It is believed that Sir WILLIAM ANSON, in anticipation of an increase in Welsh Martyrs on the Education question, is trying to corner the faggot market. As Sir WILFRID LAWSON observed with a touch of old-world humour, "His prophets and ours are both at stake." But, jesting apart, there are in this case the elements of a very ugly scandal.

FINEST QUALITY FIRST ARCHANGEL
Wanted, 1 in., 1½ in., and 1¾ in., 8 in. to 11 in.; must be dry.—*Contract Journal*.

But surely archangels are *always* thoroughly well-aired.



A MODERN WOMAN. INNOCENCE UP TO DATE.

Small Girl (to man who has been promising circuses, &c.). "YOU ARE A DEAR MAN! I LOVE YOU VERY MUCH—MORE THAN ANY OTHER, 'CEPT ONE. YOU SHALL BE MY SECOND HUSBAND!"

THE NEW GAME.

[The papers announce that the Thibetans were to be seen "firing jingals from a jong into our camp." Since reading this the writer has lost all interest in other and simpler matters.]

TIME was I cared for cricket, golf,
Bridge, billiards, and ping-pong;
Cutting a ball to the ropes for four,
Doubling a spade to the sixth or more
When things were going wrong;
But now I spend my evenings off
In jingal-firing—from a jong.

Of old I had my hopes of bliss
The coming years would bring:
Lunching at large with a peer or two,
Filling a page in the last "Who's
Who"—

You know the kind of thing;
But now my only joy is this—
To fire a jongal from a jing.

Though editors despise my pen,
And saxpences go bang,
Creditors seize my only chair,
Prison authorities cut my hair,
I do not mind a hang:
So long as, every now and then,
I fire a jungle from a jang.

And, when upon my life you see
The final curtain rung,
With reverent head and on bended
knee
This be the verse you grave for me:
"Here lies unwept, unsung,
All that is left of JONES—N.B.
He fired a jangal from a jung."

BATES.

BATES once told me that when he was a little boy he invariably took off his gloves if, on getting into an omnibus or railway carriage, he found his fellow-passengers were without those articles of attire. He did it, he said, out of consideration for their feelings. I was inclined to doubt it at the time, never having met the class of little boy to which BATES would appear to have belonged; but I can quite believe it now—since I presented BATES with that continental tobacco-pipe.

I bought it in Milan. Its clumsy head, made of some sort of imitation meerschaum, was surmounted by a hinged lid of metal of equally doubtful composition. Its wooden stem tapered off into a cork, which was supposed to fit into the head, but didn't. The genius who devised it had, however, provided for this peculiarity by mooring the head to the middle of the stem with a short cable of green cord, adorned with several tassels. Its mouthpiece had originally formed part of the horns, or the hoofs, of some animal or other.

I only smoked it once. If you so much as attempted to hold it in your

mouth, its weight made your teeth ache in five seconds. If you held it by the bowl, it burnt your fingers. If you held it by the stem, the head at once dropped off and was brought up by the cable with a jerk that sent the burning tobacco all over the carpet. Perhaps the genius meant you always to smoke it with the lid shut: but, so arranged, no person of ordinary lung capacity could make it draw. And, when it did draw, the flavour of tobacco was entirely lost in a combined sensation of overheated earthenware and singed horn.

I came to the conclusion, with mature consideration, that perhaps, after all, it was not intended for a pipe, but for a present. Then I thought of BATES—my dear, polite friend BATES—and remembered that I had returned from Italy without bringing him any little souvenir of my visit.

I presented it to him. "I've had one pipe out of it," I said, "just to take some of the newness off, you know. I thought you wouldn't mind."

"It's really very good of you to have remembered me," said BATES, as he carried the pipe away, "very good indeed—come round some evening."

I went round one evening—perhaps a week later. I expected that he would have had a struggle with the thing—brief but decisive, as mine had been—and would then have wisely hung it up over his mantelpiece as a curiosity. I should also, had it been anyone else but BATES, have been prepared to exercise due caution in accepting anything in the shape of a cigar that might be offered me.

"Now," said BATES, taking the pipe out of a drawer, as soon as we were comfortably settled in his den, "now I'll start. I thought that as you had been so good as to bring this all the way from Milan for me it would be only courteous to wait until you came, and celebrate the initiatory rites in your presence. I'm not much of a smoker, you know."

"Aren't you?" I said, uneasily; "in that case, perhaps—"

"What?" asked BATES, filling the capacious bowl.

"Nothing," I replied. "I thought you might prefer—"

"Cigarettes? Nasty things! Give me a pipe!" exclaimed BATES.

"I have," I remarked.

"And had a try at it, what?" said BATES.

"Once," I said. "I wish I hadn't!"

"Oh, I don't mind at all, my dear fellow," said BATES politely, as he struck a light and began puffing away.

I did not want to see him suffer, but I did not know what more to say. But somehow BATES got on with the horrible machine much better than I had done.

He grasped it firmly by the stem, and the bowl did not fall off; it seemed to draw beautifully; he threw back his head and smilingly blew rings with every appearance of enjoyment. It was I who suffered, and I was greatly relieved when at length he knocked out the ashes, and, examining the pipe critically for the fiftieth time, said, "Thanks awfully, old man; it is indeed very uncommon."

Presently I rose to go, and BATES accompanied me to the front door. The gardener was waiting in the hall.

"PORTS," said BATES, "will see you down the drive, old chap; it's rather dark. Good-night!"

I was marvelling at the extreme courtesy with which BATES treated his guests, when PORTS began to talk.

"I've had a rare job all this week," he said, "with that there forren pipe you give to Mas'r BATES. What wi' piecing it together wi' string, and blowing shag through it every morning in the greenhouse to get the taste out of it, till I were fair sick—I wouldn't take it on again, no, not if you was to give me five bob, I wouldn't."

I paid PORTS the amount of his damages. On the whole I think I prefer moderately rude people to such a "pine-apple of politeness" as BATES.

TUBEROSES.

[A controversy is now raging in the columns of the *Daily Mail* as to why, when the Tube is full, some ladies are offered seats while others are not. The statement of one correspondent that she is permitted to stand because she is young, pretty, and healthy-looking, has naturally roused resentment in the hearts of those who have been offered seats.]

WHEN the Tube is replete,
And there isn't a seat
Each morn as I travel to town,
Some gallant I find,
Judiciously kind,
Who rises and lets me sit down.
I smile, and he raises his hat—
And I publicly certify that
Though a bit over twenty
Of graces I've plenty,
And that's why she's jealous—
The Cat!

It's an error, forsooth,
To imagine that youth
Is the only essential that pays;
Why, a babe at romance
Stands a very poor chance
When matched with my womanly
ways.
It's the charms that are ripest
that please,
And I know, as I sit at my ease
In the seats they surrender
With glances so tender,
They're longing to offer
Their knees.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, May 9.—WAGNER'S *Lohengrin*.—This is a German night, in which language the artists sing, and a majority of the audience talk. Enthusiastic applause at the end of every Act. Herr HEROLD as *Lohengrin* is somewhat nervous on his first appearance here, but if not yet quite "in it" with a certain JEAN, fresh in our memory, certainly never once is he "a knight out." Fräulein DESTINN, rather "ein Kernmadel" for *Elsa*, is vocally and dramatically perfect. Herr VAN ROOY is powerful in voice and dramatically villainous in action, as also is his charmingly-wicked co-conspirator Madame KIRKBY LUNN as *Ortrud*. Dr. HANS RICHTER has well doctored the chorus of comically-crowned aristocracy, who, if not all celibates, show such a rigid regard for propriety, that, when staying a night or so in the same hôtel—"The Fortress" at Antwerp (we do not recall it)—with the ladies of the Court, these high-minded noblemen, in order to avoid the faintest breath of scandal, insist on occupying the left wing of the building, while the charming Countesses and Duchesses, of various ages and sizes, are all "in their own right" quartered in, apparently, first-floor rooms on the opposite side of the building. These titled ladies and gentlemen observe so stately and dignified a bearing in their dealings with one another that it seems as though either they were only the most casual acquaintances, or their cool manner towards each other, individually and collectively, was the result of some deadly quarrel. Of course it may be their artfulness, and the nobles may be in reality the slickest of gay dogs, and the ladies the most hypocritical hussies. But we would rather not think so; let us have one illusion left. So excellent, however, is their courtly tradition of politeness, that in public they are all in complete harmony. A musical triumph for HANS RICHTER.

TWO OF A TRADE IN PERFECT HARMONY.

Hans Richter conducts Signor Mancinelli, and Signor Mancinelli conducts Hans Richter, before the curtain, to receive the plaudits of the audience.

Herr VAN ROOY is powerful in voice and dramatically villainous in action, as also is his charmingly-wicked co-conspirator Madame KIRKBY LUNN as *Ortrud*. Dr. HANS RICHTER has well doctored the chorus of comically-crowned aristocracy, who, if not all celibates, show such a rigid regard for propriety, that, when staying a night or so in the same hôtel—"The Fortress" at Antwerp (we do not recall it)—with the ladies of the Court, these high-minded noblemen, in order to avoid the faintest breath of scandal, insist on occupying the left wing of the building, while the charming Countesses and Duchesses, of various ages and sizes, are all "in their own right" quartered in, apparently, first-floor rooms on the opposite side of the building. These titled ladies and gentlemen observe so stately and dignified a bearing in their dealings with one another that it seems as though either they were only the most casual acquaintances, or their cool manner towards each other, individually and collectively, was the result of some deadly quarrel. Of course it may be their artfulness, and the nobles may be in reality the slickest of gay dogs, and the ladies the most hypocritical hussies. But we would rather not think so; let us have one illusion left. So excellent, however, is their courtly tradition of politeness, that in public they are all in complete harmony. A musical triumph for HANS RICHTER.

Tuesday, May 10.—*Rentrée* of Madame MELBA as *Juliette* to the *Roméo* of M. SALEZA. Happy *Roméo*! The favourite prima donna, as *Juliette* writ large, perched up aloft in her balcony warbled her sweet notes, and inspired M. SALEZA to rise to the occasion, which he did, getting as far as the balcony of the verandah. The Botanical Friar was well represented by M. JOURNET; and once again Mlle. BAUERMEISTER

gave us her inimitable rendering of giddy *Gertrude*, the sly nurse (distinctly a near relative of that wicked dame *Martha* in *Faust*), between whom and old *Capulet* (M.



SALEZA-ROMÉO BETWEEN JULIETTE MELBA AND JULIETTE ADAMS.

"How happy could I be with either!"

GILBERT) there is evidently something more than meets the eye. Congratulations to Signor MANCINELLI. Crowded house. Enthusiastic. QUEEN, Prince, Princess of WALES and Princess VICTORIA, all evidently pleased: ergo, to quote a portion of the tag of the ancient but universally popular farce, the Royal "Box is satisfied."

Wednesday, May 11.—*Tristan und Isolde* in Three Acts: done in German. Fräulein TERNINA unsurpassable as heroine; Herr BURRIAN as *Tristan* singing as well as acting first-rate. Enthusiastic calls: especially for Dr. RICHTER as representing company, orchestra and himself all rolled into one. Madame KIRKBY LUNN a fine *Brangäne*, and ditto for VAN ROOY as *Kurcena*. Herr KNÜPFER's *Marke* equal to a sovereign.

Friday.—*Faust* in French, with chorus of Italian army. Symbolical of Harmonious Alliance. SUZANNE ADAMS a sweet *Marquérîte*, sparkling among the brilliants in Mr. RYAN's perfectly lovely "garden scene." Special success of Miss PARKINA as nice little boy lover, Siebel. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER is most welcome to us all in her admirable impersonation of coquettish *Martha*. Jovial Monsieur JOURNET good, but not devilishly good, as *Mephisto*. FAURE was the great *Mephistopheles*; and 'tis difficult, at any time, to find one man equal to FAURE. Signor SCOTT acting and singing well as *Valentin*. M. DALMORES in make-up, acting and singing, a fair



As Telramund—Van Rooy-tooral-looral. Startling effect!

Faust. M. COTREUIL cleverly takes the part of *Wagner*; GOUNOD knew what he was about when he gave *Wagner* an eccentric bit of music and then cut it short; artful. Under the safe conduct of Signor MANCINELLI *Faust* finished famously. Crowded house, for *Faust* is an old favourite, very hard to beat.

Altogether, on reviewing the first three weeks of the operatic season, the Singdicate may certainly shake hands with themselves at Whitsuntide, when those of their audience who can do so give themselves a few bars' rest and a change of air; and when, for those who can't, the Covent Garden Management is able to provide both frequent change of scene and continual change of air.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Letters from England (SMITH, ELDER) were written by MRS. GEORGE BANCROFT, and cover the term during which her husband, the historian, filled the position of American Minister at the Court of St. James's. It was during the late Forties, a period full of social, literary and historical interest. Under the direction of a lively, keen-eyed lady, to whom everything in the old world was startlingly fresh, we get vivid peeps of well-known personages. Among the portraits, lightly sketched, are those of MACAULAY, the Duke of

CAMBRIDGE in his prime, the Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS, then a comparatively young thing known as Miss ANGELA COUTTS, Mr. and Mrs. DISRAELI, Sir GEORGE GREY, LORD MORPETH, LORD LANSDOWNE, TOM MOORE, and, not least informing, the Prince Consort. There are many notes of contact with Queen VICTORIA, then in the full bloom of early married life. My Baronite is especially delighted with the reference to Lady SUFFIELD. Belonging to one of the oldest high Tory families, so opposed was she to innovations that when, consequent upon the opening of a railway, her letters arrived at seven in the morning, she would never allow them to be opened till two in the afternoon. All her life, through mail-coach days, they had been delivered at that hour, and she was not going to change her habits because men made railways that ran (so they said) at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Like Queen ANNE, Lady SUFFIELD is dead, and has consequently been spared much suffering in the way of electric lights, electric trains, motor-cars, and dinner at half-past eight.

To all who are at the present moment interested in Japanese movements—and who is not?—the Baron persuasively recommends the perusal of a little book, brightly written, by CONSTANCE TAYLER, entitled *Koreans at Home* (CASSELL & Co.). The illustrations are both "plain and coloured"—the coloured individuals there represented being mostly uncommonly plain. The authoress is an observant raconteuse, of a ready pen and wit. One among many striking pictures is that of "An unmarried Korean Boy." This boy looks like a girl, and his age might be anything in the 'teens. Now, that one unique individual should be singled out from among all Koreans seems to imply that most Korean boys are married, and that this gay young bachelor, of, say fourteen or thereabouts, is a rare exception to the rule. The authoress, evidently appreciating his loneliness, shows us also a young "unmarried girl," who is evidently the very helpmate suitable to the aforesaid boy-bachelor. Early marriages, it seems, are encouraged in Korea: and, apparently, so also is serious flirtation; as in the very same plate is a portrait of a "Kisso or Messenger." Now what does the name of "Kisso" suggest? Lip-service. And if Master Kisso be "a messenger" is it not clear that he must be an *employé* of Korean Kupid? The Baron leaves the solution of this Korean problem to intelligent English

readers of both sexes. The "Emperor of KOREA" (p. 41), who looks here like a mechanical doll, may remind not a few of one of those quaint figures which that excellent ventriloquist, the late "LIEUTENANT COLE," used to such amusing purpose in his highly-popular entertainment. Facing p. 15 is a delightful portrait of "a Korean Bridegroom," who appears to have been awakened from slumber rather too early in the morning, and therefore has had only barely time to don a red dressing-gown, easy slippers, and to balance a tall-crowned straw hat, several sizes too small for him, on the top of his head, before going out into the street. If he be receiving visitors his attitude towards them must necessarily be very stiff, as the slightest nod on his part, not to mention any attempt at a bow or a shake of the hand, would immediately imperil the position of the hat. Altogether a most amusing and interesting book.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS publish *The United States in Our Own Time*, appropriately named, since the work is in form and style closely modelled on JUSTIN M'CARTHY'S *History of Our Own Times* given by the firm to an appreciative world. Mr. BENJAMIN ANDREWS, sometime President of Brown University, is now Chancellor, of the University of Nebraska. But there is nothing of the Professor in his way of writing. He is delightfully chatty, teeming with information, telling at rapid pace the marvellous history of the United States from reconstruction in 1870 up to the close of last year, which he notes as the date of expansion. The pages are full of pen-and-ink portraits, rapidly drawn with skilful hand, of men whose names are familiar to the British reader. The interest is increased by some five hundred illustrations, chiefly from photographs, snapshots of faces and places. A chapter my Baronite finds of special interest just now is that which deals with the question of Chinese immigration to California. An Irish immigrant named KEARNEY led the crusade against his yellow brother. "The Chinese must go," was the opening phrase of KEARNEY'S multitudinous speeches, a declaration that never palled on the cars of the excited mob.

In writing *A Race with Ruin* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), Mr. HEADON HILL had his eye on a plot for a melodrama for Drury Lane or for the Adelphi, should the management of the latter theatre determine upon returning to its old line of business. Here in this novel is miching malecho with a vengeance, and matter sufficient for, say, quite a couple of thorough-going melodramas of the deepest dye, with the possibility of more than one powerful sensation scene, which would give the stage-manager, the scene-painter and the mechanist some fine opportunities. As to actors' chances, they are innumerable. From the experienced Romance and Novel Reader's point of view, which is also that of the astute "Skipper," the one serious fault in this melodramatic work is that the shadows of coming events are too clearly cast before them. By those virgin minds, however, that still retain their pristine innocence of all criminal procedure and proceedings, the sufferings of the victims, the energy of the good, the wiles of the villains, and the dodgery of the detectives, will be found matter exciting enough to keep their attention awake long after the hour of bed-time has sounded. But for "*nous autres*" c'est vieux jeu. By the way, there is a *vieux jeu* in it, who is as exceptionally good a character as the kindly old Mr. Riah in *Our Mutual Friend*, who was intended by DICKENS as a set-off against the villainous Fagin.



M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. VII.

WE were walking, BOUDIN and I, the other day in Piccadilly just where that street begins its slope westward from Devonshire House.

"Come, BOUDIN," said I, "you must admit that a street like this is hard to beat. Of course I know what you'll say—" "

"Then I will not say it," he broke in. "It is stupid like a mutton to say something when the other man he know it before you say it. Therefore I guard the silence, my bulldog of Piccadilly, I guard the silence the most profound."

"Why so touchy, BOUDIN?"

"Touchy! *Moi!* Ah, by example, there is what is good. No, it is I, BOUDIN, who say to you, 'Speak, my brave; you have the word and you can speak what you will. Praise your Piccadilly, for I admit it is a beautiful street, and I, for my part, I will not pronounce in a whisper the name of the Boulevard, which is, *sapristi*, a beautiful street also. And so we are both happy, you because you love your Piccadilly, and I (but I am, it seems, doubly happy) because I love your Piccadilly and my own Boulevard also," and he began to sing a refrain:—

"Tric trac, quand ça va bien
Dans ma boutique, j'aime la musique.
Tric trac, quand ça va bien
J'aime la musique—"

"What a song-bird you are, BOUDIN!" I thought it best to interrupt him, for the people in the street were all beginning to turn round and stare at my young friend, who was trolling out the song at the top of a pair of by no means feeble lungs. He saw through me, however.

"Ah, you do not like your little BOUDIN to sing. *Très bien*. You say it is *inconvenant* to make music in full air in this so magnificent Piccadilly. The other bulldogs do not like music to sound in their ears when they go to sell their wives at Smithfield, for you know, my good friend, they will all sell their wives at Smithfield; it is your English custom. And *le Lor Maire* will be there to see that there is a fair play, is it not so, *hein?*"—and he began again, but in a lower voice—

"Il y avait un mîlor de Londres
Bien gras, bien solide,
Qui se fit diablement tondre—"

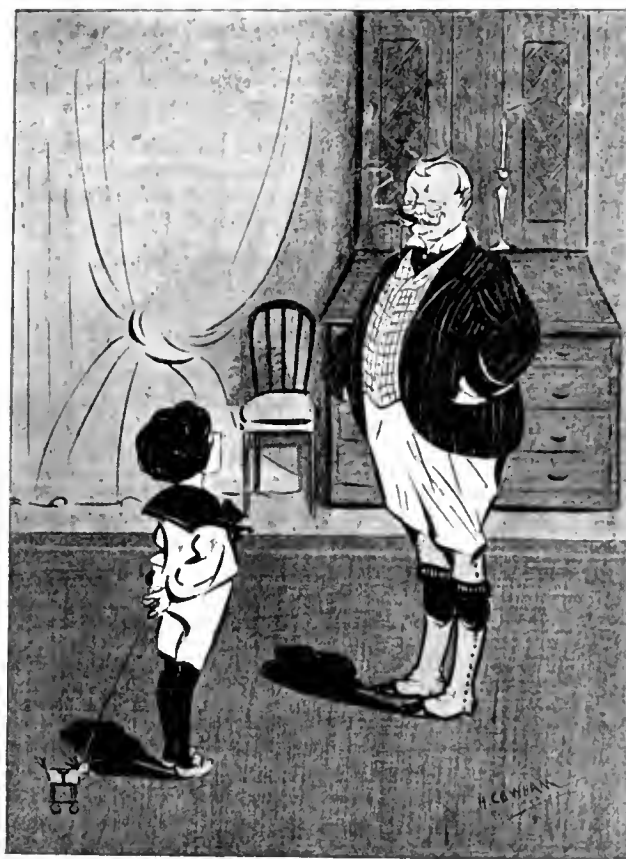
"It is a little *poésie* which I compose, but I have not finish him yet. He shall describe the customs of the English as they exist at this hour, and every word shall be the true truth—

"Pour les maris c'est bien commode,
Tantarata, tantarata."

"Look here, BOUDIN," I said with determination, "if you're going on like a *primo tenore* gone mad, we shall be taken up by the police. If you must sing, let's get into a hansom."

"A hansom!" he cried in a tone of terror; "ah, but no—a thousand times no. We will go—you and your friend BOUDIN, so respectful and so devoted—we will go in an omnibus, in a four-in-hand, in an automobile, or even in a growlair, but in a hansom—no, no. I am a man of much courage. I am ready to go on the *terrain* with my wife's grandfather if I marry and my wife's grandfather (I hope she have one) say me any *injures*—but in a hansom I will not go. I love life, and the English *meesses* are *blondes* and amiable, and Piccadilly is beautiful, and one day I hope to see *ce beau pays de France* once more. No, in a hansom I do not enter."

"But, my dear BOUDIN," I said laughing, "surely that's absurd. Why, there isn't a smarter sort of conveyance in the world than a hansom. We are rather proud of them, I assure you, for London is practically the only place where you can find them, and as for danger—"



A PERSONAL GRIEVANCE.

"I SAY, WON'T THEY LET YOU GO INTO LONG TROUSERS?"

"Now I tell you, my fine fellow," said BOUDIN eagerly, "you are wrong. If there are no hansoms in foreign cities it is because they are not all fools in foreign cities. Possibly they have seen a hansom and they do not like him. And I do not care for the smart. I like my top-hat best, and when I enter a hansom, *flan!* it is done with my top-hat. It was a top-hat, but now it is an *omelette*, it is a *marmalade*, it is everything which a top-hat must not be if it is still to be a top-hat."

"Oh, that's all nonsense; it's all your own clumsiness. And that doesn't make a hansom dangerous."

"As to the danger, I tell you. Yesterday I make a promenade in St. James's Street. It has rained a little, and the hansom-cab horses they all make a *glissade* down St. James's Street. It is a very clever thing to teach your horses to *patiner* down St. James's Street, but as for me it returns me the stomach to see them. Sudden a hansom-cab come running very quick and he make collision with a growlair. The growlair *fait culbute*, but no one is hurt. As to the hansom-cab horse, he fall down and an old gentleman with spectacles on his nose, who was inside, he describe a *parabole* and fall on the back of the horse, and the coachman he describe a bigger *parabole* and he fall on his own back, and the old gentleman have cut his face with glass and he say, 'Take me home to *ma mère*. I never go in a hansom again,' and he faint. And the poor coachman he is pick up by two policemen, but he say no word. When I see that I say, 'BOUDIN, my friend, we have in Paris some nice *fiaeres* like a little *barouche*; you shall go in them, but if you love yourself you go not in a hansom'—and, by blue, I do not."

RECESSIONAL.

I WOULD my heart were such that I could share
The festal interludes of lighter folk ;
Could barter hats with some congenial fair,
Or blithely urge afield my panting moke.

I would that I could couch on Margate's strand,
Pillowed upon my HARRIET's heaving chest,
And watch her large and speaking smile expand
Under the pseudo-Æthiop's hoary jest.

These are the human joys of men ; but oh,
I could not imitate them if I tried ;
'There is a something bids my soul forego
The hallowed levities of Whitsuntide.

'Tis not that I have passed my active prime,
Or ache with *Weltschmerz* ; not that I have seen
Too much of men and cities in my time,
Or that the East has petrified my spleen.

Life has her remnant spoils still worth the chase ;
My health is fair ; my appetite excels ;
I have not quite outworn the buoyant grace
That one associates with young gazelles.

Yet can I not assume the jocund air
Of general holitime ; for I confess
That I am never wholly free from care
During a Parliamentary recess.

Barely I brook the time, however short,
Through which my stricken country stands alone,
Prey to a Cabinet, by all report,
The worst and most degraded ever known.

What devilry may FORSTER have in store,
When for the nonce that rival figure pales —
LLOYD-GEORGE, our future Minister of War,
At peace among the spouting schools of Wales ?

Picture what schemes these vermin mice may brew
With ROBSON (cat) no longer on the spot,
CECIL not there to teach them Who is HUGH,
WINSTON away, the judge of What is What.

And yet I must not grudge their hour at grass ;
Only the gods dispense with Nature's law ;
No mortal, though the thing were made of brass,
But needs at times to lubricate his jaw.

Meanwhile, till that return for which I pine,
May Heaven inject new unction in their souls,
Then give me back, like giants fresh with wine,
My WEIR, my BANNERMAN, my wassail BOWLES !

O. S.

MR. PUNCH'S AUTOGRAPH SALE.

Selections from the Catalogue, with Prices realised.

GLADSTONE (WILLIAM EWART), *Liberal Statesman, to his friend*
Lord ACTON. 4 pp. :

My experience at the Opera on Wednesday night was not altogether productive of unimixed enjoyment. The opera was *Tristan und Isolde*, by the German composer WAGNER, and in his treatment of the old world legend on which it is founded I missed a good deal of the simplicity which constitutes the chief attraction of the Homeric poems. . . . The tone of the story, which is concerned with the fortunes of a distressed Irish princess, I found regrettably pagan, the element of amativeness being unduly prominent throughout. GEORGE RUSSELL, who shared our box, was much shocked by the absence of any definite theological motive, and left us early in the evening. . . . After the second Act we were

introduced to the *prima donna*, an Italian lady of considerable vivacity, with whom I had some interesting conversation on the manufacture of macaroni, the cooking of polenta and the prismatic stratification of Neapolitan ices. I have little doubt from what she told me that the word *bombe*, used in culinary operations, is connected with King BOMBA of infamous memory, whose addiction to the pleasures of the table was notorious ; unless, indeed, it is to be traced to ERASMUS's phrase of the Chimæra, *bombinans in vacuo*. . . .

[Madame MELBA, £7 10s.]

SHAKESPEARE (WILLIAM), *Reputed Dramatist, to Lord BACON, urging him to look slippy with the MS. of "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark" :*

Dr FRANK, — I prithee hasten with *Hamlet*, as BURBAGE is gettynge verie restive. I have two or three more plottes for thee when *Hamlet* is done, but nothyng quite so good as that. Put aside ye plays thou art doing for BEN [? JONSON] and JACK [? FLETCHER] and give all thy time to *Hamlet*.

Thy obliged friend, W. S. [Mr. SIDNEY LEE, £5000.]

JAMES (HENRY), *Novelist, to Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, declining suggestion that he should contribute to the series "In the Days of my Youth" in "M.A.P." :*

Conscious as I must, and always intermittently at least will be, of the far too flattering estimate of my poor abilities embodied in your appreciative invitation that I should, following the example of so many conspicuous representatives of the various callings which illustrate the *enchevêtrement* of modern civilisation, hazard the committal to print of some of the most salient, or, at least, significant reminiscences of the period anterior to the recognition by the instructed public on both sides of the Atlantic of my claim to be considered in the light of an author who might not unfairly, perhaps, be described as one who had more or less, to borrow a convenient neologism, "arrived," I am nevertheless permeated by the conviction that, having regard to the limitations imposed by the exigencies of space on the one hand, and the, to me, inexorable dictates of my artistic consciousness [JAMRACH, £500.]

LATHAM (PETER), *Champion Tennis and Racquet Player, to Mr. ALFRED LYTTELTON, lamenting his defection :*

DEAR SIR, — I only heard this morning of your being elected a Member of Parliament for Leamington, and wish to send you my respectful congratulations. At the same time I can't help thinking it a great pity you should give up tennis for politics. I always said you had the best natural stroke of any player, and if you practised as much as I have, would be a match for any professional. . . . [Mr. EUSTACE MILES, 2s. 6d.]

AUSTIN (ALFRED), *Poet Laureate, to the GERMAN EMPEROR, with an unpublished sonnet :*

Majestic monarch, from whose golden tongue
With all the fury of a lava stream
Pours forth a flood of eloquence supreme
That brooks not the restraint of any bung !
I hail thee brother, for I too have slung
Much ink and covered many an azure ream :
I too have felt the need to blow off steam
When curs have yelped or mean mosquitoes stung,
Yet hailing thee my eagle-crested peer,
Conscious of kindred aims and common goal,
Fain would I whisper in thy royal ear
Two winged words to sink into thy soul :
Festina lente. Did not some one say
Crude haste is aye blood-brother to delay ?
[Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, 3s. 9d.]

SPENCER (HERBERT), *Philosopher, to the*
Chevalier DE ROUGEMONT :

I have to thank you for your suggestion that, as a remedy

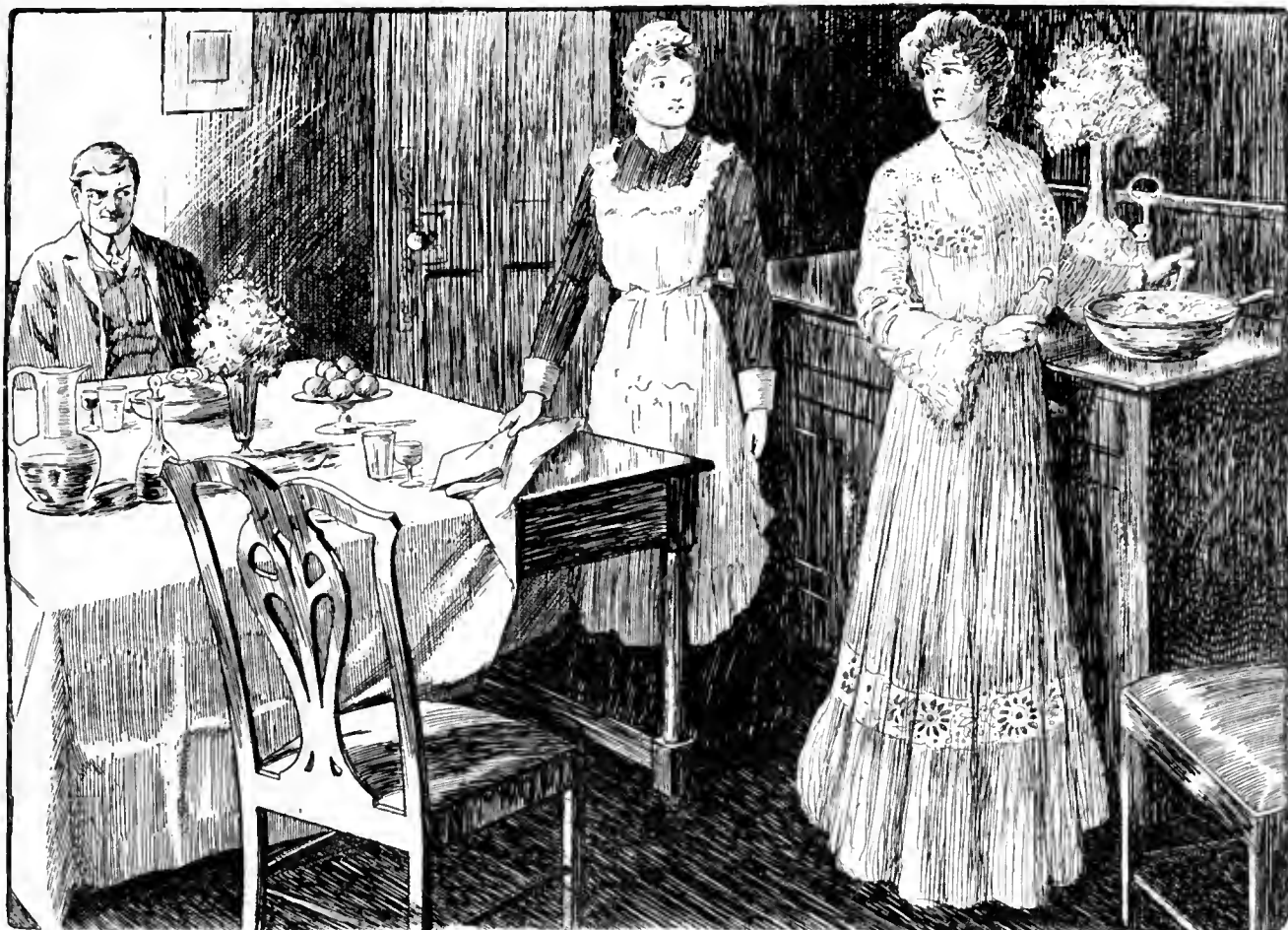


Bernard Partridge.
(with apologies to
Mr. G. F. Watts, R.S.)

FISCAL ENERGY.

(After Mr. G. F. Watts's statue, "Physical Energy," in the courtyard of Burlington House.)

THE END



Mistress. "JANE, WHERE IS THE SALAD OIL I TOLD YOU TO PUT ON THE TABLE?"

Jane. "PLEASE, 'M, I DID PUT IT ON THE TABLE WHEN I POLISHED IT UP THIS MORNING!"

for the persistent insomnia which interposes so serious a hindrance to the accomplishment of my work, I should take regular riding exercise on a turtle in the Zoological Gardens. The proposition in itself is not devoid of attractiveness, but I perceive one objection which I fear may prove fatal. Having always myself had an intolerance of strenuous effort, and especially effort under coercion, my sympathy is aroused by any creature making strenuous effort under coercion; and the result has ever been a dislike to seeing either a man or an animal overpressed, and still more to overpressing one myself. The specific obstacle in the present case would be the difficulty in ascertaining whether an undue strain was being placed on the locomotive capacity of the crustacean. In the case of a horse, there is the ocular assurance conveyed by the phenomenon familiarly described as "not turning a hair." But the absence of capillary growth in the turtle renders this test inapplicable. Could you kindly inform me how turtles show fatigue? [Alderman TRELOAR, 30s.]

MILTON (JOHN), the notorious *Epic poet and Raconteur*, to his publisher, surprised at his liberality:—

Mr. JOHN MILTON begs to acknowledge ye receipt of five pounds (£5) sent to him by Mr. HUMPHREY MOSELEY. Mr. MILTON would like to be enlightened on certain points relative to this matter: namely, Does ye sum represent ye total payment for ye poem *Paradise Lost*, or is it an advance upon royalties? Are thirteen counted as twelve? What does Mr. MOSELEY propose about American rights? Any restrictions as to remainders? [Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, £75,000.]

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

VI.

*Back again with Japanese Advancing Column.
Nearer River Yalu.*

I AM NOW returned to Col. KHAKIMONO, with the unwelcome intelligence that Port Arthur is going so strong that it treats bombarding shells in the contemptuous spirit of a lion shaking off dewlaps from his mane. This bit of news has so depressed Col. K. that he is now going with nose in pocket, and, I think, commences to realise that Japan, by coming to scratches with Russia, may have caught a rather formidable Tartar.

I have consoled him by the reminder that the enemy may perhaps prove less invincible on land than when they are all at sea.

But he cannot yet succeed in getting into touch and go with any enemy. For, in spite of my own discovery of a Sotnia and his superior Samovar, no Japanese professional scout has, so far, managed to detect the slightest trace of a single Cossack!

Which, as I could not help remarking, is surely a gross sign of incompetence. "Then," says Col. K. with a rather ironical simper, "since it seems you are such an *au fait* in scouting, why not ride yourself to spy out the Russian whereabouts?"

This suggestion, at first, rendered me blue as a pill with

apprehension, being a comparative neophyte in the science of military sneaking. Then I opportunely recollected that a civilian friend at Calcutta, BABOO OPROCASH SHEEKHUR, had very kindly presented me, thinking that it might be perhaps of use in war-reporting, with a small handbook of *Aids to Scouting*, composed by Hon'ble Major-General BADEN-POWELL in the midst of Mafficking.

Consequently I have accepted Col. K.'s challenge, and am confident that, by dint of assiduous cramming up of the aforesaid volume, I shall at least acquire sufficient smatterings to scrape through with honours.

LATER.—Hip-hip-huzzay! After diligent perusal of the above pamphlet, I find it as easy as a play of dolls! Already I possess a working majority of the necessary qualifications for a scout. Am I not "smart, active, and intelligent"; "willing to turn my hand to any kind of jobbery"; a "good rider"? (this I am soon to become, since my *Sho-ji* is now, owing to compulsory abstinence, quiet as an unborn lamb). As to the article of Pluck, this, I am encouraged to find, is a quality which is, almost always, inside every man, and only needs developing and bringing out.

Accordingly I have already purchased a secondhand patent Sandow developer, for yen 7 sen 50, from one of my fellow reporters. I must also be able to "keep hidden and take care of myself" (which I humbly think I am fully competent to do), and of my horse (which I will do, with his kind permission). In addition I am to "sketch and report information."

Now, as a sketcher, I do not claim to be a Sir FREDERICK LANDSEER, that I can paint a Derby Dog Day, or yet an Hon'ble TURNER, R.A., to represent a Railway Terminus, with train and passengers complete.

Still, I have, more than once or twice, depicted for the amusement of my olivebranches, not only trees but even cows and horses, with such lifelike verisimilitude that they were easily enabled (after a little prompting) to identify same!

Then it seems that a scout should learn Hindustani—which of course I already speak with fluency. . . .

LATER.—Before making my start, it has been necessary to train *Sho-ji* to lie down on the word of command, and I am delighted to find that he is of marvellous docility and intelligence. (I forget whether I mentioned that I purchased him from a Korean Travelling Circus Proprietor, who was selling off, owing to loss of business through War Panics.) For it is now only necessary to say, "*Sho-ji*, the Russians are coming!" and he rolls over with the deadness of mutton! As the signal to rise, I have merely to kick him in his abdomen and say, "It is only the MIKADO!" whereupon he erects himself on all fours. After which I can, generally, contrive to leave the stable before I am nipped. . . .

LATER.—Col. K. is becoming slightly impatient, requesting to know when, if ever, I intend to make my start.

I have replied that I am now in marching order, and have offered to take a selection of my rival correspondents in my party as pupils. What a pity that they are such poor white-livered unenterprising chaps as to unanimously decline with thanks! . . .

Col. K. has just generously presented me with my rations for four days. By a singular coincidence, they exactly correspond with those mentioned in the Hon'ble Major-General's textbook, viz., a live sheep, and my helmet-full of best quality flour!

I must confess that the Hon'ble and gallant Author was not far out in his assertion that such a commissariat is apt to produce a certain horrified "what-am-I-to-do-with-this-little-lot?" expression on the recipient's visage. But he is totally wrong in adding that I was "to consider myself in clover," since I am not an *Admiral Crichton* to ride a horse and drive a sheep at the same time!

Fortunately, it is the sheep who is now in clover, having absconded itself into an adjoining field, in defiance of my exhortations.

But, not being an inveterate meat-eater, I am by no means to *fondre en larmes* at such defection, as I have sufficient flour in my solah topee and pockets to make several chupatties.

According to the book, I am first "to take some steeple or broken-down gate as a landmark, and work from that." But how is this possible in such a barbarous land as Korea, where the sacred edifices are unprovided with steeples, and there is no such thing as any agricultural gate, in good or bad repair?

Again, I am to find out the North Pole by dint of the Sun and reading the hands of my watch. But suppose, owing to parsimony of my proprietors, I have been compelled to leave my fine gold repeater timepiece with some Korean uncle or other—please, how then, omniscient Military Mister? . . .

LATER.—I have come to the halt—after riding for all my worth. At first, a gentle walk along the high road, gradually increasing to a trot—then to a wild and neckbreaking tittup! Every now and again my faithful piebald would imagine (erroneously) that the Russians were coming, and lie down instantaneously, without waiting for any signal. Whereupon I also would dismount, being careful, following textbook tip, to make my clothes "as near the colour of my background as possible." Such occasions I have generally utilised to make a map, or depict the sceneries and other objects of local interest.

Also (as recommended) I have permitted my pony-crock "to refresh himself by a roll in the dust or mud"—though I did not anticipate that he was to roll on myself as well! But I do not think I have incurred any vital internal displacements, so—who cares?

Next, as the Major-General advises, we have been across the country—though not at my original suggestion.

Now I am once more alone, as *Sho-ji* has either absented himself without leave, or has taken his cover so cleverly that he is practically an imperceptible. No matter! I will do the remainder of my scouting on foot.

I have got back to some highway. A good opportunity to do some 'sign-reading' by guesswork! . . .

EXAMPLE I.—Ground: A well frequented road in Korean locality. Dry—gravel—some mud. Atmosphere: Warm. No breeze. Time: Afternoon. Getting on (I should think) for Japanese tea-hour. Signs: Fresh hoofmarks. (Remark: *Fresh, because, if there had been any rain, they would be washed out.*) Footmarks. (Human, because heels on boots. Not Korean, as they wear carpet slippers.) Dust disturbed: several hoofmarks together. (Therefore more than one horse—probably several.) Semi-circular dents on ground. (One or two of the cavaliers must have sat down.) Tufts of coarse hair on bushes—some reddish brown, some white. (Not Japanese or Korean hairs, which are black as a crow. Therefore, European. Only Europeans in neighbourhood, Russians. Cossacks have rather red coarse hair. After a certain age it would turn white; therefore, both old and young Cossacks have recently passed.) Patches on road of some white substance—flour. Military tents in distance. (They have been sent out to get flour.) But said hoof and footmarks point in opposite direction to encampment. (A stale dodge, and old as the hills! They have simply shodded their steeds stern foremost, and walked themselves backwards!)

DEDUCTION: I am close to some hostile Cossack camp. Their supplies must be dwindled to a shadow. Else, they would not be so short of flour, and would have at least sufficient Petrol-oil to keep their hair on. A senile and juvenile Cossack have been sent out to procure forages. They have got some flour. Being famished, they have squabbled for its possession. Their respective steeds have likewise become cantankerous. Both Cossacks, owing to sheer debility, have sat down in the dust. Argal—the

encampment is so reduced as to become the easy booty! . . . Where is Hon'ble *Sherlock Holmes* now? . . .

NOTE.—The above proved to be nearly right. Only, as it happened, the encampment turned out to be Col. K.'s headquarters. Said Col. expressed himself as highly delighted with my report. It is true that certain envious rival reporters have pronounced the said hairs (of which I brought back samples) to be of equine origin. But, as I said to them, "What proof, Mist'ers, is there that the Enemy is mounted both upon white and red quadrupeds?"

I am composing a rather flowery testimonial to Hon'ble B.-P., with permission to publish same (free of charge) in next edition of *Aids to Scouting*.

LATER.—*Sho-ji* turned up later, utterly exhausted by his scouting excursion. I have been compelled to call in a Korean vet., who reports that my unfortunate crock is suffering from severe nervous prostration. I enclose his bill—a very quaint, almost undecipherable document.

P.S.—Account unfortunately mislaid, but net total, yen 25—which please settle. I cannot afford to pay for such working expenses as horse-balls, which, I assure you, are not by any means a mere drug in Korean markets!

H. B. J.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XV.—SHOULD WE NOT STRAIN EVERY NERVE TO ENLARGE THE LANGUAGE?

SCENE—*The Philological Society's Canteen.*

PRESENT:

Dr. J. A. H. Murray (in the chair).

Prince Ranjitsinhji.

Mr. Charles Frohman.

Mr. Augustine Birrell.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

The Chevalier de Rougemont.

Mr. Henry Chaplin.

Madame Yvette Guilbert.

Dr. Clifford.

Dr. Murray. We are met to-day, in solemn conclave, to do what we can to strengthen and colour the language by the addition of new and picturesque words. A more representative gathering I have seldom seen.

The Chevalier de Rougemont. Hear, hear!

Dr. Murray. Everyone should invent a new word—like Boycott and Marconigram, Mesmerism and Spoonerism. Lord AVEBURY would have us say "manywhere." It is not, perhaps, good, but better than to invent nothing.

Dr. Clifford. You think it better to have invented a bad word than never to have invented at all?

Dr. Murray. Certainly.

Dr. Clifford. But bad words surely should diminish in number?



TRAPPED.

Benevolent-looking Elderly Party. "DO YOU LIKE CHILDREN, MISS?"

Superior Governess. "OH, I DON'T MIND THEM."

Elderly Party. "No. So I SEE!"

Dr. Murray. I don't mean bad in that sense. The last bad word in that sense was Assouan—the biggest dam on record. Very useful for golf.

Mr. Chaplin. The difficulty is not so much inventing new words, as getting people to take them up. I invent lots, but they will perish with me.

Madame Yvette Guilbert. But will you perish?

Mr. Chaplin. Not exactly perish, perhaps. *Exegi monumentum*, don't you know. But I should have liked some of my coinages to stand. For example I once called a spade a spade. That was a very daring innovation.

The Chevalier de Rougemont. I see that Mr. FRANCIS GALTON has been lecturing on Eugenics. What are they?

Mr. Chaplin. Eugenics is the science of perfecting the next generation.

Prince Ranjitsinhji. I suppose the word derives from my friend EUGENE SANDOW?

Madame Yvette Guilbert. Let me see, is there not a proverb which says, "When you are in Frome you must] do as the Frohmans do?"

Mr. Frohman. Where is Frome? Is there a theatre there?

Dr. Murray. I think it's in Wiltshire, where the bacon comes from.

Dr. Clifford. No doubt FROHMAN originally meant Frome-man, a Baconian. Hence his interest in the legitimate drama.

Prince Ranjitsinhji. Every great man should add at least one word to the language, just as my friend P. F. WARNER has done. Who ever heard of a Plum wicket until he showed us how to play forward on one!

Mr. W. S. Gilbert. In this connection I should like to say that poets cannot be too grateful to Prince RANJITSINGHI for his own contribution to the vocabulary. Until he made it possible to refer to innings of RANJI's the stock of rhymes to Ganges was very low.

Dr. Murray. Sometimes it takes two cricketers to form a word—as in the case of bowling which is more than broken by the batsmen, and is, in fact, FRY-ABEL.

[The tea interval was here taken.]

Mr. Augustine Birrell. Had it not been for me and my *obiter dicta* the pastime of birrelling would be unknown.

Prince Ranjitsinhji. What we all wish is that Mr. BIRRELL would indulge in birrelling more freely. On my recent tour in India I found the Sikhs in despair about it.

Mr. Charles Frohman. Instead, he "gives up to party what was meant for mankind."

Mr. W. S. Gilbert. And thus—to use another word derived from a man—burkes our enjoyment.

Chevalier de Rougemont. Surely "turtle" is as good a word as "hurtle." If a man can hurtle through the air, why cannot he be said to turtle through the Hippodrome?

Dr. Murray. Turtle, however, is not a proper name. A better word was the variant of "rhodomontade" which cropped up some time since—"rougemontade."

Mr. W. S. Gilbert. I can sit here with a perfectly satisfied mind, having provided the language with the excellent adjective Gilbertian, which saves critics and journalists so much trouble. I have noticed that no South American President can do anything without being called Gilbertian in the head-line press.

Madame Yvette Guilbert. Guilbertian! —I 'aif not 'eard it. But it is a good word. I will take it back to Paris with me.

Dr. Murray. Look at the other excellent words we have obtained from men of note, such as, for example, Bridge from Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, and the Green Park from Sir GILBERT PARKER.

Mr. Frohman. Yes, and the Marble Arch from Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER.

Mr. Birrell. And Lake Windermere from Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM.

Dr. Clifford. That reminds me of a riddle: Why is Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM like England?

Mr. Chaplin. I give it up.

Dr. Clifford. Because he has had trouble with the boo-ers.

[Ambulances having been brought in, the party left for home.]

ALIEN IMMIGRANTS.

[Sir LEES KNOWLES has received a letter from the nervous father of a boy at an English public school. The boy's name is down for Oriel, but in view of the unfair competition to be expected from Rhodes scholars the writer is half inclined to send him after all to Cambridge. The argument of the letter is here carried a step or two further.]

O WILLIAM mine, no tongue can tell
What raptures in my bosom centred
When on the books of Oriel
Your youthful name I first saw entered.
With pride and pleasure freely mixed
My fond paternal heart was swollen;
I thought of you as something 'twixt
A mighty MULO and a SOLON.

Triumphant still I pictured you
Between the goals and at the wicket;
With ease you were to win your blue
For football, rowing and for cricket.
Putney should know you, Lord's should ring

When on the field your men you posted,
And Queen's Club cheer like anything
The bravest forward Oxford boasted.

Nor was your prowess in the field
To mar your scholarship—far from it!
Your bright career was not to yield
In brilliancy to any comet;
And when you reached, say, twenty-three,

Replete with academic knowledge,
I thought you probably would be
Created Provost of your College.

But now the quads are over-run
With great Rhodes scholars—huge,
gigantic—

They hasten from the rising sun,
They cross the billowy Atlantic.

WILLIAM, I tremble at the thought
That even in a friendly tussle
Your fragile figure should be brought
In contact with such fearful muscle.

And oh, my little one, what hope
That Youth which numbers eighteen summers

In classic lore can ever cope
With these maturer-brained newcomers?

Under the new and fatal rule
Oxford must weep to see her glories
All pass to aliens in the school
Of *Literæ Humaniores*.

I sigh, my son, to picture you
Amid these learned men of letters,
Striving to grasp their point of view,
And vying vainly with your betters.
If Isis suffer such unfair
Conditions, who would ever blame us
Should we decide to go elsewhere,
And seek the juster courts of Camus?

Yet even there come Scotch M.A.'s,
Men who have dared to wander darkly

By KANT's and HEGEL's hidden ways,
And know by heart their HUME and
BERKELEY.

Hindocs of supple mind and wrists
Swarm from the Empire's utmost
fringes

To onst us from the wranglers' lists,
And give our Blues to RANJITSINGHIS.

WILLIAM, I would not have you vie
With men so much more wise and
witty,

And therefore let us rather try
A junior clerkship in the City;
There we may find a spot that's free
From preternaturally bright lights,
Where you, my WILLIAM, yet may be
A candle 'mid the lesser night-lights.

TAMING THE SEA.

No one who dwells exclusively on land can have any idea of what it means to a traveller on the Atlantic to have the monotony of the passage broken by news of home. Of old one said good-bye to newspapers at Sandy Hook or Queens-town, and reluctantly and sadly settled down to the difficult task of getting on without them for a week. In those days one was driven to the boredom of reading books. But now all is changed, for the genius of Signor MARCONI is to make it possible for a newspaper, with the title of *The Cunard Bulletin*, to be published at sea every morning, containing all the news of the day. Marvellous are the prizes of civilisation! How much better than to be ignorant of home affairs is it to be able to read such marconigrams as these:—

"Rain stopped play at Lord's at 4.15. Glamorganshire have a lead of 138."

"Mr. C. B. FRY is still undecided whether or not to play for the Gentlemen."

"A woman at Devizes has celebrated her 105th birthday."

"There were eighteen hours of bright sunshine at Brighton yesterday."

"The rumour that Mr. BALFOUR will stand for King's Lynn at the next General Election is unfounded."

Meanwhile rivals are in the field. We hear already of the *White Star Gazette* and *Bibby's Babbler*; while the Messrs. HARMSWORTH are busily engaged in completing plans for a mid-ocean intelligencer of a more natural character—no less than a trained school of swift cachalots, which will leave Queenstown every morning, bearing news to whatever liners they can find. The news will be printed on a small leaflet which these ingenious mammals will spout on to the first-class deck. The leaflet, edited by Mr. F. T. BULLEN, will be entitled *The Daily Whale*.

ICE.

"DEAR DOLLY" (wrote HARRY)—"Let's go to *Princess's*. I believe it's quite a nice place to go to. I used to be able to scratch about a bit at school, and you, of course, are great at skating as at everything else, so I'll come round for you after dinner. Yours, HARRY."

"P.S.—Put on something warm."

I was delighted to hear that HARRY was a skater; personally I am *not* great at it, but a supporting arm covers a multitude of slips, and I may mention we are engaged.

The band was playing pretty German waltzes when we arrived, and through the glass doors of the entrance lounge the circling skaters seemed to keep time to the soft throb of the music, and the skating simply took my breath away. Each graceful figure swerving past must, I felt convinced, be a champion, but HARRY assured me the artificial ice made it so easy that we should be astonished at our own performances.

We were. Hand in hand—skates on, and impatient for the floor—we clumped to the side of the rink and stepped over the edge. I have never been quite sure *whose* fault it was. HARRY says it was that idiot instructor chap with the fur cap, who looked as if he were going to run into us. Possibly it was my fault, but probably it was HARRY's—anyhow, what happened was this. No sooner had we stepped over the edge than HARRY made a sudden wild dive forward, as if he were going to butt down the barrier, dragging me with him; then, flinging himself upright, he plunged backwards, still grasping my hands, so that I was compelled to duplicate all his movements; he then wrenched me sideways, hit me hard in the back, and sat down with me so violently that my teeth rattled in my head.

I gazed at him speechless; he returned my gaze and smiled foolishly.

"Sorry, DOLLY," he said; "let me help you up."

He scrambled to his feet, and taking my hand fell on top of me three times running, until in terror I crawled away on all fours lest worse should befall, and assisted by the instructor in the fur cap I arose, and stood trembling and clinging to him.

If HARRY could have managed to get up without using his feet it would have been easier; however I suppose he couldn't, but eventually he stayed right end up, and the fur-capped instructor glided away, while the passing skaters cast resentful glances upon us, as we stood innocently dividing the ceaseless procession.

"Never mind, DOLLY," said HARRY cheerily; "better luck next time."

"Perhaps so," I replied, "if we don't



A SPREADING FASHION.

IF HATS AND VEILS GET MUCH BIGGER, WHAT ABOUT THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE?

go together." I started off alone, and by dint of taking tiny strokes and bringing the other foot down again as quickly as possible I got once round the rink and found myself gripping the handrail and trying to look as if I was not suffering. As a matter of fact the gnawing anguish in my legs was intense, and owing to the extra things I had put on I was roastingly hot. The swaying melody of the band mocked at my pain, and in bitterness of spirit I watched the accomplished crowd gliding by. Suddenly I saw a lane open in their midst, and down the middle of it came—HARRY, his arms now outstretched now flung upwards, as he lost his balance one moment, and recovered it the next, the shock and jar travelling wave-like all up his body. From the look of relief on his perspiring face and his desperate efforts to hurry I saw he was making for me. I turned and fled.

My own tremulous career was stimulated by sounds behind me, I became

aware of a series of thuds, and presently, safe for the moment from pursuit, stopped to rest. The fur-capped instructor paused as he glided by, and in answer to my smile approached with the suggestion that "Mademoiselle might like a leetle instruction?"

Mademoiselle jumped at it, metaphorically speaking, and from that moment the prospect grew rosier. Guided and supported by strong and intelligent hands my movements became easy, not to say graceful; the music was delightful, the quaint broken English at my ear mingling pleasantly with the melody.

The first time we came across HARRY I stopped to explain the position, feeling myself adequately protected. He still wore the same sheepish smile as he stumbled along, but it seemed frozen on his face; there was pain in the lines on his forehead, and he seemed quite pleased to stand still. We were standing quite still, too, no one so much as touching him, when without the least provocation



A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Major Mustard (who has been changing several of his servants). "HOW DARE YOU CALL YOURSELF A CHAUFFEUR?"

Alfonse. "MAIS NON! NON, MONSIEUR! JE NE SUIS PAS 'CHAUFFEUR.' J'AI DIT QUE JE SUIS LE CHEF, MAIS MONSIEUR COMPREHEND NOT!"

he suddenly shot one foot forward, reared himself back, stamped a large hole in the ice with both feet, and with a sinuous movement all up his backbone, kicked high in the air and collapsed. I have heard people say that HARRY is too stiff and unbending; that, I think, was not the general opinion at Princess's.

"Mademoiselle will be injured," said the instructor, drawing me away; and basely enough I went. I felt heartily ashamed of HARRY. The refined, con-

temptuous stream of skaters carefully avoided him, and, as he rose to his feet, hand was wrenched from hand, and couples flew apart to make way for his approach.

It was at 10 o'clock, when they were clearing the rink for the quarter of an hour's waltzing, that I called to him to come and sit down. At first he did not hear me, and I was shocked at the change that had come over his expression. He was getting on better, but I could not have believed that HARRY'S

intelligent, distinguished face could ever express such utter imbecility. His smile was fixed and vacant, his body unnaturally rigid, and the feeble fluttering of his legs pointed to early senile decay.

"Jolly good fun, isn't it?" he said, as with a sigh of relief he sank down in the cushioned chair beside me.

"It's coming back to me now, and I'm trying to remember some of our old school tricks. Hallo! they're waltzing. Come on, DOLLY, we've never missed a waltz yet."

I clung desperately to my chair, and coldly pleaded fatigue. I was wretched. It seemed as if I knew HARRY for the first time, and I kept saying to myself, "How can I ever marry him!"

The waltzers retired, their quarter of an hour over, and for a few minutes before the ordinary skating was resumed the rink was practically empty.

"I used to be able to scratch along backwards," said HARRY; and, with the rink practically to himself, he started to have "a try at the old dodge," as he called it.

From the opposite end, a charming little lady, graceful as a swallow, came skimming down the rink outside edge backwards. HARRY had gained a wonderful momentum from his own convulsive plunges. Back to back they met—the force of the shock sending them to opposite sides of the rink in horizontal attitudes. The lady was quickly surrounded by eager cavaliers, but HARRY, seizing the hand-rail to draw himself up, was unable to get his feet to stop underneath him, and his skates struck the woodwork of the barrier with a sound like the rattle of musketry. Even the band stopped to laugh, and leaning over the barrier I hissed between my teeth:

"HARRY, I'm going home."

I waited for him in a secluded corner of the entrance lounge, desperately resolute that no power on earth should make me marry such a blundering, half-witted clumsy clown!

Glancing up, my eyes rested on a man walking away from me, and I sighed enviously at his distinguished air and stately demeanour. He turned—it was HARRY!

HARRY—calm, elegant, dignified, though a little pale and worn. If the coat makes the man, then skates make the fool. I took his arm rapturously.

"HARRY," I murmured, "never bring me to this place again!"

"I won't," said HARRY.

Later on they sent in a bill for flooring, panels and glass, but we were married then, so nothing mattered.

A GENTLEMAN who lives by his Wits:—
Mr. Punch.



ANOTHER SIDE-SHOW.

MASTER JOHNNY BULL. "NEED WE GO IN HERE, SIR?"

MR. BR-DR-CK. "YES, MASTER JOHNNY. YOU MUSTN'T MISS *THIS* ON ANY ACCOUNT."

MASTER J. B. "OH, ALL RIGHT. I SAY, IT ISN'T ANYTHING LIKE THE SOMALI ONE, IS IT?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 16.

—Wasn't for nothing that Sir FRANCIS S. POWELL had SHARP bestowed upon him at baptismal font as a second name. He met the situation to-day in manner prompt as it was wise. For *nous autres* it was a little depressing.

Second reading of Budget Bill moved. C.-B. challenged with amendment condemning large and continuous increase of national expenditure; brought down with him sheaf of notes defining position. Truly appalling even when read from MS. Went back to year 1895, at which period the nation was re-endowed with Unionist Government, strengthened by accession of Dissident Liberals. In the nine years intervening, leaving out of account two hundred and thirty millions, cost of war in South Africa, there has been an addition of forty-nine millions per annum to ordinary expenditure!

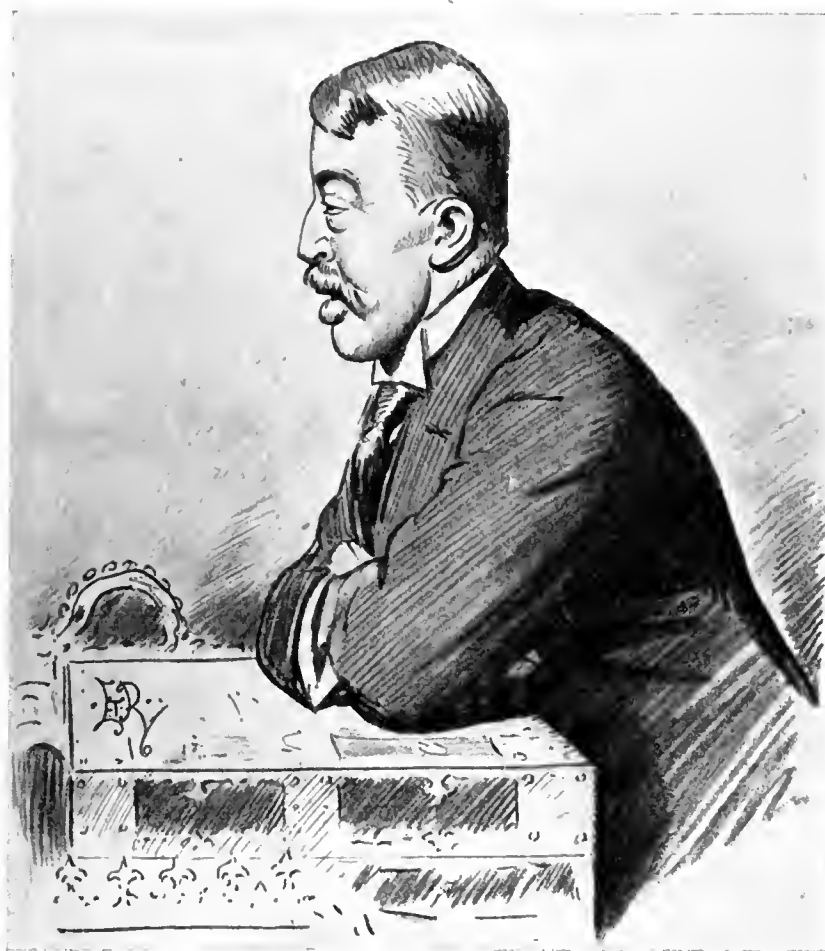
Anyone curious to discover his personal, household, share in the little bill, will find it tot up to an added taxation per head of £1 3s. 4d.

"The population," said C.-B., summing up case in memorable phrase, "has since 1895 increased by ten per cent.; expenditure by fifty per cent."

It doesn't need a cool calculating head like that of the late Mr. *Micawber* to work out sum showing where in course of time this process will lead the wealthiest nation in the world.

Almost more striking than these colossal figures was attitude of custodians of public interest. A rare summer afternoon blazed outside, illuminating the dusty roads, glorifying the spring-robed parks. Urgent Whips brought down Members in hundreds ready to snatch a division or resist attempt

according to their honest intentions. Meanwhile they nurtured these last on the Terrace, where they tarried whilst C.-B. told his terrible story to almost empty benches.



THE HEIR TO CHATSWORTH.
Pounding "C.-B." with heavy artillery.
(Mr. V-ct-r C-v-nd-sh.)



THE MINISTERIAL "CAKE-WALK" INTO THE RECESS.
The Balfour Administration reaches the Whitsuntide Holidays with huge majorities still to its credit in vital divisions.

No more damaging indictment of a long-lived Government has ever been delivered at Table of House of Commons. PRINCE ARTHUR, lolling on Treasury Bench with, to do him justice, genuine indifference, met attack by a move of saturnine sarcasm. To attempt an answer would have tested to utmost his own unrivalled skill in evading reply whilst making a speech. ST. MICHAEL, thanked All Angels that it was not his duty to stand up in defence of a habit of reckless expenditure fought against throughout his guardianship at the Treasury, before whose accumulation he had retired in despair. At the Old Bailey Bar it was a familiar axiom when one had no case to abuse the plaintiff's attorney. Whelmed by the appalling story substantiated by official figures related by C.-B., PRINCE ARTHUR — put up VICTOR CAVENDISH to reply!

It is dogged does it with a CAVENDISH. *Cavendo tutus*, he will face any odds, stubbornly pegging away at the call of duty. Never since the Treasury was founded had a young and still new Financial Secretary had such a task



IN THE ARMS OF MORPHEUS.

How Sir Francis Powell took Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's onslaught on Tory extravagance—"lying down."

committed to him as PRINCE ARTHUR this afternoon, with winsome smile, lightly laid on Victor's back. Lowering his head, squaring his shoulders, he plodded along, showing how the undeniable increase in national expenditure was directly due to neglect on part of Liberal Party, who, save for a brief period of three years, have not been in office these eighteen.

It was at this period Sir FRANCIS SHARP POWELL justified a Parliamentary reputation, founded in days as remote as the time of PALMERSTON. He dropped fast asleep. As his head fell back he from time to time woke with what envious people said was a snort, but was really a note of admiration at the con-

vincing argument of the Financial Secretary to the Treasury.

Business done.—Second Reading of Budget Bill moved.

Tuesday.—Two pretty episodes at to-day's sitting. The first when PRINCE ARTHUR laid a garland on the freshly-dug tomb of his uncle the MARKISS. "This for remembrance."

It came about in form of address to HIS MAJESTY praying that a monument to the late Premier may be set up in Westminster Abbey. As Leader of the House it fell to PRINCE ARTHUR's lot to submit motion. He did it in a speech which, as C.B. heartily said, will remain a treasured possession of

the House. Its beauty was based on a firm foundation of simplicity, of unaffected reverence for a great man who chanced to be of near kin. With the perfection of art that conceals art the brief speech was delivered without notes, thus adding the final charm of spontaneity.

In a long procession of successes this flash of genius will hold high place. It was more than an intellectual triumph; it was the revelation of a fine nature.

The other incident followed when SQUIRE OF MALWOOD-CUM-NUNEHAM had made an end of speaking in debate on Budget Bill. A not too crowded House listened with respectful attention, almost affectionate interest, to what, possibly, may be the last of the veteran's charges in the Parliamentary list. When he sat down up gat HARRY CHAPLIN, who, thirty-six years ago, entered the House with the SQUIRE, and has since missed no opportunity of beating him about the head. Now, amid general cheering, he expressed the profound regret with which the House looked forward to "the snapping of another link with the past, the removal of another great ornament of the old school."

This is the true Parliamentary spirit that, in spite of party passion and some personal littlenesses, ever maintains the lofty tone, the courteous manner of the Mother of Parliaments.

Business done.—C.B.'s amendment on Budget negatived by 297 votes against 213.

Thursday.—The Right Honourable Sir WILLIAM HART DYKE, Bart., bustles about the House to-day as if it were not forty years ago next Session that he first crossed its threshold. The MEMBER FOR SARK well remembers him in the 1874 Parliament, when, in colleagueship with ROWLAND WINN, he was Whip in Dizzy's first Government. Eleven years later, the Conservatives coming in for a brief spell of office—Don José, in unregenerate days, scoffed at "the stop-gap Government"—ROWLAND WINN, the junior Whip, was made a peer. "BILLY" DYKE, to cite the name by which he is affectionately known in the House, was at same time impaled on the horns of dilemma ever sharpened at Dublin Castle. When in 1895 his Party came in for a real long run of good luck, the faithful servitor was shelved.

SARK not the only man in House who thinks "BILLY" DYKE has been scurvily treated. Perhaps the only man who doesn't take that view is the modest-mannered, loyal-hearted ex-Whip. Whilst other flotsam and jetsam of reconstructed Ministries washed up on back benches have cunningly sought opportunity of revenge, never once, under whatsoever tempting circumstances, has "BILLY"



DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE.

Hostess (to new Curate). "WE SEEM TO BE TALKING OF NOTHING BUT HORSES, MR. SOOTHEM. ARE YOU MUCH OF A SPORTSMAN?"
Curate. "REALLY, LADY BETTY, I DON'T THINK I OUGHT TO SAY THAT I AM. I USED TO COLLECT BUTTERFLIES; BUT I HAVE TO GIVE UP EVEN THAT NOW!"

DYKE departed by a hair's breadth from his loyalty to the Treasury Bench.

Members in all parts of the House hear to-day with pleasure of the recognition paid to his sterling capacity by appointment to the chairmanship of one of the principal railway companies.

Thus hath the stone—or shall we say the DYKE?—which builders of Cabinets rejected become the corner-stone of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway.

Business done.—House adjourned for Whitsun holidays. "S. Y. L.," as the mourning widow engraved on the tombstone of her late husband: meaning, "See You Later"—to wit, on Tuesday week, 31st inst.

CHARIVARIA.

A NEW musical warning-horn for motor-cars will shortly be placed on the market. It will play a few bars of the "Dead March" in *Saul* when sounded.

We are sorry to learn that the fact that, at an auction at Sotheby's, a letter from NELSON was sold for £1030, while one from the Duke of WELLINGTON fetched only £101, has led to a regrettable recrudescence of jealousy between the two arms of the Service.

It is announced that the Russian Grand Manœuvres will not be held this year. It is now realised that, as an educational factor, they are of small value as compared with the actual lessons of war.

It has again been officially denied that the CZAR is to go to the front. The Japanese have already got far, and it is feared that they might get a Little Father.

It has been asked—Why did not the Japanese attempt to capture the train in which Admiral ALEXEIEFF escaped from Port Arthur? The answer, as submitted by a Boer General, is being hushed up by the British Government.

The Channel Tunnel Scheme has been revived, and the *Entente* between England and France threatens to become a bore.

Servian credit is at so low an ebb that King PETER has been unable to raise a crown, although it might be wanted only as a temporary loan.

An official *communiqué* to the Press tends to show that we sleepy English are at last waking up to the importance of pageantry and brilliant decoration as an aid to impress Oriental potentates. On the occasion of the visit of His Highness MAHARANA CHATRASINGHI SAVAS KILAN, Rajah of Rajpipla, to the India Office, the steps of that building, it is announced, were laid with red carpet.

The Government's Temperance Bill is threatened with so many amendments by Members that it seems likely, after all, to perish at the hands of the licensed whittlers.

Westminster Gazette with the cool request that it should be reviewed in the column entitled "A Book that Counts."

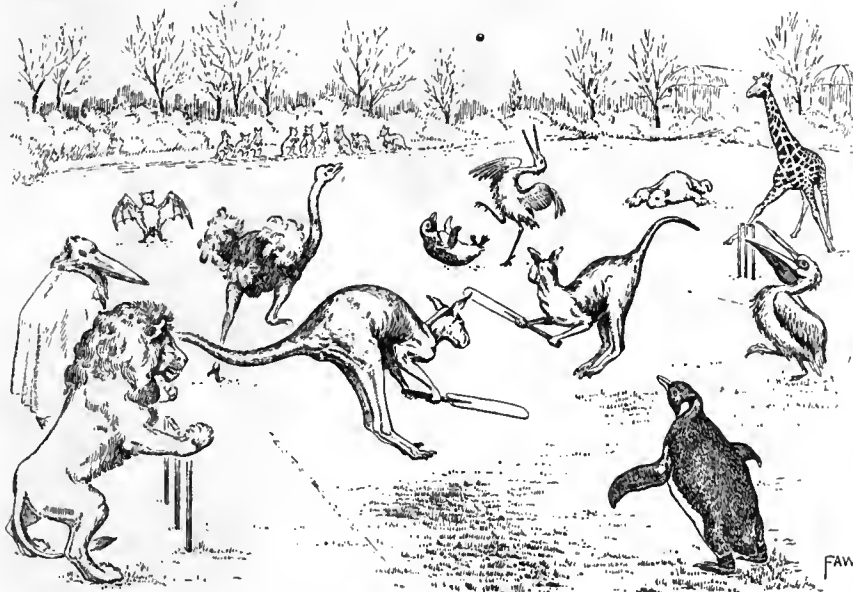
We note the appearance of *The Single-handed Cook*. We understand it is to be followed by *Jane, the Double-faced Lady's Maid*, and *Janus, the Two-headed Valet*.

In view of the fact that an American gentleman has recently been charging the British Race with a lack of humour, we would like to point out to him that the East London Coroner made a capital joke at an inquest last week.

The Chinese army has been looked upon by many as a *quantité négligeable* in the Far Eastern

struggle owing to its primitive equipment, but its power to do serious damage will now be conceded by all. Eight motor cars (decorated in the Imperial orange colour) have been presented to the EMPRESS.

For the only other news item of national importance we are indebted to the *Daily Express*. Mr. PERCY PARSONS, of Portishead, Somerset, set a hen on seventeen eggs. The hen has just hatched out eighteen chickens, one egg having been double-yolked.



WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS. CRICKET AT THE ZOO.

It is reported that the Army Council, at any rate, intends to do something to put down smoking among juveniles. In future it is to be forbidden to recruits.

Last week was a notable one for the Musical World. (1) The missing score of an overture by WAGNER was discovered, and (2) the vexed question as to the ownership of the copyright of the song, "*Oh, Charlie, come to me*," was decided once and for all.

The early achievements of our greatest men is a common topic of interest, but it is not, we believe, generally known that many of the older members of the Royal Academy started life as artists.

The publisher of a new Ready Reckoner is said to have sent a copy to the

"Question Time" and Answer.

"WHERE shall we go for Whitsuntide?"
Was the problem a week ago;
And after searching in every guide
We owned that we didn't know.
Up north, down south, or across the sea,
To Paris, Madrid, or Rome?
At last 'twas settled that it would be
Best to remain at home.

LAST lines of an ode entitled "To CYNTHIA (Wyndham's Theatre)":—

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not BARRYMORE.

THE POET SCORNER.—MR. MAX BEERBOHM.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, May 16.—*Le Nozze di Figaro*. The KING and QUEEN both present, and a good house to do honour to MOZART'S ever fresh melodies. *Le Nozze* is a comedy first and an opera afterwards; it absolutely requires first-rate high and low comedy acting. Perhaps extra careful rehearsing, directed by an inspired stage-manager, might produce something above the conventional production that passes current at Covent Garden. M. SEVEILHAC is good as *Figaro*; Mlle. SUZANNE ADAMS charming as *La Contessa*; as also is Miss ALICE NIELSEN as *Susanna*. Nicé Fräulein ALTEN as *Cherubino* in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, May 16.



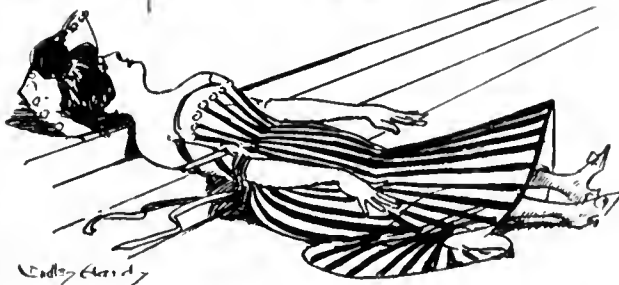
Making a hit, yet missing an encore. Fräulein Alten as *Cherubino* in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, May 16.

naughty *Cherubino* very nearly excellent. Poor Signor SCOTTI, who was to have been *Il Conti*, being unfortunately ill, couldn't appear as the *Conti*, and so M. JOURNET, substituted at short notice, gives us an admirable representation of the character, which for this JOURNET is quite a *tour de force*. Dr. RICHTER, who, as an honest man, will be no party to the concealment of hidden treasure, has restored the aria "*Il Capro*" to *Marcellina*, to whom, in Act IV., it properly belongs, and Mlle. SYLVA made the most of this golden opportunity.

Tuesday, May 17.—"Rather than disappoint the public" Madame MELBA, although suffering from a cold, "has kindly consented to sing." Bravo, MELBA! appearing as Gentle *Gilda*, heroine of VERDI'S melodious and dramatic *Rigoletto*, to hear which the house was crammed from floor to roof. Madame MELBA showed no sign of having a "dasty cold id'er ed"; she did not even carry in her right hand the tiny *mouchoir* that is the consecrated property of every conservatively trained *prima donna*. She sang her "a's" and "c's" and "d's" with ease; without a sneeze. She was brilliant.

Evidently the warmth of her reception must have driven away the cold from her throat. Our music-loving KING and QUEEN, with other members of the Royal Family, being present, the performers were on their mettle. M. RENAUD, in the very difficult part of *Rigoletto*, the unhappy fool of a father—"sure such a *père* was never seen"—was certainly dramatic, but uncertainly tuneful. Signor CARUSO, if

rather lacking the dulcet tone and captivating tenderness of a seductive Duke, is at least a robust and melodious nobleman, worthy to share, as he does to-night, the honours of the evening with Madame MELBA. *Il Duca* CARUSO is robustly magnificent. 'Tis two years since he last appeared on the stage in the Garden, and now returns to electrify the house. Of course he won a splendid *encore* for "*La Donna è mobile*." Adaptable M. JOURNET is a thorough base villain as *Sparafucile*, and to the strength of a strong *caste* is added M. GILIBERT as *Monterone*; Madame KIRKBY LUNN good as the vivacious *Maddalena*; and, as the immoral *duenna*, belonging to the family of *Marguerite's* Martha and *Juliette's* nurse, who could be better than Mlle. BAUERMEISTER? To see her



DESTINNY!

Pagliacci, May 19. Black-and-white study of Canio-Carusò and Nedda-Destian. N.B. The only time that Mme. Destinn was decidedly flat.

accept the Duke's purse, and, after a mental struggle with what remains of her conscience, pocket it (the purse, not the conscience) with an expressive shrug of the shoulders, is a treat in artistic by-play not to be missed. Signor CARUSO is a most welcome addition to the artistic company. No one in the house felt the time drag under the vigorous beat of Signor MANCINELLI'S bâton, and the entire performance may be recorded as a brilliant success. Of course there will be an *encore*.

FROM the *Lincolnshire Echo*:—

"SEOUL.—A despatch received here announces that several Russian prisoners are now marching overland *en route* for the Korean capital, where they will be for a time interred." It sounds perfectly preposthumous!



How *Susanna-Nielsen*, with her striking melody, catches the ear of *Figaro-Seveilhac*. May 16.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

At first, in E. McNULTY's *Maureen* (ARNOLD), the characters, as sketched, and the dialect, in queer English, representing Irish as popularly supposed to be spoken, lead the reader to expect a rollicking story of Hibernian life and character, such as was long ago represented, more or less truly, but always amusingly, by CHARLES LEVER. No, not a bit of it; the breeziness soon subsides: the froth fizzles off, and the remainder is as flat and as acid as a glass of fifth-rate champagne that has stood for an hour or so on a sideboard.

Naughty Nan (WARD, LOCK & Co.), by JOHN LUTHER LONG, is an interesting story, with a strong sensational infusion, told however in so eccentric a style and with such affected mannerisms as seriously to imperil its success. By the way, who ever heard of a clerical candidate "receiving his orders," that is, being ordained! A Bishop confers orders, i.e. "ordains," and every one is familiar with the phrase "taking orders." But "taking his orders" has the smack of the commercial traveller about it, and suggests the question, "whose?" The narrative style adopted by the author is rather suggestive of what might result from the pen of an imitative admirer of Dolly Dialogues and Dumas.

In *Theodore Roosevelt* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), Mr. RUS does not attempt to produce a life of the President of the United States. As he says, it is alike too early and too late for such a work. Too late for details of his career, since everybody knows them; "too early to tell the whole story of what that strong, brave life will mean to the American people." Accordingly, through 450 pages, he gossips about him as a man and a citizen. He has the advantage and the disadvantage of long intimate acquaintance. As my Baronite discovered on a recent visit to the White House, Washington, to know THEODORE ROOSEVELT is to admire his intellectual force, and be drawn by the simplicity, yet strength of his personal character. Mr. RUS, knowing him from boyhood, maintaining the intimacy through the rough rider's steady, irresistible advance to the highest position the world provides for a citizen, finds it difficult, if not impossible, to vary the note of eulogy. This is apt to be monotonous. But the tendency is overlooked in the interest of the story and the vivacity of the incidents of which it is made up. There are nearly a score of photographs and other

illustrations, dating from the time when young ROOSEVELT was at Harvard to the day when he was seated in the Presidential chair.

My Nautical Retainer desires once again to acknowledge his indebtedness to MARY JOHNSON, author of that fascinating story, *By Order of the Company*. In her new novel, *Sir Mortimer* (CONSTABLE), she goes back a little further to the times of the best Elizabethan buccaneers. We plunge at once into the very heart of things. Given two gallant sea-captains, who exchange a mortal challenge on the eve of sailing together for the Spanish Main, but from a public sense of duty and of discipline put off the settlement of their private quarrel till the expedition shall have come home; given a fair and gracious lady of the Court, who learns, an hour later, from one of these that she is the *monna inuominata* whose beauty and virtue he has made famous in song; and with these high issues of love and hatred alike indefinitely deferred, the author from the very outset has the reader almost mercilessly in thrall. And indeed he must have a courage scarce less than *Sir Mortimer's* to face outrageous fortune and the proud man's contumely, though at his darkest hour the gloom is for a moment lifted upon as noble a picture of pure loyalty in love

as you shall find in any page of English romance. But the end more than atones for the long and pitiless ordeal.

If it is not ungrateful to offer a word of criticism, one might say that the author's style betrays a tendency to affectation, as in the little trick of inversion by which she throws her verbs forward in front of their subjects; that she has allowed herself to overlay the narrative (told by herself) with the euphuistic embroidery of the period: and that she sometimes permits the colours of her backgrounds to become rather obtrusive. But it is a book of which she has every right to be proud: and indeed when one reflects upon the proofs here given of her possession of those qualities so rarely found together—a man's strength and a woman's tenderness—it would be hard to name a living writer, of either sex, who could have written it for her.

Major W. P. DRURY, in his *Peradventures of Private Pagett* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), seems, in the Baron's opinion, throughout this book, by making the supposed narrator of the stories an ex-private of marines, to have aimed at achieving a success similar to that attained by Mr. W. W. JACOBS in his most humorous series of semi-nautical coast-trading tales. There is, too, which is in character with a marine, a flavour of KIPLING's private soldier's slang: decidedly objectionable. As to the stories themselves, the Baron is bound to admit that, reading them with the very best will in the world, they seem to him hopelessly unintelligible, and, therefore, absolutely uninteresting: save two, namely, one entitled "The Signal Guns of Gungapore," which might and ought to have been a fine, weird, imaginative legend; and the other called "In the Bay Flat," which is the better told of the two. But real interest in stories narrated by a man who is "accounted a painstaking and promising liar by the sea-faring profession—the profession best qualified to judge,"—is, from the commencement, discounted. Maybe, if the Major could forget JACOBS and KIPLING he might tell something in his own style that would catch the public.



MORE INSIDE INFORMATION.

Our wrestling correspondent, the "Horrible Arab," wires an account of his £100 match with the "Unmentionable Swede":

"I was favrit; the manigment backed the Swede and I was to go dahn after a game struggl and get £70 out ev the stakes. At 10:15 the scawr was:

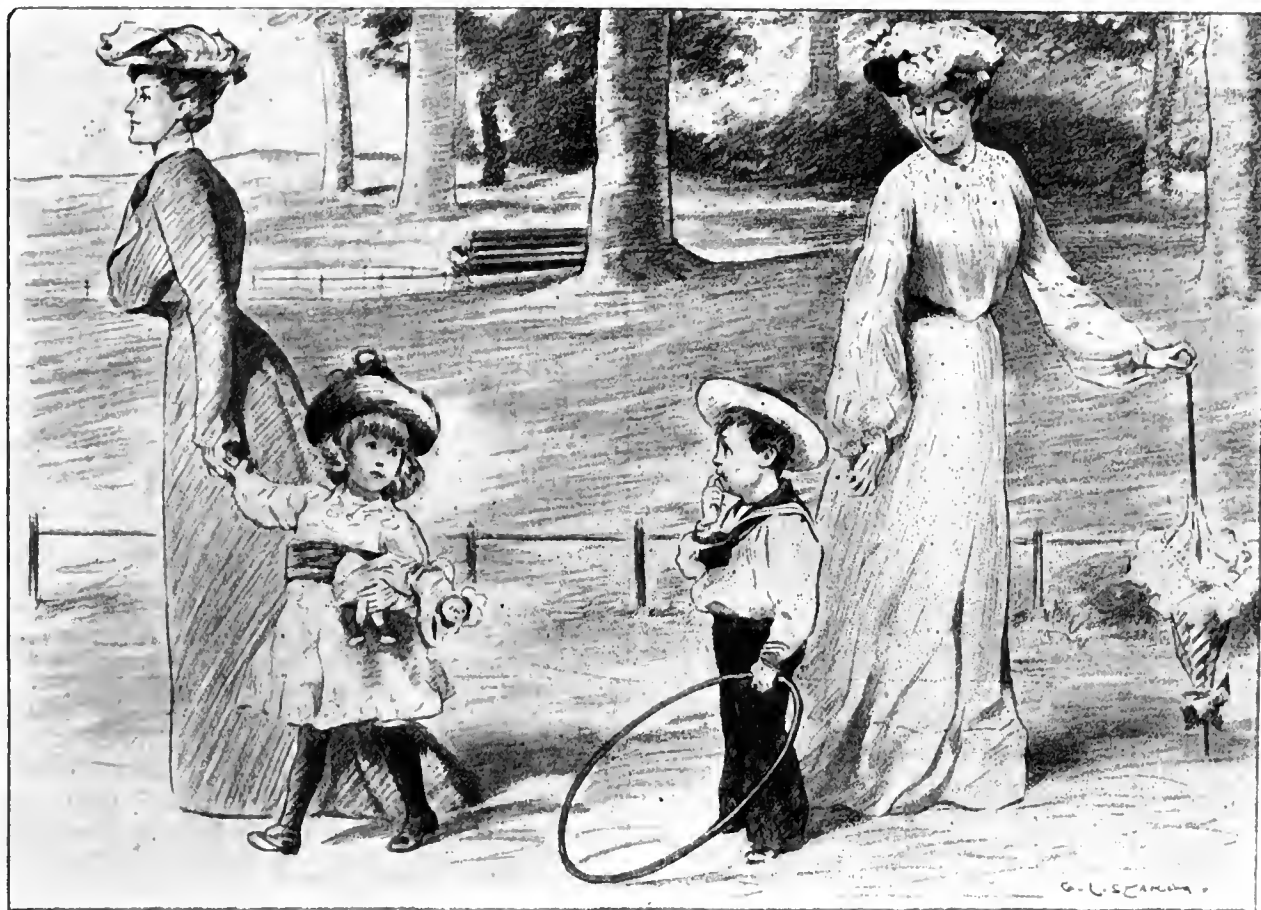
ONE ALL.

'Tike your 'ands out ev my whiskers, you blimed Irish-man,' sez I to the Swede. 'Blimy if I don't play fair an' throw yer!' sez I, givin' 'im a $\frac{1}{2}$ -Nelson. 'Steddy,' sez the referee, who 'ad a few quid on him, 'you'll ev 'im dahn in a minit'. 'You arst for sensashun,' sez I, 'an' yer going to ev it!' 'Fwhat the divil's the use of worruling overtime?' sez the Swede; 'go down, ye cockney shpalpeen,' sez he. 'Alrite,' sez I, 'I've a wife and famely dependin' on me,' and went dahn unconshus, scawr at 10:30—

2 ONE.

"Excexse bad riting, my 'ands are shakin' somethink awful. Send cheque by retern."

EXSCORIATING!—MR. GAMBLE, the discoverer of WAGNER's "Rule Britannia" overture, has had to pay dearly for his good fortune. Every post brings him applications from batsmen who have failed, asking him if he can discover their lost scores too.



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

"WITH THIS RING I'LL THEE WED."

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

SCENE.—A Law Court. Mr. Justice SPRIGHTLY on the bench. TIME—Second day of the hearing of *BROWNING v. TUPKINS*, an action for infringement of copyright. A crowded and fashionable audience. The plaintiff, Mr. ROBERT BROWNING—a poet tolerably well-known except in the Law Courts—is in the box. Mr. STUMPER, the eminent counsel, is cross-examining.

Mr. Stumper. You contend, I understand, Mr. BROWNING, that the defendant's poem "Applause" is stolen from your lines called "Popularity"? You consider yourself an authority upon that subject? . . . Well, one would not have guessed it. And you allege that these lines of yours have some literary value? . . . Indeed, that is most interesting. Perhaps, then, you will explain their meaning to the jury. Here is a line, for instance: "Mere conchs! Not fit for warp or woof!" [Laughter.]

The Judge. Mere what?

Mr. S. "Conchs," m' lord. Perhaps

the plaintiff can enlighten us—ah, thank you.

The Judge. The plaintiff seems—er—a little shellfish too.

[Loud and prolonged laughter at this brilliant witicism.]

Mr. S. Then the meaning, I take it, is that these winkles—(Laughter)—are not "fit for warp or woof"—are we to understand that most shellfish can be used in decorative needlework? . . . Come, you need not be angry; I am asking for information only, you know. Well, we will go on to the next verse. "And there's the extract, flaked and fine, and priced and saleable at last." Is that poetry? . . . No, I don't want you to express your opinions about me, but to answer a simple question. . . . Thank you, so that is your idea of poetry. Now we can get on. "And HOBBS, NOBBS, STOKES and NOKES combine." [Loud laughter.]

The Judge. HOBBS? Anything to do with the Leviathan? [Renewed laughter.]

Mr. S. And who is NOBBS? Friend of yours? . . . Only a type? Well, that is disappointing. (Laughter.) And who are Messrs. STOKES and NOKES?

Your solicitors, by any chance? (Laughter.) . . . Oh, no offence meant. So they're only types too? "HOBBS hints blue—straight he turtle eats." Will you be good enough, Mr. BROWNING, just to "hint blue"—for the enlightenment of the jury? (Laughter)—Well, your Mr. HOBBS did it, you know. Then "NOBBS prints blue."

The Judge. Blue-letter type, no doubt.

[Laughter.]

Mr. S. "Who fished the murex up?" Is that a riddle? . . . But you must know, if you wrote the poem. And then the last line: "What porridge had JOHN KEATS?" (Prolonged laughter.) Why porridge, Mr. BROWNING? And who was JOHN KEATS—another type? . . . Oh, a real poet this time? And what does this line mean— or has it no meaning at all? . . . And you consider that all this balderdash about conchs, and porridge, and NOKES and STOKES and murexes and KEATS really deserves to be called poetry? . . . Thank you; you can stand down.

[At this point the Jury intimated that they had heard enough of the case, and returned a verdict for the defendant.]

TO C.-B., MINING EXPERT.

(See Cartoon opposite.)

MASTER of that obscure infernal craft,
The work of almost diabolie wits,
Whereby the foeman, taken fore or aft,
Is meant to be dispersed in little bits,
(Or else the engineer who laid the snare
Cleaves inadvertently the ambient air):—

Loose on the high seas in an open boat
(Vide ensuing page) the limner's lines
Present your counterfeited train to float
Another batch of detonative mines,
So that the course of any hostile ark
May be extremely tricky after dark.

Why are their lethal properties so small?
Think you this impotence is due to damp?
Do they explode too soon, or not at all?
Or is there treachery within the camp—
Some spy that serves the enemy with maps,
Showing the sites of all your booby-traps?

There is, of course, another stamp of mine
(Which also sometimes undergoes a slump),
Built on a totally distinct design
From such as make a nervous vessel jump;
Can you have possibly confused with these
The toils we set for coolies overseas?

Nay, rather, like a hen that seeks the shade,
There furtively to drop her egg apart,
And, having done the deed and got it laid,
Blazons the fact from foolish pride of heart,—
So with the secret bombs you darkly lay,
Your instant cackling gives the game away.

And so you try, and try, and try again
To erumple up your rivals' rotten fleet,
Strewing your engines round the astonished main,
And yet their fighting strength is still complete,
Save that in dirty weather one or two
Have stove each other in—no thanks to you.

Well, cast them on the waters how you will,
The "best-laid" mines, we know, "gang aft agley,"
Yet, though their mere explosive power be nil,
Death has another move, as grim, to play;
For, while they watch the little pranks you're after,
The enemy may always die of laughter! O. S.

MR. PUNCH'S AUTOGRAPH SALE.

Selections from the Catalogue, with Prices realised.

II.

CARLYLE (THOMAS), *Historian and Philosopher*, to JOHN RUSKIN,
describing his first meeting with Sir J. CRICHTON-BROWNE:

... FROUDE, coming in at tea-time yesterday, brought with him a strange Dumfries body, by name CRICHTON-BROWNE, but more like a Brownie than a CRICHTON. The creature, a DON-WHISKERANDOS-DUNDREARY-elongated-EDWARD-CLARKE in physiognomy, has strange whimsies on sanitation and diet—voluble in abuse of tannin and home-spun tweed. At last FROUDE carried off his semi-grand hygienic Panjandrum and left me to smoke in peace.

[Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, 21s.]

MAY (EDNA), *Comédienne*, to GEORGE MEREDITH, expressing admiration of his genius and asking for an autograph:

... I know that for poor little Me to address such a great man is like Mahomet going to the mountain or carrying coals to Newcastle or anyhow something quite unusual and absurd, but I must tell you what a flood of sunshine your glorious books have shed on the existence of a poor little struggling actress. If it had not been for my reading of *Diana of the Crossways* I should never have dared to assume the chief part in the *Belle of New York*, so perhaps you will not think me forward if I ask you to sign your name, with an appropriate quotation, in my birthday book, which please find enclosed. . . . [Mr. WILLIAM WHITELEY, £25.]

ROSEBURY (Lord), *Liberal Statesman*, to Miss ADA BLENKINSOP, *Head Girl of Minerva House School, Epsom*, declining proposal that he should contribute to the *School Magazine*:

... I regret profoundly that I am unable to comply with your courteous request. But the multifarious demands on my limited leisure preclude the possibility of acceptance. Apart from that I greatly doubt whether any effusion from my unpractised pen could possibly reach the standard of excellence exacted by the conductors of your meritorious periodical. It would be inexpressibly painful for me to illustrate in my own person the truth of the adage *Sus Minervam*. As a token, however, of the profound respect I entertain for your effort to develop the cult of *belles lettres* in a town so dear to me and mine, perhaps you will do me the honour of accepting the accompanying revolving bookcase containing a complete set of the novels of Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, 7s. 6d.]

WATTS-DUNTON (THEODORE), *Gipsy Poet-critic*, to the Station-master at Dunton Green, on the South Eastern Railway, in reply to the suggestion that the station should be renamed Watts-Dunton Green, after the Master:

... But as I have said, such a request, at once so flattering and so just, could not have been proffered at all a hundred years ago. It is part of the Renaissance of Wonder. In *Aylwin*, Chapter XXVII. (page 87 of the cheap edition, with my portrait on the cover; page 168 of the six-shilling edition, which I recommend)—in *Aylwin*, as you will doubtless remember, I have something to say of this question and its bearing upon South country lines.

[Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, £5.]

PARKER (Sir GILBERT), M.P., *Legislator, Novelist and Amphitryon*, to HACKENSCHMIDT, *Wrestler*, declining a contest:

That strong men now and then should be pitted against each other in friendly rivalry I should, I trust, be the last to deny. But there are occasions when, however much one's inclinations may persuade, one's decision must be against the easier way. As Prince BISMARCK remarked to me almost the last time I saw him, Duty is Duty ("Pflicht ist Pflicht"), and I have never forgotten it. On Thursday evening, the date you suggest, I have to take the chair at the annual dinner of the Society of Canadian Boatmen in London. Hence, delighted as I should have been to meet you, I must respectfully decline. Possibly in the Ides of March we may find a more suitable date.

[MADRALI, 2s. 11d.]

CAINE (HALL), *Manx Fictionist and Statesman*, to ROBERT ABEL, suggesting collaboration in a novel:

While riding home to Greeba Castle yesterday I conceived the scheme of a great cricket novel, in which the foster brother of the Pope, kidnapped in infancy by an unscrupulous Neapolitan pianola player, and growing up to manhood in the purlieus of Kennington, develops wonderful skill as a cricketer, is elected captain of the Oval team, and performs the hat trick in the final Cup Tie match at the Crystal Palace.



A SLUMP IN MINES.

C.-B. (*log.*). "I'VE BEEN LAYING THESE THINGS ALL ABOUT THE PLACE FOR THE LAST FOUR MONTHS, AND THE SILLY IDIOTS WON'T RUN INTO THEM!"



Mount Everest

1953

1953



NON COMMITTAL.

SCENE—Fashionable Auction Rooms. A Picture Sale.

Amateur Collector (after taking advice of *Expert No. 1*, addresses *Expert No. 2*). "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE PICTURE? I AM ADVISED TO BUY IT. IS IT NOT A FINE TITIAN?"

Expert No. 2 (wishing to please both parties). "I DON'T THINK YOU CAN GO FAR WRONG, FOR ANYHOW, IF IT ISN'T A TITIAN, IT'S A REPE-TITION."

Although deeply interested in the spectacular and emotional side of cricket, I confess that my technical knowledge leaves something to be desired. To guard against the possibility of any inaccuracy, I am desirous of enlisting the aid of an expert, and you at once occurred to me as predestined by your name as an ideal collaborator. "*The Batster*, by CAINE and ABEL"—why, the very title-page alone is worth a million copies! If you do not see your way to fall in with my suggestion, I think of applying to Mr. TOSSETTI, the Essex amateur. His (presumably) Italian extraction, and the resemblance of his surname to that of my dear friend and protégé, D. G. ROSSETTI, are weighty credentials. But I cling to the notion of our partnership. You see I hope to be the "Governor" of the Isle of Man some day. . . .

[ALBERT TROTT, 10s. 6d.]

EXTRACT from a bill exhibited in a shop window in High Street, Haslemere, advertising a Marionette Show:—

"The greatest care has been taken in forming the pieces so that the morals of the Younger Branches may not be injured, and yet the more Mature may witness the performance with pleasure."

"And yet" is felicitous.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

VII.

On Banks of Yalu.

April 30, Just Before the Historic Battle of Kiu-Lien-Cheng.

WITHOUT professing that any prophet has, like St. Martin, divided his mantle with such a poor beggar as this undeserving self, I shall still hazard the confident prediction that it is two out of eight that, within the next twenty-four hours, a rather decisive *terra-firma* combat of Japs *versus* Russians will be the *fait accompli*! [ED. COM.—We have every reason to believe that this singularly accurate forecast cannot have been penned less than two days after the event.] I will further venture my opinion that (as I have anticipated from the first) the Japanese Chrysanthemum is to walk over its ursine antagonist.

This morning I was present at a War-Council, at which I found Col. KHAKIMONO and his staff dismally apprehending that some gleaming Russian cohorts might come down like folded wolves, and cross the Yalu at very short notice.

"Pardon me, Masters," I politely interpolated, "why not meet your sea of troubles half-way by crossing Yalu first?"

"Your hon'ble idiotic suggestion," said Col. K., with rather too military abruptitude, "is mere hon'ble toammy rot, since we should immediately become targets for their entrenched musketry practices!"

"Still," I queried, "could you not prepare them for your attack with preliminary cannonadings?"

"That would simply be skittles," he returned, "seeing that we have fieldpieces of too great levity to propel balls at all within their radius!"

"But," I suggested, "could you not borrow bulkier artillery from some armoured gun-junk at mouth of river? Then, by hoisting such petards upon a hill-top, you would infallibly obtain a more extended shooting-range."

"Are guns volatiles," he demanded ironically, "that they are to fly to such altitudes?"

"You are evidently ignorant," I returned, "that, in our recent Boer War, hon'ble PERCY SCOTT invented a machinery by which the longest Toms could be easily transported to incredibly lofty peaks." Whereupon I jotted a rough but spirited sketch of said vehicle, with a few improvements of my own. "Here," I said rather waggishly, "are pinions for your iron pigs!"

And, as soon as they comprehended the contrivance, they were instantaneously metamorphosed from dismal Jemmies to Sunny Jims, and unanimously agreed that I had indeed proved myself the missing lynx.

Very prudently they have not permitted any grass to grow on their feet, but have at once commanded gun-carriages to be constructed after own design by a military carriage-builder, and have sent down to a gun-junk, requesting the temporary loan of its finest cannons, which are already pulley-hauled to the summit of a commanding elevation.

At daybreak to-morrow they are to commence the ball with a bombardment—and, though the result is still a toss-up on lap of gods, my very slight acquaintance with military strategies convinces me that it is to fall out in our favour. Col. K. has very kindly invited me to witness to-morrow's battle in his company, and offer any suggestions that may occur to me as an *amicus curiæ*. Which I have of course willingly consented to do *gratis*.

I am inditing these lines by the sickish light of the moon, on *Sho-ji*, who is voluntarily serving as my temporary writing-table. I rejoice to say that my trusty quadruped is now a valetudinarian, and will, I hope, be sufficiently robust to carry me out of any ordinary conflict.

My thoughts are now exclusively engaged with my wives and progenies. If, unhappily, I am nipped in my bud, what is to become of them? It is only too probable that even the person of a *Punch* representative will not necessarily be sacred to a Russian sapper. However, I am buoyed up with the inflated hope that, should Fate come with her horrid scissors and snip off my vital thread, then you, benevolent Sir, will officiate as loving Father to my poor afflicted families—if only as token of remorse for having ever doubted my eternal verities!

Now, with my Marshal's cloak around me, and my head pillowed upon *Sho-ji's* recumbent stomach, I am dropping off into a calm and serene snooze. Should Heaven be able to spare me, and I am permitted by Censorship to lift the brazeu veil of silence, you may perhaps receive some rather sensational reports. If, on the other hand, my destined address is on the wrong side of Gates of Grave, you may rely on my using best endeavours to fall with as much similarity to a soldier as possible!

But I entreat, sympathetic Sir, that you are not to snivel too inconspicuously over my spilt milk. . . . Good-night. . . .

MAY DAY: EARLY MORNING.—Col. K. has just called me, with the intimation that, if I desire to witness any fighting, I am to tumble out. *Sho-ji* is so overpowered by sonorance that he declines to rise till the very last moment. At length

he is up. . . . The nautical guns on hilltops are rending the atmosphere with thundering loud bangs. . . .

I have just been ferried over the Yalu in a punted, together with Col. K., Staff and *Sho-ji*. Remainder of Japanese forces are crossing in other punted. I am not experiencing any severe sensations of funkiness. . . .

Candour obliges me to state that I do not perceive any of my rival reporters on the field of battle, and can only conclude that either they have overslept themselves, or that they have been unable to screw their courages to the crossing-pitch. But this, I daresay, is not to prohibit them from cabling highly fanciful and idealistic descriptions to their respective journals—in which of course no mention will be made of myself! . . .

It is a pity that I have come out without my wireless telegraphic pole, but it is too complicated a concern to be manipulated with impunity from the back of any horse, not to mention that you are, as yet, not sufficiently familiar with my secret code to make out more than very elementary signalings. So I shall have to forward this by the customary route—*via* Calcutta.

I am supremely delighted with *Sho-ji*, who is undergoing his fiery christening with the total indifference of a seasoned war-hack! Col. K. has entreated me not to so rashly expose myself—but not having felt any wound, I can afford to make a joke of my scars. . . .

LATER.—The Battle is now in full blast, but so enveloped in smoke as to be practically invisible. I might of course very easily fake up some atrociously harrowing word-pictures, which would be absorbed readily enough by the rather credulous Editor of *Chittagong Conch*—but I instinctively feel that you, Sagacious Sir, are too venerable a bird to swallow such mere chaff. Also, seeing that your residuary columns are reserved for facetious matters, I should be committing a solecism were I to indulge in any too appalling realisms. [Ed. Com.—We entirely agree with our Correspondent, and can only commend his self-restraint.]

Still, I may perhaps be permitted to mention that poor *Sho-ji* has just experienced the close shave of a cannon-ball, which has utterly demolished his ulterior tail! Luckily, he is not in the least disconcerted by such a hair-breadth escape. . . .

By permission of Hon'ble Col. I have harangued each regiment before they proceed to the firing line, with brief soldierly exhortations, abjuring them to preserve the coolness of salamanders when exposed to hot fire.

LATER.—Both sides have exhibited first-class gallantry—but we have succeeded in turning the enemy on to his flanks, which has compelled him to fall back rather precipitously.

The Russian Bear is now engaged in energetically rolling down the darkling torrent of Fate, and retiring with grim persistence. I am pursuing at a respectable distance. . . .

Col. K. is inclined to the opinion that the pursuit should be suspended, as it is time for tiffin—but I have warmly opposed such lukewarm policies, and urged him to make hay of his foes while the sun is shining, and to smite their hips and thighs before they are out of his touch. Which, having now a more exalted opinion of my military acumen, he is accordingly doing. . . .

I have just overtaken a Russian officer, and was courteously lamenting his fortune of war, when, to my amazement, I found that he was cockahooping with content, asserting that everything had turned out most fortunately, since they had succeeded in ascertaining our strength, and were getting nearer to their base of operations!

He is immoderately amused by Japanese simplicity in not seeing through such transparent tactics. . . .

TEN O'CLOCK, P.M.—Our bugle has now warbled truce, the night cloud has been lowered, the stars are doing their



THE ORIGIN OF THE "CAKE-WALK."

OUR ARTIST HAS DECAPATED THAT THE SUELLING-GROUND NOW SO MUCH A FORTUNE MAY IN RELATIVES BE TRACED BACK TO AN INCHING DAVE AND BOWTIE'S EFFORT TO EASE THE RAVAGES OF THE RUTHLESS WORLD IN PRIMEVAL TIMES.

celestial sentry-go, and myself, with thousands of others, have sunk on the ground overpowered!

Col. K. and Staff have just called at my tent to make the handsome acknowledgment that, humanly speaking, they owe their victory to my instigation. It seems I am to receive some distinguished service decoration or other!

But, lackadaisy, every rose has a thorn in its side! and I regret to report that the gallant steed which has borne me through the day is again totally collapsed, owing to nervous prostration! If he is no better to-morrow, I shall be compelled to apply for leave of absence, and conduct him back to Korea, to consult his horse-doctor, and be fitted with a new tail-piece.

May I, in conclusion, hope that, as some slight recognition of the additional prestige I have procured for *Punch*, you will consider the propriety of augmenting my slender stipend by stumping up with an extra bonus? H. B. J.

MUSICAL JOTTINGS.

A TERRIBLE blow has befallen Professor ERASMUS BILGER. While he was on his way to Constantinople to give a "command" performance before the SULTAN, the Orient express was boarded by a bevy of Koutso-Vlach *condottieri* at Nish, and little BOLESLAS BILGER, the idolised three-year-old son of the famous Bessarabian composer, was kidnapped and carried off into the Blue Carpathian Mountains. The distracted parents were reduced to a condition of abject coma for several days, and could be kept alive only by hypodermic injections of strontium, nitro-glycerine, digitalis, and other powerful explosives. Search parties were at once organised at positively prohibitive cost by Dr. LUNN, General DE GIORIO, and Mr. CHARLES MANNERS. The last-named, tastefully disguised in the costume of *Mephistopheles*, is scouring the mountains in every direction, striking terror into the hearts of the Komitadjis, and if herculean strength and bewitching moodiness are any guarantee of success can hardly fail to restore the *enfant perdu* to the afflicted authors of its being.

The infant prodigy market, supplies for which are remarkably fine in both quality and quantity, still remains firm. On Friday last little EUTERPE PAPADIA-MANTOPOULO, the infant contrabassist from Mitylene, made her *début* at Marlborough House in BOTTESINI's thirteenth concerto. On the previous day PAULINE MAROFATTI, aged seven, sang the closing scene from *Götterdämmerung* at a charity concert at Grosvenor House, and was immediately engaged by Mr. H. V. HIGGINS for next season at Covent Garden. Amongst recent arrivals at the Carlton are

SIGISMUND BLOWSKY, from Prague, aged five, violinist; GEMMA and GIUDITTA COLOCOTRONIS, twin sisters, aged nine, harpists; and IGNAZ POPPER, aged three, whose performances on the rattle have created such a *furor* in the Republic of San Marino.

On Monday last little PETZY, the Albino child pianolist, had the honour of playing before the Hereditary Margravine of LITHIA. The tiny toddler was taken to Potass House in her perambulator, and carried to the royal apartments by her devoted parents, accompanied by her *impresario*, her advance agent, and her bill-stickers. After laying aside her bottle with the prettiest of baby gestures, she approached the instrument with the decision of a *diva*, and played BILGER's beautiful but complex *étude* in F without a tremor. There was not a dry eye in the room. The Margravine, who was much overcome, presented the marvellous infant with a box of pralines, and the *séance* concluded. PETZY has not a vacant date until July, 1907, when she will be four.

Madame BAREILLY BLAMANGE, the famous pianist, whose father, a distinguished Mutiny veteran, named her after the sanguinary battle on whose anniversary she first saw the light, has just celebrated what she happily calls her pianofortieth birthday by a charming and original party at her splendid mansion in Arlington Street. The entertainment comprised a serenade by the Misericordia Amateur Orchestra, a new Water-polonaise by the Turbine Trio, a delicious sermonette by Canon COCKERELL, and a birthday ode with trumpet *obbligato* written, composed, and recited by the heroine of the occasion. The presents included a richly-timbered and undulating Spotstroke Cottage piano with basaltic plinth and holophote attachments from Sir ALBERT BARKER: silver-mounted Persian kit-bag (Count TOLSTOI): box of Borneo cigars (Cardinal RAM-POLLA): $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Everton Toffee (FRANZ VECSEY).

Mr. JAMES MORRELL's season of Vernacular Grand Opera opened at the Neptune Theatre, Balham, on Saturday night. The work chosen to inaugurate the venture was GOUNOD's *Romeo and Juliet*, but before the performance an interesting costume lecture on the SHAKESPEARE-BACON controversy was given by Mr. SIDNEY LEE. The proceeds of the season are to be handed over to the Chancellor of the Exchequer with a view to reducing the income tax, but at the close of Saturday's performance Mr. MORRELL was able to announce that a deficit of no less than £200 had been realised. A special feature of the

evening was the trial of the new invisible hermetically-sealed talc roof to the orchestra. The device worked perfectly in keeping down the volume of sound, but unfortunately, owing to an insufficient supply of compressed air, three members of the orchestra perished of suffocation. Mr. MORRELL is, however, confident that he will be able to continue using the talc roof without serious loss of life. He has pointed out in a long letter to the *Times* that the structure is vegetable-proof, that it will resist the impact of a rabbit, and reminds him and Madame SANKEY MORRELL, by its chaste and corrugated appearance, of a musical beehive.

M. PADEREWSKI has just returned to Poland after spending a week at Madame SARAH BERNHARDT's marine pavilion on the coast of Brittany. The sport was excellent, including shrimp-shooting with saloon pistols, crab-stalking, &c., M. PADEREWSKI's biggest bag including 14 jelly-fish, 11 mussels, 3 brace of shrimps, a small conger-eel, and a large piece of cork. The intrepid pianist charmed the rough fishermen by his affability and condescension, and is said to have composed a new Cracoviak in their honour.

KUBELIK, acting on a hint from Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, has decided to renew his acquaintance with the classics, and is at present translating *Longinus on the Sublime* into Hungarian, with the assistance of Count TASSILO FESTETICS, Baron BANFFY, Count PALFFY, and Professor ARMINIUS VAMBERY. It is understood that Count KHUEN-HEDERVARY, the Ban of Croatia, will contribute a brief preface, and that the index will be prepared by M. POBIE DONOSTZEFF, the Procurator of the Holy Synod. The work, which will be published in crimped lambskin at 21s. net, will be copiously illustrated with portraits of the translator.

THE ALAKE OF ABEOKUTA'S BUSY WEEK.

May 24.—The Alake of ABEOKUTA, chief of the West African Egbas, prevented by the wet weather from seeing the Zoo, visits the Colonial Office in State.

May 25.—The Alake of ABEOKUTA, again unable to reach the Zoo, inspects the offices of the *Daily Mail*. Having only thirteen orders with him he can decorate only a limited number of the gifted brothers.

May 26.—The Alake of ABEOKUTA once more sets out to see the Zoo, but gets no further than Lord's, where he watches a cricket match with increasing depression. In the evening he contributes the Abeokutan Point of View to the *Daily Mail*, and gives it as his opinion that what would make the game is bloodshed.

May 27.—The Alake of ABEOKUTA, accompanied by Mr. ADEGBOYEGA EDUN, at last reaches the Zoo. Mr. EDUN is much impressed by the snakes, to whom he offers apples.

May 28.—The Alake of ABEOKUTA travels by special train to Highbury, where he is the guest of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. He leaves the house in the evening full of praise of the right hon. gentleman, saying that in all Abeo there is none cuter.

May 29.—The Alake of ABEOKUTA receives VECSEY the child violinist in private audience, orders two pianolas and a barrel organ, and elevates him to the post of Potential Bandmaster of the Egbas' White Watch.

May 30.—The Alake of ABEOKUTA and suite spend the afternoon and evening at the Hippodrome. The Alake is enraptured with MARCELINE, whom he endeavours to purchase as his Court Jester. MARCELINE being unavailable, Mr. OTTO TWIGG, the ringmaster, offers his services but is not accepted.

THE MEMOIRS OF A DIVINITY.

(Suggested by Memoirs of Sarah B. in "Strand Magazine.")

I AROSE one September morning, my heart leaping with some vague thought of coming joy. I was on the eve of my fourteenth birthday, and I was a tall child for my age, being about seven feet high and as thin as a lath. You can see this in the picture of me in the *Strand Magazine*. I pressed my forehead against the window panes, looking at I know not what. Perhaps I expected to see Mme. GUÉRARD, whom, in defiance of sense as well as grammar, I used to call *mon petit dame*. Strange that a French girl, or any girl, should make *dame* masculine! But genius cannot be hampered by genders!

Suddenly I heard my mother—*mon mère* I used to call her—asking for me. I plunged into bed again, and then I heard my mother say that after *déjeuner* there would be a *conseil de famille*. I went into hysterics immediately. As a child I was rather excitable.

Then weeping I went in to lunch, and found assembled *mon tante*, *mon gouvernante*, *ma parrain*—as I called them—and the Duc DE MORNY. It was a melancholy meal; *morne et MORNY*, as I have often said since.

"*Comment allez-vous?*" asked the Duc. I did not answer this memorable question of that gay but cynical aristocrat.

After *déjeuner* we went into the drawing-room and there we found M. LESPRIN, a friend of the family, who always called me *ma fil*. The worst thing about our disregard of genders was that it rendered our meaning



Visitor. "I'VE JUST BEEN TO MAKE MY FIRST CALL ON MRS. JOHNSON."

Lady of the House. "SO GLAD, DEAR. POOR THING, SHE'S GLAD TO KNOW ANYONE!"

obscure. I have never been able to make out whether he meant *mon fil*, because I was as thin as a thread, or simply *ma fille*. There were also present my uncles FÉLIX FAURE, JULES GRÉVY and CASIMIR PERIER—none of them in any way connected with the Presidents of the Republic. There was also a notary from Havre, who was not only ugly, having red hair and a face that seemed like the back of his head, but actually wore a pair of spectacles on his nose. If he had worn them on his chin I think he would have seemed less repulsive.

The Duc de MORNY sat next to my aunt, with his arm round her waist. It appeared to me that he was carrying on a slight flirtation with her.

"You ought," said he, "to send this little girl to the Conservatoire."

He then patted my cheek, kissed my aunt, and bowed to all the others. Ah, what it is to be *un grand seigneur*!

After this he took his departure, and I rolled on the floor and screamed. I was an excitable child. The Conservatoire! What was it? A conservatory, a hot-house, what we call *la serre*? A forcing-house to make me grow taller, and I already seven feet high! My uncles and the others wagged their heads. "Ah! Oh! Eh, *ma fil*? Hum! Hum!" said M. LESPRIN. I shall never forget those prophetic and wonderful words.

Suddenly someone shouted "She is too thin!" I immediately went into



AN IMAGINARY LINE.

Master Tom. "I SAY, MUMMIE, I DIDN'T KNOW THE EQUATOR WAS LIKE THAT."

Mother. "WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, CHILD?"

Master Tom. "WELL, MISS TEACHEM TOLD US IT WAS A MENAGERIE LION GOING ROUND THE WORLD "

hysterics and was carried off to bed, where I screamed 'Au Conservatoire!' for sixteen hours without ceasing. As a child I was excitable.

The next day we all squeezed into a cab—it was rather a tight fit, but my uncles and the Duc DE MORNAY went on the box—and drove to the Français. When we were all installed in a *loge* I should have fainted from the crush if the sharp knees of my governess, thrust into my back, had not kept me painfully conscious of everything. Soon I began to cry. The audience, hearing my sobs, gazed at our box. That was my first appearance in any theatre. Then I was taken home in hysterics. That was the *début* of my artistic career. An impatient world will read of it with joyful eagerness.

THAMES WEATHER.

COME, GEORGE, give your clubs and your Haskells a rest, man:
You can't spend the whole of your lifetime in golf;
If it pleases your pride I'll admit you're the best man
That ever wore scarlet or teed a ball off;
I'll allow they can't match you in swinging or driving,
That your shots are as long as they always are true,
And I'll grant that what others effect after striving
For years on the green comes by nature to you.

But the sun's in the sky, and the leaves are a-shiver

With a soft bit of breeze that is cool to the brow;

And I seem to remember a jolly old river

Which is smiling all over—I think you know how.

There are whispers of welcome from rushes and sedge there,

There's a blaze of laburnum and lilac and may;

There are lawns of close grass sloping down to the edge there;

You can lie there and lounge there and dream there to-day.

There are great spreading chestnuts all ranged in their arches

With their pinnacled blossoms so pink and so white;

There are rugged old oaks, there are tender young larches,

There are willows, cool willows, to chequer the light.

Each tree seems to ask you to come and be shaded—

It's a way they all have, these adorable trees—

And the leaves all invite you to float down unaided

In your broad-bottomed punt and to rest at your ease.

And then, when we're tired of the *dolce far niente*,

We'll remember our skill in the grandest of sports,

Imagine we're back at the great age of twenty,

And change our long clothes for a zephyr and shorts.

And so, with a zest that no time can diminish,

We will sit in our boat and get forward and dare,

As we grip the beginning and hold out the finish,

To smite the Thames furrows afloat in a pair. R. C. L.



THE MANCHURIAN STAKES.

MR. BULL. "JAPAN LEADS!"

MADAME LA FRANCE. "AH! BUT THEY'RE NOT YET ROUND THE CORNER!"



OPERATIC NOTES.

Leaves from the Covent Garden.

THE hit of the season up to now, according to the general verdict, would be LEONCAVALLO's *Pagliacci*, as perfectly rendered musically and dramatically by the cast that included

our Signor CARUSO, magnificent as *Canio*, and our Fräulein DESTINN, admirable as *Nedda*. Signor SCOTTI's *Tonio* is also a fine impersonation, and M. SEVEILHAC, in the comparatively small part and rather ungrateful one of *Silvio*, completes a cast which must ever be memorable in the Covent Garden annals of Operatic drama. "*Hæc olim MANCINELLI jvabunt*" when at some future time he scores notes of a conductor's reminiscences.



Van Rooy. A regular nailer at a Solc-o, when he makes another striking hit.

A German night with WAGNER's *Die Meistersinger* is another feature of this particular season. The parts in the opera are all well filled, and so is every part of the house. Herr VAN ROOY a splendid *Hans Sachs* the cobbler, in voice perfectly bootiful. Herr HEROLD, too, excellent as *Walther von Stolzing*, and to Frau EGLI as the sweet singing *Eva* Wagnerian enthusiasts could go on listening "for Eva and for Eva!" As for Dr. Head-and-HANS RICHTER his conduct in the chair leaves nothing whatever to be desired; what he, his orchestra, and *tout ensemble* fail to do, need not be attempted, elsewhere or here for the matter of that, with any chance of success.

May 25.—Crowded house for *Rigoletto*. Tenor CARUSO



"A German night."

announced with Soprano MELBA. Signor CARUSO came; Madame MELBA unfortunately didn't. Of course a note from her reached the management, but not the audience, who regretted they couldn't hear from her. So without MELBA, temporarily invalidated, the house takes full value for its money in SYLVA, as *Gilda*, and expresses itself quite satisfied with the performance, seeing that there is such a tenor as CARUSO for the part of "the Dook." Altogether satisfactory. Opera generally going strong, in spite of the little *agitato* movement of *Tunes v. Times*.

APPETISING.

THE *Westminster Gazette* announced last week that on Monday (now past) at the KING's *Levé* there would be "a number of general presentations but only a thin *entrée* and a small Diplomatic Circle." That mention of a "thin *entrée*" looked queer. It is all over by now, but let us hope that in consequence of the "Diplomatic Circle" being "small" there was sufficient *entrée*, however thin, to go round. The name of the *entrée* was not given. Something very tasty, of course.

DANGER, MINE AND THINE.—This is everybody's danger who has a speculative turn. As for "floating Mines" a well-known expert observes that, relying on past experience, he will back himself to float any mines, however dangerous they may be (to others), and come off with a fair profit himself.



A Hammer-us Trio.

TROUBLE AHEAD

OR, THE PERILS OF THE WEEKLY EXODUS.

["Some Sunday, when the moon is at her lowest, and most of the telegraph offices are closed, Germany will declare war, fall upon the English coasts, and stab the Empire at its heart by a descent upon London. And beyond a few messenger boys and doorkeepers and charwomen, they will find no one in the Government offices to receive them. All the Ministers and responsible officials will be idling in the country, motoring and playing golf, or inspecting antiquities, or chatting under the garden trees."—"Sigma" in the "Daily Dispatch."]

Saturday, May 28, 3 P.M.—Owing to dissatisfaction with provisions of the Alien Immigration Act, an ultimatum was forwarded by the Government of Barataria to the British Premier, demanding repeal of the obnoxious clauses within two hours of its receipt. The messenger, however, after repeatedly knocking and ringing at No. 10, Downing Street, failed to elicit a reply or to induce anybody to open the door. The document was then taken on by a passing postman, with its envelope marked, "Gone away—left no address," to the Dead Letter Office, whence it was eventually returned to Barataria.

May 28, 5 P.M.—On the expiry of the allotted two hours the Baratarian Ambassador proceeded to the Foreign Office to demand his passports, but was unable to make his wishes clear to the solitary occupant of the building, an ancient dame whose hearing was impaired. She recommended his Excellency at length to try the Lost Property Office in Scotland Yard, which establishment, needless to say, was closed. The Ambassador, therefore, boarded the first train for Dover, without taking official leave.

Sunday, May 29, 2 A.M.—Under cover of a cloudy night, a Baratarian squadron of three submarines made its way up the Thames to Blackfriars, where it torpedoed and sank the British fleet there stationed. The loss of life was happily not great, as a cabin-boy was the only person aboard. The incident passed for the time unnoticed by the solitary policeman on the Embankment beat. Shortly afterwards, and before an alarm could be given, he was overpowered by the Baratarians, who had noiselessly effected a landing at the Temple stairs. The invaders, a party some thirty strong, then marched through the deserted City streets and occupied successively the Mansion House (in the absence of the Lord Mayor), the Bank of England, the various newspaper offices, and the Tower, where the night Beefeater was caught napping and speedily rendered *hors de combat*.

May 29, 6 A.M.—An East End milkman got wind of the annexation of the City by the Baratarians, and spread the alarm through the sparsely-inhabited regions of the West. Meanwhile the new masters of the Metropolis were reinforced by a contingent of their alien friends in Whitechapel, and resistance was seen to be useless. The caretakers (twenty-three in number) of Belgravia, the forty odd housemaids of Kensington, and the Beadle of Hanover Square surrendered at discretion. A middle-aged cook in Mayfair was inclined to show fight, but finally capitulated on seeing herself outnumbered.

May 29, Noon.—The back-door of the War Office was forced without much difficulty by the enemy, though some little opposition was offered by the Government cat. A strong guard of three was here mounted, and a look-out was kept for Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER, who, however, did not turn up. The Admiralty and other offices were similarly taken over. They were all found to be unoccupied.

May 29, 2 P.M.—The Palace of Westminster was entered by means of a skeleton key, and the Emperor of BARATARIA'S Proclamation to his new subjects formally read from the throne in the House of Lords, rewarding all the pro-Baratarians with peerages. At the same moment the Baratarian national flag was run up at the top of the Victoria Tower. The rest of the day was given up to rejoicing on the part of the now emanci-

pated aliens, varied with the collection of valuables and *bric-à-brac* from West End mansions.

Monday, May 30, 8 A.M.—Londoners began to return from their week-end, and learnt too late from their morning papers of the *coup d'état* which had been effected during their culpable absence from town. They had to bow, however, to *force majeure*.

DRAWBACKS.

PITY the sorrows of a minor bard,

Whose fettered spirit, emulous to vie

In leppings with the wild and wanton parld,

And, with proud head, assault the lower sky,

Now, in the bondage of a great despair,

Miltonically promulgates his views :—

Alas, what boots it with uncessant care

Strictly to meditate the thankless Muse?

Times I have had great matter for my song,

But lacked the mood to beat my music out;

Times, when I really felt like going strong,

There wasn't anything to sing about!

O Mood and Matter, uncongenial pair,

You that so oft have robbed me of my dues,

Tell me, what boots it with uncessant care

Strictly to meditate the thankless Muse?

Yet have I lived, expectant of the hour

When these proud twain in full accord should join,

Bringing me bliss, and comfortable dower

Of pleasing patronage and current coin.

O Brief as brilliant, Rapturous as rare!

O Hour too slow to win, too swift to lose,

Whisper, what boots it with uncessant care

Strictly to meditate the thankless Muse?

To-day, to-day it came; it charged my blood

With the fair promise of a fruitful time;

I saw new metres bursting from the bud;

The airiest quips, the happiest turns of rhyme,

Th' inevitable word, all, all were there;

Mine was the noblest theme that one could choose;

And yet—what boots it with uncessant care

Strictly to meditate the thankless Muse?

I seized the harp; I smote the frolic strings;

Sweetly the opening prelude waned and died

Even as tho' 'twere borne on angels' wings;

My bosom swelled; my jaws were opened wide;—

There came an organ-grinder in the Square,

Grinding the engine such barbarians use!

Alas, what boots it with uncessant care

Strictly to meditate the thankless Muse?

Ah me, I could not catch him in the chase.

I could not glut my purpose to destroy;

Even to cuff him on the head and face

To me had been a melancholy joy!

Screaming, with flapping hands, and flying hair,

Scatheless he fled, and passed without a bruise;

While I—what boots it with uncessant care

Strictly to meditate the thankless Muse?

Now have I laboured through the long, long day;

My mood has passed; the jocund strings are dumb;

The World has lost an epoch-making lay,

And I, both fame and honorarium!

The chance of years has melted into air;

The Star of Hope has vanished in the Blues;

Alas, what boots it with uncessant care

Strictly to meditate the thankless Muse?

DUM-DUM.



DERBY-DAY. DOWN THE ROAD.

MATCHES THAT STRIKE UPON THE BOX.

APOLOGIA.

By the reviled spectator.

THEY frankly say at cricket I'm a fool,
But none shall tell me that I don't
play straight,
For every time I'll make a stringent rule
To pay my money promptly at the gate.

And though one ball will always get me
out—

The first straight ball that leaves the
bowler's hand—
During the year I shall beyond a doubt
Be prominent in more than one "grand
stand."

Though as a bowler I'm no good at all
(I couldn't drop a straight one if I
tried),

Yet I'll deliver many a good-length bawl
When things are going nicely for my
side.

And though my fielding's hardly worth
a glance,

This in my favour I can safely say,
I'll never through the season miss a
chance—

A chance to watch a good game when
I may.

So, though I'm not a RANJI or a RELF,
Be gentle with me, scornful playing
men;

I'll go to watch you every time myself,
And take a maiden over now and then.

CHARIVARIA.

WE are pleased to see signs already
of a better feeling between Russians and
Japanese. The *Svet*, a Russian organ
which has not hitherto been remarkable
for the kindness of its attitude towards
the enemy, last week went out of its
way to point out in the most courteous
language that a siege of Port Arthur
could only prove harmful to the Japanese.

Russia continues to appear in her
new rôle of the apostle of the Open
Door policy. She will shortly open all
the ports in her possession on the
Pacific, and has succeeded in partially
opening Port Arthur in the teeth of
Japanese obstruction.

We live in an age of advertisement.
In these days of motor-car competition
it is more than ever necessary for rail-
way trains to keep themselves before
the public; and, to show that there is
life in them yet, last week the Ostend-
Vienna express ran over four persons in
succession at Bingenbrück, Bacharach,
Bischofsheim and Mayence.

A novelty at the Apollo Theatre just
now is the appearance of a new kind of
stage donkey. It has four feet.

Professor RUTHERFORD has informed the
Royal Institution that, owing to the
existence of radium, the end of the
world, which some scientists had esti-
mated would arrive in a few hundreds
of thousands of years, may be postponed
for a million æons. We trust this state-
ment will put a stop to jerry-building.

We like to see a great man free from
pride. We learn from a recent issue of
the *Express* that CHARLIE SMITH, the
champion shoe-black of London, per-
mitted a representative of that organ to
hold converse with him.

A priest of the Italian Church, Hatton
Garden, has declared that anyone can
go into the Italian colony without fear
of annoyance. But where, then, do the
piano-organs live when they are at
home?

Some satisfaction has been expressed
that the Boer Congress should not have
demanded life pensions for all those
who took part in the war against us;
but it must be remembered that the
Congress is young yet.

Colonel SWAYNE, Commissioner for
British Somaliland, is returning to the
country to study the situation on the
spot. It is not yet known whether the
Mad Mullah will be allowed to find an
asylum there.

Four West African natives suffering
from sleeping sickness have been brought
safely to the Liverpool School of Tropical
Medicine. The fear that they might
recover on the voyage happily proved
groundless.

The KAISER has informed LEONCAVALLO
that he (with a small *h*) is the greatest
dramatic composer of the day. This is
unusually modest of the KAISER.

Mr. T. W. H. CROSLAND has been
writing in the *Gentlewoman* to prove
that there are no British Humorists.

The *British Medical Journal* points
out that one of the penalties of consum-
ing unripe bananas is dyspepsia. One
scarcely likes to think what would
become of the nation's health were it not
for the warnings published from time to
time by the medical press.

A gentleman writes to the *Daily Mail*
to complain that even the refreshment-
room at the Royal Academy leaves much
to be desired.

On Thursday last Mr. HARVEY DU CROS
succeeded in reaching the summit of
Snowdon in a four-cylinder 15 h.-p. car.
This is bad news for those nervous

people who are in the habit of retreating
to the top of this mountain so as to
avoid being run over by motor-cars.

The Poet Laureate has written an
anonymous comedietta. This opens up
the interesting possibility of his having
previously published a *magnum opus*
without our knowing of it.

As we go to press, some important
War news reaches us. According to
the *New York Journal*, the CZAR has
buckwheat cakes for breakfast, and
cucumbers scooped out and filled with
sweetbreads for luncheon, and has taken
to cellular underwear of an American
brand.

The American city destroyed by fire
for last week was Yazoo City, Missis-
sippi.

DEPORTMENT FOR TRAINS.

In calling the attention of our readers
to a forthcoming volume under the above
heading, we wish it to be understood
that "deportment for trains" does not
refer to any rules of etiquette for the
trains themselves, these being already
fully supplied by the regulations of the
respective companies and by such addi-
tional maxims, having regard to punctu-
ality ("the politeness of engines"),
courtesy in ceding the *pas* to an express
upon the same line, etc., as will readily
suggest themselves.

The present Manual has for its object
the provision of a few useful hints,
collected from the best authorities, for
the guidance of those whom business or
pleasure causes to travel by rail. They
will be found of great value for the
proper regulation of conduct under
circumstances which are by no means so
easy as might be supposed. A brief
selection is given below.

WAITING AT STATIONS.

Your time being of importance, it is
the duty and privilege of the railway
company to see that your train is ready
for you as soon as you have purchased a
ticket and inspected the bookstalls. If,
therefore, owing to negligence on their
part, you should be compelled to await
its arrival, you are perfectly justified
in expressing disapprobation of such
conduct.

This may be fittingly exhibited by the
demeanour (something between that of
a Cabinet Minister at a crisis and an
angry schoolmaster) with which you
pace the platform. Any observations
or enquiries which you address to the
officials should be delivered as loudly as
possible, so that those passengers in the
neighbourhood may enjoy the pleasure
of sympathy.

AT A REFRESHMENT ROOM.

Deportment at a refreshment room is a matter largely dependent on the sex of the deporter. Should you be a man, you will find that the matter will probably adjust itself. If, on the contrary, you are a woman, no amount of deportment will make much difference.

SEEING, AND BEING SEEN OFF.

This is a transaction of great importance and delicacy. The seer-off should stand at a distance of about two feet from the compartment in an attitude of sorrowful expectation. On catching the eye of those within, his face should momentarily lighten, and he should smile and nod briskly. This process may be repeated any number of times without fear of overdoing it. Care should be taken to avoid consulting the watch or staring impatiently at the engine. As the train moves off, one hand may be waved gracefully (if possible) and a wistful expression conveyed to the countenance. After this it is best to retire at once, in case the thing should be only shunting.

Meanwhile the seen-off will gaze pensively from the window and return the nods with, if anything, a shade more melancholy, befitting one who voyages into an unknown and (as regards the seer-off at least) friendless world. Conversation on both sides is generally restricted to such observations as "Don't you wait!" "Soon be off now!" and "Mind you write!" *da capo* and *ad lib.*; but topics of a more intimate character may be broached, and for these what is called the Mysterious Method is recommended. A few simple phrases, as, "I hope she won't tell him about the other day"; or, "You see we did manage it after all!" will furnish your fellow-travellers with a field for interesting speculation that should cause their journey to pass both quickly and pleasantly.

EATING IN TRAINS.

Of this occupation the author truly observes that it is a matter of elaborate and almost Oriental ritual. Refreshment-holders may be divided under two heads, the luncheon-basket of the male, and the reticule or hand-bag of the softer sex. Of a luncheon-basket, as being the visible token of a robust appetite, as much display should be made as possible, and to this end a list of viands and beverages of suitably pungent fragrance is provided.

The hand-bag, on the contrary, is in its essence secretive. It is most frequently used to contain sandwiches or bath-buns, which should be broken furtively, with the fingers inside the bag, and conveyed to the lips in an abstracted and as it were unconscious manner, the attention meanwhile being



A TOOTHsome MORSEL.

Distracted Nurse. "GRACIOUS, CHILDREN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

Children. "OH, WE'VE PUT THE MEAT COVER ON GRANDPA'S HEAD TO KEEP THE FLIES OFF HIM!"

apparently concentrated upon the surrounding landscape.

The provision of dining carriages upon our leading lines has however to a certain extent removed the pressing character of the food problem, but many other chapters of this little volume, such as "How to unfold, offer and accept a Newspaper," or the excellent advice upon the Secretion of Footwarmers, will be found of permanent value to travellers.

Pour encourager les autres.

"Mr. Justice WALTON will attend at the Central Criminal Court during the week to try prisoners, in addition to Mr. Justice CHANNELL." *Standard.*

A WELL-BALANCED LOVER.

"Recently there has been a reaction in favour of the sweet reasonableness of poets who sang of love in a fashion which did not suggest the ravings of decadent youths and neurotic maidens." *Society Paper.*

LADY, I woo thee not with sighs
Of rapturous excess,
I drink not madness from those eyes
Whose beauty I confess;
I ask no passion in return,
Since I have none to give;
To die for thee I do not yearn —
For I prefer to live;
No blood for thy sake have I spilt —
I have no blood to spare, —
But, Lady, love me if thou wilt,
Or, if thou wilt, forbear.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

RICHARD BAGOT's story of *Love's Proxy* (ARNOLD) is cleverly conceived and told in the true comedy vein of well-balanced humour and pathos. The author never descends to farce, nor does he attempt extravagantly coloured descriptions. The dialogues are perfectly natural. This is of the very best in the art of novel-writing. A more pleasant and evenly interesting book it has not often fallen to the Baron's lot to read. Though unsensational, its central situation is sufficiently dramatic: while the finish of the human comedy strikes the true note of pathos. There are in it two mistakes not to be ignored by the laudator: the first is the title, which, like the measles, is catching; but when you have read the book it becomes somewhat mystifying. Secondly, it is regrettable that, like HENRY ARTHUR JONES when he was weary of his own latest comedy, *Joseph Entangled*, at the Haymarket, RICHARD BAGOT should adopt so old a device as an accidental eaves-dropping for the sake of clearing up difficulties.



The last time my Baronie heard of JOHN COLEMAN, mention was made of him in a letter from a friend, who wrote to say that the veteran actor had broken down in health, and that a subscription was on foot to ease his pathway through what remained of the long journey of life. Soon after came news of the end, and here, in two portly volumes, published by HUTCHINSON, is the record of *Fifty Years of an Actor's Life*. The story goes back literally to the times of Mr. *Crummles* and his famous company at Portsmouth. COLEMAN identifies the original of DICKENS's fancy, and more than hints that the unfledged novelist was a failure in the troupe. Running away to join the stage while still a boy, COLEMAN saw all its seamy side. It was a different world in those days, the lessee and manager being more of the *Crummles* type than that of Sir HENRY IRVING. A scratch company played in barns dignified by high-sounding names. They got meagre pay when times were moderately good, straightway spent it, and starved whilst the ghost walked. What stands forth with undesigned prominence is the kindness of the strolling players to each other. None was so poor he could not spare a coin and a crust for a brother in lower deeps. The eager boy, anxious to play *Hamlet*, *Romeo*, *Othello*, and other small things he believed he could do better than most men to whom the parts were assigned, came in personal contact with many old stagers. He played with MACREADY, of whom he



writes much; approached PHELPS in vain endeavour to obtain an engagement at Sadler's Wells; trod the stage with CHARLES MATHEWS and Madame VESTRIS, with BENJAMIN WEBSTER and Madame CELESTE; knew G. V. BROOKE, HELEN FAUCIT, BARRY SULLIVAN, EDWIN FORREST, CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, CHARLES KEAN, and other stars in a theatrical firmament long since darkened. COLEMAN had a long life, on the whole a merry one, and generously shares its fun with his reader.

My Nautical Retainer has been greatly refreshed by the reading of *Incomparable Bellairs* (CONSTABLE). It resumes the intrigues of that charming breaker of mendable hearts who captivated the readers of *The Bath Comedy* some few years ago. In their sequel, AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE have had the courage to introduce, in the character of *Rachel Peace*, a serious element into that atmosphere of frivolity which was the life-breath of *Kitty Bellairs*. The pathos of her inevitable passion, if it does not actually verge on melodrama, is perhaps too strongly, too almost tragically, contrasted with the light volatile loves that flutter like moths in

asbestos armour about the scintillating *Kitty*. In the very first chapter—perhaps the cleverest in the whole book—the picture of the gracious innocence of the Quaker girl serves a little to temper one's taste for the shallow distractions of the society whose fringe it was her evil fate to touch. However, it would take a good deal more than this to put out of countenance the irrepressible *Bellairs*, even if the unsuspected womanliness of her sympathy for *Rachel* had not redeemed her from the charge of mere egoism. We leave the pretty widow on the eve of an alliance with the best-hearted rogue in either book: but she, and her admirers too for that matter, have so often escaped the toils that we may yet hope for a further tale of her wooing. There is perhaps no passage in this second stage that is quite so diverting as the chapter in *The Bath Comedy* where the virtue of the Bishop of BATH AND WELLS is compromised; but, grave or gay, every page glows with those eighteenth-century graces which the authors, in common with the courtly poet to whom their work is dedicated, have claimed for their peculiar heritage.

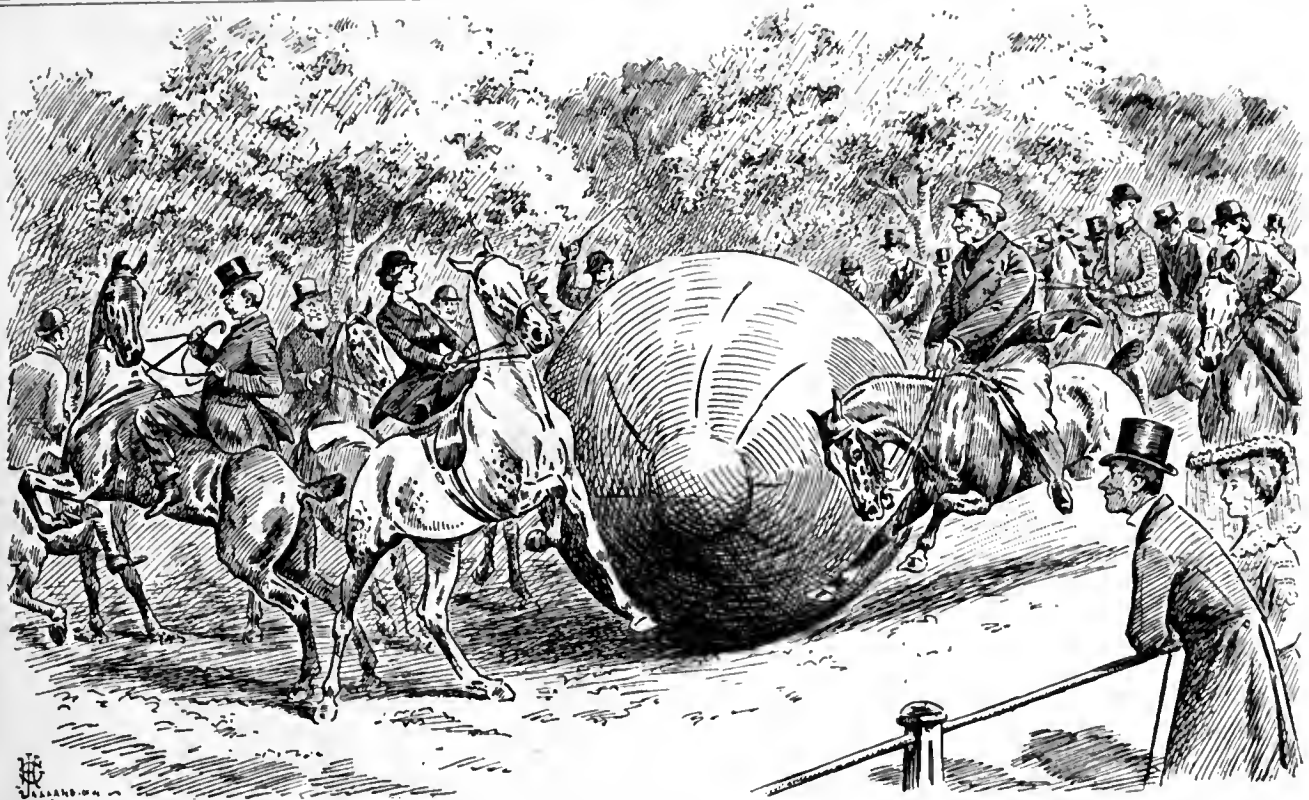
Olive Latham, by E. L. VOYNICH (HEINEMANN), is a clever book, and in some respects powerfully written. The devotion of a self-sacrificing, deeply attached woman, with a mind so unbalanced as to have but a hazy perception of the distinction between right and wrong, is scarcely a personality to enlist the sympathies of an honest English reader on behalf of the brutally treated Poles under the Russian misgovernment. Had the story, *mutatis mutandis*, been transferred to Ireland of less than a hundred and fifty years ago, when it would have been equally true of that "distressful country" under the cruel penal laws, it would have had a greater chance of attracting sympathetic attention than has this narrative of fiendish persecution and hopeless suffering. But perhaps the talented authoress is not so well acquainted with the history of Ireland as she is with that of Poland. The character of *Olive's* father, who begins with bright prospects and great energy, and then goes under, is sadly true in ordinary life. The heroine is never a very sweet *Olive*, and ends by being a decidedly bitter one.



F. A. F.

THESE mystic letters spell Fresh Air Fund, an institution established by Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON with the object of bringing under the very eyes of the Waifs and Strays of great towns the sweet, wholesome—to them, marvellous—actualities of the green countryside. Ninepence pays for a long day's happiness for a forlorn little one. £8 2s. (don't forget the odd 2s.) will carry forth a complete party of two hundred. There are no expenses of management for the Fresh Air Fund. Every penny subscribed goes to the children in food or fares. With that generosity that especially marks the theatrical profession, Mr. BEERBOHM TREE has lent His Majesty's Theatre for a special *matinée* in aid of the Fund, at which Miss VIOLA TREE will make her *début* in London. June 7th is the happy day. Take tickets or roll along the nimble ninepences to C. ARTHUR PEARSON, Henrietta Street, London. Perhaps if you called with a cheque for £8 2s. you might see ARTHUR PEARSON himself. He's a very pleasant Pearson.

NEW TITLE FOR AN OLD PICTURE ("His Master's Voice.")—*Fox et præterier nihil.*



A HINT TO THE PARK COMMISSIONERS.

WHY NOT INTRODUCE A "PUSH BALL" IN THE ROW? EQUESTRIANS COULD NO LONGER COMPLAIN OF MONOTONY.

CHARIVARIA.

LONDON undertakers, it is announced, are establishing a Master Undertakers' Union "for the promotion of the interests of the trade." An amalgamation with the Dairymen's Union is suggested.

"Cricketers who draw crowds" is the title of an article in a contemporary. We already have the cricketer as special correspondent, and the cricketer as special artist was, of course, bound to come.

A Paris footballer, on being attacked by a spectator into whose face he had kicked the ball, drew his revolver, and fatally wounded his assailant. As a result it is thought probable that French football teams will in future be made to leave their revolvers and swords in the dressing-room.

The Manx budget shows a surplus of £12,000. It is rumoured that a certain author intimately connected with the island is of opinion that with this sum a worthy monument could be—and ought to be—erected to a certain author intimately connected with the island.

It looks as if theatre *matinées* were about to be instituted in Abyssinia. According to the *Board of Trade*

Journal, at the present moment every Abyssinian is ambitious to possess himself of a felt hat, and the larger the hat the greater the pleasure.

We have been requested to state that the copy of Mr. CARNEGIE'S *Gospel of Wealth* in the Kettering Free Library, recently founded by Mr. CARNEGIE, was not (as stated in this column) a gift from the author. It seems that when Mr. CARNEGIE fits up a library he draws the line this side of actual books.

A capital new religion, entitled "The New Thought," has just been invented. It allots each man no fewer than two souls. We wonder it has not been realised before that one soul alone cannot stand the wear and tear of modern life.

Miss GRACIE GRAHAME, having been threatened with an injunction if she persists in singing "*Oh, Charlie, come to me,*" has changed the words to "*Oh, Billy, come to me.*" But, we would ask, is there no power to protect the public by an injunction preventing anyone singing either version?

"While we have no doubt of Germany's prowess, we must not forget that many dogs can kill a stag," says the *Berliner Tageblatt*, speaking of Ger-

many's isolation. This is the first time we have heard Germany called a stag. It is true we had noticed the horns, but we had thought they were those of a dilemma.

According to despatches from Rio de Janeiro the differences between Brazil and Peru have been virtually arranged. Each country will now settle down again to its own revolutions.

A Russian has adapted an old form of war chariot. It consists of a motor-car with sharp knives outside, which revolve with the wheels. It has been offered to the Russian War Office, and that body has recognised the utility for purposes of retirement, of a conveyance that is guaranteed both to cut and run.

The report that civil war has broken out in the Czar's dominions is declared, at St. Petersburg, to be an exaggeration. Prince DOLGOROUKI has boxed Count LAMSDORFF'S ears, but the movement has not spread.

It is stated that the wife of a Parliamentary candidate has hit upon an ingenious way of obtaining an audience for her husband. She does a "turn" of singing patriotic songs before the speech-making, and will not stop until a hearing is promised to the candidate.

THE HOME OF LIBERTY.

THE King's Commission gravely sat
 Probing the crust of hoary creeds;
 They heard the notions, this and that,
 Of such as knew their country's needs;
 And they declared, by two to one,
 That in defence of Home and Beauty
 England expects each mother's son
 Some day to do his martial duty.

I moved with meditative feet
 Along the Strand's alluvial marge,
 And there I saw a poster-sheet
 Printed in letters green and large:
 Broadly, the facts were thus expressed
 (Though, for the words, I slightly twist 'em):—
 FOUR MILLION WORKING-MEN PROTEST
 AGAINST THE CONTINENTAL SYSTEM.

I could believe it. I was swift
 To find it racy of the soil;
 I knew the British Workman's gift
 For shunning any form of toil;
 I knew he could not fail to shirk
 Fatigue and guard and grim reveille,
 For when he sees a job of work
 He trembles like an aspic-jelly.

Pampered with breakfast-table fare
 At prices fabulously short;
 With gladiators, cheap as air,
 Trained to provide vicarious sport;
 Rather than waste, on work or play,
 Time, talents, energy, expenses,
 He goes the good old Roman way
 That points to *Panem et Circenses*.

This is his birthright, being free.
 Over his beer in liquid staves
 He mocks the vile indignity
 Of habits incident to slaves;
 But most he views with scornful eyes
 Those foreign churls, mere human chattels,
 On whom the noxious duty lies
 To fight at need the nation's battles.

Some Englishmen may choose to dare
 Death of their free unfettered will;
 That is not his but their affair,
 So long as others meet the bill;
 Nor if, to save his private ears,
 Our local trenches needed filling,
 Would he object to Volunteers
 Who pay for leave to learn their drilling;

But never a candidate shall get
 The labour vote—let that be known—
 Who asks that each in turn should set
 His country's claims above his own!
 Let German dogs permit the State
 To march and starch and sweat and bleed 'em,
 But Heaven defend that such a fate
 Should fall upon the Sons of Freedom!

Secure behind that wall of fame
 Our fighting conscript-fathers won,
 O Liberty, in thy dear name
 How many things are—left undone!
 For who would mar his ease of mind
 By patriot service, bound to bore him,
 When he is always free to find
 Some simple soul to do it for him?

O. S.

THE TOMMIES' TOURNAMENT.

"WALK up, walk up," or motor, or bike, or drive to the Agricultural Hall, and see the Military Tournament to-day or to-morrow, June 9, when the show comes to an end. Do not forget to notice the inscription that, glorified by flags high up aloft at each extremity of the building, announces to the crowd, not the naval and military glories of the British Empire, not the loyal watch-cry of "God Save the King!" but the name, style and title of those whose timely provisions can effect so much both in peace and war, that is, of the Refreshing Firm that has contracted for this expansive advertisement! Long live the Roast Beef of Old England, coupled with drinks of all sorts, without which even these stalwart heroes of the Military Tournament would faint and bite the sawdust. Caterer, thou reasonest well!

The band of the First Life Guards, under Mr. FRED HAINES, L.R.A.M., has had its work cut out. Here is blow for blow, given up in the orchestra, where all are "a blowing," and never "a growing" weary. Every "display" in the afternoon show, that lasts for nearly four hours, was (on the occasion of this visit) brought off with marvellous punctuality, each performance being within at least twenty minutes after the time announced in the programme. It was wonderfully kept going! "One down t'other come on!" is the rule for this programme, so strictly adhered to, even in individual cases, that when an unfortunate warrior of the artillery comes to grief, another plucky one is ready to spring into his saddle and be his substitute. How delightful, how inspiring, it must be in war to go to battle with a splendid orchestra perched up aloft playing appropriately inspiring airs! Scarcely a manœuvre but ends with some artistically designed and spiritedly executed tableau, which, on a field of battle, must be one of the most heart-stirring sights. Imagine how an enemy in ambush would be fascinated by witnessing a musical ride executed by our heavy cavalry to the tune (among others) of "Mr. Dooley-cooley-oo!" The enemy is bound to give in at once: to come out of their ambush, applaud enthusiastically, insist on fraternising, and then to hilariously join the mazy dance. Bravo! *Vive la danse! Vive la guerre! Vivent les deux ensemble!*

Best of all, where everything is best, is the gymnastic display of the lively and intelligent boys of the Duke of York's Royal Military School. How many forms there are in this school it would be difficult to say, but every form present is to be noted as first-class. So also for the Royal Marine Artillery, whose men unlimbered a gun in less than no time, and, having fired it off point blank at the little red-riding-hooded girls of the Duke of York's School (without hurting one of them, thank goodness!) packed up and bolted away ere you, or anyone else, could even so much as think of calling out "Police!" or of invoking the mysterious "JACK ROBINSON."

The Historical Pageant will amuse all, from the entrance of the English troops mustered at Crecy, marching in to the tune of "*If I had a donkey what wouldn't go*," up to the exit of our most modern warriors in khaki, to the inspiring strains of "*Rule, Britannia*," "*God Save the King*," and finally the "*March from Tannhäuser*." The Circus masquerading part of the military display, the present deponent is inclined to regard as mere Tommy-foolery. This view is, perhaps, hypercritical. Taking such haphazard notes of the music as was possible in the midst of so much excitement, your very unmilitary, but ever civil, reporter, was struck by the frequent recurrence of the late HENRY RUSSELL's popular compositions, such as "*Cheer, Boys, Cheer*," "*A Life on the Ocean Wave*," and so forth. These be our national melodies, popular and inspiring.

The Indian soldiers (or soldiers who had been commanded to "dress up" as Indians), tent-pegging, and whooping for all they were worth (which wasn't much, as there were more

THE
INFANT MARSYAS

POSITIVELY THE
YOUNGEST & SMALLEST
MUSICIAN ON RECORD
AGE $3\frac{1}{2}$ YEARS

WILL SHORTLY
GIVE A
RECITAL.



PLAY'S THE THING!

HAMLET (MR. PUNCH) to OPHIDIA (the Danish Infant Musical Prodigy). "GET THEE TO A NURSERY! GO!"



misses than hits), stirred up the sawdust, sending it to *chokee* down our throats, just as if it were brown rappee scattered about by giant snuff-takers. After this there was dummy-hunting, representing the clowning part of the entertainment; and then came the now highly popular "Push-ball" played by teams of Horse Guards. The horses thoroughly enjoyed this, as it was evidently the first time in their experience when to have anything to do with a ball was entirely distinct from a "twitch" in the nostril followed by unpleasant medicinal consequences. Men and horses "kept the ball a-rolling" for a good twenty minutes; but which side came off victorious this deponent did not stop to ascertain. Trusting that the best men and horses would win, he departed hurriedly, and after dodging the wheels of the Royal Artillery gun-carriages, escaping unscathed from the 'oofs of the 'osses, and successfully performing various other strategic movements, he, having formulated his plan of campaign, which included the escalating an omnibus amid the storming of various passengers, found himself outside a public conveyance, having "come out at the top," safe and sound, within sight of the protectorate of the guardian Angel of Islington.

M.P.'S AS TOURIST TIPSTERS.

Members of Parliament Describe Specially for "Mr. Punch" the Delights of their Favourite Resorts, as in the "Daily Mail."

PROSPEROUS PRETORIA.

By the Rt. Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, M.P.

I KNOW of no more charming spot under the sun than this gay little South African city. Full of life and laughter it is a veritable paradise, and shortly to be rendered more so by the proximity of thousands of happy Celestials carolling over their genial tasks. A home from home indeed. I recommend all my Chinese constituents to hasten there.

SALUBRIOUS SHANKLIN.

By Major Seely, M.P.

As a convinced opponent of coloured labour I can conscientiously recommend the Isle of Wight. Shan-kin, in spite of its distinctly Chine-ese-sounding name, is a most charming spot; and so unsophisticated that one of my supporters, a local pork-butcher, wrote to ask me what harm a pig-tail could do once it was cut off.

BREEZY BATTERSEA.

By Mr. John Burns, M.P.

That Londoners should every year go to great expense and trouble to get their families to the seaside, or abroad (which is worse, since it takes good English money out of the country) is one of the most ludicrous of the errors of the day.



INGRATITUDE.

Nervous Youth (to charming girl, who has been trying to set him at his case). "He, he! I ALWAYS—HA—FEEL RATHER SHY WITH PRETTY GIRLS, Y'KNOW, BUT I'M QUITE AT HOME WITH YOU!"

For here, at their very gates, is a pleasure resort that offers all the attractions of the seaside or Normandy at no cost at all. Battersea Park provides green glades, rocky glens, vast lawns for manly sports, a sheet of water for navigators, a track for motors and bicyclists, refreshment rooms, a matchless view of the river Thames—everything that the foolish and extravagant go to the ends of the earth to see. And all within hail of London. And it is the healthiest place in the world; its death-rate is nil.

ENERVATING EPHEBUS.

By the Duke of Devonshire.

To the toilers eager for repose there

is no holiday like travel in the slumberous Orient. Of all spots in the near East I know of none to equal Ephesus, home of the Seven Sleepers. There one may rest indeed. The best inn is, I think, the "Morpheus' Arms," where hop pillows are included in the charge for the night.

BEAUTIFUL BOUNTIFUL BOOTLE.

By J. H. Stock, M.P.

When, wearied by the strenuous life,
You wish a while to footle,
Take my advice, with babes and wife
Be off to balmy Bootle.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

VIII.

*In Korea once more.**(By Extra Special Runner.)*

I HAVE been very kindly given my *congé* by Col. KHAKIMONO, with indefinite leave to absent myself, and I can only devotedly hope that the Japanese army may not commit any too shatterpated actions, now that they are temporarily deprived of my counsellings!

But I am under serious apprehensions lest they may be so overjoyed with their bird-in-hand as to underrate some rather formidable covey of Russian eagles concealed in an ambush. I have private information that Hon'ble KUROPATKIN is already hastening up with several hundred *ikons*. Also that Port Arthur is now so completely insulated that it is more impregnable than ever, having sealed up its harbour so hermetically that no Japanese junk can obtain admittance.

A certain Russian prisoner of war, Hon'ble Major DROSHKYVITCH, who is accompanying me on his patrol, assures me that before eighteen months his country is indubitably to assume highly offensive attitudes, by invading Japanese territories. As their own squadrons are lying snug in Port Arthur, they will be compelled for such invasion to make use of the Japanese fleet, which is by no means so well adapted for the purpose. However, it is only a sail for a very few hours, and Major D. is confident that, when his countrymen are once landed, they will completely overturn the tables.

I am free to confess that my gore is chilled by these methodistical calculations, and if only I had not most unfortunately mislaid my wireless pole I would at once telegraph Hon'ble General KUROKI that he will do well to look at home before he leaps too far into the Manchurian darkness.

After taking so leading a part in the Battle of Kin-lien-Cheng (described in a previous report, which has, I trust, come to hand), I am naturally rather tired of war's alarms, and am now mainly pre-occupied with health of my poor unfortunate crock, which, alas! is still very so-so!

Being of abnormally high-strung temperament, his bellicose adventures have reduced him to a condition of uncontrollable jumpiness. For example, only a day or two since, when a Korean juvenile had, in a spirit of barbarous puerility, discharged a pea at *Sho-ji's* nose from a popshooter, my said pony was so violently upset that he incontinently rolled over with all his *quatre fers en l'air*, and fainted away for ten minutes on his end!

Notwithstanding which debility the Korean horse-physician here says that, although my pony's nervous system is rather seriously dismantled, he expects, with care and quietude, that he is ultimately to recover his mental balance. Only I am cautioned not to employ him, at present, as a battle-horse.

So, being thus disbarred from proceeding to the front till further notice; I am forced to fly at smaller games, and have already gone in for bear-fighting—which (as I think I mentioned in previous letter) is a far more exhilarating recreation than a mere tiger-hunt, as Korean grizzlies are of notoriously ferocious idiosyncrasies.

I made the proposition to the aforesaid Major DROSHKYVITCH that we should take a day off in company, and see whether we could not succeed in captivating at least one bear between us.

"I will come with the whole of my heart, little Father JABBERJEEVITCH!" he responded, "on condition that you, as the old *Shikari* in such sporting expeditions, assume supreme command."

To which I assented, being reluctant to admit that, while in India, I had become totally out of practice in the art of bear-sticking.

But a certain Korean Geomancer, who had been a some-

what arduous sportsman before adopting the more sedentary profession of divination, reported, after constructing my horoscope and making a few incantations, that the day after the next would be my lucky day, whereon I should be utterly impervious to any *feve nature*—which decided me to appoint that as the date for our shoot.

The aforesaid Geomancer further lent me his own favourite fouling-piece, which, so he asserted, possessed the magic qualification of never missing when it was correctly aimed. Thus armed, I repaired myself, with Major D. when the auspicious day was thoroughly broken, to the locality which the natives assured us was the customary haunt of one of their finest bears.

After posting my Russian friend in the direction from which the animal was inevitably to emerge, I modestly took up my position at a considerable distance, behind a large bush.

The merest tyro in ursine peculiarities is aware that every bear is furnished by Nature with such saccharine teeth that he cannot resist making a hog of himself with a pot of honey.

Accordingly I had taken the precaution to purchase, at a Korean general store, a bulky jar of Japanese home-manufactured honey, which was labelled in colourable imitation of London jam-merchants.

This I deposited in front of the bush as a decoy duck, and waited for the prey to turn up.

But for several hours no bear put in an appearance, and I was becoming all agog with impatience, when my shoulder was unceremoniously clapped from behind—and, on turning my head, I beheld a Bruin of Brobdingnagian dimensions, who was evidently inquisitive regarding the nature of my occupation!

Swift as a doe, I discharged my fouling-piece at a blank point—but, either the weapon had been insufficiently enchanted, or I was too flabbergasted to aim correctly at such short notice—for, so far from prostrating the bear, it was myself whose heels were sent flying over my head!

On returning to pereipience, I made the shocking discovery that I was being dragged along into more open country! Naturally, my first impulse was to rise to my feet, and grapple my assailant to my soul with hooks of steel. But a momentary reflection convinced me that Mister Bruin was probably to prove himself the more proficient wrestler, whether in Græco-Roman, Catch-who-catch-can, or *Ju-Jit-su* styles, and that perhaps my wisest policy was to counterfeit the demeanour of a *post-mortem*.

Of this I succeeded in giving so lifelike an imitation that, to my unspeakable dismay, the Grizzly at once proceeded to scratch a large hole for my interment—after which he covered me with leaves, as if taking such leaves from the book of the robins in the well-known English ballad of the *Babes in Wood*, which twittered: "'Who'll dig his grave?' 'I,' said the Robin, all sighing and sobbing, 'I'll dig his grave!'"

Only, unluckily, the Bear was by no means melted to lachrymation point, and, from the resigned attitude with which he sat on my head, I easily divined that he had only afforded myself Christian burial until he should become oppressed by pangs of appetite!

As luck would have it, he had selected a spot for my temporary tomb in close proximity to the above-mentioned honey-jar, which, with enormous presence of mind, I surreptitiously contrived to kick off in his direction. No sooner had he snuffed preserves than he embraced the pot amorously between his front paws, and immediately transferred its contents to the recesses of his own interior.

Now, although a frenzied admirer of Japanese enterprise, I am compelled to confess that their native sweetstuffs, although got up externally with very able imitations of genuine British trademarks, are, as a rule, composed of highly adulterated materialism.



EXPLAINED.

Our Village Cricket Club, after the Opening Match.

The Young Squire (who, at school, made a century against Harrow). "I SAY, SPINNER, I DON'T YET UNDERSTAND THAT FIRST BALL OF YOURS THAT TOOK MY LEG STUMP. WAS I LATE, OR SHOULD I HAVE PLAYED FORWARD?"

Spinner (our demon left-hander). "YOU COULDN'T 'AVE DONE NOTHING WITH IT, SIR."

And I shrewdly suspect that this particular honey must have been manufactured by a very incompetent (and possibly altogether bogus) class of bee!

For, within an incalculably brief period after licking the pot clean, this unfortunate Bruin was seized with severe sickness, together with such intolerable pains in stomach department that he was soon rolling and roaring like toad under harrow!

So, perceiving that he was far too engrossed with his internal symptoms to pay further attention to myself, I crawled out, and, as soon as he became a comatose, dealt him such swashing blows on top of head with the butt-end of my fouling-piece that he was compelled to shuffle out of his mortal coils and pay the debt of Nature!

Thereupon, with the aid of my pocket-knife, I deprived him of his integument, which, as per my original promise, I am forwarding as my humble contribution to the furnitures of *Punch's* palatial office. [Ed. Com.—A parcel did actually arrive, invoiced from Calcutta and containing a large roll of what looked like black lamb's wool, which it was found necessary to have destroyed at once.]

I must offer best apologies for fact that said bearskin is slightly moth-eaten. [Ed. Com.—Slightly!!] You must remember that I have already mentioned that this district teems with excessively large *lepidopteras*, and it is impossible to come across any bear which has not been more or less damaged by such parasitical depredations. For a Korean

bruin, this is not the half of a bad hide, and its cost price out here would be, at least, yen 100. But I have the typical Indian characteristic to hang the expense when making presents—especially to so openhanded a friend as your esteemed self!

H. B. J.

MR. PUNCH'S AUTOGRAPH SALE.

Selections from the Catalogue, with Prices realised.

III.

GRANT DUFF (SIR MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE), *Statesman, Belletrist and Botanist, to an Elgin Correspondent in reply to various queries:*

... In reply to your courteous inquiries I have to say, (a), that I cannot claim the credit for having invented the word "anecdote"; (b), the number of volumes of selections from my diary has not yet reached three figures; (c), my favourite quotation is *perant qui nostra ante nos dixerunt*; (d), the best instance of an impromptu riddle that occurs to me was one that I made in conversation with Lord ODO RUSSELL at the Cosmopolitan Club. We were talking about miracles and I suddenly said to him, "What is the difference between a miracle and Queen ELIZABETH?" Lord Odo professed his inability to solve the conundrum, so I obliged him with the answer: "One is a wonder and the other is a Tudor (two-der)." Lord Odo afterwards repeated this to Prince BISMARCK, who

said, "The man who can make a riddle like that is *capable de tout*." . . . [THE EDITOR OF GREAT THOUGHTS, 1s. 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ d.]

MURRAY (Dr.), *Lexicographer*, to Mr. ROBERT MAXWELL, *ex-Amateur Champion Golfer*, asking for information in regard to certain technical terms:

. . . . Being anxious to render my Dictionary complete in the terminology of pastime, I have been recommended to apply to you for enlightenment in reference to certain words with which my unassisted intelligence is unable adequately to cope. (1) *Tonk*. I see it stated in the report of a recent match that Mr. EDWARD BLACKWELL "hit a tremendous tonk off the fifteenth tee." My friend Professor W. W. SKEAT is of opinion that the word is purely onomatopœic. For my own part I am inclined to connect the word by GRIMM's law with the mystic vocable *κῶγξ*, unless indeed it may be derived from a surname. There is, I know, a well-known artist of the name of TONKS. Perhaps there may also be a golfer of the same name, distinguished for the vigour of his stroke. (2) Can you kindly supply me with definitions differentiating the exact meaning of *foozle*, *fluff*, and *flub*? (3) Is the phrase *plusser*, i.e. a *plus* man, generally accepted?

[Miss LOTTIE DOD, 30s.]

HOWORTH (Sir HENRY H.), "*Times*" Correspondent and Mammoth-hunter, in reply to the Secretary of the Kennel Club:

SIR,—I regret that I am unable to give you the information you are in search of. Your application is evidently based on a misunderstanding, my *magnum opus* being the history not of the Mongrels but the Mongols. If, as I am inclined to suppose, there is any analogy between the brute creation and mankind, I should think you would be most likely to obtain all the necessary details from one or other of those pestiferous hybrids, the Free Fooders, whose recent incursion into the arena of politics has poisoned the springs of Parliamentary life, corrupted the national fibre, and threatens to envelope the entire Empire in a miasmatic atmosphere of mediæval intrigue

[THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, 3d.]

WAGNER (RICHARD), *Composer*, to J. P. SOUSA, *acknowledging receipt of a MS. composition, and commenting thereon*:

Honoured Colleague! I have examined with heartfelt interest your remarkable and sonorous (*hellklingend*) score, the like of which I have never hitherto encountered. Impressed by its remarkable qualities, I cherish the fervent wish that before long you may hold a Post at Washington proportionate (*verhältnismässig*) to your deserts. With regard to your flattering intention to incorporate some of the themes of my *Parsifal* in a Ragtime March (*Lumpenzeitsmarsch*), I reluctantly am obliged to decline an honour so unprecedented and truly American (*echt-Amerikanisch*). . . .

[W. ASHTON ELLIS, £50.]

BELL (C. F. MOBERLY), *Manager of the "Times," and Rhetorician*, to a lady residing at Bournemouth, who has written to the "*Times*" Office offering twopence a copy for the "*Times*" for the next year:

I assure you, Madam, we have come down as low as we can. The accompanying leaflets will give you an idea, crude and imperfect I will admit, of the advantages offered by the new system. If you wait until July 4, and carefully peruse the advertisement pages of the papers day by day, you will, I am persuaded, meet with other arguments, some of which may induce you to spring the extra farthing. Till then, adieu.

[Mr. A. HARMSWORTH, £3.]

HENSON (H. HENSLEY), *Canon of Westminster*, to the Postmaster-General, complaining that "*cakewalk*" was charged for in a telegram as two words, and demanding the return of a halfpenny:

. . . . I am supported in my contention by the whole Dean

and Chapter. The hyphen is a relic of barbarity. In conversation there is no pause of even the slightest duration between the two syllables; and common usage, if not common sense, should govern these matters. . . .

[Messrs. WALKER AND WILLIAMS, £1.]

JONES (HENRY ARTHUR), *Dramatist*, to the Hon. Secretary of the *Ambidextrous League*, declining to write his next play with his left hand:

. . . . Much as I should like to do anything to further your meritorious efforts, I am forced to decline your flattering request. My reputation is such that I would not, for worlds, that the suspicion got about that my forthcoming comedy is of Morgantic extraction.

[Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, 7s. 6d.]

VECSEY, *Boy Violinist*, to Sir HENRY IRVING, offering to retire in his stead. Translation.

It is not so much the actual recitals that are tiring as receptions afterwards, and visits to the Opera and so forth very weary Take your place with pleasure

[HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, £50.]

SARGENT (JOHN S.), *Royal Academician*, to ISIDORE EHRENBREITSTEIN, Esq., in reply to a letter asking whether his inability to undertake a commission to paint his (Mr. EHRENBREITSTEIN'S) portrait was due to the shape of his head or the colour of his poodle:

Both.

[Mr. ROCKEFELLER, £1000.]

M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. VIII.

"BOUDIN," I said to my friend the other day, "I feel I am not doing my duty by you. You have been here some time now and, with the exception of that football match we went to together, I haven't taken you to see any of our national sports, such as horse-racing, or cricket, or—"

"Or the game of golf," put in BOUDIN. "Oh, my friend, do not omit him, for it is a great game, the game of golf."

"Well," said I, "it's not a bad game, though it is, perhaps, more Scotch than English. Still, we English have made it our own."

"Ah, you noble English," he cried enthusiastically, "how I see you from far. It is always like that with you. You see a poor game which is a Scotch game and you say, 'These poor Scotch,' you say, 'cannot understand how a game must be played. Let us,' you say, 'annex this game and make it an English game, so that it may be great and prosperous and everything that is truly English,' and then, *soprissi*, you take it and you make of it a bit of your rule Britannia. Is it not so?"

"Perhaps," said I, smiling, "we do rather manage to improve any game we take up, but then we've been at games for a deuce of a long time, and, of course, we've got more experience of how things should be done than—"

"Oh, do not incommode yourself for me," he said; "say what you were going to say as if BOUDIN was not in the room. These Frenchmen, you were going to say, do not understand games and they make me pity. They do not play the cricket; they do not play the golf; how shall they be able to *reporter* any success in the public life, in the beautiful arts, or in making war? They have their *absinthe*, and they all drink it, from M. LOUBET, who has been in England and ought to know better, down to the quite small infants who have just arrived to balance themselves on their legs. They are a nation of drinkers of absinthe, who cannot understand the cricket or the golf, and—well, if it were not for the *entente cordiale*, which assure to them the friendship of England, they would burst like dogs, those unfortunate miserable Frenchmen. My faith, I go to naturalise myself

immediately, and when *le Lor Maire* have receive me in the City, I will learn the cricket and the golf, without which it is not possible to be an Englishman or a good man at all."

"My dear BODIN," I said, "you mustn't excite yourself so much."

"Ah, you have reason; I inflame myself too much. I am like the old gentleman I have seen playing the golf, for I have seen your golf, yes, I have seen it, and I am still alive. I did not die of excitement. 'BODIN,' I say me, 'you must survive, my fine fellow. It is true,' I say, 'that to see these magnificent Englishmen promenading themselves so seriously and following the little ball—it is true that the spectacle is grandiose, and it makes me much emotion, but courage, my friend, and *surtout*, try to be calm,' and, as I say this to myself, sudden I see an old gentleman in knickerbockers and a red coat and a *casquette* of cloth, as if he had made it from what he did not use for his knickerbockers, and a red face, but of a red more red even than his coat, and the old gentleman, who have white hairs, he look at the little ball, and he take a long stick—"

"Club," I said hastily; "you mustn't call it stick."

"Oh, well, all that is equal to me—he take a long clob and he commences, but very slowly, to *écarter ses jambes*, and he make the clob to go backward and forward over the ball *comme un papillon*, and at last he say to himself, 'Aha, rascal of a ball, now I will immolate you,' and, *pif-paf, il tire son coup*, but he do it in the air, and the little rascal of a ball stay there and, as for me, I puff with laughter."

"What did the old gentleman do?" I asked.

"Well, he did not say 'rosbif' or 'bifteck,' or 'I sell my wife at Smithfield,' but he say something which is quite as English, and a little word, and he say it to his clob and to the ball and to his eyes, and after he try again and he hit the ground and he break his clob, and I murmur to myself, '*Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin*,' and the old gentleman—perhaps he do not understand French—he hear me say something and he makes me the eyes of a tiger, and at last he put his hands in his pockets, and there he is departed without his clobs or anything. I informed myself who he was, and they tell me he is a member of Parliament. My faith, I make you my compliments of him, for he knows how to speak, that one."

"Anyhow," said I, "it's a capital thing for men like that to have a little fresh air and to play a game of some sort."

"Oh, as to that, I do not say no; for you have told me that it is games which make Englishmen what they are, and it is golf certainly which have made this member of Parliament an old gentleman with a red face to whom the mustard mounts to his nose when he hit the air with a clob."

"JONES THE MAN."

In a review of a book entitled *Theodore Roosevelt*, we read that "one day the President and his biographer travelled in a crowded car. A factory girl got in, and *Roosevelt the Man* rose and gave her his seat." *Roosevelt the President* probably fined the Car Company for over-crowding. The distinction is a subtle one, and might be carried out further, as follows:

"Mr. JOSIAH SPIFKINS, the well-known Editor, was out dining the other night. After 'one crowded hour of glorious life,' *Spifkins the Man*, who had partaken somewhat freely of the numerous courses set before him, was handed a cup of coffee by the footman. *Spifkins the Editor* was compelled to return it owing to unusual pressure on space."

"We understand that *Hall Caine the Man*, in a recent speech, expressed his undisguised admiration for *Hall Caine the Novelist*."

"At the Marylebone Police Court *Plowden the Humorist*



VICTOR VENGHER

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

"CAN I SEE THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE?"

"YES, YOU CAN, AND DO. NOW, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

has been convicted by *Plowden the Magistrate* for contempt of court."

"Last Monday *C. B. Fry, the Batsman*, was bowled by a Yorker which broke three feet each way. The case was reported at length by *C. B. Fry the Journalist*."

THE following advertisement comes from Rye:—

I have a great quantity of good second-hand

Government Vices

of all sizes from 10s., 15s., 20s., 25s. each.

This seems moderate, and it might be worth while for the incoming Liberal Government to take them over at these prices.

WE are authorised to state that *The Edge of the Storm*, produced at the Duke of York's Theatre on Wednesday last, has no connection with the storm of the Edge that has recently raged at the Automobile Club over the representation of England in the GORDON-BENNETT race.

IN MESSRS. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL'S *Golf Score Book* occurs the following instruction, of which that veteran Cantab golfer, Mr. LINSKILL, is the admired author:

"As it is most essential, when making a stroke, to keep the eyes well fixed on the ball, be particular to use clean ones."



NOT QUITE UP TO DATE.

Somersetshire Rustic (on seeing the signal drop). "AR DON'T KNOW IF IT'D MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE, MAISTER, BUT THIC THER' BIT O' BOARD OF YOORN 'AVE A FALLEN DOWN!"

ACTORS BENEVOLENT.

MR. PUNCH wishes to take his share in attracting public attention to a *malinée* fixed for June 23, got up by the generous theatrical profession to assist the well-known dramatic eritie, Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, so long and honourably connected with the *Daily Telegraph*, in a time of trial, of much suffering, and of physical incapacity for the special work in which he has excelled, and to which his journalistic career has been devoted.

To assist in this good work, comes, ever first and foremost in the cause of charity, Sir HENRY IRVING, giving on this occasion his inimitable impersonation of *Corporal Brewster* in CONAN DOYLE'S *Story of Waterloo*.

Mr. BEERBOHM TREE is to appear as *Diogenes*, the original founder of the Tübingen Philosophical School, in which character he will recite the soliloquy adapted to his surroundings, commencing, "Tubby or not Tubby, that is the question."

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, who, as ALEXANDER, naturally enough, is in close proximity to *Diogenes*, will give the touching speech, "If I were not ALEXANDER at the St. James's, I would be *Diogenes* at His Majesty's!" and, unless these lines are enthusiastically encoered over and over again, he will then gracefully bow and exit.

Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER is announced for a "new comic one-act piece, by Mr. WATSON." Whether this is to present Mr. BOURCHIER as *Sherlock Holmes*, with constant question, "Do you follow me, WATSON?" we are not in a position to

state. This show is entitled *The Conversion of Nat Sturge*. Sub-title, *The Stinging Nat Stung*.

Les deux Grossmiths, GEORGE and WEEDON, will appear in a "duologue written by themselves!" Fancy that! all by themselves!! no one near when they did it! But crowds, of course, to see and hear them perform it. It ought to be a success, by GEORGE!—and WEEDON.

The actresses kindly gracing the performance will be JULIA NEILSON, MARIE TEMPEST (quite calm after her sea trip), EDNA MAY, ADA REEVE, IRENE VANBRUGH, and other "dear charmers" not as yet mentioned in the bill of Fair Women.

Then Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS is to appear, "supported by a chorus of Fourteen Ladies." Fortunate Mr. HICKS! what matter if he faint, stagger and only shake his head helplessly, as long as he be supported by this bevy of Fourteen Beauties! This tableau of Mr. HICKS and the Fair Fourteen might serve as an illustration of Mr. BERNARD SHAW'S play, *Arms and the Man*. Beautiful arms! Lucky man!

Many more attractions are to be added to the above, at least so we gather from the programme; and to one and all doing their very best on behalf of our old friend CLEMENT SCOTT Mr. Punch heartily wishes a colossal success. Here is the unique occasion when the critic's weakness is the actors' opportunity!

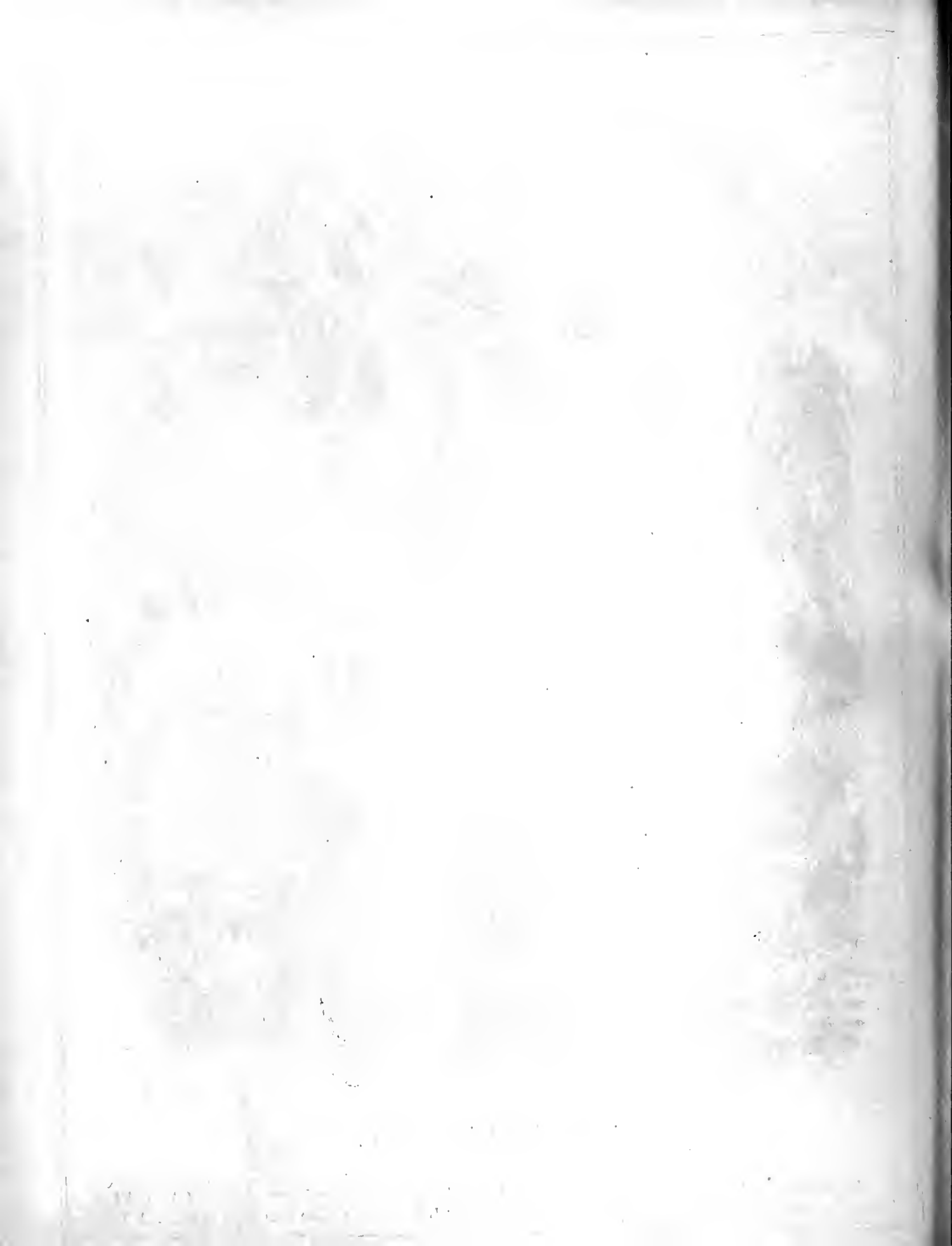
MR. PUNCH has pleasure in directing the attention of sportsmen of his own limited stature to an advertisement in the *Field* announcing the sale of an estate, "including fifty acres of sporting woods, together with a small gentleman's residence."



THE TIME LIMIT.

SCENE — Interior of Compensation House.

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (Visitor, to Head Gardener, ARTHUR BELLER). "YOU CAN'T KEEP THESE POT-HOUSE PLANTS HERE FOR EVER. YOU'LL HAVE TO BEG 'EM OUT AFTER A BIT."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

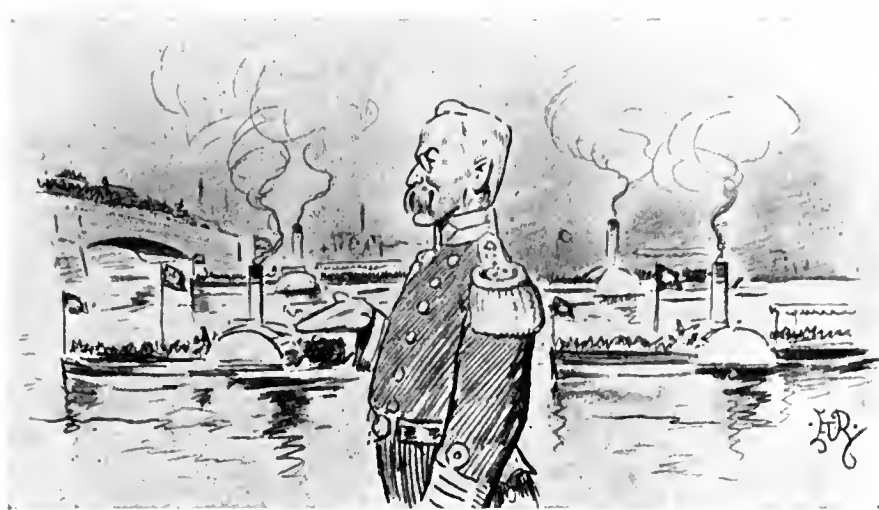
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, May 31.

—JOHN O'GORST, time-honoured educationalist, almost in solitude on Front Bench below Gangway, Ministerial side, looked up with sudden start. For a moment he sat with lips parted, eyes staring straight before him, hands clutching edge of bench. Had he seen that wraith, the Committee of Council of Board of Education of which we heard so much when COUNTY GUY and he looked after the department? No living person ever beheld it in the flesh. Some there were who regarded it as the Mrs. HARRIS of administrative bodies. They "didn't believe there was no sich person."

As one followed the strained glance explanation leaped to light. At the corner of Front Bench below Gangway opposite was WINSTON CHURCHILL, in the very seat where, twenty-four years ago, GRANDOLPH nursed a dainty foot crossed over one knee, and tugged at a moustache of which, next to the companionship of DRUMMOND WOLFF and GORST, he was chiefly proud. So like the father too—less in face than in figure, in gesture and manner of speech. When the young Member for OLDHAM addresses House, with hands on hips, head bent forward, right foot stretched forth, memories of days that are no more flood the brain.

Like father is son in his habit of independent view of current topics, the unexpectedness of his conclusions, the



A FLEET IN BEING; OR, THE INVESTMENT OF PORT ARTHUR.

"Admiral" Arn-ld H-lls of the Thames Steamers makes a naval demonstration off the Terrace of the House of Commons.

ruthlessness of his personalities, his disregard for authority, his contempt of the conventions, his perfect phrasing of disagreeable remarks. His special enmity to DON JOSÉ and all his works is hereditary. He does not forget, and cannot forgive, the rebuff that seared his father's proud heart when Birmingham clamoured for him to represent them in the House of Commons, and DON JOSÉ peremptorily said "No."

Doubtless, in the task which now engages leisure hours snatched from conflict with DON JOSÉ on his new fiscal campaign, he comes upon evidence in the writing of a vanished hand which shows how deeply that cut was felt. The MEMBER FOR SARK, close in GRANDOLPH'S confidence at the time, knows how the thrust went home.

WINSTON is a convinced Free Trader. But he enters with lighter, more fully gladdened, heart on the conflict, since Protection is championed by his father's ancient adversary.

House resumed to-day after Whitsun holidays. Attendance small; benches mostly empty. WINSTON, entering with all the world before him where to choose, strides down to his father's old quarters on the Front Bench below Gangway to left of SPEAKER, and sits among the ghosts of the old Fourth Party.

"He's gone over at last, and good riddance," say honest hacks munching their corn in well-padded stalls of the Government stables. They don't like young horses that kick out afore and ahint, and cannot safely be counted upon to run in double harness. "WINSTON'S gone over at last," they repeat, whinneying with decorous delight.

Not a bit of it. He merely claims right as independent Member to sit

where he pleases. On one side to-day, t'other to-morrow; some day, if he lives, on the Treasury Bench.

Meanwhile, he celebrates his first day's lodging in the Opposition camp by going into the Division Lobby in support of Government. That proves his inherent consistency, displayed in diverse circumstances. When he sat with the Ministerialists he often voted with the Opposition.

Business done.—Back after holidays; that is, some of us arrive.

Wednesday afternoon.—France decidedly to the fore just now. At this very hour *Gouvernant* is running at Epsom in sure and certain hope of winning the Derby. At Westminster Anglo-French Convention, bred in the LANSDOWNE stables, run under combined colours of Union Jack and Tricolour, takes preliminary gallop, jockeyed by EARL PERCY.

Except in respect of assembly of crowds and demonstration of interest the Bill did better than the horse. The very emptiness of the Chamber, the languor of the few speakers, combined to form highest tribute to success of LANSDOWNE'S diplomacy. Attempt of course made to pick holes here and there; 'tis the business of the Opposition to oppose. But nothing could obscure importance of the accomplished work, removing ancient quarrels that might at some critical time have blazed forth at the cannon's mouth.

Later came news of *Gouvernant's* discomfiture.

"Curious," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, "how SHAKS-PEARE foresaw everything, and provided for it in a phrase. You remember *Richard the Third* starting from his dream on the eve of Bosworth and crying,

'Give me another horse—bind up my wounds!'



"So like the father too—less in face than in figure, in gesture and manner of speech."

(Mr. Winst-n 'Ch-reh-ll.)

There you have the whole situation worked out in the diverse phases of the Anglo-French Convention at Epsom and at Westminster. Here is LANSLOWNE binding up wounds which, at Newfoundland and elsewhere, have long bled, threatening discord between two nations. At Epsom, *Gouvernant* coming in last but one, we have the cry from disappointed France, '*Donnez-moi un autre cheval!*'"

Business done.—Anglo-French Convention Bill brought in and read a first time. *Gouvernant*, running at Epsom, was within one of the triumph of coming in last.

Thursday.—M. JOURDAIN'S astonishment at discovering he had been talking prose all his life nothing compared with Mr. PICKWICK DAVIES'S consternation on learning he had been eating Canterbury lamb.

Catastrophe made known in Committee this afternoon. Vote for Local Government Board under discussion. *A propos*, Mr. DAVIES, stepping forward a pace on the floor, as was his wont in earlier days when he scarified Dox José with questions, observed, "I am opposed, Mr. LOWTHER, firmly opposed, to chilled beef and frozen mutton. Are you aware, Sir," he continued, sternly eyeing the faltering Chairman of Ways and Means, "that these things are placed on our dining-table in this House?"

The Chairman's official position precluded manifestation of emotion. Chilled as beef, frozen in silence like mutton, he evaded the piercing glance bent upon him. Not so unofficial Members. "Shame!" they cried in tones of honest indignation.

Thus encouraged, Mr. DAVIES unfolded his woeful story. "One night, remaining here in obedience to the call of public duty, I dined chiefly and, I may add, not expensively, off lamb. I admit it was very good. But on paying my bill, Mr. LOWTHER, I learned that it was not English lamb but New Zealand; in short, it was Canterbury."

Members on both sides joined in low blood-curdling groan of sympathy.

"Sir," continued Mr. PICKWICK, one hand in familiar fashion thrust under his coat tail, the other swinging his eye-glasses, "I resolved never to eat it again."

This, as opening up fresh depth of horror, drew forth more moans from the anguished audience. To eat Canterbury lamb at a 2s. ordinary under the impression that it was the innocent offspring of a sojourner on the South Downs was bad enough. To contemplate the prospect of eating the slice again in whatever condensed form was an added horror.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XVI.—ON STYLE.

SCENE—*The Authors' Club.*

PRESENT:

Mr. Robert Abel (*Surrey and Daily Mail*).

Bishop Welldon (*Westminster and M.C.C.*).

Mr. C. B. Fry (*Sussex and Daily Express*).

Mr. D. L. A. Jephson (*Surrey and Daily Chronicle*).

Mr. S. M. J. Woods (*Somerset and Daily Mail*).

Mr. G. W. Beldam (*Middlesex and The Sketch*).

Mr. John Tunnicliffe (*Yorkshire and Daily Mail*).

Mr. Harold Begbie (*Exeter Hall and Press generally*).

Mr. Robert Abel. It has been thought that a comparison of notes as to the models which have most helped us in shaping our new literary career might not be without interest and profit. That is why we are met this evening.

Bishop Welldon. Speaking as the Honorary Chaplain of the M.C.C. Australian team, I may describe it as a very laudable proceeding. Perhaps the courtly Chairman will be so gracious as to inform us as to who his own model was.

Abel. For some years I must admit I was under the spell of CRAIG.

Bishop Welldon. CRAIG? I seem not to be familiar with the name.

Abel. Yes, CRAIG, the Oval poet.

Bishop Welldon. You mystify me still more. I have heard of square meals and round robins, of circular tours and oblong garters, but never of an Oval poet.

Mr. D. L. A. Jephson. ABEL means the cricket ground, that scene of heroic but bloodless encounters, of Homeric but—

Bishop Welldon. Ah, yes. Ah, yes—I understand now.

Abel. But latterly, as a "Guv'nor," I must confess I have been more attracted by PATER.

Mr. Harold Begbie. How very interesting! Do you know I guessed that. I should so like to serve you up hot in one of my Interviews as an esoteric Paterian.

Mr. Jephson. That's a good phrase. I must make a note of that for the *Chronicle*. My style is a mixture of SAL and JEROME—very good models too. Fancy is what I aim at—fancy tempered by fun and feeling.

Mr. S. M. J. Woods. I go in for facts. Straightforward sinewy prose is my line.

Bishop Welldon. Ah, you like FIELDING?

Mr. Woods. Like fielding? Me? Not much; I hate it. What a rum idea!

Bishop Welldon. Oh! I meant the author, the man. Surely you know Tom Jones?

Mr. Woods. Not Tom, I think; SIDNEY JONES, the Australian, I know, of course.

Bishop Welldon. Joseph Andrews then?

Mr. Woods. There used to be an ANDREWS who played for Sussex, a left-hander. But his initials were W. H.

Abel. To return for a moment to our literary masters, I wonder where Prince RANJITSINGHI gets the exquisite finish of his style.

Mr. C. B. Fry. From careful study of the judicious HOOKER.

Mr. G. W. Beldam. I think I should name KEATS as my master.

Bishop Welldon. Ah, that is because he has a poem about you.

Mr. Beldam. About me?

Bishop Welldon. Certainly. He says you are *sans merci*.

Abel. And a very taking little piece it is too. I recited it once at a Bermondsey smoker.

Mr. Harold Begbie. Oh, Mr. ABEL, you must let me write about you as a Study in Personality. I cannot resist a mystic.

Bishop Welldon. But is our friend a mystic?

Mr. Harold Begbie. Whether he is or not I'll make him one. I commune with the stars.

Abel. What price the *Evening News*? Tunnicliffe. What is a mystic? It sounds rather like a loose ball.

Mr. Harold Begbie. I will make you one too, if you will give me an interview. There's nothing I can't do in that way. I made HACKENSCHMIDT one, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

Mr. C. B. Fry. You did your best to make me one in the *Westminster*. A scholar too. You said I was never without a pocket *Virgil*, which I read even when riding to hounds.

Mr. Woods. Yes, I read that. And you said that he has a Meredithian mood, and is filled with the rich wine of life.

Tunnicliffe. Is that a good brand?

Mr. Harold Begbie. Well, one must say something.

Tunnicliffe. I learnt my style by translating MAUPASSANT. There is no better preparation. [Exeunt.]

"*Quel cheval va gagner le Derby dans la boue?*" This riddle appeared on an *Evening News* poster, and seems to have intrigued the British newsvendor. But, as the *Evening News* was at pains to explain in an early edition of Derby Day, our French visitors knew that it meant "Which horse is going to win the Derby in the mud?"

Astonishing linguists, these Frenchmen!

ANSWERED.—A contemporary asks, "What makes novels bad?" This is very easy: the novelist.



THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE FAR EAST.

(Drawn from Imagination by our Specially Lively Artist in the Very Far Out West.)

["It is said that the Japanese Cavalry have recently been provided with excellent Australian horses full of staying power."]

OPERATIC NOTES.

May 28.—Never has Madame MELBA been in better voice nor, if it may be so expressed, in finer form than to-night, when reappearing in what is now one of her most favourite

strong as *Rodolfo*, both as regards singing and acting. He does not forget that he is a Bohemian student, and not merely a sentimental tenor. He can be as melancholy as they make 'em, but, on the other hand, when in good spirits and with cash in hand, *Rodolfo* is the liveliest of the lively, ready for any foolery. And this is just the very life, *la vraie vie de Bohême*, that Signor CARUSO puts into the character. A short life and—a sad one. As *Marcello* Signor SCOTTI played up to CARUSO sympathetically and was in excellent voice. The *Collini* of M. JOURNET, and the *Schaunard* of M. GILBERT, are familiar impersonations that give full effect to the comic, as also to the pitifully sad, scenes in the career of this true "Bohemian Girl," and in the life of the reckless light-hearted set among whom she wastes a part of her time, and to whom she returns to die. M. DUFRICHE, in his "divided duty" of *Benoit* the miser and *Aleindoro* the millionaire, shows himself capable of "two." Signor MANCINELLI was at his best, as was also the orchestra that obeys his ruling. It was a magnificent house, full as full. The "calls" were not those of mere politeness: they were frequent and enthusiastic, and the artistes, on whom the calls were made, were always at home. Encores were "offered" (by the audience), but there were "no takers." Altogether



A LIGHT DUET.

Mimi Melba having got the right key from Rodolfo Caruso.

parts, that of poor dear *Mimi* in PUCCINI's delightful setting to music of the dramatic version of HENRI MURGER's (no—"HENRY BURGER," as the book of the *libretto* has it misprinted) *La Vie de Bohême*. Following the George-Edwardesian fashion of employing some half-dozen authors, librettists, and composers in producing a single inusical piece, this adaptation of *La Vie de Bohême* (compressed) is by GIUSEPPE GIACOSA and LUIGI ILICA (in Italian), while the English translation is by WILLIAM GRIST (a name of good omen in connection with the operatic "Mill" at Covent Garden), assisted by PERCY PINKERTON, also a pleasant-sounding name, suggestive, as I think, of a Peerage (didn't *Pinkerton's Peerage* give Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER a title?), and of a lady's school, *Miss Pinkerton's*, wasn't it? Be these literary librettical questions as they may, MELBA as *Mimi* is better than ever she was, and

an exceptionally fine performance.

Wednesday, June 1.—The Clerk of the Water Course, having long ago ascertained the impossibility of a horse-race taking place without bridles and saddles, thought it advisable to throw in on this occasion a variety of rains, which he had reservoir'd since the last flower-show, just to give special significance to the fact that the winner of the Derby of 1904 was the favourite with the officials of the principal establishment in the Lane dedicated to the raining patron, St. Swithin, who evidently was most anxious to do his best for a rather wayward horse named after a brother ascetic, *St. Amant*. But the torrents that seemed to have aided horse and jockey, from preliminary canter to victorious finish, had already proved unfavourable to the cantatrice *Fräulein TERNINA*, who, sad to relate, having been attacked by sore throat, was unable to



"As others see us."

in saying so much it may still be hoped that, in the not very distant future, this sweet-voiced artiste may be better still; no, I should say, she may be still better, which is another pair of shoes, and is a wish applicable only to the artistic *finesse* of her impersonation. Miss E. PARKINA as *Musetta* seemed, to-night, a trifle nervous, but 'tis a very difficult part to play. Signor CARUSO in superb voice came out



In the Omnibus Box. Hand and glove with the music. The most constant and appreciative habitué.



A Wagnerite taking his music sadly.

take her turn in a part which, dramatically even more than musically, should fit her down to the ground. Of course, on the Derby Festival night, when every one talks racing shop, and all, temporarily, are more or less horsey, it would have been quite sportsmanlike, and eminently pardonable, had the *prima donna*, the "favourite" of the evening, been herself not quite herself, but a little hoarse. So, as *La Tosca* couldn't be played and sung, *Faust* was substituted, with the sweet SEE-USAN ADAMS as that demure Daisy, *Marguerite*, attended by Mlle. BAUERMEISTER the artistically artful Duenna; with M. RENAUD, not quite so good as usual, as *Valentine*; and with M. DALMORES, whose rendering of rejuvenesced *Faust* was, musically, most enjoyable. The special delight of the entertainment was the re-appearance of M. PLANÇON in such devilish good form as *Mephistophélès* that in this character, as in those of *Friar Laurence* and *Jupiter*, he can only be labelled as "The Inimitable." Trained bands and military forces under the command of F.-M. MANCINELLI victorious and glorious. As even the ever-popular *Faust* cannot contend against rain, races and rumours of cab strikes, so an over-flowing house could not be expected within when there was so much overflowing without. This is the veracious record of the Derby Operatic Night for 1904.

Friday, June 3.—*La Bohème* again. The success of Tuesday repeated. Signor CARUSO in splendid voice: MELBA also. House crowded, not a box nor a seat empty. The KING present with the

Prince of WALES on His Royal Highness's birthday. Good omen for the Operatic Singlicate, who, seeing such a house as this is to-night, must welcome the Royal Birthday omen of "Many Happy Returns."

UN PETIT VOYAGE D'AGRÉMENT.

Un Café du Boulevard. L'heure de l'apéritif. M. DUBOIS et M. DUPONT assis sur la terrasse.

Dubois. Où est donc DURAND?

Dupont. Il est allé à Londres.

Dubois. Vraiment? Il est enragé des voyages.

Dupont. Et des courses. Il y en a, vous savez, à Derby, des plus célèbres. Tenez, le voilà.

M. DURAND entre.

Dubois. Ah, le fameux voyageur!

Dupont. L'Ulysse de nos jours.

Dubois. Le CHRISTOPHE COLOMB de Calais-Douvres.

Dupont. Mais qu'avez-vous donc, DURAND? Asseyez-vous.

Durand (parlant difficilement). Ah, mon cher, que je suis enrhumé! (Il éternue cinq fois de suite.) Diablement enrhumé!

Dupont. Comment ça?

Durand (toussant). Je, je—oh, la, la! Garçon, un verre d'eau.

Dubois. Mon pauvre ami, qu'est-ce que vous avez fait?

Durand. Un voyage d'agrément, parbleu! Une petite excursion, à prix réduits, qui m'a coûté trois mille francs, sans parler des paris. Je suis allé à Londres. Ah, le sacré climat! Les Anglais sont charmants, de vrais sportsmans; mais la pluie, et la bone, et le brouillard, et le tohu-bohu, et la langue, et tous les hôtels bondés, et les trains pris d'assaut! Sapristi! Figurez-vous, j'arrive à Londres lundi soir. Je vais d'un hôtel à l'autre. Pas une chambre! Enfin, au nord de la ville, dans un grand hôtel, qui porte le nom d'un saint anglais, quelque chose en Pan—

Dubois. Pancake? C'est un mot anglais.

Durand. Parfaitement, c'est ça. St. Pancake. Eh bien, je peux me loger dans cet hôtel, et pas mal du tout. Mardi je me lève de bonne heure pour aller à Derby. C'est le premier jour des courses. Je demande des renseignements, et je trouve que j'ai la chance d'être dans l'hôtel même du chemin de fer du Middleland. Tant mieux. Je m'installe dans un excellent train, et j'arrive à Derby vers midi. Je monte dans un fiacre, je dis "Races course"—car j'ai appris un peu l'anglais—et j'attends. Mais le cocher ne part pas. Il essaie de me faire comprendre quelque chose. Je lui erie en anglais, "Mais qu'est-ce que vous me chantez là? Je veux voir les Derby races." Enfin on

parvient à me faire comprendre que les courses de Derby ne sont pas à Derby du tout.

Dupont. Ah, quelle drôle d'idée!

Durand. N'est-ce pas? Et me voilà de retour à St. Pancake à cinq heures du soir. Heureusement ce n'était pas la grande journée. Ainsi je me renseigne soigneusement, je me couche de bonne heure, et mercredi le garçon de l'étage m'éveille avant le lever du soleil. Je lui demande pourquoi je dois me lever la nuit, car on m'avait dit que le vrai champ de courses de Derby n'est qu'à une heure de Londres. "Il est neuf heures, monsieur," me dit-il. "Du soir?" je lui demande, "mais où sommes-nous? Ai-je dormi vingt-deux heures?" Et lui de répondre qu'il est neuf heures du matin, mais qu'il y a un peu de brouillard.

Dupont. Neuf heures du matin, le premier juin? Et cependant comme la nuit?

Durand. Absolument! Ah, quelle journée. Je vous dirai ça en deux mots, j'ai tellement mal à la gorge. Un brouillard, une averse tout le temps, une bousculade effroyable, de la boue partout, un orage, Gouvernant pas même placé, et moi qui rentre le soir, sans montre ni porte-monnaie—on me les avait chipés quelque part—et dans un état incroyable, trempé jusqu'aux os. Sapristi, j'en ai soupé!

Dubois. Mon pauvre ami! Mais vous avez visité Londres, et vous avez vu—

Durand. Rien! J'ai filé jeudi. A présent je vais me coucher. Au revoir! [Il sort.]



THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

Old Gent (sol.). "IF IT WEREN'T THAT KURO-PATKIN, THE GENERAL OF THE TALL SOLDIERS, HAS THE LONG NAME, AND KUROKI, THE GENERAL OF THE SHORT SOLDIERS, HAS THE SHORT NAME, I SHOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO REMEMBER WHICH WAS WHICH!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

RECENTLY published by METHUEN, as one of that firm's series of "The Antiquary's Library," the latest work by Abbot GASQUET (with D.D., &c., &c., and several other alphabetical



distinctions attached to his name as becomes a man of letters), entitled *English Monastic Life*, with its numerous and well-reproduced plans and illustrations, will be found by all students of our island's history a work curiously interesting and highly instructive. If *ex uno disce omnes* may be accepted as applicable to the samples selected by Dr. GASQUET, in which he sets before the reader, as he says, "in as plain and popular a manner as I could, the general tenor of the life lived by the inmates in any one of these monastic establishments," then the Baron must conclude that, but for the licensed freebooting of Bluffing King HAL and his talented assistants, we at this time should have been all the better off by the absence of poor rates and of other levies made on our purses for the payment of Bumbledom and modern parochial machinery. These heavy charges were defrayed, in ancient days, by the monastic bodies who were stewards of the rich and almoners for the poor. Among various survivals of old monastic customs there is one at Eton College, where before eleven o'clock school the masters assemble "in chambers" to consult as to any special matter of immediate importance. This is evidently a remainder over from the days when "the chief officials responsible for the order of the house repaired for a few minutes to the private parlour to consult as to any matter which might need correction, or to which public attention might be called." The Baron would suggest that, instead of the translation as given of

"Si sapiens fore vis, sex serva quæ tibi mando—
Quid dicas, et ubi, de quo, eui, quomodo, quando,"

should be substituted:

"Would you be wise? of six things have a care—
Your words, of whom, to whom, how, when, and where,"

which couplet is humbly presented to the Abbatial author with best wishes for present and future work.

What Major ARTHUR GRIFFITHS doesn't know about secret Anarchistical Societies cannot be of any value. How the gallant Major dares to show himself undisguised in public, nay, how he can live in the same abode for more than twenty-four hours at a time, is to the Baron, who trembles for this gifted writer's safety, even a greater mystery than all the mysteries of which the Major is past-master. From these prefatorial remarks it may be gathered that this author's latest novel, entitled *A Woman of Business* (JOHN LONG), herewith recommended by the Baron to that majority of the reading public which votes solid for the Major, describes the doings of certain satanic desperadoes whose objects are the upheaval of law and order, and the destruction of all property on which they themselves cannot seize. "*Ni Dieu ni maître!*" and "*Que le diable emporte le dernier!*" The characters in this story are clearly drawn; they are true to mere human nature at its pluckiest, though not at its moral best, as also at its most cowardly and fiendish worst.



Phæbe in Fetters (JOHN MURRAY) is decidedly one of the best novels of the year. It is based on excellent purpose carried out step by step with remarkable skill. *Donald Gilmour*, a solicitor approaching middle age, has "a past." It, however, covers nothing worse than a disappointment in love. He offered his heart to a woman, and, as no well-filled purse went with it, it was declined. A hard-headed, level-

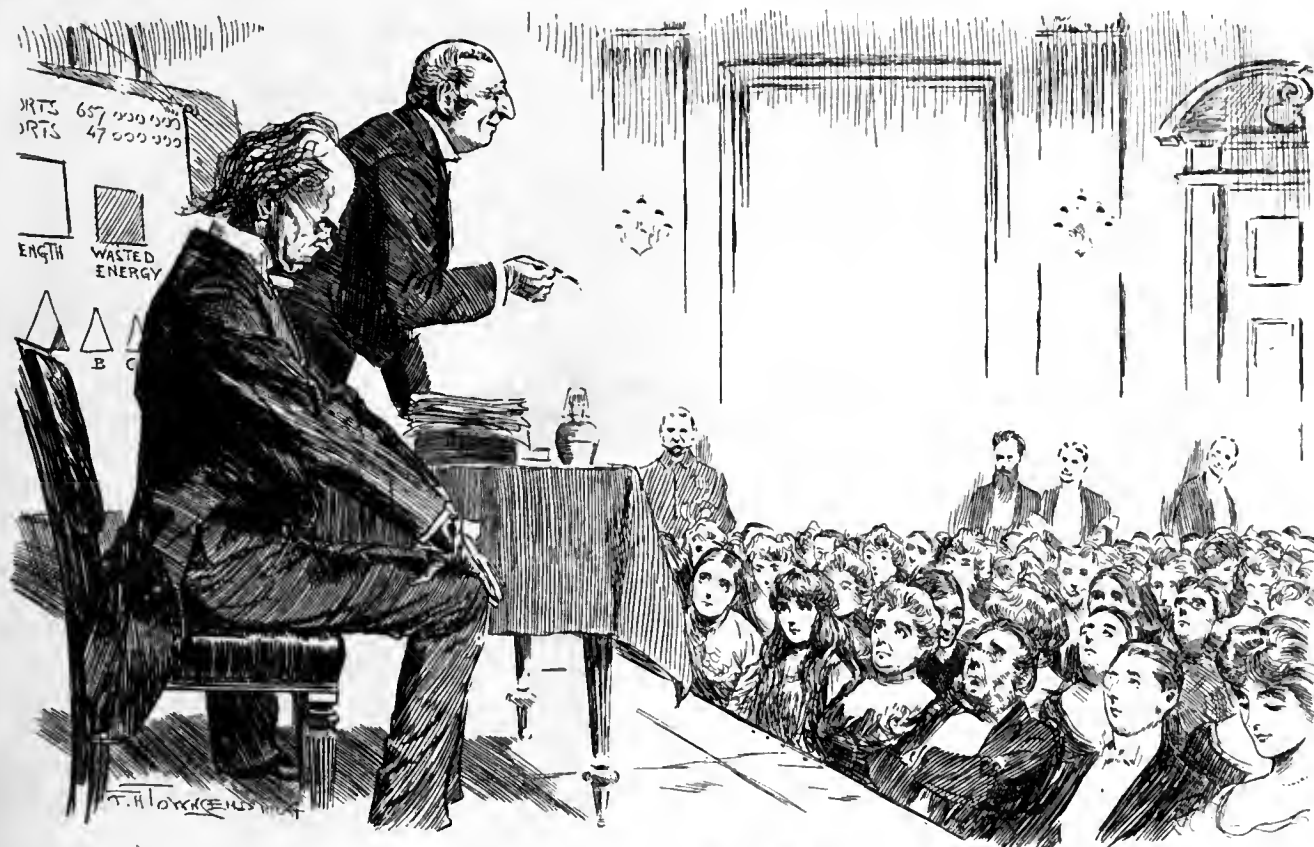
minded, reserved, somewhat obstinate man, he concluded that he had done with love and matrimony. Some years after he meets a girl in black, "with luminous eyes that sparkle with light in the pale vivid face." This is *Phæbe Carburton*, with whose father *Gilmour* had been at Oxford. He had not prospered after the fashion of his younger mate, and his daughter earned her living as a type-writer. In due time *Gilmour* proposes to make the girl his wife. She accepts him on the understanding that, as she put it in imparting news of the engagement to her mother, "he doesn't want to go in for hugging and kissing and so on." Even before the marriage-day *Gilmour* discovers he has miscalculated his own situation. He is desperately in love with his bride, and when at the start of their honeymoon he attempts to kiss her she turns and rends him. "If I had known it, I would rather have died than marry you," she gasped. "I trusted what you said. I believed you meant just to take care of me. I can never love you; but I shall hate you if you—" A pretty dish this to set before a bridegroom. My Baronite will not spoil sport by even hinting how it turns out. Suffice it to say the story is told with a skill, a variety of incident, and a power of delineating character, that hold the reader breathless to the end. My Baronite has not before come across the work of Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS. Like a character in fiction who shall be nameless, he "asks for more."

The King of Diamonds, by LOUIS TRACY (F. V. WHITE & Co.), is well worth reading. The idea is daringly original in conception, and the plot is worked out with such reckless magnificence as can only find its parallel in *Monte Cristo*. But whereas the hero of DUMAS' great romance lived for revenge, and triumphantly ticked off his enemies as they perished one by one, Mr. TRACY's hero shows such an example of magnanimity, and exhibits a spirit of charity so exceptionally Christian, that, for the sake of sensational romance, it is to be devoutly hoped, no other hero will think himself called upon to imitate him. If villains of the deepest dye in an Adelphi drama, who have committed every crime possible from petty theft up to murder, are henceforth to be allowed to get off scot free on giving their solemn promise "not to do it again," then what price justice, and what's to become of "*Hawkshaw* the detective" and of that highly accomplished amateur in the Intelligence Department, *Sherlock Holmes*? This new idea of "pardon all round" is admirably managed in *The King of Diamonds*, where the hero forgives every knave in the pack, much to the admiration, but, it must be added, to the honest indignation of the judicially discriminating Baron.



RULE, BRITANNIA!

SIR,—Someone writing in favour of the suddenly re-proposed Channel Tunnel scheme says, "As regards the physical difficulties to be encountered, they are certainly inferior to those now being presented to the engineers of the Simplon Tunnel." Bother the Simplon Tunnel! The point that strikes me, and many other fellow sea-sufferers, is—what are these "physical difficulties" compared with those that I (and others made like me) have to suffer in crossing the Channel! If everyone could feel as I do—*O si sic omnes*—then engineers, French and English, would hurry up with the Channel Tunnel! That's my opinion! Tell that to the Submarines with the compliments of
Yours truly,
C. GREEN.



DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Local Chairman (introducing Lecturer). "I AM SURE WE ARE ALL MOST GRATEFUL TO DR. BLUMENKOPF FOR KINDLY COMING HERE TO GIVE THESE LECTURES; AND WE SHALL BE STILL MORE GRATEFUL WHEN HIS COURSE IS CONCLUDED."

APOLOGETICS.

[With acknowledgments to an ingenious leading article in the *Manchester Guardian*, further developing the argument of "X," who writes in the *New York Nation* to show that SHAKESPEARE was quite right when he gave Bohemia a sea-coast.]

OFT in my little knowledge I have smiled
At mighty SHAKESPEARE, when I thought that he
Planted the deserts of "Bohemia wild"

Upon the shores of some mysterious sea,
An ocean whose existence had before
Escaped the ken of geographic lore.

But hark! the unknown "X," with loyal heart,
Defends the master from the mocking hosts:
Bohemia was in ancient times a part
O' the Holy Roman Empire, which had coasts,
And SHAKESPEARE, with the true poetic soul,
Spoke of the part while thinking of the whole.

So, too, when Proteus hastened, taking ship
From dry Verona, where waves never break,
To plain-begirt Milan, this was no slip—

Not, as one might have fancied, a mistake—
Are we to think our SHAKESPEARE more a fool
Than any urchin in the under-school?—

Verona meant the eastern coast, Milan
The western, in a vague and general way;
And one might well expect a hurried man,
Instead of riding hard a long, long day,
To coast round Italy—a charming cruise
Affording some inimitable views.

The poet tells us Delphi was the shrine

Of mediæval Europe—yea, the core,
And doubtless Delphi was to him a sign

To symbolise all Europe—nothing more—
Which (Asia being joined) one might regard
As some great island, if one were a bard.!

So when he talks of Delphi as an isle,

Though none but he observed a wavelet there,
Good friend, forbear the all too hasty smile,
And lay aside your rash, superior air:
More things in WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE there may be
Than are dreamt of in your geography.

"I HAVE to make [the interesting announcement that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL will appear on a common platform at a great demonstration at Carnarvon. The date of the demonstration has not been fixed, but it will be between the end of September and the beginning of October."—*Daily News*.

It sounds a little like the Greek Kalends.

HERR RICHARD SKOWRONNEK, a German dramatic author, has given up writing and taken over the management of a boot-polish factory. With us, to judge by what one sometimes sees at the theatres, the contrary change is not uncommon.

Lady (of a certain age, to small girl). Can you guess how old I am?

Small Girl. No, but I can count up to 99.

THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE.

A WARNING TO BISHOPS.

["And the brewers said to the clergy, 'If you go on like that we will disestablish your churches' (laughter)."]

Mr. Lloyd-George on the Licensing Bill.

ORPHEUS that with his lyre (or lute ?)
Contrived to tickle bird and brute,
Making ecstatic tremors shoot
Through weasel, pard, and sparrow ;
Who by his plectrum's nimble strokes
Got at the heart of elms and oaks,
And even found a way to coax
The pith of Pluto's marrow ;—

Orpheus (although you might suppose
A man like that would make no foes)
Came to a most untimely close
In one of Thracia's gorges ;
He chanced upon a Mænads' rout
Which wiped the young musician out
During a rather noisy bout
Of Bacchanalian orgies.

Pentheus, again, the Theban King,
Who used to quaff the crystal spring,
And spurn the Dionysus-fling
From a contemptuous distance—
On him a vengeful madness lit ;
His mother found him in a fit,
Mistook him for a beast, and slit
The thread of his existence.

My Lords, the prop of Church and State,
Ye who incur the brewers' hate,
Be warned by me and ware the fate
That tore these two in sections ;
Behold the self-same god arise,
With awful anger in his eyes,
To menace your established ties
Against the next elections !

Observe his nose's purple bloom
Pranking the Nonconformist gloom,
See him consort with men from whom
His views till now have differed ;
Note how he takes your church to task,
Supported by his brandy-flask,
And straddling on a mutual cask
With MESSRS. PERKS and CLIFFORD !

Strange fellowship ! If I were fain,
Like these, to be the Bishops' bane,
I'd yoke with one of larger brain
And slightly slimmer body ;
And anyhow I'd not pretend
That I could hope to end or mend
The Church of England on a blend
Of temperance and toddy !

Yet must you grip the pastoral staff,
And striding forth with gaitered calf
Go meet, my Lords, this half-and-half,
This mongrel misalliance ;
Nor will I leave your loss unsung
If you should be enrolled among
Those who abused the great god Bung,
And paid for their defiance.

O. S.

Temperance Orator (describing "awful example"). "He had no wife and family—a good thing for them too !"

MR. PUNCH'S AUTOGRAPH SALE.

Selections from the Catalogue, with Prices realised.

IV.

COX (HAROLD), *late Secretary of the Cobden Club, to the Right Hon. HENRY CHAPLIN, with reference to COBDEN's early habit of taking snuff :*

I SEE it stated in a local paper that COBDEN, at the beginning of his public career, was addicted to snuff-taking, but that on being assured by JOSEPH BARKER, the well-known temperance lecturer, that the practice would certainly injure his voice, he then and there resolved to take snuff no more. In these circumstances I wish to ask whether you are justified in stating that Free Trade has been snuffed out by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN ? [Sir ROBERT GIFFEN, £2 10s.]

WATSON (WILLIAM), *Poet and Sultanieide, to Mr. TRAVIS, the American and English amateur golf champion, seeking enlightenment as to the pronunciation of a golfing term :*

DEAR SIR.—By way of promoting cordial relations between England and America I contemplate writing a sonnet to the Schenectady putter, the redoubtable implement which played so prominent a part in your recent victory at Sandwich. My only difficulty is that I am uncertain as to the correct pronunciation of Schenectady. I can grapple with the situation if the accent falls on the second or third syllable, but if it is on the first I shall probably have to fall back on some suitable periphrasis such as "mallet-headed weapon." An authoritative expression of opinion from you will place me under a lasting obligation. [ANDREW KIRKALDY, 7s. 6d.]

LANKESTER (EDWIN RAY), *Director of the Natural History Museum, to the Dramatic Critic of the "Daily Telegraph," on the subject of mermaids :*

In a recent notice of the performance of a Parisian artist at the Alhambra, I observe that you state that "by her graceful and sinuous style" of dancing she suggested "the legendary denizens of the ocean." As the author of a monograph on the "Cephalaspidian Fishes," I should be much indebted to you for a more precise definition of the denizens in question. [Mr. CHARLES MORTON, 3s. 6d.]

MILES (EUSTACE), *Athlete and Dietetic Reformer, to Mr. H. W. MASSINGHAM, in regard to over-feeding at the Universities :*

I had already noticed the painful announcement to which you allude, viz., that "J. SHERLOCK, of Oxford, had broken the sandwich record with a score of 71." Of course a good deal would depend on the size of the sandwiches and their composition, but, generally speaking, a sandwich implies meat, so that this exploit, of which so much has been made by the Press and public, is doubly disgusting—first as a mere piece of gluttony, and second as an act of carnivorous excess. I entirely approve of your intention to bring the matter before the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University. As a boy at school I remember once eating 13 hot cross buns, but 71 sandwiches is quite another story.

[Mr. CADBURY, £3 3s.]

BALFOUR (The Right Hon. A. J.), *Premier and Philosopher, to Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN, in regard to a proposition from the latter :*

I regret that I am unable to entertain your flattering proposal, inspired by a recent performance at Cunden Town, that I should contribute the lyrics of a new musical comedy to be called *The Golf Girl, an American Travis-tee*. The claims of the Licensing Bill and other Parliamentary business so fully occupy my time that I have been obliged to abandon all literary work. Indeed, I have not yet made so much as even the rough draft of my Presidential Address to the British Association. Your alternative proposal, that I should



THE POLITICAL RIP VAN WINKLE.

SCENE—Auckward Pass on the way to Sleepy Hollow.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Rip . . . Rt. Hon. ARTHUR J. B-L-F-R.

The Barrel Imp . . . Mr. BUNG.

[“The stranger . . . bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity.” (See Washington Irving’s “Sketch Book.”) And this was the beginning of Rip’s long sleep.]





A GREAT RENUNCIATION.

At Ascot.

Fair American. "SAY, DUKE! WELL, I AM DISAPPOINTED! THEY'RE TAKING OFF ALL THE PRETTY CORONETS AND FRILLS AND THINGS, JUST WHEN HE'S GOING ON THE TRACK!"

entrust the task to my wife, is attractive, but unhappily impracticable. As DESCARTES says, *ex nihilo nihil fit*.

[Lord HINDLIP, £10 10s.]

JESSOP (GILBERT), *Croucher*, to TYLDESLEY, the Lancashire hard hitter, asking his co-operation in getting a Haskell cricket ball accepted by the M.C.C.:

. . . You or I, I am confident, could hit one a mile. The old monotony of sixes would thus disappear, and we should make twenties or thirties, or even fifties at a single stroke. A great deal is written about the reform of cricket. In my opinion a rubber-cored ball would do everything that is required. The only drawback that I can see is the possibility that mid-on would have to wear armour plates. . . .

[Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON, 10s. 6d.]

CHURCHILL (WINSTON), M.P., to Signor MARCONI:

What I should like would be an inexpensive installation of your wireless telegraphic system, enabling me, by means of a pocket receiver, to listen to the afternoon debates in the House as I walked over the links, or, in the evening, as I put the finishing touches to my new romance. I find myself less and less disposed to visit the House, where, apart from

the difficulty of settling upon a seat, so much happens that has happened before and will happen again.

[Lord HUGH CECIL, 5s.]

CLIFFORD (Dr.), *Nonconformist Divine*, to Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, making an offer for "St. Amant":

I must apologise for this intrusion, but my doctor has recommended me equestrian exercise, and I have been informed, on what I considered was good authority, that you had in your stables a young horse named *St. Amant*, quiet to ride or drive, which you might be willing to sell. I want to give not more than sixty guineas, but of course a lower sum would not displease me. I could at any rate promise *St. Amant* a good home and an indulgent master.

[THE JOCKEY CLUB, £1.]

FROM the Schoolmistress:—

"The authorities of the Training College, Oxford, have adopted the objectionable practice of notifying candidates that they cannot be received into the College by the medium of the halfpenny post."

Over weight, we presume.

APPOSITE REPARTÉE IN ANSWER TO AN APPEAL FOR CHARITY.—
—"Dun as you would be dunned by."

LATEST KIDNAPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ADVICES from Carnarvon confirm the rumour that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, who suddenly disappeared from Westminster a few days ago, has, by order of Lord BURTON, been drugged, carried off to North Berwick, and marooned on the Bass Rock. Considerable anxiety prevails amongst his constituents, as the unfortunate Member is said to have nothing to drink but Seagulls' syrup. Negotiations are, however, pending between his captor and Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, the former undertaking to remove Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE to the mainland if he pledges himself not to open his lips in the House of Commons before the next General Election, except for the consumption of malt liquor.

After several attempts Sir EDWARD POYNTER has succeeded in kidnapping the Earl of LYTON. The unfortunate nobleman is, it is understood, at this moment lying handcuffed in the Diploma Gallery, but the House of Lords have practically decided to accept the terms offered by the President of the Royal Academy. These stipulate that the Administration of the Chantry Bequest is to be unanimously approved by the Upper House, that Mr. D. S. MACCOLL's head is to be presented to the Tate Gallery, and that a peerage is to be bestowed on Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN.

Great distress has been caused in the Bordesley Division of Birmingham by the news that the Right Hon. JESSE COLLINGS has been carried off to sea in his yacht by Mr. T. GIBSON BOWLES. A communication which has reached the Admiralty states that the prisoner, who is chained to the binnacle, will not be released unless the following terms are carried out: (1) Mr. GIBSON BOWLES, M.P., to be made First Lord of the Admiralty; (2) Mr. JESSE COLLINGS to renounce his allegiance to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and assume the name of COBLEN; (3) a ransom of 30,000 acres of land and 10,000 cows to be paid to Mr. BOWLES; (4) the name of Mr. COLLINGS to be struck off the list of Privy Councillors, and that of Mr. BOWLES substituted.

Consternation reigns in the New English Art Club. While recently visiting the west coast of Ireland, Mr. GEORGE MOORE was set upon by some infuriated conger-eel fishers, to whom he was reciting his "Avowals," and carried off in a coracle to the Arran Islands, where he is immured in a beehive cell, and fed exclusively on salt fish, seed potatoes, and samphire pickles. His captors have forwarded to Mr. WYNDHAM, the Chief Secretary, an extraordinary document formulating the conditions on which they are prepared to surrender their prize. These are: (1) that Mr. GEORGE MOORE is to give

up wearing a Celtic fringe; (2) that no more portraits of Mr. GEORGE MOORE are to be painted by members of the New English Art Club; (3) that he is to devote his literary abilities to the sphere of musical comedy; (4) that, as a compromise between the contending claims of Ireland and England, he is to reside henceforth in the Isle of Man.

Our West Kensington correspondent telegraphs that there is only too good reason to suppose that Mr. MOBERLY BELL, the Manager of *The Times*, who disappeared mysteriously a short time ago, and in spite of the most ingeniously-worded advertisements has not yet been traced, has been captured by BUFFALO BILL, and is now in durance vile in the Indian village at Olympia. Search-parties armed with every kind of warrant have ransacked the great building, but the Indian village is impregably defended by SITTING BULL and a bevy of devoted Braves. It is understood that the only terms on which Mr. MOBERLY BELL can be released are his permission for BUFFALO BILL to change his name to BUFFALO BELL, and the supply of the *Times* to the great *impresario* for the rest of his life at three halfpence a copy. Negotiations have been set on foot, but the feeling at Printing-House Square is so strong against circulating the paper at less than twopence that much time may elapse before his release is obtained. The point as to BUFFALO BILL's change of name was at once conceded.

Consternation, we understand, reigns in Carlton House Terrace owing to the sudden and forcible abduction of Sir GILBERT PARKER early this morning by a band of St. James's Park brigands, under the command of MARCELINE, of the Hippodrome. What Sir GILBERT has done to excite the resentment of the French mime no one at present can say, although rumour is as usual busy. Suffice it to say that the great statesman retired to rest in the ordinary way last night, and this morning he had disappeared. He is reported to be hidden in the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street, one of London's inaccessible fastnesses. Ambassadors have visited MARCELINE in the hope of coming to some arrangement, but as he conducts his conversation entirely by whistles and somersaults the affair is not proceeding with the celerity that Sir GILBERT's friends could desire. It has, however, been elicited that MARCELINE's terms are a cash payment of two million pounds, a free pardon to all concerned, and a seat in Sir GILBERT's next Cabinet.

The absence of Mr. Justice DARLING and Mr. PLOWDEN from their duties is not due to indisposition, as was at first supposed, but to a more serious cause. It now

transpires that they were both chloroformed on the Embankment and carried off to Yorkshire, where they have been immured in a cave on Smilesworth Moor. A communication has, however, reached the LORD CHANCELLOR intimating the readiness of the writers to surrender their prisoners on the understanding that their places, as judge and magistrate respectively, shall be filled up by the appointment of Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL and Mr. GEORGE ROBEY. Friends of the distinguished captives will be glad to learn that they are both in excellent health, and that in the punning competition with which they beguile the tedium of their incarceration Mr. PLOWDEN's score stands at 371 to his opponent's 290.

A WAY WE HAVE AT THE 'VARITY.

[In the most recent *Sherlock Holmes* adventure the guilt of reading an Examination Paper before it was issued is brought home to an undergraduate by the fact that, returning from the University Athletic Ground, where he had been practising the jump, he left "his tan gloves" on a chair in his tutor's room. The two following extracts are taken from stories shortly to be published by Sir ARTHUR C. C. D-YLE:]

I.

It was half-past six o'clock on the evening of June 1, and HENRY BLESSINGTON was walking across Midsummer Common on his way back from the river Cam, where he had been engaged with some of his friends and colleagues in practising for the summer boat-races in the celebrated College six-oared boat. His face was flushed and an air of determination sat not ungracefully on his manly brow, for had he not been the means that very afternoon of putting a stop to the notorious crab-catching propensities of the Duke of DELAMERE, the brawny ruffian who, in spite of his drunken habits, wielded the bow-oar on behalf of his *Alma Mater*. This feat had rendered it certain that the St. Barnabas six-oar would go head of the river tomorrow. As he thought of the coming triumph HENRY BLESSINGTON's blood coursed feverishly through his veins, and he proceeded mechanically to feel in the pockets of his fashionable frock-coat for his pipe and tobacco-pouch. Heavens! they were not there! As he realised his loss, a reading man, coming in the opposite direction, collided with him and trod heavily on both his patent leather lace-up boots. Smothering an oath, BLESSINGTON raised his gold-headed cane and struck the clumsy intruder a heavy blow. . . .

II.

The High Street of Oxford was a scene of tumultuous excitement. From every side undergraduates, accompanied by

their parents and other more remote relatives, were pouring in crowds to the Schools to hear the Chancellor announce the winner of the Classical Greats. Every class was represented. Here a scholar of Marcon's Hall, tastefully arrayed in the conspicuous blazer of his College Croquet Club, with his mortar-board rakishly set on the side of his head, might be seen arm in arm with two sprigs of Britain's nobility, clothed in the pink coat consecrated by an immemorial tradition to the followers of the Turl Hounds. Following these were to be observed two of the fastest and most brilliant members of Christ Church College walking cheek by jowl with their inseparable associates, the Captain and Vice-Captain of the St. Edmund's Hall Boat Club. The top hats which graced the heads of the two latter undergraduates had been freshly ironed and their lavender kid gloves (the badge of their aquatic prowess) shone across the High Street with a lustre that contrasted strangely with the frayed trousers and short Norfolk jacket of the Senior Proctor, whose duty it was to fine every tenth member of the assemblage.

TEE-TATTLE.

A GREAT many of our most sporting golfers are now adopting the American accent, which they find most helpful in keeping the eye on the ball. The Trans-Atlantic Grip is also coming into vogue: it is an illusive rubber-cored grip, with spry American-cloth ends.

The new Garden City links at the back of CLARKSON'S (where they let out wigs for the greens) have been entirely fitted with a smart line in flags: all those going out have stripes, while home-coming golfers see stars. There is an American bar at the turn.

Some new strokes are coming to the front, and it has recently been proved that a sure green-fetcher, against the wind, is the Sandy "hook," which bids fair to eclipse the old British "pull." The Broadway putt entirely counteracts the narrowness of the hole.

Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON, the eminent light-green golfer, has at last been able to trace back the pedigree of Colonel BOGEY, link by link, to an ancestor who came over with CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. From the same authority comes the assurance that the first occasion upon which GEORGE WASHINGTON used the historic sentence, "I cannot tell a lie," was when he was accused by a caddie of putting his foot upon his adversary's ball while going to the eighteenth



APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

He. "Who's that?"

She. "JACK ANSTRUTHER AND HIS BRIDE. HE MARRIED EVER SO MUCH BENEATH HIM."

He. "DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT!"

green, all square, upon the first monthly medal day at Mount Vernon.

Out of respect for the country that claims the new Amateur Golf Champion, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker's Hill, which occurs on the 17th inst., will be observed as a day of self-denial by all habitual swearers, throughout the golf links of Great Britain.

At the next meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club, it will be mooted that the caddies of the historic green be in future requested to allude to their national head-gear as their Tammanies.

À propos of golf garb, Roosevelt-soled boots give a much firmer stance than the once popular nail-studded crushers.

Later.—Since the collapse of Mr. TRAVIS (U.S.A.) in the second round of the Open Championship, all the above international courtesies may be regarded as cancelled; and TOM MORRIS has definitely decided to remain a Scotsman.

The Wunderkind again.

LADY NURSE.—Experienced infant preferred. Entire charge.

Advt. in the "Lady."



THAMES TRAGEDIES.

JONES SAYS THERE IS ONLY ONE REALLY SAFE WAY OF CHANGING PLACES IN A SKIFF!

THE REVOLT OF THE FARE.

THE grievances of the London cab-users, after simmering for several decades, have boiled over at last, and a general strike is in progress throughout the metropolis. Some inquiries have been conducted by Mr. Punch's Special Commissioner with a view to obtain fresh light on a matter of no small public importance.

It appears that the cab-users, as a class, are an honest, intelligent, and deserving set of people, and must not be judged by the very small proportion of bilkers and other black sheep among their number. They are, in general, highly respectable, a large number being married, with families to support. They pay rates and taxes, like other citizens who do not Passively advertise themselves. Cases of incivility and insobriety while in the act of cab-riding are becoming rarer every day.

Taking them all round, it may be said that cab-users are hard-working and conscientious according to their lights. They are out in all weathers, endeavouring to meet the calls of society, and to fulfil the duties of shopping or attendance at theatres and restaurants. The hours are long, and it is sometimes three or four o'clock in the morning before the labours of the theatrical and dance-frequenting

members of the cab-using profession are ended.

In these hard times, however, it is frequently the case that the cab-rider comes home to his wife with an empty pocket, and we fear that he complains, all too justly, that he cannot obtain a living wage. The extortions of the cab-drivers and the depredations of the luggage-touts have left him but little wherewith to rear and educate his growing family. Small wonder is it, then, that he is dissatisfied with the way in which his wrongs have been hitherto ignored. Cab-users, feminine as well as masculine, were inarticulate at the time of the ASQUITH arbitration, but since then powerful arguments in their favour have come forward in the shape of Tubes, motors, and electric trams, and they are determined to bring matters to a head.

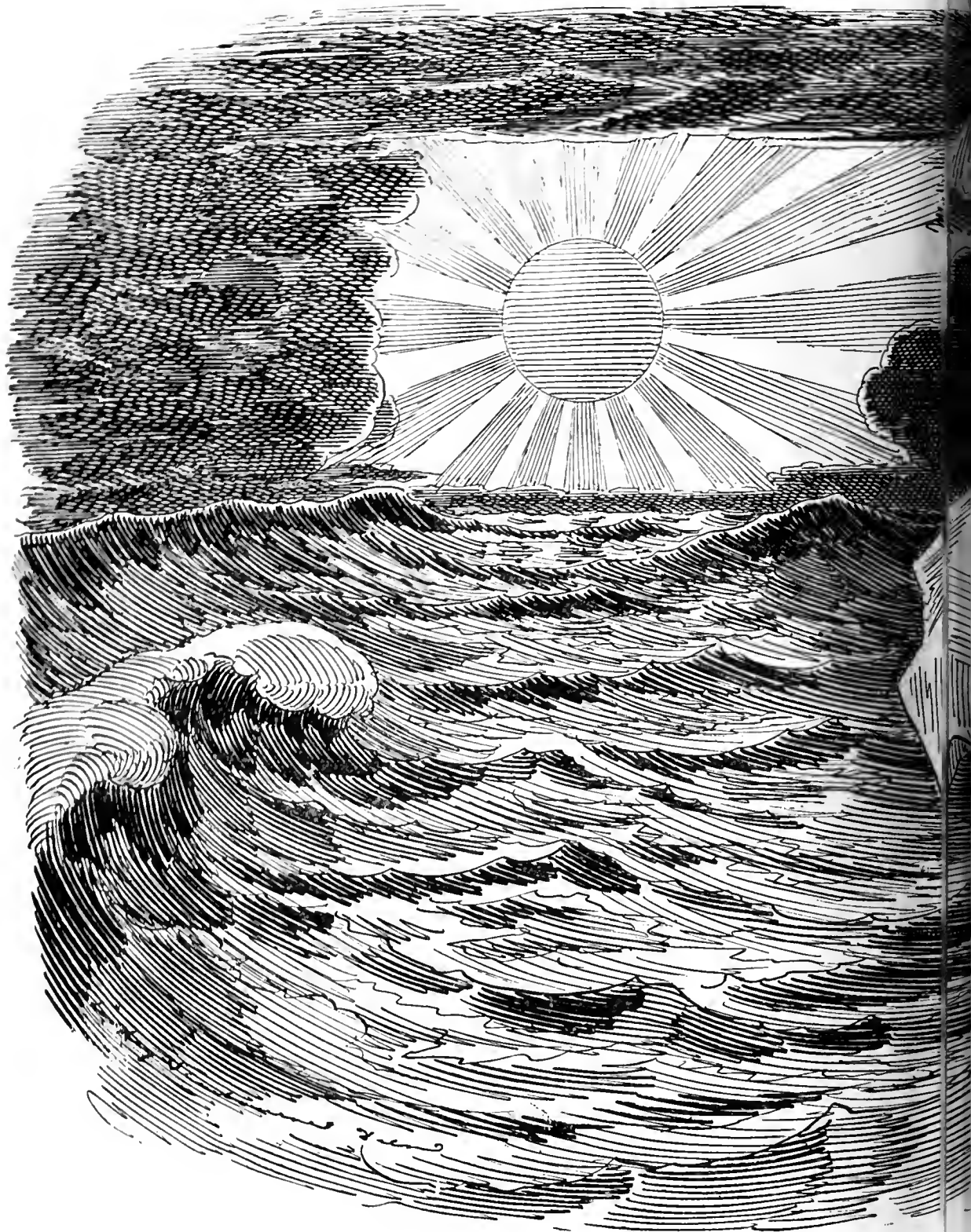
Several mass meetings have been held, not altogether without result, within the last few days. At a gathering of cab-riding Peers and Members of Parliament in the yard at St. Stephen's at 12.30 A.M. last Thursday night, in answer to the cry of "Who goes home?" it was unanimously resolved that they would do so on foot, as a protest against the tyrannical action of the cabdrivers in boycotting the Legislature. It was further agreed that the money which would otherwise have been spent on

fares should be devoted to the settlement of cobblers' bills on account of wear and tear of shoe-leather.

Some impassioned speeches by titled strikers and others were delivered at the Church Parade in Hyde Park near the Achilles statue last Sunday in favour of a widened radius, the abolition of gratuities, and the introduction of taximeters. A collection was made in support of the strike fund. Pickets were stationed at the various entrances of the Park to observe any blackleg cab-riders. All who were not wearing the pink Union ticket on their silk or picture hats were invited to dismount. Small flags marked FAIR, for insertion in the buttonhole, were distributed for the purpose of tantalising any drivers who might be shaky in spelling.

The result of these operations has been the speedy reduction of the London cabmen to reason. A conference was held yesterday in which they agreed, pending a final settlement, to accede to most of the cab-users' demands, viz., to accept the bare legal fare without demur, to refrain from crawling, to drive straight to the point, to go where ordered (even to a remote suburb), and to come when whistled for.

P.S.—The latest news is that there is now a strike among the horses on account of overwork. Mr. P.'s Commissioner is still whistling for his cab.







ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 6.
—The stars in their courses fight for PRINCE ARTHUR. Seemed at opening of to-day's sitting he had really got into tight place. House in Committee on Licensing Bill. No disguise of reluctance on part of some exceptionally influential Ministerialists to support Clause II., which creates freehold in liquor licences by enacting payment of compensation on non-renewal. Ready for anything reasonable; constitutionally opposed to confiscation; but insist that duration of compensation system shall be limited by term of years sufficient to safeguard traders who secured their licence under the now existing law—which, by the way, makes it subject to withdrawal at the end of every twelve months. Opposition, seeing opportunity of filching votes, accordingly tabled amendments limiting claim for compensation to periods varying from seven to twenty-one years.

This PRINCE ARTHUR's new difficulty. If the thing were well managed, enough Ministerial votes would be drawn to make the division an unpleasantly near thing. Urgent Whip out summoning the faithful to the ramparts. House presents appearance long unfamiliar; benches crowded on both sides; Opposition elate, expectant; Ministerialists depressed, complaining, murmuring mutiny at a leadership that, crossing a bridge leading to General Election, grabs at the shadow of the publican's vote and loses the substance, represented by vote of the Church, the Temperance party, and all the higher levels of Conservatism.

"And in this case," said Mr. J. G. TALBOT, with a wan smile, "the substance is in peculiar sense 'the cheese.'"

Before Committee had sat an hour situation was reversed. It was the Ministerialists who were jubilant, the Opposition cast down. And all through ELLIS GRIFFITH, loyalist of Liberals.

In ordinary plans of campaign, as for example that environing Port Arthur, it is customary for the arbitrary direction of movement to be left in the hands of Commander-in-Chief. If at the critical moment, when advancing to attack, a full private or an epauletted captain were to dash in with a manoeuvre entirely his own, its progress would be interrupted at initial stage by the strategist being shot through the head by comrades nearest at hand. Liberals, whether in Opposition or in office, manage things much better. Every man in the ranks is as good as another, much better than any statesman on the front bench. The Member for Anglesey didn't mean any harm. He was not in the private pay of Ministers. No one



LANDED HIS PARTY IN A BUNKER.

Mr. Ellis Griffith.

more honestly or hotly objected to unlimited duration of the Compensation Clause. Only it would be a glory to gallant little Wales, an honour to Anglesey, if, pushing ahead of the ordered programme, he raised question of time limit on Clause I., leaving the score or more of Members with amendments to Clause II. grinding their teeth. Accordingly moved amendment limiting operation of Clause I. to seven years.

HOULDSWORTH, Unionist Member for Manchester, whose expected help in resisting unlimited compensation was of inestimable value to Opposition, pointed out that Clause I., whilst involving payment of compensation, also dealt with the transference to Quarter Sessions of the jurisdiction of local justices. Hostile to unlimited compensation, he was in favour of the latter provision and could not support an amendment that abolished it at the end of seven years. And HOULDSWORTH spoke for a score or more Ministerialists on whose vote Opposition counted.

Here was a pretty pickle! The ruthless Chairman increased its pungency by ruling that, if conditions of compensation were discussed on ELLIS GRIFFITH's amendment, question might not be reopened in its proper place on Clause II. ELLIS GRIFFITH begged leave to withdraw his amendment. Ministerialists laughed loud and long. A man revoking in a game of bridge played for high stakes might just as well seek to avoid the penalty by asking leave to withdraw the card and play another. Chagrin of Opposition not modified by consideration that they had been out-manœuvred by an adroit enemy. Marching along with confidence to take up a strong position,

they had wantonly strayed and now found themselves in a bog.

Business done.—Licensing Bill in Committee. Opposition make bad start.

Tuesday, midnight.—The spectacle of Mr. CROOKS seated below the Gangway wearing somebody else's opera hat what time he hurled oburgation at the Chair would have caused palpitation in Poplar had the constituency been in sight of its esteemed representative. But Poplar was in bed, or ought to have been. It was within a few minutes of midnight, a circumstance which, taken in conjunction with the opera hat and the inflamed gestures, suggested that the honourable Member was affording practical illustration of necessity for more stringent supervision of the Licensing Laws.

The suspicion was absolutely unfounded, wholly unworthy. The fact is, PRINCE ARTHUR had moved the closure on further debate of the ELLIS GRIFFITH amendment. House cleared for a division. In accordance with quaint etiquette established before Queen ANNE was dead, a Member desiring to address the Chair must, in such circumstances, remain seated, wearing his hat. At the moment Mr. CROOKS didn't happen to have a hat with him. Struggling to his feet he was received with roar of contumely from upholders of law and order opposite. Pulled down by the coat tails by friends near him, he showed disposition to have it out with somebody.

"What did they mean by roaring, 'Put on yer 'at'? I haven't got a 'nat," he growled.

It was then CATHCART WASON came to his aid. Strolling in from the opera, or other resort of fashionable Scotch Members, he carried his opera hat under his arm. Releasing the structure with a bang that sounded above the tumult



Mr. Cr-ks, being without his own hat, disappears inside the opera-hat of Mr. W-s-n.

on the other side, he placed it on Mr. CROOKS's head.

All being now in order the Member for Poplar made his protest; the Chairman blandly ruled there was nothing in it; the division went on, and the closure was decreed.

After all, the closure not an unreasonable proceeding. Question of time limit to compensation to publicans disturbed in possession of their license



LORD LANSDOWNE'S BROTHER.
(Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice.)

been talked round through two long sittings. If all that was to be said *pro* and *con.* could not be uttered in that period opportunity must have been wantonly wasted.

Much reason to fear that Mr. CROOKS's emotion arose from circumstance that he contemplated contribution to the debate and had missed earlier openings. This regrettable; but on the whole the Member for Poplar cannot complain of inadequate share of a week's talk. In fact he is in danger thus early in a promising Parliamentary career of wrecking it by excessive garrulity. It would be a pity, for, otherwise, the House listens to him gladly. Recognises in him a valuable addition to the class of labour representatives who form one of its most respected and influential sections. A capital speaker, through his first quarter of an hour; knows what he is talking about; illustrates his theme with flashes of homely humour. But alack! he doesn't know when to sit down.

As the MEMBER FOR SARK, fresh from Sir WILLIAM POLLITT's dinner to a notable group of railway managers, says, "CROOKS's speech lacks terminal facilities."

The other 'day, in Committee of Sup-

ply, he spoke on the Local Government vote for forty minutes by Westminster clock. That would be unpardonable even in debate on the second reading of an important Bill. In Committee a man is not expected to make a speech; his business is to contribute brief practical talk in elucidation of the point immediately at issue.

Mr. CROOKS is too excellent a force to be wasted, too good a man to be spoiled. Salvation for him would come by the realisation of CARNE RASCHI's dream of compulsorily shortened speeches. Heard much to-day and yesterday about time limit for compensation, in the interests of reducing inebriety in drink. A time limit designed to minimise inebriety in speech, is scarcely of less importance. Pending enactment of RASCHI's proposal a friendly word in Mr. CROOKS's ear may be effective.

Business done.—ELLIS GRIFFITH's amendment to Licensing Bill negatived by majority of ninety-eight. "Who fears to speak of '98?" quoted PRINCE ARTHUR, looking cheerily at the stricken host opposite.

CHARIVARIA.

WE have had a big stroke of luck in the war against Tibet. Our ultimatum has been returned with an impertinent message. This insult justifies the war.

The Women's International Congress, now sitting at Berlin, demands "the absolute equality of the sexes." Yet (and this is characteristic of female impracticability) no means have been suggested for raising the male sex to the standard attained by the other.

A new disease, known as the "shaking sickness," has made its appearance in Swiss schools, and it is feared it will become necessary to close some of these institutions. Many English schoolboys have given orders for a specimen of the bacillus to be forwarded to them as soon as it is discovered.

People continue to complain of the plague of gnats. We understand that a good defence is to bathe the face twice a day in liquid glue. The insects will stick to this without inflicting further irritation.

The *Novoe Vremya* is wroth with Great Britain. The war, it declares, "is largely due to the provocation and complicity of a third party." But the *Novoe Vremya* forgets that, even if the allegation were true, Russia ought to be grateful to us for giving her the opportunity of wiping the "yellow monkeys" off the face of the earth.

It has again been suggested that in future any defaulting South American Republic shall be annexed by the United States. It would, we take it, be incorporated with the State of Iowa.

Boots for dogs are declared to be the latest fashionable novelty. But it has long been the custom to supply these articles to cats, when they sing too much at night-time.

Paragraphs have been appearing in several papers on the subject of the strange uses to which old tram-cars are put, but no mention is made of the strangest use of all to which they are put in some parts of London, namely, that of tram-cars.

The *Vyedomosti*, of St. Petersburg, approves of Mr. HENRY NORMAN, M.P. It serves him right.

A music-hall performer, now appearing in London, has stated that she was offered £525 a week to stay in Chicago. Whether this sum was offered by London or Chicago has not transpired.

The *Motor Car* declares, on high medical authority, that motoring is a cure for insanity. We would therefore recommend several motorists we know to persevere.

A lad named JOHN JAMES JOHNSON was recently knocked down by a van driven by a man named JOHN JAMES JOHNSON. Curiously enough, they were not related, and it is not known why it was done.

"If there are any poets or poetesses here," said Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, speaking to the Dante Society, "my advice to you is 'Do not let Society spoil you.'" Can the Laureate have inadvertently confused himself with that other ALFRED who was "England's Darling"?

Italy and Germany are not the only countries which are desirous of increasing their navies. The American cruiser *Tacoma*, according to a cable, has recently started from Honolulu in search of the war-sloop *Livan*, which sailed from Hilo in 1859 and has not been reported since.

The conflict in the Far East has led to a great outbreak of military activity in almost every quarter of the globe. Even Australia is up and doing. A Military Order has been published in the *Melbourne Argus*, directing a regimental Board to enquire into and report upon certain damages alleged to have been sustained by a saucepan in charge of the officer commanding the Queens-cliff district.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

IX.

*In Lower Regions, Korea.
May 16.*

PERHAPS, Sir, when your aquiline optics have scanned the above heading, you will wonder why in the name of Dickens I am descending the Korean Peninsular, in place of pressing myself forward into the Japanese Van, which is now occupied in making alarms and excursions amongst the Wilds of Manchuria?

Undoubtedly, had I merely consulted the interests of the *Chittagong Evening Conch*, the proper address to find me would by this time have become once more, like that of the Juvenile Hibernian Minstrel, in the ranks of War.

But I am proud to say that, in my dual capacity of "Punch Representative" and "War Correspondent," I have always considered that the former is entitled to precedence. I am here solely for the advancement of yourself and Periodical!

For I was lately in receipt of a friendly tip from the officiating Bonze that he was now in apple-pie orders for inaugurating *Punch's Temple*. [Ed. Com.—Mr. Jabberjee has been more than once informed that nothing but a profound scepticism as to the existence of any such structure prevented us from cabling to stop such nonsense at once.]

I am not ignorant that, in one or two of your fatherly epistles, you have hinted that for no consideration would you be induced to lend your open and benevolent countenance for any heathenish idolatries, and of course I easily understood that (officially) you could hardly return any other response without causing rather grave scandal in orthodox English Home Circles!

But I recalled from my Shakspearian readings that *Richard*, when *Duke of Gloucestershire*, on being offered the crown by Hon'ble *Mark Antony*, as *Earl of Bucks*, did refuse it no less than three times, for the sake of appearances—and I should be deplorably lacking in Mother's wit if I could not read between the apparently hard and fast lines of your repudiation.

However, by all means make a whipping-post of myself as escaped goat, if necessary—even to the extent of exhibiting me to public execrations as an unauthorised fanatic. Though it is superfluous to protest that I am not so utterly benighted as to be a believer in Demonology—which I regard, like most other philosophers, as purely the matter of policy and climate!

Still, I am bold enough to suspect that, behind a frowning mask, you are concealing a secretly approving simper. In this persuasion I am vastly encouraged by the recollection of having once seen a published description of a certain Inner Chamber of *Punch's Office*, wherein, so it was alleged, yourself and staff are wont to assemble for mystic and secret discourses. For, from photos of this apartment illustrating said article, I was dumfounded to perceive that it contained no less than two large-sized "*Punch*" effigies of such unparalleled hideosity that it is almost inconceivable they could be there merely as ornaments. . . . Then, pray, for what, Masters? . . . Please answer that question in the privacy of own bosoms, before protruding your tongues in hypocritical horror at practices by less highly educated Korean natives!

Be this as it may, you would be, I venture humbly to assert, somewhat less than human if your cordial cockles are not to indulge in suppressed cheerings on receiving intelligence of the splendid success which your idol has already obtained in these localities.

It has been christened the "*Chin-Tung-Konk*" (the Garrulous god with the Truly Magnificent Proboscis), and no idol could have been honoured with a more auspicious "send-off" at its temple-warming.

My friend the Bonze, though by birth of Buddhistic opinions, is a broad-minded, unprejudiced old chap who is



"OH, DEAR, DEAR! HOW SHOCKED AND GRIEVED YOUR POOR FATHER WOULD BE TO SEE YOU TWO NAUGHTY BOYS SMOKING LIKE THIS AT YOUR AGE!"
"RATHER! THESE ARE HIS MOST EXPENSIVE CIGARS!"

willing to recognise any rival religion, provided it is rendered worth his while.

He is also (as I think I mentioned) a fermenting admirer of your pictorial waggery, though totally unable to read the accompanying letterpresses. I am instructing him in the elementary principles of English Humour, and he will, I believe, be competent, after a few more lessons, to comprehend (and—who knows?—perhaps, even, to compose!) the simpler kind of witticisms.

Indeed, he is already impatient to figure as the Occasional Contributor—but I have gently reminded him that he is not to expect that he can gallop before he has learnt to toddle.

I will now proceed to describe the inaugural ceremonies, and if, after reading same, you can remain impervious to lively sentiments of obligation towards one who prefers to remain anonymous—then I must reluctantly endorse the good old sore that "There is only one place in which we may be certain of finding Gratitude—to wit, the Dictionary." (Kindly excuse chestnuts!)

Now to resume. After the adjoining devil-tree had, according to native customs and etiquettes, been duly suspended with innumerable rags representing orisons, the congregation adjourned to interior of shrine, where they performed highly elaborated genuflections before a very handsomely gilded and decorated *Punch* idol, to which they presented offerings of boiled rice, inexpensive sweetstuffs, and cakes in small copper trays. (These offerings, I should mention, were religiously consumed on following day by the officiating clergy, who were subsequently taken so severely unwell that I was under the distressing apprehension that my friend the Bonze, in particular, was to kick the bucket!)

Next, I read *vivâ voce* a few selected extracts from your esteemed issue of April 20, with running exegetical comments,

which were received by all present with awestruck reverence as a *Vox Dei*.

After that, the venerable Bonze favoured your image with some rather fine Terpsichorean performances, accompanied on a drum, a brazen gong, a cracked bell, and a pair of twinkling cymbals, by his assistant acolytes.

But, although the said Bonze's toe was undeniably fantastic, I am not prepared to testify from personal experience that it was of any exceptional levity—while, as to the ecclesiastical orchestra, they kicked up so cacophonous and deafening a din that it was not unworthy even of a London Charivari!

Altogether, it was a scene of the wildest enthusiasms. At least fifteen converts, after expressing a vehement desire to become life-subscribers to your respectable periodical, were removed in cataleptic convulsions before I could even ascertain their names and addresses.

The proceedings then terminated with a display of native fireworks and other festivities, and I may safely say that your shrine is now launched in the fairway of business. Indeed, sundry older-established devils are already putting up their shutters, and my friend the Bonze has coyly confided to me that he will not be greatly surprised if the *Punch* idol were, by-and-by, to bring off some minor miracle or other!

The question now is: what line are *you* going to take? . . .

It is of course open to you to upset your own apple-cart by giving the chuck to myself. But why, impetuous Sir, why cut off your face to spite your nose? When meat is overdone, you cannot induce it to return to raw material by a mere declaration to that effect. So my advice is that you should assume the virtue that you haven't got, and not tender yourself (to say nothing of your humble servant!) a fool by publicly admitting that you are totally undeserving of divine honours.

Leave such assertions to *others*, and do not be such an ill-natured old bird as to render your own nest unfit for habitation!

By the way, the Bonze's bill for dancing and use of assistants only comes to yen 35, as he has made the great reduction in his customary charges, owing to his inordinate love and affection for the presiding deity of your illustrious serial!

There are not improbably several Editors of acknowledged eminence who would rush baldheadedly into such an A1 opening, and gladly endow almost any Korean shrine in perpetuity, simply as the advertising medium.

Surely you are not to be behind The Times in blowing your own boom!

P.S.—I have paid Bonze & Co. out of my private pocket, in the childlike assurance that my damascened cheek will not be reduced to the misery of blushing for Hon'ble *Punch* as a parsimonious! *Sho-ji* is slightly better. H. B. J.

VENUS'S LOOKING-GLASS.

THE sympathetic action of the Woodbridge District Council in erecting a mirror at some cross roads for the benefit of motorists has met with general approval. There is some uncertainty, however, as to whether the glass is intended to reflect round-the-corner traffic for the information of the driver, or whether it is placed there for the benefit of the lady in the *tonneau*. In any case it has been noticed that cars bearing what are presumably members of the fair sex refuse to pass the glass, and that the cross roads have further become a favourite resort for lady bicyclists and short-skirted pedestrians. The crowd, however, has so far been quite orderly and good-tempered, falling into the *queue* and patiently waiting according to the police instructions until each gets her proper turn. In order, however, to prevent undue congestion, it has been proposed that a mirror should be placed at every other milestone, so as to distribute the traffic.

MOMUS AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

PRETTY music and faces, bright scenes and costumes, some tuneful voices, a few catching melodies well sung, laughably eccentric acting and spontaneously comic dialogue, all contribute towards the making a genuine success for the comic opera *Véronique*, now gaily running at the Apollo Theatre. The music by M. ANDRÉ MESSENGER is light and sparkling, and the piece itself is equidistant from *Figaro* on the one hand and *La Grande Duchesse* on the other, and far off from both. The music has little in it to remind us of AUER; and not much, save where there are a few bars of dance between the verses, or at the end of a song or chorus, to recall OFFENBACH. Nor has it either the sweet melody of AUDRAN, nor the dash of PLANQUETTE. It is MESSENGER, not at his very best, but in a bright and pleasant mood.

MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM sings a melodious song so well as to gain an encore. Hers is not a particularly funny part, but it would be difficult to name anyone with a trained voice, and with Miss BRANDRAM's experience in this line of business, who could make so much of the character as she succeeds in doing. As *Agatha*, Miss KITTY GORDON, distinguishing herself by her dash and go in singing, dancing, and acting, *toujours dans le mouvement*, is one of the chiefest of the "lives and souls" of the opera. Miss SYBIL GREY, the sprightly representative of *Denise*, dances so cleverly as to assist Mr. AUBREY FITZGERALD, the idiotic *Seraphim*, in winning an encore for their united efforts in the Second Act. All the ladies of the period, 1840, harmoniously singing, are, individually and collectively as chorus, charming; while the tuneful dandies, their companions, distinguish themselves not only by the airs they give themselves and by their correct rendering of the airs given them by the composer, but also by their graces according to the colour and variety of the tight-fitting costumes.

MISS RUTH VINCENT as the heroine, *Hélène de Solanges*, enters thoroughly into the humour of the unoriginal light-comedy plot, which is simply a variant of *She Stoops to Conquer* and other similar farces, singing and acting delightfully, securing encores (a genuine triple encore in the last Act, which she sensibly declined to take), and dividing the honours of the duets with Mr. LAWRENCE REA (representing her lover *Florestan*, a stiff-jointed youth in correct but awkward attire), whose charm of voice atones for what is lacking to him histrionically. But the tenor who can act as well as he sings, what a *rara avis* is he!

MR. FRED EMNEY as *Mons. Loustot* (why "Mons."?) makes the most of an eccentric part. But it is to Mr. GEORGE GRAVES as *Mons. Coquenard* (again why "Mons."?) that a clear two-thirds of the success of this piece (apart from its music) is due. He is the drollest of the droll, and his quite irrepressible fun, being now at its freshest and not as yet stereotyped, is heartily enjoyed not only by the audience, who take his every joke and go into ecstasies of mirth over all his eccentricities, but also by those on the scene with him, who are compelled to turn aside in order to dissemble their laughter, while even the conductor of the orchestra and his musicians are fain to smile in sympathy. That the source of all this amusement is to be found either in the adaptation by Mr. HENRY HAMILTON, or in the original, is open to considerable doubt.

Though there is nothing particularly novel in the situations (for the donkey trio and the "swing" duet are not unfamiliar to play-goers), yet is it all bright, light and sparkling; while that drollissimo Mr. GEORGE GRAVES (how queerly inappropriate the name!) as *Coquenard*, is irresistibly comic.

RUSSIA'S position in the Far East seems worse than it was in the Crimean War. She now has no Steppes in the neighbourhood to climb down by.

OPERATIC NOTES.

June 4.—Poor Fräulein TERNINA still suffering from cold, and so unable to appear as *Elisabeth* in *Tannhäuser*. But Frau EGLI being applied to intimates that "BARKIS is willin'," and appears on this occasion majestically filling



Tannhäuser Van Dyck between the two charmers, Frau Egli-sabeth and Frau Reinl-Venus.

"How harpy could he be with either!"

the part of our *Lisa*, whose only rival in the affections of that very wandering minstrel boy *Tannhäuser* is *Miladi Venus of Venusberg*, amply represented by Frau REINL. Herr VAN DYCK, as the wayward knight who has more than one string to his harp, sang and acted well, though the weather seemed to

have affected his vocal chords, for in England our early June suits not a foreign musical *June premier*. Herr VAN DYCK's portrait of *Tannhäuser* is excellent, showing how, when led away into wrong courses, he strikes the lyre and returns to truth. Admirable is VAN ROOY as *Wolfram*. One of his songs—the first distinctive line of which the present deponent, not being well up in the language of Germany, will not venture to write lest any injury should be done to the type—was delightful. *Vive le Rooy!* Not a very big house to-night, but quite enough to be carried away by the two VANS. Fine weather offers week-end attractions, and to-night the up-river fête of the Fourth of June Boys takes not a few musical-box



Fraulein Alten as Herd and seen playing.

folk to see the Eton Ten-or, the only rival this evening of the tenor at Covent Garden. Dr. HANS RICHTER and orchestra perfect. "HANS in luck."

Tuesday, June 7.—Those opera-goers who were unable to "get there" to-night have a great treat in store for them when Mlle. SELINA KURZ again sings and plays the part of *Gilda* in *Rigoletto*. The top note of her exit song on the balcony leading to the bedroom was enthusiastically acclaimed, and the "*Caro nome*" having been rapturously encored Mlle. SELINA KURZ had to descend the staircase—rather a come-down for her—make a graceful Kurzy, repeat her success, give her gracious ascent, and once more make her top-notable exit. Bravissima! She must be immortalised by our artist on her next appearance. Signor CARUSO again triumphant as the Dangerous and Deceitful Dook, with the delicious melody to which are set the words of the modern motor-car song, "*La donna è auto-mobile*." Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as the unprincipled *Giovanna* (a cousin of *Giovanni* the Don) as good, and as wicked, as ever. The excellent Mme. KIRKBY LEXX is compelled to come out to-night uncommonly strong as the merry *Maddalena*, especially in the last quartette, which is splendidly given and rapturously taken by the house. M. REXAUD, as the unhappy jester who is the victim of his own practical jokes, arouses the sympathy of the audience by his acting, and gains their applause by his singing. Altogether, with the marvellous musicians under Master MANCINELLI, this is one of the very best of this season's good nights.

Thursday, June 9.—*Tristan und Isolde*, commencing 7.45. Is this deponent quite a Wagnerite? Is Mr. P.'s Representative almost a Wagnerite? Say two-thirds? Yes. He is a Lohengrinite, a moderate Tannhäuserite, a thorough Flying-Dutchmanite, and a considerable bit of a Meister-singerite. But is he a Tristan-und-Isolde-ite? As far as the dramatic music for orchestra is concerned, emphatically and enthusiastically "Yes"; but when we come to the vocal operatic part that represents the acted story, most decidedly "No." For rather would this deponent see *tableaux vivants* illustrating WAGNER's dramatic explanatory music, than hear the apparently painful efforts of sweet singers straining to get in a shout here and there, while utterly at a loss to invent such variety of action as shall relieve the dreary monotony of the wearisome proceedings.

There was a very full house, because not to be interested



"ARMA VIRUMQUE."

Fraulein Isolda Plaichinger about to take the dose. Herr Tristan Van Dyck is already suffering from the effects of a draught. Notice the expression on his countenance, and on that of the canine head carved on arm of chair, the open mouth indicating that the nasty stuff has not yet been tried on the dog.

in WAGNER is to argue yourself "out of it," and not up to the growing fashion of the day. But the majority, probably not musically qualified to be out-and-out Wagnerites, are, however, Wagnerites with a difference. They nightly crowd in to hear him, and whether they are henceforth to vote solid for WAGNER, or not, the next season will show. The plot of *Tristan und Isolde* is spun-out, and there must be the very perfection of acting and singing to prevent it from becoming tedious, as an opera, after the first half hour. When the DE RESZKES were in it, with Mlle. MEISSLINGER and Madame ALBANI, the most bigoted anti-Wagnerite was inclined to yield. But with Herr VAN DYCK as *Tristan*, Fräulein PLAICHINGER as *Isolde*, and Herr HINCKLEY as *King Marke*, good as they all are, it is a different matter. Comparisons must not be drawn, and criticism is superfluous. One can only wonder at, and praise, the energy displayed in the singing, and also in the dramatic action, which it is difficult for all to appreciate at its true value. It is Dr. RICHTER's personally conducted orchestra that rivets the attention; to those mainly interested in the music the singers are "such stuff as dreams are made on." We listen, we close our eyes, and we enjoy it.

Fräulein PLAICHINGER's acting is semaphorical: it may be descriptively summed up as "arms and the woman." Herr HINCKLEY's *King Marke* is pathetic, and Herr VAN DYCK's impersonation of the mesmerised amorous *Tristan* arouses our pity for the good man gone wrong. Madame KIRKBY LUNN as the confidante *Brangäne* succeeds in making the character intelligible to the audience, in spite of her having to pass so much of her time in a corner with her face to the wall like a naughty infant-school-girl. By the way poor *King Marke* is condemned to a similar position, for quite twenty minutes in the Second Act, without having done anything whatever to deserve such treatment. How operatic actors of experience can lend themselves to such puerile stage-business as that with the "property" cup, broad and shallow, which, choke-full of liquid "potion," they wave about with enough recklessness to cause every drop to be spilt, is something that utterly passes any ordinary comprehension. A master of dramatic music in the orchestra, WAGNER was but a child in the nursery of dramatic art on the stage.

BLOSSOMING.

If, on Tuesday the 7th, at the end of the *matinée* at His Majesty's, when a highly-finished performance of *Twelfth Night* had been given in aid of "The Fresh Air Fund," Mr. TREE "was delighted," as he so heartily expressed himself, "to find that the presence of that audience would give a day of fresh air and happiness to twenty thousand little children," how still more pleased must he have been that the successful *début* of his daughter, Miss VIOLA, should have crowned the memorable occasion. Of good omen is it that this charming representative of a branch of the Family Tree (the others, olive branches, on this occasion were packed in a box) should be a youthful actress who gave considerable promise by a most creditable performance.

On any *débutante* playing *Viola* in *Twelfth Night*, what greater praise can be bestowed than to say, "She is VIOLA"? Now this is, in a sense, true of Miss VIOLA TREE. The young lady is Mr. TREE's VIOLA, but is she SHAKESPEARE'S? Not quite as yet: but let other *Violas* look to their laurels; there may be a TREE growing up to overshadow them. With pleasure will the *Père TREE* watch the fruit a-ripening. Mr. *Punch* wishes her health, happiness, and success!

Corruption in the "Force."

"FOUR burglaries have recently been attempted in Penistone and district, but only a few coppers have been secured."

Leeds and Yorkshire Mercury.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE is nothing particularly new or strikingly original in Mrs. ADELIN SERGEANT's latest romance, entitled *Malincourt Keep* (JOHN LONG), and yet from first to last it interests the reader, who will not willingly be interrupted in its perusal until the uttermost chapter has been reached and finished. To a certain extent the story recalls the ancient legend of *Blue Beard*, that is of *Baron Abomelique*, who so fascinates the girl with whom he has fallen in love that she vehemently protests against the idea of her having the slightest desire to pry into the Blue Chamber, wherein is carefully guarded the strange secret of his life. Perhaps this hint may just whet the excitement-lover's appetite for sensation, and the Baron hereby gives such an one to understand, in the language of the much-married Mr. *Adolphus Tetterby*, that "astonishment will be the portion of that respected contemporary."

In writing *Every Man his own Gardener* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) Mr. JOHN HALSHAM addresses himself primarily to people who with little or no experience find themselves the possessors of about as much garden as they think they can manage single-handed. It is a multitudinous class, and they will find in this work the very thing they want. Mr. HALSHAM knows his garden *au fond*—or lower still, at least a yard deep, where by dint of digging he begins his study of the sort of soil he has to deal with. Having acquired that essential information *Paterfamilias*, young, middle-aged, or just retired from business, will find set forth, in simple language, practical instructions for dealing with his plot through the revolving seasons. Few people take keener delight in a garden than does my Baronite. He, however, draws the line at labouring in it with spade or hoe. But he intends to leave this book casually lying about where it will come under the notice of those who do, confident that they will gain many useful hints. The volume is charmingly illustrated by CARINE CADBY, the Rev. F. C. LAMBERT, and the author.

In future the Baron will be on his guard against trusting Mr. GUY BOOTHBY with any mystery that he does not wish to become public property. This author has got hold of *An Ocean Secret*, and he can't keep it to himself! And what happens? Messrs. F. V. WHITE & Co. absolutely sell the secret, which GUY B. has confided to them, for money!! So thrilling is the first sensational shock, that subsequent proceedings fail in piling up the agony quick enough to meet the demand of the expectant reader. Whether the secret is worth knowing or not, the aforesaid reader will decide for himself when he has mastered it.

THE BARON



FROM the *Manchester Guardian*:

"Night Watchman Wanted, accustomed to heavy firing; give references."

Port Arthur papers, please copy.

CONUNDRUM BY COMMODORE JUNK (*who has been studying the War news*). "Why are bare-footed little beggars in London streets like Chinese bandits? Because they are Sans-shoeses." [On reference we find the name is *Chan-suses*, and, therefore, rely upon the experienced Commodore's practical knowledge of the pronunciation.]

CHARIVARIA.

In the midst of the turmoil of war the courteous Japanese still find time to think of the entertainment of their guests. The steamer *Manchuria* has just left for a month's pleasure trip with the foreign naval *attachés* and a number of war-correspondents aboard. If it can be managed, the excursion will cover a visit to the seat of war.

The Shah of PERSIA has heard that the interests of England and France are now identical, and his Majesty has placed with a Leeds firm an order for clothes which has hitherto gone to France.

If anything further were required to convince the American public of the contemptible character of RAISULI, the Moroccan brigand who captured one of their countrymen, it is provided by his refusal to appear as an exhibit at the St. Louis Exhibition.

At length the public is to have a chance of learning what measures introduced into Parliament are really worthy of support. "It is my intention during the remainder of the present Parliament," writes Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, "to vote as far as possible according to the merits of the various questions upon which divisions are taken."

The only other political news of any importance is that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN doesn't much like Imperialism, and Lord ROSEBERY doesn't much like Home Rule, and the rest of the Liberal Party don't much like the fact that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Lord ROSEBERY don't like the same thing.

The minister of a Jersey City church has invited ladies to attend service without their hats so that they may worship in comfort during the hot summer weather. There is something peculiarly naïve in the idea that a lady could "worship in comfort" without her latest hat.

Last week the Young Abstiners' Union celebrated its Silver Jubilee. It is satisfactory to know that the number of heavy drinkers under seven years of age is constantly decreasing.

The Primate has been urging the younger clergy to "take an active part in the games which the youth of the parish engage in," and curates playing pitch-and-toss in the streets will soon be a common sight.

An attempt is to be made to put an end to the scandal of half-empty churches in London by building more.



"SANCTA SIMPLICITAS."

Child (pausing in front of Grandmother, who is on a visit, to consider her carefully).
"GRANNY, WHICH SIDE OF YOU IS THE SOFT SIDE?"

Granny. "WHY, DARLING?"

Child. "BECAUSE MOTHER SAYS IF I KEEP ON THE SOFT SIDE OF GRANNY, PERHAPS SHE'LL GIVE ME A BICYCLE."

It has been decided radically to re-organise the Meteorological Office. There will, we fancy, be little sympathy for those affected by the changes, seeing the mess they made of last Derby Day.

A Kensington Gardens Dialogue.

"WE have a new baby at home."

"Did the doctor bring it?"

"No, he only had an umbrella."

"Then I know where it came from. The baker's. It says on his cart, 'Fam'i s Provided.'"

THE new lock at Teddington, recently opened, must be a patent one, as there is no quay.

The Young Idea.

Sunday School Teacher (giving lessons on the Parable of the Good Samaritan).
It says that the Good Samaritan on the morrow took out two pence. Now why did he take out two pence?

Sharp Little Boy. I know, Teacher. For the Tube.

A CHARMING young lady called GEOGHEGAN (Whose christian names are less peoghegan)

Will be Mrs. KNOLLYS
Very soon at All Ksollys';
But the date is at present a veogheg 'un.

"AS SURE AS FÊTES."—Rain.

TO AN AFRICAN POTENTATE.

High potentate of Ethiop's burning zone,
 Or other regions yet more vaguely known,
 Whose temperature—or so the travellers tell—
 Closely approximates to that of h—1;
 Whose simple sons lead uneventful lives,
 Girt with a pleasing plethora of wives,
 And only leave their fastnesses to plumb
 The deep delights of stove-pipe hats and rum;—
 Blest monarch, whose enlightened laws allot
 Contentment to the wistful Hottentot,
 Whereof the radiating joy suffuses
 His pert but not unlovable papooses;—
 Inform us, Sire, before you really go,
 Just how you view our European show;
 Say, is our climate all too keenly felt
 By one whose swart yet unresisting pelt
 Had never learned the subtle charm that clings
 To what are loosely known as trouserings,
 Or ventured out to take the evening air
 Draped to distraction in a tightish pair;
 But modestly confined its simple needs
 To something natty in the way of beads;
 Or else, like ADAM, previous to the Fall,
 Meandered forth with nothing on at all?
 And tell us, did our frigid British dame
 Strike you as being just a trifle tame;
 Or were you instantaneously smitten
 By her profound resemblance to a kitten?
 And did you lightly, ere you left these shores,
 Order a gross or two from Someone's Stores?
 Tell us with what a rising sense of zeal
 You viewed our projects for the public weal;
 And all those homely sights so dear to us,
 The fleeting splendours of the omnibus,
 The British workman, suffering but dumb,
 The Stock Exchange's oof-extracting hum,
 The Press, the House of Commons, and the Zoo—
 What sense of awe did these inspire in you?

Monarch, I may be wrong, but I suspect
 That they misjudged your supple intellect
 Who took you round, as current news relates,
 To waxwork shows and charitable *fêtes*,
 And bade you squander sleepless days and nights
 On what are vulgarly described as "sights,"
 Hoping to graft upon your native graces
 The social virtues of the Western races.
 I think your mind, oppressed with cares of state,
 Dreamed of departure at an early date
 Back to the land where courtesies are few,
 And well-bred strangers make a perfect stew;
 That land whose denizens, devoid of vice,
 Exhale a pleasant atmosphere of spice;
 Where sportsmen in an ecstasy of glee
 Track to his lair the trembling chimpanzee,
 Or hurl the flight of well-directed spears
 About the hippopotamus his ears;
 The land, in fact, whose artless youth is blest
 With an instinctive aptitude for jest;
 Where monarchs live a life of splendid ease,
 And always do exactly as they please.

WHAT HAPPENED TO SMITH.—According to the *Star*, in the match between Surrey and Cambridge University, "MANN hit SMITH to leg for 4. He then hoisted him to long-on, where HOLLAND caught him on the boundary." No wonder (as the *Daily Express* advertises) SMITH's weakly.

A MORNING CALL AT THE NEW GALLERY.

THE portrait of Herr JOACHIM, chief of violinists, stands on an easel all by itself in the North Room. *Solus cum solo* it is, and the *solo* would have been emphatically impressed upon everyone had Herr JOACHIM appeared in the picture with his favourite instrument. It has no number, though it might easily have been number one, and apart from all the others. None can approach SARGENT in this line, and as this is true the spectator will be well advised to keep as far off as possible. Distance lends enchantment to it at present; and this portrait of the incomparable violinist only requires to get the proper time in order to perfect the tone.

In the South Room we have Mr. SARGENT's portrait of HENRY W. LUCY, our "TOBY." Excellent. So alert is he, and so starting out of the frame, as to suggest that a sufficient and appropriate legend to it might have been simply "Who said 'Rats'?" Why was it not in the Academy? may be asked by the thoughtless. Why? because the fit and proper place for so eminent a Parliamentary Reporter is of course "The Gallery."

Next to attract us is a picture by G. F. WATTS, O.M., R.A., of a nude boy who, having attempted to bathe, has been frightened by the waves. He is, *nuda veritas*, "the little vulgar boy" known to all reciters of INGOLDSBY'S poem. The title might have been "*Waif and Waves*." But Watts in a name? Nothing, except when the name is WATTS, and then there's very much.

22. "A Crucial Point," by Sir JAMES D. LINTON. Scene from a Richardson's Show. Mellow, dramatic.

20. By C. E. HALLÉ. A very handsome woman with rather a muff. Not an unusual combination.

23. A picture of still life by Madame DE LA RIVA MUÑOZ represents "*Fruits d'Espagne*." The fruits of the gardener's toil collected on the grounds of a "Château d'Espagne."

78. Mrs. A. SWYNNERTON shows us a somewhat (painful-story)-telling picture. Unhappy mother tanned by son.

71. ARTHUR G. BELL presents "*Winter in Gotha*." That's his advice. Charming old place, we should like to go tha'.

275. All of a twist! Powerful portrait of a lady in an agony of hesitation. Notice grip of her left hand on arm of chair: likewise how she grasps, with her right, a huge sealskin muff (or is it a tea-pot 'cosy'), which she is on the point of chucking at the head of someone who has been rude to her. Lucky for him that he is not in the picture. Herein J. E. BLANCHE has shown the subtlety of his art. He has effaced himself at the critical moment.

Also by same clever artist, a bright portrait of MARIE TEMPEST. Smiling, piquante. Not a Tempest at all, but a light effect after a little storm in a saucer.

226. "*Braving the Storm*." What a pity that Mr. GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, R.A., didn't hang this next to the Tempest!

Ars longa vita brevis, but the Picture Galleries do not keep open after the life of the London season is extinct and when sightseers have re-buried themselves in the country. So before the Seventeenth Summer Exhibition of the N. G. closes, hurry up and see the goods the gods and demi-gods have provided.

The Young Idea Again.

SCENE—Fourth-Standard room of an Elementary School.
 Children reading.

Inspector (to the Teacher). What are they reading about?
 Teacher. American Indians.

Inspector. I will ask them a few questions. (To children) What is a Red Indian's wife called? (Many hands up.) Tell me. Scholar. A squaw, Sir.

Inspector. What is a Red Indian's baby called? (Silence. At last a boy volunteers.) Well, my boy?

Boy. Please, Sir, a squawker!



HYPNOTIC "SUGGESTION."

[A remarkable performance is being given in London, in which a lady is hypnotised. Whilst in a trance she dances to whatever music is played to her.]

THE HEADS OF THE PEOPLE.

["The members of the Leeds Physical Culture Society have entered upon a campaign against all kinds of head coverings other than those provided by nature, from the top-hat to the Panama, and from the bowler to the cap. At a meeting of the committee held last night Mr. HARRY KREMnitz, an engineer by profession, levelled a strong indictment against hats of all kinds, charging them with being the cause of baldness, grey hairs, and other evils. . . . Mr. KREMnitz has not worn a hat for nearly a week, and several other gentlemen have pledged themselves to go bareheaded when not in the city."—*Daily Mail*.]

MENACED by the threat of the No-hat crusade initiated by the Leeds Physical Culture Society, the captains of the hat industry convened a great meeting which was held in the Tête Gallery last Saturday afternoon. The Mayor of LUTON (where the straw hats come from) presided, and amongst those on the platform were the President of the Republic of PANAMA, Sir TAM O'SHANTER, Mr. HAROLD BUSBY, Mr. THOMAS GIBSON-BOWLER, M.P., Mr. ALFRED CAPPER, the Caid of FEZ, Sir MAGNUS GLENGARRY, and Mr. JOSEPH HATTON.

The Mayor of LUTON in opening the proceedings read several letters from prominent representatives of the hat industry and others who were unable to be present. Count HATZFELDT wrote from Schloss Tarnhelm to express his sympathy with the object of the meeting, and Cardinal RAMPOLLA sent a telegram from Rome to say that the Curia were unanimous in opposing the new movement. A hatless Cardinal was even more unthinkable than a headless horseman. A letter was also read from Mr. HORACE GOLDIN, the prestidigitateur, pointing out that the abolition of the hat would mean the abolition of the conjurer. (*Shame*.)

The Mayor then proceeded to explain the motives which had led to the summoning of the convention. They were threatened, he said, with a crusade which if it achieved its nefarious end, would not only throw thousands of industrious operatives out of employment, but expose the entire population to an epidemic of sunstroke, catarrh, and a host of cognate maladies. The sanity of hatters had occasionally been impugned, but their very existence was based upon loyalty to the crown. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (*loud cheers*), moreover, had testified to the fascination of the illimitable felt. It had been stated, the Mayor continued, that if people went about bareheaded their hair would grow with the luxuriance of a pianist or a tropical forest. But for his part he would say that there were some heads that were past all bearing. The motto of the Leeds Physical Culture Society might be, "Keep your hair on"; the motto of himself and the gentlemen present would be, "Keep your hats on."



TEACHING THE TEACHER.

New Curate. "Now, BOY, IF, IN DEFIANCE OF THAT NOTICE, I WERE TO BATHE HERE, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE WOULD HAPPEN?"

Boy. "YOU'D COME OUT A GREAT LOT DIRTIER THAN YOU WENT IN!"

Mr. HAROLD BUSBY, who followed, was scornful upon balditude. Why, he said, put this premium upon hirsute adornment? For himself he would rather be as bald as a new-laid egg than have red hair.

[*Interruption, during which three red-headed men were forcibly ejected.*]

Resuming, Mr. BUSBY remarked that many of the most illustrious men living were bald. Look at Mr. P. F. WARNER, for example. Look at Mr. WALTER LONG.

The Caid of FEZ, a swarthy gentleman suggesting more than a touch of the tarboosh, was the next speaker. He strongly denied that headgear led to baldness. It required, he said, something more than a hatter—mad or otherwise—to make hair march.

Mr. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, who followed, asked where would the War Office be if headgear was abolished? The final cause of its existence was to devise a constant succession of new helmets,

forage caps, &c., which, apart from their æsthetic value, served as a perpetual red-herring to divert the attention of the public from matters of graver moment. The nursemaids of London, whom Mr. CHARLES BOOTH estimated to number upwards of 250,000, would certainly not tamely submit to the indignity of being courted by bareheaded Guardsmen, however curly.

Mr. J. HOLT SCHOOLING, on being provided with a black-board, drew a series of striking diagrams succinctly visualising the displacement of labour which would inevitably be brought about by the discarding of hats, caps, and bonnets. Physiologically there could be little doubt that the result of the change would be the arrest of baldness and the postponement of that failure of the pigment which led to grey hair. There would therefore be more hair to cut, and he strongly urged upon all those engaged in the hat trade, if they were unable to check the new movement, to lose no time in acquiring a mastery of the scissors and the comb.

Bishop WELDON desired to associate himself, *mutatis mutandis*, with the sentiments expressed in the telegram from Cardinal RAMPOLLA. It might not always be judicious to call a spade a spade, but it was impossible to call a Bishop's hat anything but a shovel.

Mr. JOSEPH HATTON, the last speaker, urged the claims of the theatre-goer. If head-gear were abolished, how, he asked, could ladies go to *matinées*? (*Cheers.*)

On everyone present pledging himself to wear his hat on every possible occasion, and even to sleep in it if that could be arranged, the meeting broke up.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

x.

*In furnished diggings, Seoul, Korea.
May 25, 1904.*

As you will perceive from the above superscription, I am still an involuntary absentee from the arms of Bellona, being detained here on account of *Sho-ji's* health.

For I regret to report that my unfortunate saddlehack, so far from becoming a convalescent, is now lower down than ever on sick-list, and threatens to decline into the chronic invalid, being thin as a threadpaper, with a very lofty temperature, and frequent lapses into total deliriums.

During the entire night I have performed as a vigil by his couch, applying iced fomentations to his fevered knob, in constant apprehensions that I was soon to receive his last kick!

Being hard up as a broken stone, I can perceive no prospect of affording myself any second mount that will be such a perfect fit, and must probably put up with some cheap and nasty substitute!

Unless of course hon'ble *Punch* (who, according to illustrations, is the somewhat accomplished equestrian on a splendid cobhorse of phenomenally symmetrical spottishness) should have sufficient fellow-feelings not to suffer his representative to make a lamentable exhibition of himself by bestriding a mere bone-bag!

It is not to be imagined that I can present myself to Col. KHAKIMONO as the straddler of an ordinary ass, especially as, in these localities, donkey-hire is even dearer than on the yellow sands of the classiest English watering-places.

Under the above circs it cannot reasonably be expected that I am to reveal any important Japanese military movements—which besides are impenetrably masked behind the fireproof curtain of official censorship.

I am excessively annoyed that the aforesaid Col. K. should not have condescended to send me so much as a single pictorial postcard to inform me how he is getting on in my absence.

However, there may be some very good reason for such abnormal secretiveness. For my Russian crony, Major DROSKHYVICH, has been audibly chortling up his sleeves of late on receipt of private intelligence direct from St. Petersburg, to the effect that Russian squadrons have at last sailed out of Port Arthur, and mopped up most of hon'ble Admiral Togo's finest fighting-junks. While simultaneously, it seems, the garrison has sortied out on land-side, and compelled no less than fifteen thousand Japanese advanced guards to bite the dust before they could shake it off from their shoes!

I cannot profess any great surprise that they should have been so severely snubbed, seeing that I have *ab initio* predicted some such unfortunate *contretemps*. For it is undeniable that the Japanese have been too much addicted to conversing through their headgear—and Pride is the proverbial predecessor of some howling tumble!

Wherefore I have hastened to assure Major D. that I am a sharer in his jubilations, being unable to wholly overcome racial prejudices against allies, however civilised and up-to-date, whose complexions are sicklied o'er with the pale cast of French mustard.

I am also engaged in composition of a congratulatory ode to Hon'ble KUROPATKIN, so ingeniously worded that, even should the cat prove after all to have jumped in contrary direction, my effusion can easily be altered so as to be fit as a glove for Hon'ble KUROKI.

Meanwhile I am mixing myself in swaggering Korean Societies. The other day I officiated as best man for a juvenile Korean bridegroom who was tying his neck in the nuptial knot. As in Indian circles, the match was made up by a professional family Astrologer—here termed a *Pan-su*—and I can only trust that he may not turn out such an incompetent old beetlehead as the *Dowyboghee* who, too sanguinely, predicted my own matrimonial felicity in two successive wedlocks!

The Korean bridal procession was preceded by a bearer carrying a live goosebird, as the emblem of connubial bliss—which of course afforded me, at wedding-breakfast, the opportunity for some rather facetious banterings.

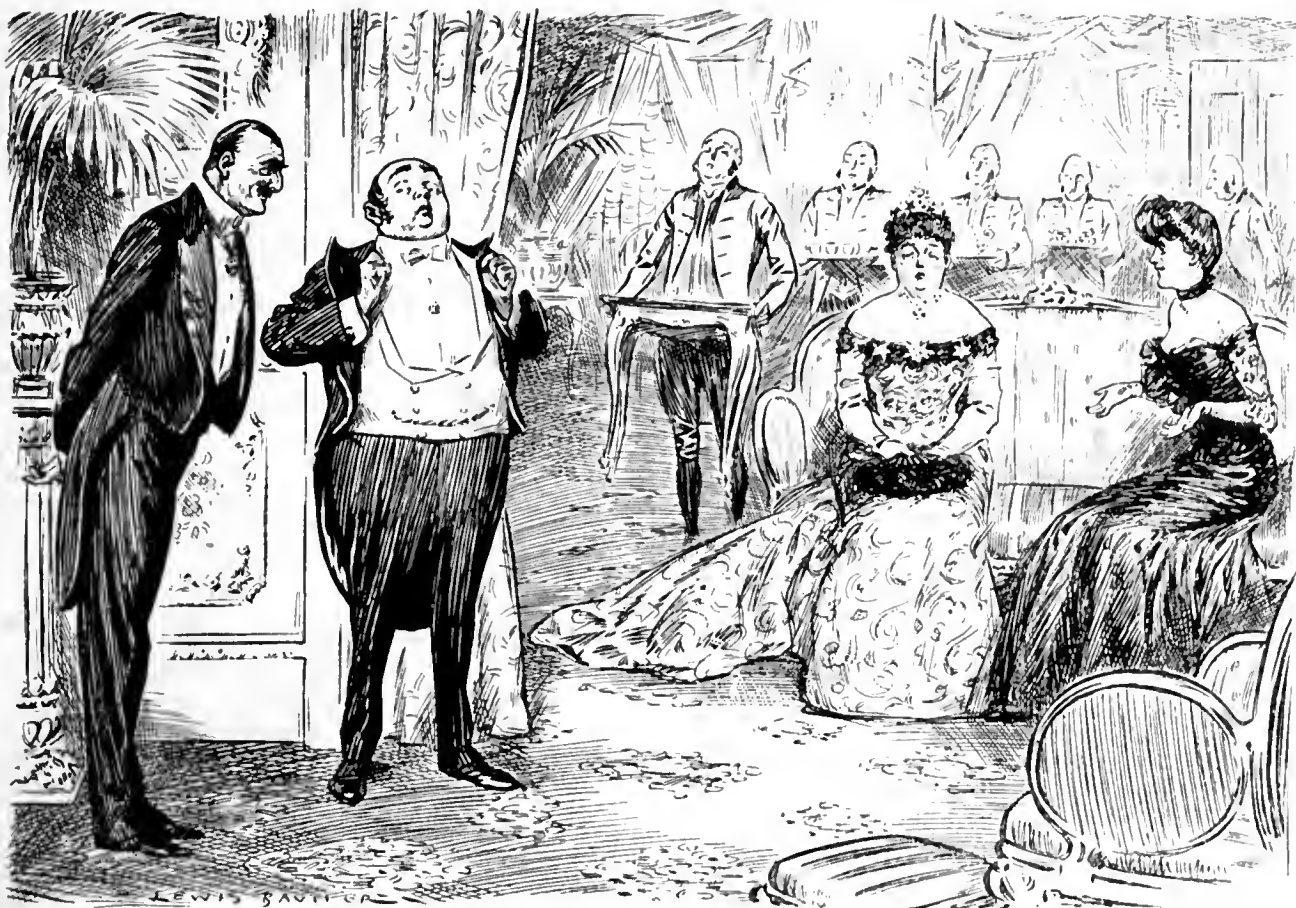
It is *de rigueur* here for a bride to abstain from the least loquacity, not only during the ceremonials, but for several subsequent days—an immense improvement upon Hindoo (and even Christian) etiquettes!

My wedding-present consisted of an order on *Punch* Office for a complete set of your instructive periodical from earliest commencement. Kindly have these bound in best white vellum, with appropriate gildings, and forward to my Calcutta residence. Or, if that is to trouble you too far, send cheque for estimated cost, and I will entrust the job to some local bookbinder or other.

I have also taken a day off for caymen-hunting. The cayman, as you are doubtless aware, is the mongrel offspring of an Alligator and a Crocodile, and, by the inexorable law of Heredity, exhibits the worst idiosyncrasies of both its parents. It is best caught when about to sink into the lap of Morpheus, being then oppressed with uncontrollable gapes and yawnings, which make it as easy as a fall from a log to swim up and surreptitiously insert a doubly-pointed spike between its open jaws, after which, being unable to close same, it rapidly fills with water till completely suffocated.

Being the comparative novice at such sports, I was unfortunately unable to fill my bag with more than one cayman, though said reptile luckily was of unprecedentedly elongated proportions. It is now being stuffed up for a trophy, and I should indubitably forward it per parcel post for your kind acceptance, were it not far too bulky a *curio* to figure as a knickknack even on "*Punch*" premises.

I am now to broach a business project which it is quite on the cards that you may be inclined to nill. And yet, I will



OUR JOHN-BULLIONAIRES.

Sir Clondyke Cræsus (to distinguished Frenchman, who, with his wife, has been asked to a quiet family dinner). "Ah, Mossou, there's ONE THING WE PRIDE OURSELVES ON, THAT YOU FOREIGNERS 'AVEN'T GOT, AND THAT IS THE SIMPLE ENGLISH 'OME LIFE!"

not credit you with too little intelligence to have an optic for so auriferous a mainchance. All human life is a lottery, and you cannot expect that you are to pull out a plum if you will not venture so much as a finger in the lucky-bag!

Now, while I cannot sufficiently deplore the unbridled corruptitude of Korean officials, it were idle to deny that their rottenness affords first-class facilities to any go-ahead speculative who is desirous to make a bit.

I have already informed you of my intimacy with Lady HM, who is sharp as an elderly needle and notoriously up to every move on the Board of Trade. She has recently communicated to me the straight tip that a certain *Moon-jiggi*, or Cabinet Wire-puller [Ed. Com.—*Unless we are misinformed, a "Moon-jiggi" is a gate-keeper*] has a rather valuable mining concession for sale, which, being the end of season, he is ready to part with as the alarming sacrifice. Said mine is situated in a central position, and contains chiefly coals, which are guaranteed as infinitely superior to the very best Welsh Wall-ends. These coals yield rich loads of copper, and, who'd have thought it! such copper, on being analysed by expert mining-chemists, has been found to be alloyed with a still more precious metal—to wit, gold! of eighteen carats quality!

Having obtained an interview with the above *Moon-jiggi*, I am enabled to testify that the itching in his palm can be healed with a very moderate expenditure of golden grease. In short, he has undertaken to procure the Imperial signature to a concession of working rights over said mine for

999 years (which, I venture to predict, Sir, will see the pair of us out!) for the sum down of yen 5000, and very very moderate royalties.

Being of course too confirmed an impecunious to provide even this paltry amount, I have decided to offer you the opportunity to purchase a pig in the poke that is to lay truly magnificent golden nest-eggs. I might no doubt have applied to some wealthy native Indian capitalists, who would assuredly have jumped at so shiny a bait—but my filial affection for such a loving Parent as yourself impels me to offer you first refusal.

You will have no trouble beyond furnishing supplies for purchasing concession, and bribing *Moon-jiggi* (which latter item will not, I should say, greatly exceed yen 500), I to undertake all jobbery and to join Board after allotment. I would also see that you are allotted several hundreds of shares at mere peppercorn prices, which you might order your Staff of Contributors to purchase from you at par, thereby pocketing the pretty penny. As Chairman, I shall be pleased to nominate you as one of my Directors—for, though not (like too many Orientals) inclined to fulsome flatteries, I am honestly of the opinion that you would make a rather ornamental guinea-pig.

Well, what is the verdict, Honoured Sir? Am I to be cabled a draft on some leading Calcutta Bank for yen 5500 (about £550) as the sprat to inveigle a handsome and golden whale into your pocket-hole—or am I not? [Ed. Com.—*You are not!*]
H. B. J.

M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. IX.

"AHA, so this is Southampton"—it was BOUDIN who spoke, and he pronounced it Sussungton, with the accent on the first and third syllables,—“This is that devil of Southampton of which I hear so much. Come, my fine fellow, let us embark and reach the yacht *Petronel*. I care not for the earth any more; I despise him; I who speak to you, I will perhaps dance a hornpipe. I will be Jack Tar, my friend, like you other English, who are all Jack Tars from your birth. Oh, but the sea is not calm at all. You have deceived me.”

By this time we were on the little motor-launch which was to convey us to the *Petronel*, and in a few minutes more we were on board that noble ship and had been welcomed by our host, the rightest and tightest and most genial buccaneer who ever sailed the British seas in luxury and a 400-ton yacht. Shortly afterwards we sat down to lunch, and in the meantime the anchor was weighed and away we steamed towards Cherbourg, where we were to anchor for the night.

After lunch we went up on the bridge. BOUDIN's get-up, I must admit, was faultless: his blue serge suit, his yachting-cap with a white sun-cover, his white shoes with india-rubber soles—everything about him, in fact, was *le dernier cri* in nautical costume, and he was as proud as a child of his appearance. There was no doubt about it, however: the sea was rough and the *Petronel* soon began to pitch and toss in the most approved style. Still we were all Britons, except BOUDIN, and, whatever we feared, we were not going to show our apprehensions—not just yet, at any rate. We were a party of five, and we were all sitting very comfortably in deck chairs and smoking various forms of tobacco, BOUDIN having ventured on a very big cigar.

“Are you a good sailor, BOUDIN?” said I.

“Ah, as to that, I know not,” he replied, “I have served my one year as a soldier, and as I do not want to serve any more at all I suppose that I am not a good soldier; but I have not been in the *inscription maritime*, so I have not given my proofs as a sailor, but I will learn—not so well as you English, of course, for you are born for a life on the sea, but as well as I can I will learn what a sailor must know.”

“I don't mean that kind of thing, BOUDIN. I mean are you ever sea-sick?”

“Ah, my poor friend”—(when a Frenchman is filled with pity for himself he always calls you his poor friend)—“Ah, my poor friend, do not speak of it. I did survive from Calais to Dover when I begin my visit in England, but that is my only voyage on the sea. I fear, yes, I fear very much I shall be sea-sick, for I am a Frenchman, and the Latin races are no good for the sea. It is only the Anglo-Saxon who is always a jolly fellow when the waves are like mountains,” and he blew out a great cloud of cigar smoke which seemed to be particularly strong and offensive. “Oh, but never mind,” he continued, “you will be kind to your little BOUDIN. When he agonises with the *mal de mer* you will help him to make his testament, and you will sing ‘Rule Britannia’ to him till he render his last sigh.”

At this point two members of our party, who had thrown away their cigarettes some minutes ago, and had become very pensive and silent, said they thought they would go below and see about unpacking their things. Our deck-party was thus reduced to three—our host, BOUDIN and myself.

“Those poor fellows,” said BOUDIN, meditatively. “Why have they so yellow an air? But perhaps they go below because they do not wish to triumph over BOUDIN when he succumb. For if I succumb I succumb here. I stay here in full air, for if I go below I cannot learn to be a sailor.

And you, my brave Jack Tar, you will not desert me. Everything I possess *je lègue à ma mère*; take notice of that. *Sapristi*, how the wind blow, but *courage, mon vieux*, and *vogue la galère*. I think I like the waves; they are splendid. *Pouf!* what a monster that one was. Come, why are you so silent? Sing me—for it is the moment of moments—sing me one of your British songs of the sea. What was that one I hear *mademoiselle* your sister sing to us last week? Something about

When we jolly sailor-boys are scudding up aloft,
And the landlubbers lying down below, below, below,
And the landlubbers lying down below.

That was the song. Ah, you will not sing him. You get up. You are offended with BOUDIN. He have put his foot in, perhaps. *N'importe*, it is a glorious life on the sea, and I furiously envy to be a sailor like you English. Ah, you are going. No, I rest: it is the sea I love—”

* * * * *

When I came on deck again as we were entering Cherbourg harbour, I found BOUDIN as fresh and rosy as when we started. He had made friends with the captain, a Scotchman, who described him as “a verra nice gentleman, but a wee wild in his talk.” I quite agree.

ÆSTHETIC MORALS.

[Vide an article in *Harper's Magazine* on “Æsthetics of the Sky.”]

It is all very well for a poet to tell

Of the lessons that lurk in the skies,
And to bid you cry halt and regard the blue vault
With a pair of poetical eyes:

In the country one may with propriety stray,
With one's gaze fixed intent on a cloud,
And watch its shape change—but it's apt to seem strange
If one does the same thing in a crowd.

I am told it's correct, would you catch the effect

Of a sky as it ought to be caught,
To be bent till your feet and your head nearly meet,
And to gaze through your legs lost in thought.

In a green Surrey lane or on Salisbury Plain
There is no one to laugh at your fad;
But to play such a prank at St. Paul's or the Bank
Would undoubtedly stamp you as mad.

Common people would think you were given to drink,
And the cabbies would scarce understand

That the thought in your heart was devotion to art
If they saw you stuck fast in the Strand;
The busmen would laugh and deride you with chaff,
And, instead of respecting your soul,
They would catch you a whack in the small of your back
With the end of the omnibus pole.

The New Veil.

(Overheard in the Church porch last Sunday.)

Old Man (after watching the Squire's daughter in one of the new veils). Lor', to think of her having been hiving bees on a Sunday!

ABSOLUTELY UNIQUE.—The advertisement of Madame PATTI's concert at the Albert Hall was headed “The only PATTI Concert.” Quite true: so she is—“The Only PATTI.”

LOST, June 9.—Half Persian Cat, &c.—*Morning Post*.

Which half is still at home, the half that sings, or the better half?

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XVII.—PROFESSOR METCHNIKOFF AND PERPETUAL YOUTH.

*SCENE—*The Summit of Coniston Old Man.*

PRESENT:

Franz Vecsey (in the Chair).
Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.
Mr. Austen Chamberlain, M.P.
Mr. William Younger, M.P.
Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P.
Señor Manuel Garcia.
Dr. Deighton.
Mr. Swinburne.
Several Harmsworths.

Vecsey. It is Professor METCHNIKOFF's recent lecture on old age and its cure that has brought us together. As you are doubtless aware, old age is merely a disease, like tennis elbow or anything else, and all that is needed to remove it is the discovery of an elixir vite. We are met to debate whether a graceful old age is preferable to perpetual youth. Glancing round I see several perpetual youths in our midst.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Very prettily put.

Mr. Swinburne. A delicate and discerning compliment.

Vecsey. Some of us are indeed very young. Shall we get older or not?

Several Harmsworths. Never. To grow old is a confession of failure.

Mr. Winston Churchill. All the harm in the world is done by the old. Youth divines; age merely knows. Youth soars upon intuitions; age crawls among facts. There will never be anything old about me.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Except ham.

Mr. Winston Churchill. Eh?

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Except ham.

Mr. Winston Churchill. I fail to apprehend the point of that remark.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. You will see it soon, when you are a little older.

Vecsey. It is, I think, my duty as Chairman to point out that Professor METCHNIKOFF does not promise a perpetual youthfulness of mind, but of body. Our minds will grow old, I take it, as heretofore; but our bodies will continue young.

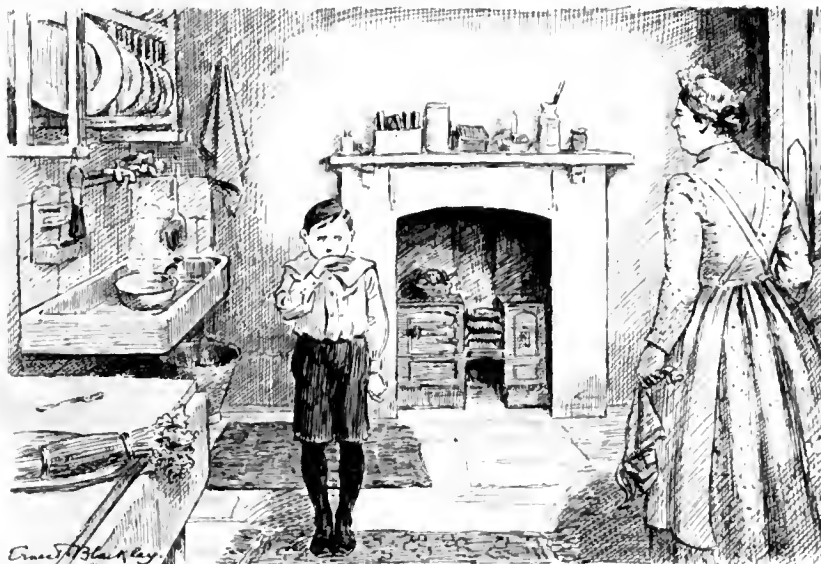
Several Harmsworths. That is rather serious. Do you mean that we shall in time become more than twenty-one years of age, just as if Professor METCHNIKOFF had never existed?

Vecsey. Certainly.

Several Harmsworths. We don't like that at all. It is impossible to say what would happen to the *Daily Mail* if we were to get old.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain. It would probably be sold at twopence, after July 4.

Several Harmsworths. It would not

**GOOD ADVICE.**

Bridget. "WHY, MASTER TOMMY, WHAT EVER IS THE MATTER?"

Tommy. "I'VE HURT MY H-HAND IN THE H-HOT WATER."

Bridget. "SURE, THIN, IT SERVES YOU RIGHT. YOU SHOULD HAVE FELT THE WATER BEFORE YOU PUT YOUR HAND IN!"

be the same paper. "Youth at the helm"—that is our motto.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Mottoes often get out of date. My motto in 1884 was "Free Trade for England."

Dr. Deighton. Our Chairman is quite right. It is absurd to talk about age as if it were a matter of years. It is a matter of feeling—a man is as old as he feels. No one is old who can walk as I did from Land's End to John o' Groats.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Years are nothing. Look at me. I am universally acknowledged to be the youngest Member in the House.

Mr. William Younger. I beg the Right Honourable gentleman's pardon, but I am YOUNGER.

Señor Manuel Garcia. Speaking as one whose hundredth birthday is imminent I may say that age is easily kept at bay. One simply has to teach singing. I am explaining the system in my *Manuel for Centenarians*, now in the press.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Do you really think that teaching singing is as effective as a feverish political activity?

Señor Garcia. Certainly.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. I must look into the matter. I may be in need of a change of occupation in a few months' time. Since there was a Corn Law Rhymers, why not a Tariff Troubadour?

Mr. Swinburne. Señor GARCIA's age reminds me of a riddle which the Great Panjandrum of Criticism, my friend Mr. WATTS-DUNTON, once made up. Why is a parcel that has been directed to the wrong house like a very old man?

Vecsey. Are we to try to guess it, or will you enjoy the triumph of supplying the answer?

Señor Garcia. Or shall we change the subject? I remember when I crossed to America in 1825—

Mr. Swinburne. The answer is quite simple—Because it's a sent-in-error 'un.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Speaking as the Chancellor of the Exchequer I must strongly protest against the anarchical views of Professor METCHNIKOFF. Supposing he found his elixir vite, where would the Death Duties be?

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. That would be all right, my son; we could put a tax on living.

Vecsey. I think it is clear from what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has said that the menace of perpetual youth is not likely to be serious. A graduated income-tax, rising to five shillings in the pound for persons above eighty, will surely prevent most people from indulging in Professor METCHNIKOFF's insidious drug.

Mr. Swinburne. "Songs by a Septuagenarian swimmer" has an agreeable assonance, or "Octogenarian Occ. verse."

Señor Garcia. I remember that when I was at school in Madrid in the year of Waterloo—

Several Harmsworths. Bother Waterloo! History only began eight years ago.

Mr. Winston Churchill. By George! I've just seen what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN meant when he said that about hain earlier in our discussion. He meant Oldham, my constituency.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Bright boy, that.



Country Cousin. "Do you stop at the Cecil?"

'Bus Driver. "Do I stop at the Cecil!—on TWENTY-EIGHT BOB A WEEK!"

OUT-AND-OUTINGS.

WHAT a lot you may know of the Continong, at a reasonable price if only you be an energetic week-end!

Taking into consideration that you require no luggage, and that the third-class carriages by boat-train are as comfortable, if not as luxurious, as the

EVIDENTLY a very severe-looking set must be the "Rev. Mr. BENSON's Cowley Fathers." To balance this effect is required a pleasant lot of "Smiley Mothers."

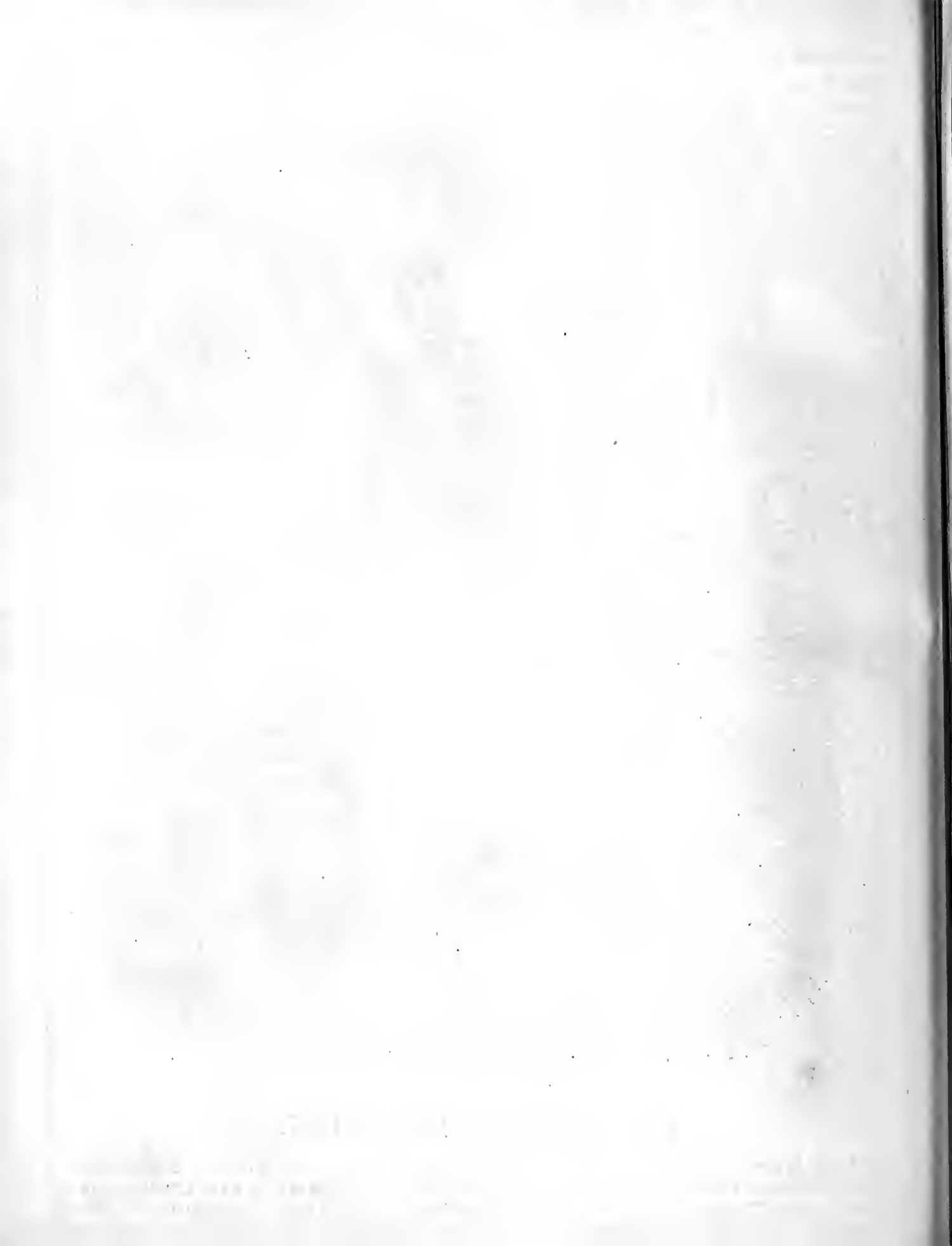
first, on the S. E. & C. lines, laid in pleasant places, how can anyone, wishing always to be *dans le mouvement* (but not too much of it aboard ship), do better than go through our hop country (*Vive la danse!*) *via* Dover to Calais (lunch there, and return), or per Folkestone to Boulogne and back (greater facility here for starting later in the day, if simply to cross to B'long, dine, and back by next boat contents you) for the comparatively small charge of a little over a sovereign to Calais, and about half-a-crown under that amount to Boulogne? If you have the time, and the needful, go over on Saturday to B'logne, returning Monday early, or Sunday late, should Monday be a working day.

It was, we believe, Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD who perpetrated an amusing account of his flying Saturday-to-Monday visits to the Continent. This experienced *voyageur* being an early riser and undismayed by perpetual motion, "did" Calais, Ostend, Bruges, Dunkirk—in fact, a whole semi-circuit of interesting places, being absent from London but a few hours, during which time he gathered materials for a series of Travellers' Tales. To Brighton, Eastbourne, and, in earlier spring, to Bournemouth, are all delightful short trips for short purses. But if it is "a quick change" you want, get it in francs at Boulogne or Calais, and return strengthened by week-end trip.



A MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW.

KAISER WILHELM. "DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, UNCLE, AT KIEL. AND NOW, AS THERE ARE NEITHER CABINET MINISTERS NOR REPORTERS PRESENT, I THINK I MIGHT PERHAPS MENTION THAT—THE SEA IS CALM, AND IT IS SPLENDID WEATHER FOR THE YACHT RACES."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOSTY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 13.

—Mystery has ever brooded over the reasons why GRAHAM MURRAY exchanged the Lord Advocateship for the post of Secretary for Scotland. It is true the latter is the higher rank, carrying with it a seat in the Cabinet. But the difference in the salary is grievous. He had not been Secretary five minutes when bang went £3000 a year. To any of us that would be a serious consideration. To a Scotchman it is sheer anguish.

Those who know GRAHAM MURRAY, who are familiar with his chivalrous nature, hold proof of his loyalty, understand the matter quite clearly. In October of last year PRINCE ARTHUR was in a fix that froze the smile on even his countenance. The Ministry was breaking up; vacancies included the Scotch office, most difficult to fill. GRAHAM MURRAY was the only man available. Would he sacrifice £3000 a year on the altar of friendship and fealty? He did, earning a fresh claim on the gratitude of his Party and the esteem of mankind only partially acknowledged.

That is explanation enough for the ordinary man. The MEMBER FOR SARK, nothing if not penetrating, has discovered another reason. Whilst GRAHAM MURRAY was still Lord Advocate Mr. CALDWELL fastened upon him with a tenacity that makes the habits of the octopus by comparison feeble. For the more convenient pursuit of his purpose "JIMMY," as Scotch Members in vain effort to make light of him say, selected a seat just behind the Front Opposition Bench,



"Loud-voiced, emphatic, voluble. No pause, no semi-colon, not even a comma."
(Mr. C-ldw-ll.)



"C.-B. AT THE RACES."

Gipsy. "Tell your fortune, pretty gentleman?"

C.-B. "Heavens, no, my good woman! Anything but that!!"

immediately facing the hapless Lord Advocate. Standing there, with his pockets crammed with pirated editions of music-hall songs, JIMMY could with ease and accuracy wag his forefinger at the right hon. gentleman.

Through eight long years he has done this. Session after session, in winter months or beneath the severity of June skies, the Lord Advocate has "sat under" Mr. CALDWELL. Time came to him when desire failed, when the grasshopper became a burden. PRINCE ARTHUR hinting at the vacancy in the post of Minister for Scotland, all that GRAHAM MURRAY saw through blurred eyes was deliverance from the Lord Advocate's responsibilities, which, in their Parliamentary form, were largely composed of being talked at by Mr. CALDWELL to the interminable, threatening, scolding, commanding, instructing, depressing, wagging of an insistent forefinger.

If there be any truth in this reading of circumstance GRAHAM MURRAY has been doubly done. He has lost his £3000 a year, and Mr. CALDWELL still pursues him.

These are, indeed, great times for JIMMY. When, bent on healthful week-ending, I left the House on Friday afternoon, June 10, he was on his legs, talking about musical copyright to an audience chiefly consisting of the Mace

and benches. Returning this, Monday, afternoon, behold! JIMMY is still on his legs, wagging his forefinger with precisely the same manner, roaring forth words at the rate of sixteen to a dozen. But—and this gives fresh glow to his manner, adds three-quarters of an hour to the length of successive speeches—there on the Treasury Bench sits the shadow of a former Lord Advocate, now Secretary of State for Scotland.

Not having anything to do with the Musical Copyright Bill (no sane man would pirate music written for the bagpipes), GRAHAM MURRAY on Friday for once escaped the toils of JIMMY. To-day Scotch Education Bill is in Committee. It is in charge of the Minister for Scotland, and JIMMY, remembering the drawback to his prolonged delight of Friday afternoon, when he made fifteen speeches and talked out the Musical Copyright Bill, makes most of opportunity.

The Ancient Mariner was merely interjectional in his remarks compared with JIMMY almost within buttonhole-reach of the ex-Lord Advocate.

The wedding guest sate on a stone,
He cannot chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancynt man,
The bright-eyed Marinere.

It was the Treasury Bench GRAHAM MURRAY sat on, and Mr. CALDWELL, being



FIRST IN ; OR, A REVERSION TO EARLY VICTORIAN METHODS.

Mrs. Fiskle, the Bathing Woman. "There, my little men! It's not 'alf so bad as you expected, is it, now; and the others will all be coming in directly."

[Lords L-nsd-wne and S-lb-rne appear as Vice-Presidents of the new (Josephised) Liberal Unionist Association.]

brought up to the calico-printing business, is a mariner only in the sense that he ever floats on a sea of words. These are details. On he went, jubilant, loud-voiced, emphatic, voluble. No pause, no semi-colon, not even a comma. And all the while his glittering eye fixed on the shrunken form of the suffering Secretary for Scotland.

Business done.—Scotch Education Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—Scotch Education Bill again. Regret to say GRAHAM MURRAY'S finely mettled, long-trained patience, temporarily broke down under strain. Mr. CALDWELL having been on for a couple of hours, C.-B. chancing to look in made, *sub voce*, remark on something the Secretary was saying about the system of Royal and Police Burghs in Scotland.

You have seen the familiar "business" in pantomime at Christmas when the policeman, called on to restore order in street riot engineered by the clown, drops on the smallest, most inoffensive

boy on the outskirts of the crowd, and triumphantly marches him off to durance vile. So this afternoon the Secretary for Scotland and C.-B. The latter absolutely void of offence. Except possibly in the case of Lord ROSEBURY, ever ready, even anxious, to efface himself. On him the Secretary, his soul seared with Mr. CALDWELL'S vocal pertinacity, turned with something between a sneer and a snarl.

"Unlike the right hon. gentleman," he said, "I was not at the Races yesterday."

The retort, it will be observed, lacks the finish of appositeness. The topic immediately under discussion was the pride of port of Scotch Royal Burghs who would never consent to be represented by mere modern County Councils. Where Ascot comes in, with C.-B. on the Grand Stand, is not at first sight apparent.

Apart from that there is something hopelessly incongruous in the idea of C.-B. in a white hat with a green silk

veil, a field glass slung about his shoulders, totting up the odds in his book. Could have occurred only to imagination heated by extreme vexation. The charge is one peculiarly calculated to damage a political adversary. The idea of the right hon. Member for the Stirling District going off to Ascot when he had at hand the alternative joy of sitting through a June afternoon discussing a Scotch Education Bill, is difficult for a kirk elder to realise. But it is so obviously improper that resentment would be deeply stirred.

C.-B., perceiving the gravity of the situation, made haste to deny the impeachment.

"I was not at the Races," he said.

"The right hon. gentleman," retorted the Secretary, "did not come into the House until the last race was over."

Here is fresh, increasingly disastrous, proof of the effect upon a powerful mind of being talked at through two days by Mr. CALDWELL. Long trained in the laws of evidence, in succession



NOT WHAT SHE INTENDED.

Mrs. — (to wife of busy City man). "So glad you are coming to us on Thursday. I need hardly say how pleased we shall be to see your husband also, if it is only to fetch you away!"

Advocate-Depute, Sheriff of Perthshire, Solicitor-General for Scotland, and Lord Advocate, GRAHAM MURRAY would instinctively decline to receive as evidence "what the soldier said." Yet, having brought a baseless charge against the moral character of a distinguished statesman, he unblushingly attempted to support it by the syllogism that C.-B., having reached his place on the Front Opposition bench at an hour synchronising with the last race at Ascot, *argal*, he had been to the Races.

Cream of the joke may perhaps be spooned from the fact that racing at Ascot did not commence till to-day.

Business done.—The Secretary of State for Scotland brings unfounded charge against the Right Honourable the Leader of the Opposition.

FRAMES OF MIND.

"[I declare that the above statement contains a full, just and true account and return of the *whole of my income from every source whatsoever* for the year ending the 31st day of April, 1905."—*Extract from Income Tax Return form.*]

O MR. SURVEYOR of Taxes,
A terrible task you impose!
I claim some abatement: you ask for a statement
Of details which nobody knows.
My revenue wanes and it waxes
Along with my varying mood;
It's mainly a question, I think, of digestion,
And largely depends upon food.
Then how fill up the form?
My income how foretell?
How know what cheer the coming year
Is bringing near, with smile or tear?
O, will my hearth be warm,
My table furnished well?
Or will my fare be sordid care,
Another weary spell?

When late at the Carlton I tarry,
Where riches and luxury reign,
When I sup *con amore* and trail clouds of glory
Inspired by the best of champagne,
I am then a great playwright—a BARRIE—
Three plays at a time on the boards—
The royalties pour in and put more and more in
My purse till it's fat as a lord's.

When Economy raises her finger
And bids me reluctantly go
To dine for a florin in haunts that are foreign
And doubtful in dingy Soho,
Fair visions no longer will linger,
The future begins to look black;
I see myself earning with toil and heart-burning
The wage of a newspaper hack.

When, growing more prudent than ever,
On messes of pottage I sup,
Or dine somewhat sparsely on outlets of parsley,
And drink Adam's ale from my cup;
When I struggle with frugal endeavour
By "diet" to keep down the bill,
When I feel filled-and-emptied, I'm very much tempted
To send in my income as *nil*.
Then how fill up the form?
My income how foretell?
How know what cheer the coming year
Is bringing near, with smile or tear?
O, will my hearth be warm,
My table furnished well?
Or will my fare be sordid care,
Another weary spell?

A SUNDAY SCHOOL OF ACTING.

It is never too late to say a good word during any season for first-rate acting, and this word of praise all round must be given to the sterling actors who, shoulder to shoulder, have carried along triumphantly during the season Mr. "T. RACEWARD'S" very interesting, but in some respects faulty, and not strikingly original, play of *Sunday* at the Comedy Theatre. The four jolly colonial sandboys who form a quartette of guardians around the sweet orphan girl *Miss Sunday* are clearly reminiscent of the jovial Bohemian artists who kept watch o'er the life of poor *Trilby*, as they themselves, by the way, were with equal certainty reminiscent of MÜRGEN's happy-go-lucky Bohemians of Paris. But into this matter it is not now worth while to enter, as this comedy has made its mark, and will make its very many marks, in good English coin, before its present proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. FRED TERRY, have done with it. Certainly, as far as acting goes, they are doing uncommonly well with it. Taken all round it is a perfect cast, the only artist in the company who is not "fitted down to the ground" is the self-denying Manager; and yet without him, the play, with Mrs. FRED TERRY (JULIA NEILSON) in it, would have lacked its strongest complement. "Which," as the ancient *Saurey* might have said, "spelling 'complement' with an 'i,'" is a tribute that may be most sincerely paid to the *Colonel Brin-thorpe* of Mr. FRED TERRY.

Miss JULIA NEILSON is what "the boys" in the hut call her, "a dream." The laugh that is born of her sheer lightness of heart, and not of head, is delightfully fresh; and yet there is danger in it, artistically, a tempting danger: it may be so very easily overdone, and should it once sound strained, there is an end of the ingenuousness of this fascinating character. The part abounds in opportunities, not one of which Miss NEILSON loses. Her comedy is infectious, her tragedy overwhelms us. It is a thoroughly good performance.

As the unprincipled *Arthur Brin-thorpe*, a most difficult part to play, Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY acquits himself admirably. The character is a double-dyed scoundrel of the most ordinary type of gay Lothario known to the stage, and yet is Mr. CHERRY's performance of it absolutely free from all conventionality. When first he is introduced he is above suspicion, and though lookers-on see most of the game, the audience is almost as much astonished as is *Sunday* herself to find what a scoundrel has been entertained unawares by the simple, rough and ready brotherhood of the Creek.

Admirable in his solid line is Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE as everybody's friend, *Tom Oxley*, and this must be said equally of the fine performance of Mr. LOUIS CALVERT as the rough and ready *Towzer*, of the striking characterisation by Mr. ALFRED BRYDENE of *Davy*, and of the eccentric comedy tone given, with so delicately humorous a touch, by Mr. ALFRED KENDRICK to the kindly but feeble *Jacky*.

Calm, dignified, and sympathetic is Miss EDYTH OLIVE as *A Nun*, who having touched all hearts, disappears after the First Act, leaving not even her name, as it is not given in the programme. She is one of those "who come like shadows, so depart."

And finally Miss BELLA PATEMAN, looking like a superb *Marquise de la vieille roche*, yet acting just as the homely, gracious, and soft-hearted *Mrs. Naresby* would have done in real life, completes a singularly effective list of *dramatis personæ*. At what date Miss JULIA NEILSON and Mr. FRED TERRY are to take "their *Sunday out*" (of the bill) is not mentioned, but no one who appreciates thoroughly good acting should lose the chance of seeing this play at the Comedy Theatre.

QUERY: "JOB'S COMFORTER."—Of what material made? Was it worn twice round the neck?

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, June 11.—This evening *Faust*, with *Marguerite* costumed in new fashion. Suggestive of sequence to the old story, to be entitled *Marguerite*; or, *The Wrong Redressed*. Maggie MELBA's notes on this occasion as sparkling as the



Caruso Radames.

Design for a Twelfth Cake.

real gems in GOUNOD's effective setting. M. DALMORES as *Faust*, M. RENAUD as *Valentin*, and JUPIN PLANÇON in the skin of *Mephisto*, all excellent. Mlle. HELIAN a nice young *Siebel* for a smaller party than Mme. *Marguerite* MELBA; and for the skittish *Martha* (she ought to have been the *vivandière* of the London Skittish), who better than Mlle. BAUERMEISTER? Orchestra, MANCINELLI, and *dramatis personæ*, all played into one another's hands artistically.

Monday night.—*Aida*. Royal Party not present, as our gracious KING and graceful QUEEN are at Eton, giving the boys a treat, and seeing the ancient "Ten-ear," the *Monarch*, instead of hearing the more youthful Tenor, Signor CARUSO.

Brilliant success in both places. At Covent Garden, a really magnificent performance, musically, spectacularly and histrionically. How delightfully tuneful and melodramatic it all is! How overpoweringly glittering as a spectacle belonging to a period when the ballet,



Aida ... Mlle. Russ. Amonasro ... Scotti.
King Golliwog and his daughter.

having been omitted from the menu as a dish à part, was being served up as garnish to the *pièce de résistance*. The setting is gorgeous. The situation at the end of Act II. recalls *Voici le Sabre de mon père!* Did *Aida*, produced after *La Grande Duchesse*, borrow the idea?

Mlle. Russ, her first appearance in London, was naturally as nervous as a *Russ in urbe* on such an occasion would be; and if, at first, not quite up to her own proper form, it must be

remembered that *Aida*, being a coloured lady, may be looked upon as "a dark horse." It is a simple yet powerful tale, this of the two *Golliwogs*, *père et fille*, *King Amonasro* and *Princess Aida*, his daughter, brought as prisoners to Egypt by F.-M. Lord *Radames-Roberts*, Generalissimo and hero of the opera, a part magnificently played and sung by Signor CARUSO, the Conquering Hero with all his forces well under command. As the wicked and unhappy *Amneris*, Mme. KIRKBY LUNN, freed from mechanism of Wagnerian wax-works, sang and acted as one suddenly animated by the springs of human impulse. Outwardly fair, with golden hair, but morally black, *Miss Amneris* is of a deeper dye than, in appearance, is even the perspiring and conspiring *King Golliwog*, of the Royal



Suggestion for ornamental door-knocker for the distinguished Russian tenor Herr Arens' professional residence.

Pen-wiper Line,—with more in him of the vicious wiper than the tranquil pen,—a part played and sung with fine tragic effect by Signor SCOTTI.

M. PLANÇON, stately and solemn as *Ramfiz* (not a pretty sounding name, suggestive of sheep's-head), lends the weight of his authority and sonority to the telling effect of the concerted pieces and choruses which are so notable a feature of this veritably grand opera. The "long-drawn-out" golden trumpets used by the Egyptian Military Band in the army of *Il Rè*, M. COTREUIL, are too well known for any special note to be sounded here on their behalf. They speak for themselves in this scene, which is a stirring one for amateurs of "Bridge," as before them they have the rare spectacle of any number of players with nothing but trumps in their hands! The dance of the



Lainty Miss Elisabeth (Fräulein Selma Kurz), a drawn Bet on first Ascot day, and no better to be found anywhere!



Radames ... Caruso. Amonasro ... Scotti.
King Golliwog, the prisoner, artfully pretends to grovel as if he were another Man Friday acknowledging the mastership of Robinson Caruso.

little Golliwogs is as quaint as ever, but we know those Golliwogs by now. Vociferous calls over and over again for everyone, and Signor MANCINELLI mounts to the stage, and joins hands with the dwellers on the banks of the Nile, the only free, happy and harmless Nile-ists.

Tuesday, June 14.—The filling of boxes at Ascot rather empties those at Covent Garden of, at least, their *habitués*. But, good house for a first-class performance of *Tannhäuser*, with SELINA KURZ distinguishing herself as singer and actress in the character of *Elisabeth*, though not up to her tip-top-note *Gilda* form. Herr VAN DYCK being temporarily incapacitated—if it had been Derby Day the malicious might have insinuated that he was one of the Vans on the road, but for the fact that no Van goes to Royal Ascot), and Dr. RICHTER being unable to prescribe for his complaint with

serious papa (with a past—ahem!), known to his familiars as *Old Georgey* Germont. The *mise-en-scène* perfect, especially the Garden Scene: but all the Covent Garden scenes are noteworthy. A new *decor* has just been added, as on Dr. HANS RICHTER has just been conferred the Royal Victorian Order by His Gracious Music-loving Majesty, King EDWARD. This gives HANS RICHTER free entrance to all theatres and opera houses, as he can go where he likes with this Order, which is, of course, a *passe-partout*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE reader taking up *Garmiscath* (BLACKWOOD) and observing it is written by J. STORER CLOUSTON, will naturally expect to find echoes of the riotous fun that bubbled round the career of *The Lunatic at Large*. Mr. CLOUSTON, however, establishes his versatility, the two books being wide asunder as sanity and madness. New ground is broken by placing the scene in far-off Orkney. It has evidently been sketched on the spot, and affords material for some excellent descriptions of an inconstant heaven bent over a land bounded by unrestful waters. There is a fine study of a sturdy Scot who lends his name to the book. In contrast with him is the immigrant Southron, whose ancestors, by wiles and wealth, possessed themselves of *Garmiscath's* land. To tell how it is redeemed through the agency of the *Odaller's* son is the purpose of a story of sustained interest. My Baronite finds something a little mechanical in the part played in the drama by Captain Maitland and his family. But the rugged character of the old Islander suffices.

My Nautical Retainer desires to commend *The Court of Sacharissa* (HEINEMANN), by HUGH SHERINGHAM and NEVILL MEAKIN. It is the tale of a Company of Gentlemen Adventurers who have the pleasant habit of exploring the Home Counties on Saturday afternoons. Trespassing one day upon a fair pleasaunce they encounter its charming *châtelaine*, who enters at once into the spirit that animates their society, and gives them entertainment on seven successive excursions. No actual names occur in the book; but each of the Adventurers has a fanciful title—"The Ambassador," "The Exotic," "The Man of Truth," and so forth—with which his character and conversation accord. From time to time their mutual badinage is relieved by stories told in the right Boccaccian manner, in which form of entertainment "The Exotic" bears the palm, his tales being appropriately coloured with Oriental diction and sentiment. The presence of *Sacharissa*, as an audience, is at once an inspiring force and a restraint upon excessive ebullience. She shows a very perfect tact in drawing out their respective gifts; and it is a tribute to her impartiality that they should all want to marry her in the penultimate scene. My Nautical Retainer, while honourably refusing to betray the secret of her choice, considers that in this rather important matter the authors have done an injustice to her good taste.

If some of the details of the book may seem a little otiose, this is all part of the natural garrulity proper to this kind of work. The authors have not attempted the literary *finesse*, sometimes too conscious, of STEVENSON'S *New Arabian Nights*, or Mr. HEWLETT'S *New Canterbury Tales*; but in their own easy and unaffected style they have contrived to give an irresistible attraction to these Ambrosial Afternoons.



Violetta Melba—costume 1904. Germont Scotti—costume 1675.
Ce cher petit enfant Alfred Caruso—costume 1675.

an extra dose of WAGNER, Herr ARENS donned the armour of the Wandering Minstrel Knight, which fitted him to a nicety.

Wednesday, June 15.—Our Operatic Syndicate is rich in tenors, and as there's not a false note among them, that is, not one that has been detected up to the present time, they can change them at will. This they have already done, but to-night no change is given, and *La Traviata*, being played with the best of all possible casts as announced, draws an overflowing house. Madame MELBA, singing perfectly and doing her very best with the character of the consumptive *Violetta* (how deceitful are appearances!), is acclaimed enthusiastically. Clever of MELBA to indicate how *Violetta* can not be morally responsible for her conduct by showing how, while all her lady and gentlemen friends, forming the distinguished and sympathetic chorus, are in the attire that characterised the period of the second CHARLES, our sweet *Violetta*, inspired by a sort of prophetic eccentricity, adopts present-day costume with a very much up-to-date hat peculiar to this year of grace and elegance. This is distinctly and subtly artistic, as a *toque* would have too markedly emphasised the fact of her being *un peu toqué*. But what if the chorus and all the *dramatis personæ* are wrong and *Violetta* MELBA alone is right? This is not improbable, as the action of the original novel was placed in "the so-called nineteenth century." So, after all, *Violetta* is nearer the truth than her surroundings. Signor CARUSO is too *robusto* for the mawkishly sentimental *Alfredo*, but he was in splendid voice and in a remarkably funny costume: grief had evidently affected his taste and judgment in the matter of clothes. No matter, all were excellent, especially clever Signor SCOTTI (in this, A-Scotti time of racing) as *Alfredo's* preternaturally



ELEMENTARY CLASSICS.

"Who is this *Alcestis* who lives at Bradford?" inquired SYLVIA, as she turned over the leaves of my engagement-book. "Is he a nice man?"

"It's BRADFIELD," I said, "and it's a woman, not a man. A Greek tragedy, you know."

"Yes," said SYLVIA expectantly, "a woman?"

"And she was married to a man—a king"—(SYLVIA *looked pleased*)—"who was very ill and didn't want to die—"

"She *must* have been a nice woman!" interposed SYLVIA.

"And the Fates promised to spare his life if someone could be found to take his place and die for him, but no one would, except—"

"Yes," said SYLVIA, "and I *hope* the selfish wretch didn't let her! *How* like a man! Would *you* let *me*—"

"Don't interrupt, SYLVIA!" I said severely. "As I was saying, no one could be found to take his place except his faithful wife, *Alcestis*, and so she died."

"Not *really*?" said SYLVIA, with a startled look.

"Yes, *really*," I said firmly. "Then on the day of her death another man—"

"Ah!" said SYLVIA.

"Another man," I continued, "came to the house and heard all about it, and he went and fought with Death—"

"How *sweet* of him!" said SYLVIA. "I expect he and *Al-Alcestis* had had some very nice times together before she married that hateful king-man!"

"Not at all!" I said firmly. "In fact it was only for the king's sake—he was his special friend—that *Herakles* fought with Death at all and won back *Alcestis*. And so the king's sorrow was turned into great and unexpected joy!" I concluded.

SYLVIA looked at me witheringly.

"Of course," she said, "the man who wrote the story" ("EURIPIDES was his name, and it was a *play*, not a *story*, SYLVIA!" I murmured) "had to *say* that *Alcestis* and *Herakles* didn't know each other. I expect everyone knew who he meant—people always *do* guess the real names in novels, don't they?—and it wouldn't have done, but of course she'd thrown over that nice *Herakles* for that hateful king—no, I don't want to know his name—and it was splendid of him to fight with Death for her after she'd been so horrid. That's what men *ought* to be like! Now supposing—"

But here the maid came in to say that the box had come from the dressmaker, and SYLVIA vanished, leaving me to meditate on woman's instinct for understanding the ancients.

Poor old *Herakles*! To think I never saw that before!

AT THE OXFORD ENCÆNIA.

(From Our Own Very Special. Delayed in Transmission.)

It was a most enjoyable time. I write this after breakfast or lunch, I forget which, and am in time to catch the post between dinner and supper. I did catch the post, between the eyes, as I was running to it, and am now suffering from an optical confusion. Only one eye dotted, but you won't mind *that*: of course *you* won't, as it's not your eye but mine. Just time to put in some important details.

The Creweian Oration was delivered by a jolly old cock, a very merry fellow who wins the Chanticleerian Prize. Mr. SINGER SARGENT, so-called from the tone of his compositions (you are probably acquainted with the songs of this Singer? if not, you can inquire at any music publishers), being already an R.A., is now distinguished as a D.C.L., a "Doosid Clever Lad." You will be glad to hear that Mr. ANDREW LANG has been appointed D.Litt., meaning Doctor of Letters. It is a Post Office appointment, and belongs to the Insufficiently Stamped and Addressed Department.



"WHAT IS SAUCE FOR THE COOSE IS SAUCE FOR THE CANDER"; OR, OUT IN THE FORTY-FIVE.

Madame. "WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING, FRANK, TO MAKE YOURSELF SUCH A FRIGHT?"

Frank. "WELL, MY DEAR, YOU SEEM TO HAVE A FANCY FOR DRESSING UP AS YOUR GRANDMAMMA, SO I'VE LOOKED OUT SOME OF MY GRANDFATHER'S THINGS, JUST TO BE IN KEEPING."

["Eighteen-forty-five is the *mot d'ordre* for this season's fashions."—*Lady's Paper*.]

Whenever anybody is improperly addressed (whether in the building or in the street), this official has to interfere, and, if necessary, to call a policeman to his assistance. He has also to doctor any letters that are likely to go wrong. Mr. LANG, as you will see, has arduous duties to perform as a P.O. official, but it doesn't matter one penny to a man of his stamp.

I haven't got time for more, as I'm off to a real good Fish Feed at All Soles College. Which meal it is I can't quite say, being still undecided as to what the last one I had was, and then, you see, wherever you pop in your phiz there's champagne. O, it's fine to be an Oxford man! "*Vive l'Amour*" (which is the motto of the Seidlitz-powder Professor of Natural Philosophy, Dr. LOVE)—"*Cigares et cognac*! Hoorah!" and so forth.

Such lovely gowns as the Dons have! So striking was one of them that, being somewhat shortsighted, I followed it all down the High until I came up with it, and then found inside it a Chancellor, with no Vice about him, or some other gorgeously attired academic official. I was staggered. I apologised. "Reverend and distinguished Sir," said I, "I was only humbly following in your footsteps." He was flattered and appeased. And now to finish the day joyously. I'm running for a Cup. Hooray! Wine and Venus! It's all Cup and Gown here! * * * *Voici le Proctor!* * * * Yours ever, TOM QUAD.

OUR LAW-GIVERS.

[Mr. J. REDMOND asked the Prime Minister if he intended to "take any steps to prevent the House from being permanently reduced to impotence" by the blocking motions of "obscure individuals." Mr. BALFOUR replied that it was "impossible to ask one side to correct its way of going on unless there was a clear understanding that the other side would follow a similar process of self-abnegation." He had given no pledge to reform this state of things, but he *had* promised to remodel the procedure connected with the adjournment for the holidays.]

THEY meet, they cackle, they orate,
They bandy jargon, lip for lip,
With shifty tools of sham debate
They hew each other thigh and hip;
It is *Des mots! des mots! des mots!*
As glorious SARAH says in *Hamlet*,
But for the net results they show
I wouldn't give a paltry damlet.

This side and that Obstruction sits
Alternatively, like a rock,
Breaking the turgid flow of wits
With counter-blasts of "Gag!" and "Block!"
One cries—"The ship of State's at sea,
You bar her way with reefs of granite!"
And gets for instant repartee—
"I know we do, but you began it!"

Big with Napoleonic airs
And beri-beri on the brain,
See REDMOND (J.) conduct affairs
In lofty tones of cool disdain,
Saying, "I ask you, is it just
That individuals should smother
The sacred Truth with obscure dust?"
And Someone answers, "You're Another!"

So the old farce contrives to run,
To what good purpose Heaven knows;
Nothing attempted, nothing done
Earns them an honest night's repose;
Until their power of abstract thought,
Their strenuous will, their fine discernment,
Latent till now at last are brought
To bear upon—the next adjournment!

I may be wrong—at times I fear
My soul has been embittered by
Envy of that exalted sphere
Almost impinging on the sky—
But I have thought, and dare to say,
That we might still escape perdition,
Although the House kept holiday
With never a moment's intermission.

During the short half-year or so
In which it now recruits its nerves,
The planets somehow seem to go
Along their customary curves;
The globe revolves, and even Town
(Most nearly touched by that estrangement)
Pursues its courses up and down,
Nor suffers any marked derangement.

And, could we safely leave supplies
To AUSTEN's judgment, I confess
I'd like a Bill to legalise
A sort of permanent Recess;
I know of none among them all,
Even the Code of Education,
More calculated to enthrall
The popular imagination!

O. S.

PILGRIMS AND THEIR PROGRESS.

SOME ten days or so ago, the Pilgrims gave their Second Annual Dinner to Field-Marshal Earl ROBERTS, and while entertaining a few selected friends were themselves entertained with some excellent speeches delivered by his Excellency the American Ambassador, who was at his very best, as, of course, was everybody on such a generally confraternal occasion.

The Darling of the Bench, not "of the Gods" at His Majesty's, delivered himself of some light sentences, and, casting a sly glance at the Bell of Printing House Square, expressed his unbounded pleasure at the prospect of soon being able to purchase the entire *Times* at the price of a single journey *per* Tuppenny Tube.

Mr. GEORGE T. WILSON made a wonderful wandering speech, strongly advocating the use of the word "However," and however he managed to repeat, with emphasis and discretion, some twenty lines of somebody else's poetry, was to all a marvel and a great delight. "However" he did it, and how every one enjoyed it, it is needless to record. Amid cheers, however, he sat down.

The sprightly Secretary, Mr. HARRY E. V. BRITAIN—name of best omen at an Anglo-American banquet—read a number of congratulatory telegrams fresh from the States, which were received with heartiest applause and chorus of "So say all of U.S.," and soon afterwards these Pilgrims of Progress became peripatetic philosophers, and sought their various temporary abiding places.

FRIENDS IN FRONT.

It is satisfactory to record the complete success of the CLEMENT SCOTT *Matinée* at His Majesty's, to which so many kind-hearted actors and actresses contributed some of their very best work. CHARLES WARNER was excellent. LILIAN BRAITHWAITE and GEORGE ALEXANDER, wonderfully made up, playing to perfection (which is a very high compliment to their audience), made a great hit in a short piece that ought to have a long run. *Piquante* MARIE TEMPEST sang charmingly; and Little GEORGIE GROSSMITH was immense. "Gee-Gee's" cinematograph is a most up-to-date hit, to be reckoned as among his very happiest efforts. MALCOLM WATSON's burglarious effort, illustrated by ARTHUR BOURCHIER, is not equal to Mr. BROOKFIELD's *Burglar and Judge*.

If it can ever be true that there is too little of a fine woman, then, on this occasion, it might be fairly said of JULIA NELSON, who came, sang, conquered, and vanished. Miss ADA REEVE, with two songs, was at her happiest. Mr. TREE and company revived our old friend *Herod*; and Madame RÉJANE's imitations were most amusing.

But the great hit of the afternoon's entertainment, the one thing that roused the house to an almost unexampled pitch of excitement, was the reappearance of Sir HENRY IRVING, for this occasion only, in the part of *Corporal Gregory Brewster*, which he plays as no one else can, or ever will. Such an enthusiastic greeting must have very nearly overcome even so hardy a veteran as IRVING's *Corporal Brewster*. His performance was perfection.

Alas! Poor CLEMENT SCOTT was not to enjoy for long the fruit of his friends' affection. Since the above lines were written, and just as we go to press, we learn, to our very deep sorrow, the sad news of his death.

FROM the *Daventry Express*:—"To pooh-pooh the idea of this country ever being invaded is to follow the example of the camel, which buries its head in the sand when an enemy approaches." Surely the author of this apophthegm must have meant to refer to the ostrich, which, in these circumstances, has a habit of putting his eye through a needle.



“ A (COMPULSORY) VISIT TO ÆSCULAPIUS.”

(Adapted, with apologies, from Sir Edward Poynter's painting in the Chantrey Collection.)

Æsculapius . . . The House of Lords' Committee. Venus (suffering from a thorn in the flesh) . . . The Chantrey Fund Administration. Attendant Nymph . . . The Royal Academy.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

XI.

In same furnished diggings, at Seoul, Korea.

As a notorious epicure of horseflesh, you will, Respectable Sir, be overjoyed by the intelligence that my poor dilapidated crock, *Sho-ji*, is at last on the high road to be completely mended, though still, owing to protracted brainfeverishness, as weak as gingerbread, and reduced to the status of a confirmed soporific!

This will, perhaps, explain why I was unable—to the inexpressible disappointment both of Col. KHAKIMONO and self—to put in any appearance at the Battle of Kin-chau, which (according to Japanese authorities) resulted in a rather overwhelming Russian defeat.

But there is no medal which has not some reverse or other, and it is advisable to *audi alteram partem* before constructing a glorious Summer out of a solitary Swallow; since I am assured by Major DROSHKYVITCH that the said Kin-chau affair was a simple demonstration of no strategical importance, and that, even if it is true that Russia has lost seventy-eight artillery pieces, this was merely the good riddance of bad Chinese rubbishes which would infallibly have impeded any forward movements. Also that Hon'ble KUROPATKIN is relentless in his determination on no account to commence hostilities in serious earnestness until the period of the Russian Kalends.

From which it follows that all so-called Japanese victories prior to said date can have no real significance. I do not know whether Hon'ble KUROKI has been duly informed of this, or whether he is still a resident at No. 1, Fools' Paradise!

But since it is a sickish wind that cannot wheeze hot and cold simultaneously, I am profiting by the delay to acquire greater familiarities in the customs and manners of Quaint Korea, as I am now to demonstrate. [ED. COM.—Which, we fear, means that Mr. J. has contrived to procure some more works on Korea from his circulating library at Calcutta.]

I was recently the delighted recipient of a politely-worded invite-card desiring the honour of my company at a "Poetry Party"—a form of social entertainment which I may perhaps best describe as a Feast out of all reason for flowing souls, since those bidden must, after over-eating themselves beyond the verge of repletion, go in for a competition-exam. as to who shall produce the finest original piece of poetry.

In smart Korean societies it is *bon ton* not to dress—but *per contram* to undress—for dinner, as is also customary (to at all events a partial extent) amongst upper-ten English feminines, though, in the latter case, such *décolleté* garbages cannot be dictated by gluttonous propensities, seeing that the stomachs of European fair sexes are too constricted by tight-lace for even a moderate blow-out.

Such is, however, admittedly the object of disrobings by Korean dandies, who regard it as the acme of elegant gentility for guests to gorge until within an ace of bursting.

Being myself of very so-so carnivorousness, I was literally flabbergasted to behold the voracity with which the Korean literary swell-mob did bolt incredible quantities of boiled pork with rice wine, maccaronic soup, chickens with millet wine, fowl-eggs, pastries, potatoes, lilybulbs, seaweeds, roast rice, and sesame and honey puddings, as preparatories for receiving the divine afflatus!

After which writing materials were handed round—as in the post-prandial recreations of my former select fellow boarders at Porticobello House, Ladbroke Hill—and each individual was expected, however torpid, to compose some poetical effusion upon any topic he preferred.

As a gallant, I was about to select for my theme the pulchritude of an imaginary Geisha—but was informed that

this was *ultra vires* as, in Korea, no female woman is accounted a deserving object for a sonnet.

And I am compelled to admit that, hitherto, I have not had the good luck to encounter any Korean feminine who was not abnormally plain-headed.

Our Amphitryon, a certain highly-accomplished Yang-ban of the name of HI-FA-LOO-TING, who had rendered himself so gloriously tight by dint of rice-champagne that he was the admiration of all present, did hiccough out a rather ludicrous ode to a Bamboo, of which I append *verbatim* translation:—

TO HON'BLE BAMBOO-PLANT!

"O grass with knotty joints like green shanks of a gouty grasshopper—What a multitude of useful articles and long-felt wants thou dost supply!

Thou providest first-class pipes for Company's waterworks, Also cheap furnitures for interior of bungalow.

In the form of canes, thou upholdest the steps of toddling seniles, Or imprintest *literæ humaniores* on haunches of juvenile students!

Excellent art thou when boiled in milk after the fashion of asparagus, And, preserved in vinegar, thou makest a pre-eminently pretty pickle.

Thou containest sugar and honey, both of highly superior qualities. But—best of all—beer can be brewed from thee on which it is possible to become excessively intoxicated!

Glug-glug-glug! . . . Will somebody kindly pass me the bottle?"

I cannot conscientiously say that the above composition, though creditable enough as the work of an inebriate, is at all up to the standard of an English Poet-Laureate. However, it was indubitably a masterpiece compared with the effusions of the other Yang-bans—a very unimaginative prosaic lot of chaps!

When it came to my own turn, I rendered into English verse a beautifully pathetic Korean anecdote recording a phenomenal act of filial devotion. Enclosed please find:—

THE DUTIFUL SON.

"Persistent flies did gamble unappalled
Upon parental cranium—which was bald.
In vain the Aged Parent smacks his knob,
No flies he flattens to a formless blob!
This his Son notes; his feeling heart goes sore
At shocking sufferings of Progenitor.
Can filial love no stratagem devise
To clear that venerable head of flies?
He shouts 'Eureka!' also 'Hip, hussar!'
As he perceives some honey in a jar.
And, trusting sweet-stuff is to do the trick,
On his devoted pate he spreads it thick,
Then squats expectant at his Father's side,
Subduing simpers which he scarce can hide . . .
The flies desert the Sire's jejune *ca-pit*,
Finding his Son's the more alluring nut,
Who smirks sublime—while insects all round him buzz—
Circling his saintish noddle like a nimbus!"

This eloquent *impromptu*, which I recited *vivâ voce*, evoked unparagoned enthusiasm amongst the assembled Korean literary big-pots, who, hurling up their horse-hair chimney-tiles to the welkin, unanimously demanded that I was to be awarded first prize.

And—a still more gratifying circ—when, through the kind officiousness of Lady HM, a copy of the above poetical effusion was presented to the EMPEROR, his Majesty was so inordinately tickled by same that he has conferred upon my undeserving self the Third Class Order of the Rosy Rabbit!

Unfortunately, before I can be permitted to sport this decoration on bosom, it is a *sine quâ non* to shell out to Court Officials sundry fees, amounting in all to (about) yen 300.

Since any distinction bestowed on myself must inevitably be the good stroke of business for Hon'ble *Punch*, you will please attend to this matter without delay.

Or, if you will kindly remit me yen 600, it is just on the cards that I may be able to obtain a Fourth Class Rabbit for yourself as the celebrated literary character. H. B. J.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 20.

"You know, Tony, dear boy, the trick they have of nicknaming a Ministry? Fancy my first Administration will live in history as the Tongue-tied Ministry. Odd how fortune seems to pursue me on that tack. Last Session I was wholly unable to say anything in reply to questions as to Ministerial position in respect of Don José's pleasing, agreeable, convenient plea of fiscal reform. Flatter myself I did that rather well. The air of surprised, indignant, pained regret with which I regarded a Member opposite who put the question was effective, I thought. My cue was sorrow rather than anger. Grew to be a little monotonous perhaps at end of third month. But it served its turn; carried us through Session.

"Here we are again on quite a new tack. 'Our Young Queen and our Old Constitution' was a political battle-cry sixty-seven years ago. 'Their New Tack and My Old Tactics' is my motto to-day. What they are now curious about is when ARNOLD-FORSTER will make a statement on War Office reform? As you know, thinking we'd patched up little Cabinet difference, I named last Thursday as the happy day. Thereupon all the fat in the fire. No Cabinet secrets, even to you, dear boy. But, to tell the truth,



LABBY AND LITTLE ENGLAND.

Mr. Labouchere. "That's right, my boy! That's the way to improve your physique. If all the nation were like you we should have no more wars."

(Mr. L-b-ch-re said he was always glad to see a poor child smoking cigarettes. Not only was he preparing for himself a happy old age, but he was not likely to swell the list of the criminal classes. When carried away by his passions, instead of avenging himself on someone, he simply smoked a cigarette and it all went off.)

and I have mentioned it in the Commons, I really can't at this moment say anything on the subject.

"That quite enough for fellows opposite. Instantly off in full hue and cry. Wanting to know, you know. For all reply I say I don't know. Curious position I admit for a Premier still master of legion majority in Commons. But it can't be helped, and what can't be helped must be smiled at."

Thus PRINCE ARTHUR on the situation, which is certainly complicated. House in Committee on Budget involving colossal expenditure. But it is the lobby, the smoking-room, the Terrace, that are centres of business.

Wherever two or three are met together there is Rumour in the midst of them. All about scheme of Army Reform, recommended by Esher Committee. Report was a swingeing slap in the face

for Army administration as exemplified in Transvaal War. ARNOLD-FORSTER having succeeded BRODRICK in Pall Mall made haste to accept Report, embodying grave vote of censure on his predecessors. Time was when upon such indictment a Minister would have been haled forth and shot. Not likely that LANSDOWNE and BRODRICK will take the impeachment lying down. Have turned at bay, so Rumour aforesaid reports, and bar the progress of the proposed revolution in Army administration recommended by the Esher Report.

Someone must resign, it is said. Who? and what then? To have an occasional reconstruction of a Cabinet, say once in twelve months, may be possible. But, really, two in eight months is more than even PRINCE ARTHUR's light-heartedness can accomplish without final disaster. On the top of turmoil comes news



"THE TECHNICAL PIG."

(As reared by the Irish Board of Agriculture.)

Mr. F-r-r-l said, "These pigs were only fitted for a coursing match. They grew tall and thin, and the people were tired of feeding them."

Our artist fancies he knows another Irish pig of a lean and hungry order that the British people are rather tired of feeding—with legislation.

from Devonport that on the heaviest poll ever taken Ministerial candidate, fighting under exceptionally favourable personal conditions, has been beaten by the biggest majority in the Borough's record. No wonder that when at midnight WINSTON CHURCHILL wanted to move to report progress in Committee on Budget Bill, PRINCE ARTHUR (in a parliamentary sense of course) nearly snapped his head off.

"The fact," he said, "that the hon. Member is desirous of speaking deliberately against his own convictions is no ground for the House adjourning at this untimely hour."

Business done.—Alarums, excursions and, incidentally, Budget Bill slowly pushed through Committee by force of closure. Nature of the alarums indicated above. Excursions made by Duke of BEDFORD with Government Whips hot foot in pursuit. Last week His Grace handed in notice of desire to call attention to Report of War Office Reconstitution Committee and ask for information.

There you are again. Information! Thirst for it is the touch of nature that makes Lords and Commons kin. Nothing could be more awkward than debate on subject at present moment. So Duke, hunted out from successive lairs, finally caught up and induced stealthily to withdraw from the premises. Accordingly, when in due course his motion was reached, lo, the Duke was not, and the inconvenient question was passed over.

What a night we are having, to be sure!

Tuesday.—Yet once more, oh ye laurels, and once more, ye myrtles brown, is brought home to us the necessity of further reform of procedure. When House resumed sitting at nine o'clock it was obvious Ministers were in a minority. Attitude of Opposition instantly changed. Through afternoon they had been painfully insistent upon thrashing out a question before going to a division. Even when patience was exhausted and closure threatened or actually invoked, they strolled forth at the leisurely pace in favour with COUSIN HUGH when he "loitered in the Lobby" in final effort to defeat the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill.

Now, eager above all things for the despatch of business, the Opposition clamour for a division. But ACLAND HOOD—on this hot summer night more vividly than ever recalling the Pink 'Un—is on guard, and the schemers opposite are defeated. Thing to do is start talk, keep it going till lingerers at distant dinner tables come back to post of duty.

In these crises FITZALAN HOPE and BANBURY are invaluable. The fact that they have nothing to say is no impediment

to speech. To-night FITZALAN HOPE, with one eye on the clock and the other on the door at which the Pink 'Un from time to time looked in and counted heads, talked for forty minutes. RICHARDS, K.C., producing imaginary brief, put in twenty minutes, in course of which he proposed alluring programme on which the Government might go to a grateful country. Free Breakfast Table; Old Age Pensions; Free Drinks.

"That'll fetch 'em," said the K.C., smacking his lips and dreamily regarding the impatient Opposition shouting for a division.



"THE PINK 'UN

"From time to time looked in and counted heads."

(Sir Al-x-nd-r Acl-nd-H-d.)

Twenty minutes past ten, and parties so evenly balanced as to make division still risky. Then the Pink 'Un brought up his reserves. BANBURY took the cake—I mean the floor. A howl of despair went up from Opposition. Ministerialists, summoned by telephone and special messengers, beginning to stream in. BANBURY safe for an hour if necessary. Ten minutes sufficed. The citadel was saved. Not for the first time in history had cackling done it.

Returning to table after division the Pink 'Un, palpitating but triumphant, announced a majority of forty-six.

But why all this trouble? Why not fill up the interval with music or a game of Bridge, or interchange of those free drinks over which RICHARDS, K.C., just now smacked anticipatory lips? Here was an hour and a half absolutely wasted. It must have sped in any case. The interval might just as well be pleasantly passed as be devoted to the

manufacture of sham speeches delivered amid persistent uproar.

Business done.—Budget Bill in Committee. An hour and a half being wasted after dinner regained by sitting after midnight.

Wednesday.—Important question suddenly sprung on House. Had CHARLES JAMES MURRAY, Member for Coventry, "beri-beri in his mind" when he handed in a motion relating to the transportation of Chinese labour to South Africa?

It was WINSTON CHURCHILL who put the question and insisted on an answer. (Perhaps it should be said that beri-beri is not a species of coffee, subject to taxation by an impecunious Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is a form of indisposition, and there was in the Member for Oldham's voice a note of commiseration as he turned upon the Member for Coventry and pressed his enquiry.) In the interests of public business it would perhaps have been better if Mr. MURRAY had, so to speak, made a clean breast of it. Brought up in the Diplomatic service, working early and late at the Foreign Office—that is to say, he arrived late and left early—sometime *attaché* at Rome, later serving his country at St. Petersburg, he is habitually prone to reticence. He sat stubbornly silent, preserving the secret whether at a particular moment he had or had not "beri-beri in his mind."

Consequences calamitous. Dr. HUTCHINSON, taking a professional interest in the case, wanted to move the adjournment in order to discuss it as a matter of urgent public importance. DEPUTY SPEAKER declined to submit proposal. HUTCHINSON waved his arms in despair. WINSTON jumped up and down on the bench in fashion which recalled gymnastic exercise of SWIFT MACNEILL. In the absence of C.-B., REDMOND *ainé* took the lead of the Opposition, sternly cross-examining PRINCE ARTHUR.

Above the uproar Dr. HUTCHINSON could be heard shouting, "Twenty-four hours will make all the difference."

At this ominous remark, carrying with it the weight of professional reputation, CHARLES JAMES MURRAY was observed to go pale. Was it as bad as that? Could it be possible that within twenty-four hours there might be a vacancy at Coventry? Still he said nothing, nursing his secret with set lips, and arms folded across a manly chest in which, for all others knew, the seeds of beri-beri might at that moment be germinating.

Clamour still at height when Mr. LOWTHER, on double duty to-day, slipped out of Chair where he had presided as Deputy Speaker, seated himself at the Table and cried "Order! Order!" in his new capacity as Chairman of Ways and Means. Dr. HUTCHINSON flapped his

arms once or twice. But it was merely the impetus of earlier exertion. WINSTON CHURCHILL jumped up once more. The action also was automatic. The House, finding itself in Committee, subsided.

The Member for Coventry seized the opportunity to withdraw, carrying with him to the seclusion of the Library the secret whether, when he handed in his blocking motion, he had (or suspected he had) symptoms of "beri-beri in his mind."

Business done.—Still harping on the Budget.

CHARIVARIA.

It is at last possible to record a genuine Russian success on land. A party of Cossacks fired two volleys at some workmen at Warsaw during a riot, and killed one.

Among those who accuse the Japanese of outrages on the Russian wounded appears the name of the novelist NEMIROVITCH DANTCHENKO, whose imaginative works are deservedly popular among his countrymen.

The Russians have been much encouraged by a report that in the American State of Washington a crawling army of caterpillars has done enormous damage.

Everyone was sorry for Japan when she lost two transports the other day, but we think the British Navy carried its sympathy too far when the *Sparrowhawk* promptly committed suicide on a rock at the mouth of the Yangtse Kiang.

The London Naval Volunteers, under the Hon. RUPERT GUINNESS, have now formally taken over H.M.S. *Buzzard*. They would like it to be known that they intend to take their duties seriously, in spite of the fact that the names of the ship and her commander are strongly suggestive of cakes and ale.

RAISULI, the Moroccan brigand, chose the *Daily Mail* as the means of communicating his defence to the British Public; but we understand that a packet of circulars relating to a more expensive paper has now been sent to him.

Among the prizes given by the Leicestershire Agricultural Society was one to the carter who had worked longest without returning home intoxicated while in charge of his team. Much as we dislike brag, we cannot resist pointing out that England is the only country in the world where such prizes are offered.



CANDOUR.

Artist (at work). "NOW GIVE ME YOUR HONEST OPINION OF THIS PICTURE."
Visitor (who fancies himself a critic). "IT'S UTTERLY WORTHLESS!"
Artist (dreamily). "YE-E-S—BUT GIVE IT ALL THE SAME."

Disappointment is in store for any politicians who purchase *The Crossing*, by WINSTON CHURCHILL, the American Novelist, in the hope of finding an explanation why a certain distinguished M.P. of the same name went over to the other side of the House.

The SHAH's brother has fled to Turkey for protection, and the SULTAN has advised him to be a sensible fellow and return to Persia to be killed.

A train at Greenore last week dashed into the refreshment room of the local station. We understand that a serious accident was only prevented by the buses which successfully acted as buffers.

À propos of the enquiry into the administration of the Chantrey Bequest Sir E. J. POYNTER has declared that the Royal Academy has always done its best to uphold the honour and position of British Art. One was hoping for its own sake that it had not done quite its best.

A by-law forbids the entry of children under eight years of age to the Wallace Gallery. It is characteristic of the Royal Academy that at that institution there is no such protection for our little ones.

JOHN TRUNDLEY, of Peckham, denies all responsibility for the recent shock of earthquake in the Midlands.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.**XVIII.—SHOULD CATS BE TAXED?**

SCENE—Kilkenny Castle.

PRESENT:

*Mr. Justice Grantham (in the Chair).**The Editor of the "Spectator."**The Editor of the "Lancet."**Mr. Harry Kremnitz.**Mr. Louis Wain.**Mr. Plowden.**Mr. James Caldwell, M.P.**The Bishop of Sodor and Man.**Mr. Jamrach.**Mr. F. G. Kitton.*

Mr. Justice Grantham. It is with great pleasure that I have acceded to the request that I should occupy the Chair on this interesting occasion. The subject is a delicate one, and needs a judicial and dispassionate mind, which, as one of His Majesty's judges, I am professionally bound to possess. I trust therefore that the distinguished gentlemen present will conduct the controversy in a manner worthy of the traditions of English fair play and moderation. For my own part I have no hesitation in saying that if I had my way I should exterminate every single cat in Great Britain and Ireland.

Editor of the "Spectator." And every married cat, too, may I ask?

Mr. Justice Grantham. I used the word "single" as an adjective of number, not of celibacy.

Editor of the "Spectator." I beg pardon. The correspondence can now cease.

Editor of the "Lancet." If I may be allowed to remind our Chairman, it is not the extermination but the taxation of cats which we are met to discuss.

Mr. Justice Grantham. Quite so. I was just coming to that. Ought cats to be taxed? Speaking then without the least animus or prejudice I should say that every cat should be taxed to the hilt.

Mr. Plowden. I agree with my brother GRANTHAM. Every cat has nine lives: why, therefore, should it not pay nine taxes?

Bishop of Sodor and Man. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would no doubt hail this arrangement, but as a loyal Manxman I should be content with the rule, one tail one tax.

Mr. James Caldwell. Representing as he does an island from which so many tales come, and all of them so far-reaching and unparalleled, I think his Lordship very moderate.

Editor of the "Spectator." I regret to note not merely the inhumanity, but the unsound fiscal bias, of the previous speakers. Nominally advocated as a means of raising revenue, the cat tax is, I believe, promoted to protect the mouse-trap makers and cheesemongers.

Mr. Jamrach. The higher journalism

would not alone suffer by this nefarious proposal. If you tax cats, logic would compel you to include the whole class of *felidæ*.

Mr. Justice Grantham. I never thought of that. Now that I come to think of it, apes, chimpanzees, gorillas and baboons ought to be taxed before cats. This is really a most perplexing subject.

Mr. Plowden. But only, I presume, when living. Brother GRANTHAM surely would not tax taxidermy? My late colleague, Lord BRAMPTON, then Mr. Justice HAWKINS (it was before he rose to fame as the uncle of Mr. ANTHONY HOPE), used always to keep his fox terrier under the Bench. I tremble to think of the subversion of justice which might result at Marylebone were I to permit a cat to occupy a similar position.

Bishop of Sodor and Man. And yet I have no doubt you could make a cat laugh.

Mr. Plowden. Not always. I remember a venturesome tabby, greatly daring, who once strolled in during a morning sitting. I tried all my best things on her without effect. I raked her fore and aft with facetiæ, and she took no notice. It was subsequently I discovered that she belonged to Mr. Justice DARLING.

Mr. Jamrach. I see; her standard of humour was different.

Mr. Plowden. Precisely. But no one who does not laugh easily is encouraged to remain in my Court.

Mr. Harry Kremnitz. So far as I can understand, the conversation is being directed against cats. I came here as a delegate of the Leeds Physical Culture Society, under the impression that a tax on hats was to be discussed. Is it hats or cats?

Chorus. Cats.

Mr. Harry Kremnitz. Thank you. Then I will return to Leeds. But first I should like to say a few words about the insanitary effect of wearing hats. Hats—

Bishop of Sodor and Man. At what age would the tax begin? Would it extend to kittens?

Mr. F. G. Kitton. I have a cat named Boz, the imposition of a tax upon whom I should resist tooth and nail.

Editor of the "Spectator." Might not the tax be reserved only for cats with musical ambitions? A silent cat, a cat averse from night duty—ought not he to be immune?

Mr. Justice Grantham. The last speaker's plea does credit to his humanity. But how it would open the door to perjury! I can conceive of nothing on earth so base, so obnoxious to the august monarch of this Empire, as a cat-owner who, for the sake of saving a few paltry shillings, pronounced his pet grimalkin mute when it was vocal.

Editor of the "Spectator." Might not then a cat who figured in an article or letter in the superior weekly press be exempted from paying a tax evermore—just as jurymen on a Grand Jury are thereafter free? I cannot bear to think of all cats being treated equally.

Editor of the "Lancet." Every cat should be taxed, and that rigorously. The cat is one of the busiest of the media for conveying disease to man. It is the Carter-Paterson of microbes, the Pickford of bacilli. I never see a child fondle a cat but I see also in fancy a dozen funeral processions.

Bishop of Sodor and Man. You seem to have a cheerful mind. I should like to go to the Cat Show with you on a wet day.

Mr. Justice Grantham. What sum is the proposed impost likely to bring in?

Mr. James Caldwell. I have worked out the matter with the assistance of Sir ROBERT GIFFEN, and we find that the feline population of Great Britain and Ireland at this moment is twenty-three million. To-morrow it may be more. A poll tax of, say—

Mr. Plowden. Are pole-cats also to be taxed then?

Mr. James Caldwell. A poll tax of, say, only a shilling a year, would yield a sum of £1,150,000. No doubt the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER could do with that. But it is proposed that the tax should be higher than a shilling.

Mr. Justice Grantham. Do I understand that, if it were only high enough, it might pay off the National Debt?

Mr. James Caldwell. Certainly.

Mr. Justice Grantham. How very interesting! Then I think that in that case there cannot be two opinions, and we may consider the matter carried.

[Exeunt.]

A FRESH START.—The French Carthusian monks, to whom all purchasers of green and yellow Chartreuse, who have not yet paid their bills, must be deeply indebted, being now disbanded, are hoping to keep up their spirits by practising a new and profitable industry. They have become automobilised as a company for the construction of electric vehicles, and will be reorganised as Motor-Carthusians. Religious and other Orders punctually attended to.

A STARTLER!—Those excellent and severely religious persons who are perpetually preaching or writing about the Millennium must have received a severe shock on seeing in the largest type the recent heading of the "Times Bargains" advertisement, which ran thus: "Before the Last Day Comes be sure that you Understand the Offer."

REAL FAIRY TALES.

THE PRODIGY AT HOME.

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Chronicle.")

THE young Bessarabian violinist, BOLESLAS BILGER, whose capture by Carpathian *condottieri* we noted in a recent issue, is now in London, and has secured a temporary domicile in a bijou residence at Peckham Rye.

In the course of audience graciously granted to one of our representatives he stated that he might remain in London until the middle of the next week, when he is due at Potsdam.

"The KAISER," lisped young BOLESLAS, who speaks ten languages with the utmost fluidity, "takes the deepest interest in my career."

"Not only that," chimed in his singularly beautiful mother, Madame ARIADNE BILGER, "but he writes to him almost everyday in Bessarabian to know how he is getting on." Here Madame BILGER opened a richly embossed perdoneum and produced one of the latest letters of the KAISER to his *protégé*.

Unfortunately, at the urgent and peremptory request of Lord LANSDOWNE, we are forbidden to reprint this priceless document, which opens with the touching exordium, "From the Admiral of the Atlantic to the Apollo of the Balkans."

"Is it not kind of the KAISER to write like that?" remarked young BILGER, his lovely eyes brimming over with translucent teardrops. "He knows my life's history: that I have already eclipsed my illustrious father, ERASMUS BILGER; that I was the favourite pupil of LISZT, RUBINSTEIN, SOUSA and STEPHEN ADAMS, and subsequently studied at the Tokio Conservatoire under YAMAGATA, NODZU and Colonel OCOBO. But I hate to talk of myself."

After a brief interval the *Wunderkind* resumed, "I commenced playing in public four years ago, and have since visited Bosnia, Herzegovina, Circassia, Carlsbad, South Carolina, Llandudno, Blackpool, and Nova Zembla.

"At Constantinople I had to play before the SULTAN. I appeared in a theatre attached to the harem."

Madame BILGER here hastily interrupted: "The SULTAN would not of course permit an adult *virtuoso* to play there, but made an exception in favour of baby BOLESLAS, who could not understand the nature of his audience. The SULTAN sat in the centre, with his two youngest sons, BULBUL and KAOBOB, and round them sat his Majesty's wives and daughters. I learned subsequently that there were 283 wives and 214 daughters."

"Yes," added her son, "and when I broke a string, the SULTAN kindly obliged me with a bowstring of his own. Wasn't it kind of him?"

"BOLESLAS," resumed his mother,



THE INFERENCE.

Giles (who has been rendering "first aid" to wrecked motor-cyclist). "Naw, MARM, I DOAN'T THINK AS 'E BE A MARRIED MAN, 'COS 'E SAYS THIS BE THE WORST THING WOT 'AS EVER 'APPENED TO UN!"

"played for nearly two hours, mostly his own compositions. Afterwards several richly caparisoned djinns handed round bottles of sherbet and narghilés, of which BOLESLAS partook with avidity. The SULTAN then communicated with his Grand Vizier, who presented my son with the Order of the Yenidjé and a chest filled with gold.

"We then left the palace, and were escorted to our hotel by a squadron of *hamals* mounted on camels. Unfortunately that very night the chest of gold was stolen, and when we informed the SULTAN of our loss next day, we were officially notified that he was suffering from mumps, induced by the news of an outbreak of Kurds."

At this moment a telegram was handed to Madame BILGER containing the gratifying announcement that her son had been appointed Court violinist to the Emperor MENELEK, and our representative, not wishing to intrude further at so auspicious a moment, tactfully withdrew on all fours.

THE *Liverpool Echo*, describing the triumph of M. THÉRY, winner of the Gordon-Bennett Cup, says: "He stopped before the Royal box, and M. BRASIER shook him warmly by the hand, while his wife, Carom Populo, rushed up and embraced her grimy but victorious husband." Mr. *Punch* does not know whether Madame THÉRY is a writer or an actress, but he strongly felicitates her on her clever choice of a *nom de guerre*.

A HORRIBLE rumour is afloat to the effect that the giants are not all extinct. But the following advertisement, culled from a horticultural journal, is reassuring, and shows that a remedy for these pests is easily obtainable:

Hardy Dwarfs, 1s. 3d.
Quick Climbers, 1s. 6d.

It should be of particular interest to growers—in a large way—of Beanstalks.

If "the law's an ass," we may at least congratulate the Bench on its new BRAY.



Fair Sitter (to exhausted photographer). "SHALL I SMILE?"

LINES TO THE BACK OF MY HEAD.

My Self's part-creature, whose eccentric shape,
 Making thy lord a public raree-show,
 Doth ride my hitherto unconscious nape,
 Plain to all eyes save mine; to whom I owe
 The consequence—more galling than a blow—
 Of ribald gesture and unfettered jape
 That marks our passage wheresoe'er we go;
 Back of my Head, to-day I looked on thee,
 And am resigned to Fate's inscrutable decree.

'Tis sad to hear the personal remark
 Rising distinctly o'er the social hum;
 'Tis sad to see the mirth-enkindled spark
 In eyes that always brighten when we come;
 Sad to be conscious of the gibing thumb,
 Yet find the cause thereof profoundly dark;
 To move 'mid waggish coteries, where some,
 With contumelious fluttering of the lid,
 Ask, "Did you ever?" or reply, "They never did!"

Oft have I cast an apprehensive glance
 Into some friendly mirror standing by,
 Fearing that by some tragical mischance
 I might have come away without my tie;
 Yet was my habit formal to the eye.
 True, I am something strange of countenance,
 But there are others even more awry;
 My contour—there are others far more fat;
 I knew not *what* those lunatics were laughing at!

And it has been that men have called me proud,
 For I have tamed my features to a stare

Of lofty tolerance, and spurned the crowd
 With the unruffled camel's tranquil air
 Of one superior, who doesn't care!
 They knew not that my spirit cried aloud
 To beg the stronger kindly to forbear;
 To bid the small be careful what he said;
 And, with a brave man's wrath, to punch the weakling's
 head.

To-day I tarried for a fleeting space
 Where my confiding tailor plies his craft;
 I met my mirrored double face to face,
 (How strange!) I saw him sideways and abaft!
 And, for the coolness of the genial draught,
 Had cast my topper from his wonted place;
 And then, O clear as tho' 'twere photographed,
 Thou crusher of a good man's sturdy pride,
 I saw thy multiple aspect, and was petrified!

I have no will to hold thee up to scorn,
 Nor power to say: No more be Head of mine!
 Thou art my burden, and must needs be borne.
 But I go humbly, and henceforth decline
 All indoor fêtes; I shall not dance or dine;
 I shall go *nowhere* save when hats are worn!
 Nay, further,—be the blame accounted thine,
 Thou Object!—lest the worshipper should scoff,
 I, with extreme regret, shall take to Sunday Golf!
 DUM-DUM.

CURIOUS GROUNDS FOR AN ECCLESIASTICAL INTRODUCTION.—It was stated in Court the other day that any defendant in a Divorce Case rendered himself "eligible for presentation to a Bishop!"



PENNY WISDOM.

MR. BULL. "NOW THEN, WHY DON'T YOU START?"

MR. BELL. "NOW THEN, WHY DON'T YOU START?"

RIGHT HON. H. O. ARN-LE-FIST-R (*Chaufeur*). "I'M READY ENOUGH, BUT I CAN'T START WITHOUT PETROL, AND"—(*pointing to CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER*)—"HE'S SITTING ON IT!"

1907-1908

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, June 20.—First night of new opera by M. SAINT-SAËNS, on a very old subject entitled *Hélène*. In justice to the composer and the librettist, two single gentlemen rolled into one in the person of M. SAINT-SAËNS, it must be at once stated that this work is described in the programme as



Miss Regents-Parkina-Venus, surrounded by the pupils of her mixed educational establishment taking the air, tells *Hélène-Melba* that, to complete her education, she must go to Paris.

"*Poème Lyrique in Six Tableaux*," which may be regarded as a pro-grammatical translation of "*Poème Lyrique en un Acte*," as it is styled on the cover of the published book. Ergo, an opera of dramatic action was not to be expected, nor must it be criticised as such. If, from the first, *Glück* is recalled to us, so that we have come to look upon it as a Happy G'lucky sort of undramatic piece, it is not until the final tableau that we are forcibly reminded of *OFFENBACH's Belle Hélène*, and then we miss the presence of *Calchas, Ménélas*, and many lasses and lads besides, not to mention the sparkling light music that used to set us all a-humming and made of the audience one great "Music Bee." SAINT-SAËNS' "*poème lyrique*" is a work *sans-songs*. Nor does it lend itself more readily to action than does any passage between a Wagnerian hero and heroine.

The scenery for this poem is specially remarkable for the frozen fountain in front of the Palace of *Ménélas*, the water of which, having reached a certain height, has struck and refused to come down again. That the "sky-borders" should materially interfere with the realistic effect of Troy town a-burning in the distance appears to everyone, artistically



"The Trippers."—No Luggage Allowed.
Dismal Operatic prospect, if likely to end in a squall.

interested, as "uncommonly hard lines." The Sky-boarders, i.e. the divinities temporarily stopping in Olympus, were, it is true, very hard on the Trojans. This by the way. The stage direction in the first scene is "*Chants et danses dans le palais*." We hear the singing, but can only take the word of the librettist for the fact of any dancing going on within the palace of our old friend *King Ménélas*. No doubt the two *Ajax* and all our old classical friends ("*Vive Lemprière!*") are performing an hilarious *caneen* while *Hélène* is stealing out to meet that gay young dog *Paris*. And *Hélène*, Madame MELBA, not looking particularly classical, but very unhappy, does come out all alone, except for being accompanied by the orchestra, to cool her fevered brow with a stroll on the shore of the *poluphloisboio thalasses*, meaning "the briny," where she amuses herself with declamatory utterances which are of no particular interest, either musically or dramatically, to anybody.

Then *Venus*, Miss E. PARKINA, appears in a kind of mid-air garden, "*peuplé de Nymphes et d'Amours*" (ahem! *Venus* with all her *Amours*—except her *amour propre*), and sings charmingly. There are "visions about," and most effective, musically and dramatically, is the appearance of Mme. KURRY LUNN as *Pallas* up in the air and thoroughly well up in the music, who, after announcing the burning of Troy (which you can see for yourself "while you wait"), disappears.

For one moment it seemed as if these rather dull proceedings were about to be enlivened by a dance to be performed either by MELBA-*Hélène* or by M. DALMORES-*Paris*, as we certainly caught the words, sung in a tone of command by *Pallas*, "*Pas seul!*" But neither *Paris* nor *Hélène* was *dans le mouvement*, and on referring to the libretto we found the words were "*Pars seul*," and were addressed to *Paris*, advising him to go away *en garçon* and "leave the girl alone!" But when the Goddess of Wisdom has vanished, then the rather dull boy and the very fine girl embrace enthusiastically, and run out to hire a boat in which, after a delay of some few minutes absolutely necessary for setting the sail, they appear drifting away before the breeze at the rate of eighteenpence an hour (without the man), regardless of rudder, and apparently giving the slip to the proprietor, who is not on the spot to look after his own craft. Curtain. The actor-vocalists reappear some seven or eight times, but Conductor MESSENGER does not come to the front (in this sense at least), nor does the composer, M. C. SAINT-SAËNS, for whose absence Madame MELBA despairingly apologises in dumb show.

After this, "Bang goes saxpence!" that is, we have "cannons to right of them, cannons to left of them" in *La Navarraise*, which, beginning in smoke, so ends, and is all sound and fury signifying very little to anyone, and least of all to Mme. DE NUOVINA as *Anita*, a part to which Mme. CALVÉ contrived to give whatever of dramatic significance it is capable: but then CALVÉ herself is *capable de tout*.

Wednesday, June 22.—*Rigoletto*. Mlle. SELMA KURZ triumphantly repeating her vocal and histrionic success as *Gilda* needs no more than a mere KURZ-ory remark. Well and wisely does M. RENAUD, as *Rigoletto*, play the fool, and therefore he must be, as was Papa *Eccles* in *Caste*, "a very



View of *Minerva* glittering in armour, or the *Crystal Pallas*.



"LA NAVARRAISE."

Cannon Bal d'Opéra. Très bang. Intended to be very pop-ular.

clever man." Signorina FRASCANI is the satisfactory new comer as *Maddalena*, and Signor DANI is raised to the operatic peerage as "the New Duke." It cannot be said of Signor DANI's singing and acting that, as HENRY IRVING's inimitable *Corporal Brewster* observes, "it wouldn't do for the Dook," as it does very well, though not by any means "a record."

Thursday, June 23.—*Habitues* arriving at the Opera House punctually, regretted the hurried cutlet and hasty pudding they had taken in order to obey the showman's usual adjuration "to be in time" for LEONCAVALLO's delightful opera. But "the old order changeth, yielding place to new," and at the last moment *La Navarraise* preceded *Pagliacci*.

Salutations to *Pagliacci*, "by RUGGIERO LEONCAVALLO (born 1858)." Quite the *Nedda*, in appearance, as is Mlle. AURÉLIE REVY, singing prettily and acting cleverly, yet we missed MELBA.

As *Tonio* Signor SCOTTI was all that could be desired, except his make-up. Unless our memory is deceitful, *Tonio*, when he first appeared at Covent Garden, used to be in a sort of Pierrot's costume, and thus attired he sang the great prologue. Without the Pierrot's dress two-thirds of the dramatic effect are lost. Clever artist as SCOTTI is, herein he has made a mistake.

M. SEVEILHAC as *Silvio* is good, but he bears not the gay plumage of the cock of the village, such as befits the gay rustic-maiden-killer, son of a superior farmer. *Silvio* is a provincial rustic masher, and M. SEVEILHAC doesn't raise him up above an ordinary gardener. But Signor CARUSO as *Canio*! His voice fills the house, nay, crowds it. The audience were enthusiastic, and indeed his singing was magnificent; but CARUSO's *Canio*, histrionically, lacked the irresistible pathos that signalled Signor DI LUCIA's inimitable rendering of the part. But, what a voice! what a whole court of appeal to the public it is! That CARUSO was called, and recalled, and called again after that, goes without saying, and we come away humming the Motley's melody which, strangely enough, gets somehow blended with that to which *Rigoletto* the Jester limps round the stage, while the leading motive of *Pagliacci* confuses itself with memories of the "other lips" of BALFE's dear old *Bohemian Girl*.

IN TOPSY-TURVY LAND.

THE production of Mr. W. S. GILBERT's most amusing study in topsy-turvydom entitled *Harlequin and the Fairy's Dilemma*, "An Original Domestic Pantomime in Two Acts," which has been running at the Garrick Theatre for the last six or seven weeks, was a decidedly happy thought on the part of Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, lessee, manager, excellent comedian, and first-class professor of general utility, whose representation of the heavy-cavalry officer *Colonel Sir Trevor Mauleverer* is only equalled by his perfect rendering, in the same piece, of the old-fashioned traditionary JOEY GRIMALDI clown. Startlingly humorous too is the transformation of the elegant *Lady Angela Wealdstone*, charmingly played by Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH, into the short-skirted, gracefully dancing and posturing *Columbine*.

Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE's characterisation of conceited Mr. *Justice Whortle*, "of the High Court of Judicature," who has an intense appreciation of the jokes with which he beguiles the jury, the bar, and the public, is as excellent as

his impersonation of doddering dotage when compelled by magic art to appear as shaky old *Pantaloon*.

Miss JESSIE BATEMAN is delightful as the ordinary theatrical type of fairy in a pantomime, able to parrot a few lines of rhyme without regard to their meaning, and waving her wand in the conventional style. The author has made the character as muddle-headed a supernatural being as *Puck* in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The old-fashioned theatrical, tinsel-eyelided and spangled demon *Alcohol*, capitably played by Mr. JERROLD ROBERTSHAW, belongs, as do both "supernaturals," only to pantomime, and they are puzzling even at that, when, in the last scene, they suddenly become mortals in order to be married in church by the *Rev. Aloysius Parfitt, M.A.*, of St. Parabola's, which character, as portrayed by Mr. O. B. CLARENCE, is quite the most absurdly humorous performance in this extravaganza, where everything, and everybody, is so supremely ridiculous. By the way, is some subtle joke intended to be conveyed by the mispronunciation of the comic clergyman's christian name, *Aloysius*, which is pronounced by everyone, in this piece at the Garrick Theatre, as *Aloysius*? Correctly the name should be pronounced *Aloysius*. Never as "*Aloysius*." Would either "satirical rogue," author or actor (the latter an Oxford man), pronounce *Heloise* as *Helols*, or *Louis*, monosyllabically, as *Lous*?

Mr. RICKETT's music, Mr. JOHN D'AUBAN's dances, and Mr. BRUCE SMITH's scenery, all conduce to the success achieved by this mirth-provoking, topsy-turvy piece of absurdity.

It is preceded by *A Lesson in Harmony*, a light comedietta written in prose by the Poet Laureate. It is a mere curtain-raiser of a well-known type, on the model of our very old friend, *Book the Third, Chapter the First*, but without the "snap" that popularised that adaptation from the French. As one of the principal parts is played, very cleverly, by Mr. BOURCHIER, and the other, very prettily, by Miss BATEMAN, there is secured for it, from appreciative early-arrivals, an amount of attention which, probably, would not have fallen to its lot had it been written by a less favoured author.

"TO BE LET.—An attractive Detached Gentleman's Residence."—*The Standard*. [Suitable for attractive detached lady?]



IT was in a corner of the County Ground that Mr. Punch, who had looked in for a few minutes to see how the match was progressing, came across the famous Cricketer. On the approach of the Sage the Young Athlete—the picture of health, strength, and good looks—hastily thrust into his pocket a note-book in which he had been writing. “Well,” said Mr. PUNCH, “your work for the day is over, I suppose—if it can be called work; while I——” and the Sage sighed as he thought of the Atlantean burden to be dealt with before he sought his couch.

“Come, Sir,” replied the Cricketer, “I bet you that I work harder than you do.”

“I’m open to conviction,” replied Mr. PUNCH, “but I don’t see how you can prove it.”

“Very well, then. Now listen. To-day I made 120 not out, was interviewed twice, photographed three times, and wrote half a column for the *Daily Demagogue*. I’m off now to get a bit of dinner, and before I turn in I’ve got to finish an article on the Economics of Sport for the *Statist*. If I get to bed by 12, I shall consider myself lucky.”

“Then I suppose you’ll take it out in the morning?”

“Not a bit of it. I’ve got to keep fit, and to do that one must live by rule. Out of bed at 7, a run round the Park if I’m in town, and an hour’s work before breakfast at a book I’m writing on the Psychology of Athletics. Cricket and journalism all day, a lecture at the Breakback Institute on the Imperial Solidarity of Pastime, and then I’m off by a midnight train to Manchester, where I’m playing for the next three days. If you can show a heavier time-table I should like to see it.”

Mr. PUNCH pondered for a moment. It was open to him to retort that work must be measured by quality not quantity, and that between the exertions of the journalist-athlete and his own colossal achievements there was a difference not only in degree but in kind. But he decided to waive that point and vary his attack.

“It seems to me, my young friend, that you lead a sufficiently strenuous life—early to rise, and late to bed, and filling up all your available time with literary work.”

“Yes, that’s about it,” replied the young Apollo.

“Cricketers were not always like that,” said Mr. PUNCH. “In the old days when professionals wore grey shirts, a cricketer was more afraid of a pen than a bumpy wicket. But now you are all brainy. The old charge against athletes of being brainless Philistines, ‘young barbarians all at play,’ can no longer be made good. It doesn’t fit the facts.”

“Well, I think the ‘flannelled fools’ and ‘muddled oafs’ was pitching it a bit strong.”

“Just so,” rejoined Mr. PUNCH. “The mischief of it is that the flannelled and muddled ones, so far from being fools and oafs, are on your own showing, for I don’t suppose you are an altogether exceptional case, men

capable of serving their country with their brains as well as their hands, instead of merely ministering to her amusement."

"Well, Sir, you may be right, but at any rate we work hard enough for our living."

"Yes, and that's the pity of it—all this energy and ability lavished on games, when the country is crying out for efficiency and intelligence in Commerce and the Army and Navy. You're fond of quoting poetry in your articles, so perhaps you'll allow me to adapt a familiar couplet for your benefit:—

"He strengthened his muscles, but narrowed his mind,
And to pastime gave up what was meant for mankind."

If we are heading straight for Conscription it is you who are largely to blame for it. By the way," added Mr. PUNCH, "what are your views of Conscription?"

"Oh, I don't set up to be a thinker," replied the Athlete, "but I don't fancy it would work at all. Englishmen would never stand that. They like to serve their country of their own free will."

"Now you, for example," said the Sage, "I suppose that you are a Volunteer?"

"No," said the Cricketer, "I can't say that I am. Volunteering seems to me to be very poor fun."

"But a Volunteer may be very useful when the country is in difficulties, don't you think so? They were by no means ciphers in the Boer War."

"Well, yes. I approve of Volunteering if a man has the time."

"Time!" said the Sage. "My good young friend, I am afraid that I must take you in hand a little. Has it never occurred to you that you are overdoing all these athletics, that it is time to grow up and be rather more serious? Cricket is a splendid thing; football is a splendid thing; but no healthy fine young fellow like you ought to spend the whole summer in knocking a solid ball about and the whole winter in kicking a hollow one. That is only a small part of life, and you are making it the whole. Is there no Empire to expand, no country to be defended? Are we not menaced at every turn by clever young Americans and plodding young Germans? Against their quickness and thoroughness are we to offer no resistance but fine averages? What will a long score too often made or a goal too often kicked serve you in the battle of life? An occasional game refreshes and strengthens; continuous play is sterilising. England at this moment needs thoughtful, active, patriotic sons much more than dashing cricketers. Every young man should try to do something for his country and take some interest in affairs."

"But there's no fun in such matters," replied the youth.

"No fun?" echoed the Sage. "There you are very wrong. The study of affairs can be as diverting as a Pavilion story, and far more instructive at the same time. And if you will promise me to make the attempt to think less of the games and more of the duties of the splendid young Englishman that you are, I will give you the secret of combining love of country with love of humour." And on the young man acquiescing in the compact Mr. PUNCH placed in his hands his

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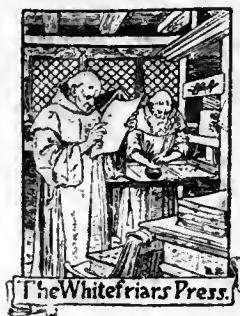




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W. H. H. 1904

The following has been issued from the War Office:—

"It having been noticed at His Majesty's Levee held on June 7 that some general officers and colonels on the staff wore the sword-belt over the tunic, attention is directed to the instructions contained in Dress Regulations, 1900, paragraph 28, in which it is distinctly laid down that the sword-belt is to be worn under the tunic by the officers in question."

The same rule, of course, still applies to trousers, which should be worn under, and not over, the tunic.

TRUE HARPINESS.—According to a Daily Chronicle, the Royal Harpist, Mr. JOHN THOMAS, aged seventy-five, is still in the service of his Majesty. "The harp that once" is again coming into fashion with ladies, married and single. Delightful prospect! large increase of Harpy Homes!

WIG AND GOWN.—The new establishment of Mr. CLARKSON, the well-known theatrical wig-maker, recently opened by Mme. BERNHARDT, is in future to be known as "The Wig-wam."

TO AN ACCOMPLISHED SERIO-COMIC.

[In his garden-party speech at Lambton Castle before a number of excursionists from Newcastle and the neighbourhood Lord ROSEBERY (owner of that promising colt *Cicero*), after stating that the present Administration would "go down to posterity as a hanky-panky Government," spoke of the Liberal Party as "anxious and ready, *with an overpowering mass of ability on the benches*, to serve their country and their King."]

At Lambton, where the noble DURHAM sits,
You stood, my Lord, upon a gay parterre,
And to the flower of all the neighbouring pits
Spoke out like thunder in the open air;
And by a fine illuminating phrase,
One of those things that in the memory linger,
Lent added lustre to the jewelled blaze
That scintillates on Time's outstretched forefinger.

Its central gem (of purest ray serene)
Was "hanky-panky;" and indeed I trace
Throughout your effort in the garden scene
A steady glow of Ciceronian grace,
Worthy of him, your gifted two-year-old,
On whom I would that some divining mascot
Had made me put my solid weight in gold
Prior to his initial feat at Ascot.

You hinted how you shortly hoped to see
Your party back in power; and I, my Lord,
Rejoice that, though our motives disagree,
I share that pious wish with full accord;
For I have said before (you know the strain
Of humour, how it tends to repetition?)
That I would give a lot to breathe again
The buccaneering airs of Opposition.

Thrice happy he whose *métier* is to flout.
The Man in Office, made an easy butt
By that exposing light that beats about
A Treasury Bench and blackens every smut;
While they for whom we others whet our shaft
Suffer no boding sense of insecurity,
But mock with lifted nose our futile craft,
Safely concealed inside their own obscurity.

But you, my Lord, with your impartial wit,
Shoot either way at any harness-joint,
Lightly incurious as to whom you hit,
Or whether he remarks your missile's point;
Thus, you invited, as in serious vein,
Canny Newcastle's Geordies and their wenches
To note the "overpowering mass" of brain
Just now located on the Liberal benches.

My Lord, your "hanky-panky" phrase was good,
But this was better. 'Tis by such an art
That you could work great wonders if you would,
Melting the people's unsuspecting heart;
For none of those that caught that rallying-cry
But swallowed hastily its pleasing unction,
Nor guessed what tremors shook your inward eye,
Nor how your tongue and cheek were in conjunction.

Dowered with the priceless gift of solemn mirth
Of which its victims overlook the sting,
What might you not have made of this dull earth
Had you contrived to cultivate the thing?
For me (the hireling jester undersigned)
I yield a humble rival's admiration
To one who could have left us all behind,
But, Heaven be thanked, you missed your true
vocation!

O. S.

THE ACTOR-MANAGER EXPLAINS.

MISS FLORENCE WARDEN, the authoress of many popular novels, recently contributed an article to the *Daily Mail* on the deplorable condition of the British Drama. She herself, it appears, has written no fewer than twenty plays, which have all been refused by Managers, often several times. The refusals, however, have invariably been accompanied by a flattering acknowledgment of the merits of the piece rejected. But, argues Miss WARDEN with great cogency, the plays by other writers which these same Managers subsequently produced had no merit at all! Can it be, then, that an absence of merit is the first *desideratum* in any play that is to see the light on the English Stage?

Eager to obtain some explanation, if explanation were possible, of this extraordinary state of affairs, *Mr. Punch's* emissary sought the presence of a well-known actor-manager.

"You have read Miss WARDEN's article?" he began.

The Manager bowed.

"Perhaps you have even rejected some of her plays?"

"I hardly think that is a fair question," he protested.

"Well, anyhow you have rejected plays by other ladies?"

The Manager sighed. "I have," he said, "lots of them."

"Why?" asked *Mr. Punch's* representative fiercely.

"Because they were no good."

"Did you give that as a reason?"

The Manager coughed diffidently. "I am not by nature an unkindly man," he began, and paused.

"Well?"

"Naturally, therefore, I always like to do the civil thing, especially where ladies are concerned."

"You don't produce their plays, however?"

"No! no!" replied the Manager hastily, "I couldn't do that! But I invariably speak of them in flattering terms when I return them. I 'recognise their cleverness,' I 'appreciate the brilliancy of the characterisation,' I 'am much struck by the neat dialogue.'"

"But Miss WARDEN says—"

"I know, I know. I've read what she says, I tell you. But, upon my word, I can't see what grievance playwrights have nowadays. We read their plays. We praise them. And we send them back. What more do they want?"

"Wouldn't it be franker not to praise them if they are bad?"

"It would. *Much* franker. But would they like it?" he snapped.

"You might try."

"Try!" he answered irritably. "I have tried. I've tried every way. But nothing pleases them. I tried sending plays back without comment. They wrote to the papers and said I was uncivil. Then I tried a printed form 'regretting that I was unable to produce the enclosed.' That brought the writer down in a cab to ask my reason."

"Did you give it?"

"Certainly not! I can't tell a lady her play is nonsense. It would be brutal. Besides, it would make me unpopular. And an actor-manager in London who's unpopular may as well close his theatre. So I said the play was most awfully good, and all that, but not *quite* suited to my theatre, and I suggested her submitting it to Mr. TREE or Mr. ALEXANDER. I always do that now."

"But what do Mr. TREE or Mr. ALEXANDER say?"

"Nothing—that you could print. But they've found out the dodge at last, and now they send on *their* bad eggs to me. So it's all square in the end."

"But do you *never* tell the truth about the plays ladies send you?"

"I did—once," replied the Manager gloomily.

"Tell me about that," said *Mr. Punch's* lieutenant eagerly. But the Manager had fled.



A LESSON IN PATRIOTISM.

JOHN BULL. "YOUR ARMY SYSTEM SEEMS TO WORK SPLENDIDLY. HOW DO YOU MANAGE IT?"

JAPAN. "PERFECTLY SIMPLE. WITH US EVERY MAN IS READY TO SACRIFICE HIMSELF FOR HIS COUNTRY—AND DOES IT!"

JOHN BULL. "REMARKABLE SYSTEM! I MUST TRY AND INTRODUCE THAT AT HOME!"



HERE'S A PRETTY GO!

(At Wyndham's Theatre.)

IN *The Finishing School* Mr. MAX PEMBERTON has given us what he defines as a Romance, but it should certainly be classed as a Comedy, that is, if it be still allowable by the kind permission of the late respected lexicographer, Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, so to consider Dr. OLIVER GOLDSMITH's *She Stoops to Conquer*, to which class of Dramatic composition this piece belongs. It is a pretty play, of a somewhat old-fashioned type, with a fascinatingly wilful girl-heroine, *Dorothy Melville*, cleverly played by Miss ANNIE HUGHES, who, masquerading at a ball, as a *petit-maitre* just imported from Paris, is one of the daintiest little persons ever seen on the English stage. The piece is uncommonly well rendered by everyone concerned in its production, which is saying a great deal where there are over thirty *dramatis personæ*.

In the First Act the stage management of the action, which leads up to the most telling climax in the hurried Gretna Green marriage, is admirable. The earlier part of the last Act, the scene in the school-room, 5 A.M., still requires just that careful rehearsal which the previous Acts have obtained, as the sly but nervous girls creeping about at that hour, fearing detection, would never dare to talk as loudly as they do, still less to scream.

Mr. BARNES, as *Sir John Vane*, the testy, warm-hearted, pugnacious old father of the *Sir Anthony Absolute* type, is excellent; and not a point is lost by either actor or actress in the scenes between him and the naughty lovable little *Dorothy*.

Well played by Mr. BEN WEBSTER is *Murray Vane*, the old Squire's hot-headed son, who, when not being cursed and disinherited, is being heartily welcomed by his preposterous parent.

Mr. FRANK COOPER, as "*Murray's Guide*" and philosophic self-sacrificing friend, *David Pugh*, gives force to a part that might otherwise have dwindled into a person of no importance.

The landlady of the "King's Head," Gretna Green, is a strong character sketch by Mrs. E. H. BROOKE, as also is *Reuben Laing*, the blacksmith who forges the links of matrimony, as portrayed by Mr. BREWER. After the blacksmith must be mentioned the *Colliers* of Mr. ATHELING FARRAR, a fop of the period, and his three friends *Capt. Hardy*, *Lieutenants Greenwood* and *Debray*, gaily and gallantly played by Messrs. AIDALE, FRANCIS, and THARP. Mr. SYDNEY BLOW's sketch of the recently arrived young Parisian *Maurice Vernon* is done to just the turn that such a piquante *entrée* (and exit) should be. Miss ETHEL MATHEWS as *Lady Rose*, having little to do beyond looking very



Howard S. Myers

"POOR FREDDIE! DID YOUR MOTOR THROW YOU OUT?"

"OH, NO! I'VE BEEN TEACHING MY WIFE TO PLAY GOLF!"

pretty, succeeds in this without the slightest effort.

The two school-mistresses, Miss INA GOLDSMITH (a name most appropriate in this connection) and Miss MARGARET MURRAY (another equally happy surname, when associated with teaching of grammar), do all that can possibly be expected of them when representing such highly respectable dames. The amusing dancing and deportment lesson for the girls at the commencement of the Second Act narrowly escapes an encore, and to the success of this entire scene Mr. BELLAMY's humorous and highly finished sketch of the eccentric dancing-master largely contributes. In this amusing scene surely the dancing-master, instead of waving a *bâton*, should play a "kit" while he instructs his pupils in their dance? As he does not do this, whence is the music supposed to come?

Perhaps it is this scene that suggests

the notion of Mr. MAX PEMBERTON's having another development for his *Finishing School* by turning it into a "musical comedy," or frankly "a comic opera," for which it is in every particular of plot, costume and character precisely fitted; and had not the name been already taken and used with notable success the best title for it would have been simply *Dorothy*. However here it is as a comedy, and if author and leading actress will remember that on the stage "compression is the better part of valour," they may, by deft manipulation of materials, shorten the play, likewise the *entr'actes*, and lengthen the run.

DEADLY LIVELY JAPS.—The successful Japanese Military Commanders are constantly engaged in executing "Happy Despatches" (to the papers) without committing suicide.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

XII.

Same address, Seoul, Korea.

YOUR esteemed issues of from April 20 to May 25, inclusive, are now to hand—from which I am pleased to note that you have already inserted about half a dozen of my despatches.

Also I have the honour to acknowledge your cheque-draft for a sum which is ludicrously below the market-value of said communications. Even the Editor of *Chittagong Conch*—whom *you* would probably consider a mere heathen—has bled far more freely, besides passing several most flowering compliments on my literary stylishness, correctness of information, *et cetera*!

Of course if London journalisms are just now so slumped that even such a prominent periodical as *Punch* cannot afford more than very very meagre emoluments to its best contributor, I can only bow my head in the devout and fervent prayer that you may soon be more profusely irradiated by the Sun of Prosperity.

If, on the other hand, you are still keeping nose above water, then I must respectfully submit that it is surely *infra dig.* for such an Old Pa and Methusalem of hebdominal humourists as yourself to be outdone in liberality by a native *Chittagong* contemporary.

As a conscientious, I cannot undertake to supply you any longer with best brain-work so much under cost price!

And I must again give you the candid hint that I am getting devilishly annoyed by your systematic snubbery! In spite of my dignified protests and abject entreaties, you still persist in interpolating atrociously cynical and sceptical pin-pricks into my text—as if to insinuate that your readers are not to regard it precisely as Gospel truth! . . . Why not, please, allow them—since they are no chickens—to judge for themselves?

How can you reasonably expect that I am to risk my life and limb in sanguinary shindies and skirmishes, when I am perpetually paralysed by the almost certitude that you would decline to credit the sad news of my untimely decease, even if personally vouched for by the sworn affidavit of myself?

Sharpest sting of all is the parsimonious *non possumus* with which you refuse me the most ordinary professional necessities. Over and over again have I modestly petitioned that I might be recouped out-of-pocket expenses incurred for a riding-crook, a wireless telegraphing-pole, hotel-score at Port Arthur, and similar what-nots. Have you on any single occasion added so much as a stiver to my sewer on account of said items? . . . Even you must make the shame-faced admission that your answer is in the negative!

Why not, indeed, since you have pursued a like penurious policy with regard to disbursements which were solely for the honour and glorification of *Punch*, such as manufacture of *Punch* idol, purchase of joss-house for same, expenses of inaugural ceremony, and upkeep? Pray, why should I pay the piper for blowing *your* trumpet?

As the matter of fact, I may inform you that my payments assumed the shape of I O. U.'s, and that the Bonze is threatening that, unless he is soon to receive harder cash, he will infallibly desecrate the shrine by putting in some legal distraint or other, and not only render the idol an insolvent, but denounce it publicly as a pinchbeck claptrap which is incapable to perform a miracle for nuts!

A sad blow in the eye for prestige of *Punch* if it were to be published in the streets of Albion—but "*tu l'as voulu*, Mister GEORGE DINDON!" You cannot gobble your ginger-bread and keep the gilt on it too!

I will say nothing of your ingratitude for innumerable splendid gifts and trophies of which you have been the lucky recipient—to wit, a tiger's whisker and claws, a fine bearskin, and other articles which have escaped from

my recollection. Knowing your idiosyncrasies, I did not at all expect any equivalent—still you might at least have made me the curtesy of a nude acknowledgment!

Perhaps you may be still nibbling at my magnanimous offer of shares in a rather opulent coal-mine for which I was moving Heaven and Earth to obtain a concession?

If so, you are now several days after the fair—for, owing to your procrastination in supplying me with dibs to do the needful, said mine has now been picked up from under my nose by a Russian syndicate, who are confident that, as soon as the Japanese armies are evacuated from Korea, it is to turn out as lucrative as the fabulous territory of Tom the Tiddler.

A sad pity that *Punch* should be such a pusillanimous as to lose a pot of money by letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would," like a poor faint-hearted cat cooped up in an adage! However, do not shake your gory bristles at myself—for you cannot say that I did it!

Naturally such editorial *insouciance* has so profoundly depressed me that I have had no heart to collect any very authentic crumbs from Bellona's banquet. *Cui bono?* since, in any case, you are too sophisticated to swallow them!

However, I will hazard the mention of a report which Major DROSKYVITCH has just received from a reliable St. Petersburgian authority, to the effect that "the Cossacks are very pleased with their lances." This is *official*—though, strangely enough, it omits to mention Japanese opinion of said weapons.

I am relieved to hear that Russian strategists do not now attach any importance to Port Arthur, which they assert is, like pie-crust, intended to be broken. So, I suppose, when the pie is opened, the birds will commence to sing!

Recently I was a delighted spectator of a magnificent dramatic entertainment by a Korean company, consisting of a single-handed tragedian, who performed a thrilling melodrama with innumerable acts, scenes and characters on a mat of very moderate dimensions. And, as soon as he had worked the audience into a palpitating stew of excitement over some sensational climax, he would pull up and send round his hat for sen before he could be prevailed upon to continue.

Here I am rather tempted to embark myself on a comparative view of the Korean and British dramas, with the critical inquiry as to which of the two (if either) is in the more advanced state of decay—but again *cui bono?* since probably I should merely be chucking precious pearls before—I am not to say "a swine"—but a Public which prefers some music-hall comedy to a classical tragedy-drama like *Mr. Frankenstein*!

Moreover—whether from the notorious insalubrity of Korean climate, or whether I have contracted any diseases from too constant nursing of *Sho-ji*—I am feeling sadly out of gear and good for nothing.

The Korean vet. (whom, in the absence of a more general practitioner, I have been compelled to call in) reports that he cannot detect any incurable bodily diagnosis, but is of the opinion that it is my mind which is being diseased by unkindness of some person or persons unknown, thereby occasioning indescribable catadysms in pit of stomach. He assures me that, if I could only experience some windfall (as, for instance, a kind and encouraging letter enclosing handsome tip) I should immediately buck up and become fit as a trivet.

Otherwise he has emitted the dismal prediction that I may at any moment pop off *impromptu* like a candle-snuff!

If I am doomed to die the death of a doorsnail, unsympathetic Sir, I shall leave instructions that, after I have become a *post obit*, the fleshly triangle of my heart is to be carefully packed up and forwarded, carriage paid, to your London address.

And when you have received such article, you will perhaps



THE NATIONAL GAME. OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB.

WE HAD THIRTY SECONDS LEFT BEFORE THE TIME FOR DRAWING STUMPS. OUR TWO LAST MEN WERE IN, AND WE WANTED ONE RUN TO TIE AND TWO TO WIN. IT WAS THE MOST EXCITING FINISH ON RECORD.

(should you condescend to inspect same at all closely) be dumbfounded to discover, through the misty blind of your tears, that my said organ is indelibly engraved with the hallowed name of Hon'ble *Punch*!

In the meantime I have the honour to regretfully inform you that, for the above indicated reasons, this War-correspondence must now cease.

H. B. J.

[ED. COM.—By a curious coincidence we had already cabled to Mr. JAMBERJEE in precisely the same terms.]

THE END.

ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTIES.

["It is obvious that he must be a man of exceptionally original ideas who can invent any new form of comparison for the physical charms of his lady-love. Dare we suggest that woman's features have come to assume the position of architecture, and that we can only go on copying what has already been written about them?"—*Temple Bar*.]

OBSERVE the ordinary rhymester's quest,
Inspired by no particular afflatus
Whereby he may in worthy mode attest
His lady's form and facial apparatus.

The tropes are getting somewhat hackneyed now
That bards have trotted out in sheep-like fashion
Spring after spring, when yearning to avow
In amatory verse each tender passion.

Those similes—I'm sure we know them well.

To wit, the swan-like neck, lips like a cherry,
The teeth resembling pearls, the ear a shell,
Orbs like a sloe (why not a whortleberry?)

Nature, we hear, is like an architect,

And duly stereotypes her beauteous creatures;
Stay! here's a hint—a novel dialect

Wherein to catalogue the fair one's features!

Address, then, if your paragon you'd win,
The Decorated cheek that she possesses,
Her Norman eyebrow-arch, her Pointed chin,
Renaissance figure and Transition tresses.

But sing with reticence of "squint"-like eyes,
Be sparing of "façade," when "face" were fitter,
Nor celebrate a "frieze" where "fringe" applies.
Such technicalities might cause a titter!

THE *Evening Citizen* (Glasgow) refers to the honour of knighthood conferred upon Professor DEWAR, "the eminent scientist, who, while occupying the Chair of Chemistry in the Royal Institution, London, was born in the little town of Kincardine-on-Forth."

This, we believe, is a record in Infant Precocity.

NOTE BY EMINENT HISTORIAN.—The worst time for Light Literature was during the Dark Ages.

SENSATIONAL CRICKET.

Mr. Punch's Special Report.

ON June 31, on Sir Gilbert Parker's Piece, at Oxbridge, was played a match between Mr. D. L. A. JEPHSON's Eleven and the Omar Khayyám Club, led by Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL. *Mr. Punch* has been fortunate in obtaining several special accounts, including the point of view of each of the gifted captains. The full score is appended:—

Mr. D. L. A. JEPHSON's XI.

P. F. Warner, not out	275
C. B. Fry, not out	387
Extras	131

793

K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Iremonger, Hirst, R. H. Spooner, G. L. Jessop, Storer, Rhodes, Cuttall, and D. L. A. Jephson, to bat.

THE OMAR KHAYYÁM CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.

SECOND INNINGS.

Sir Gilbert Parker, b Cuttall	14	c Spooner, b Rhodes	23
J. H. Choate, b Cuttall	2	b Cuttall	11
L. F. Austin, c Spooner,			
b Rhodes	21	c Warner, b Rhodes	43
H. Newbolt, b Hirst	33	run out	17
Adrian Ross, c Jephson,			
b Hirst	4	c Hirst, b Rhodes ...	1
A. Birrell, not out	102	not out	99
Sir Douglas Straight, run out	13	b Hirst	6
D. B. W. Sladen, B.A., LL.B.,			
L.B.W., b Hirst	5	st. Storer, b Jephson	4
C. K. Shorter, b Cuttall	16	run out	2
E. Clodd, c & b Fry	2	c & b Fry	1
Dr. Robertson Nicoll, b Rhodes	0	b Rhodes	0
Extras	8	Extras	6

220

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THE SPHERICAL POINT OF VIEW.

By C. K. Shorter.

I have in my library an unique literary treasure, consisting of a copy of the immortal *Rubaiyát* in the first Persian edition, containing my name in the author's autograph. Being but an indifferent Persian scholar, I have hitherto been unable to read the flattering inscription, but, on being bowled to-day by a very good ball from CUTTELL (who is, I am informed, a grandson of the delightful old mariner in DICKENS's brilliant story, *Dombey and Son*) I took advantage of the lull in the game to ask Prince RANJITSINHJI kindly to decipher the passage for me. This he did with characteristic readiness, and I am now in the enviable position of being able to tell my expectant readers how it runs:—"To the Bud of Editorship, the Mirror of Clubmen, the Rose of Eloquence, and the Nutmeg of Criticism, from his friend and admirer O. K." Had I not played in this ever-to-be-remembered match I might never have obtained the translation: I had for years asked in vain among the members of the Club.

C. K. S.

NOTES ON THE GAME.

By P. F. Warner.

The match, which was closely contested, ended in a victory for Mr. JEPHSON's XI. by an innings and several runs to spare. The principal scorers for the winners were CHARLES FRY and myself.

The bowling analysis of the Omar Khayyámites is too tragic a document to reproduce, but it may be said that Mr. CHOATE, who trundled well, was very unlucky, both men being missed off him, Fry when he had made 386, and I when my

figures stood at 273. Had these chances been accepted there is no knowing how the match might have ended.

For the losers Mr. BIRRELL surprised all expectations. His innings were superb compilations, and he will now, no doubt, get his blue.

Mr. ADRIAN ROSS was unlucky, but he hit one ball very finely over the Ropes.

Mr. SLADEN's initials and degrees were too much for him, one of the latter bringing about his downfall in the first innings.

Nothing but my good fortune in holding a bad catch prevented Mr. AUSTIN from adding to his very useful score.

Mr. SHORTER at one point delayed the game considerably by engaging RANJITSINHJI in a literary discussion on the field. They had at last to be parted by the umpires (SHERWIN and GOSSE).

THE O. K. POINT OF VIEW.

By Claudius Clear.

I am informed that the circulation of *C. B. Fry's Magazine* is not yet equal to that of *The Expositor*.

Mr. P. F. WARNER's book on the Recovery of the Ashes having done so well, he has undertaken to prepare for Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON a theological treatise on the Ember Days. It was a pleasing thought that Mr. WARNER interrupted his honeymoon to meet us to-day in friendly contest. In the tea interval he created a sensation by drinking Tatcho and Apollinaris.

I am glad to be able to announce that during the lunch interval Mr. SPOONER completed the arrangements for publishing a new book through a firm which he describes as Messrs. STODDER AND HOUGHTON.

RHODES seemed to me a very nice young fellow, though not so tall as Mr. MAX PEMBERTON, whose new book, by the way, is selling well.

My friend Mr. SHORTER kept a good length, but Sir DOUGLAS STRAIGHT was frequently off the wicket.

I was surprised to see how sunburnt Prince RANJITSINHJI has become.

O. O.

WHAT YOU GET, WILLY-NILLY.

By D. L. A. Jephson.

Yesterday's cricket contained many tit-bits for the epicure. The most consistent bat in the country, CHARLES FRY, and the player with the most polished head, PLUM WARNER, both laid another coat of paint on their over-vermilioned doorways!

A translation of *Omar Khayyám* runs thus:—

One moment in Annihilation's waste,

One moment, of the Well of Life to taste—

The stars are setting and the Caravan

Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—oh make haste!

And it struck me that the "poor old O. K." caravan are tasting very little water from the "Well of Life" this season.

The O. K.'s, in spite of their BENJAMIN's portion of leather hunting, fielded remarkably well all along, and, in the words of WILLIAM MORRIS, "Fellowship on a fielding side is Heaven, and lack of fellowship is—not."

CHOATE's cutting was superb. The ball left his bat with a nasal twang that I shall never forget.

Every game leads to one of two termini, a win or a loss. There is also a draw, which I forgot when I composed the first sentence, and now and then a tie too. This shows the danger of being epigrammatic. Better be direct like dear old TOM RICHARDSON, my quondam whilom associate.

BIRRELL's two innings were great. You ought to have seen the smile on the face of the genial AUG.

Good old GILLY played well too, but the Red and White Roses were too much for him.

Good old Everybody!

That's all for to-day; but to-morrow you've got to have it again.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to all reports, both KING and KAISER were in excellent spirits at Kiel. Indeed, at times they behaved like a couple of schoolboys. Among other things they actually changed clothes, the KAISER appearing as a British Admiral and the KING as a German one.

It is confidently hoped that the Russian ships which recently sallied forth from Port Arthur and were injured will soon be repaired and be in a condition to be injured again.

General BOOTH denies that there has recently been a slump in recruiting for the Army.

It is rumoured that, as a result of his interview with the KING, the General will shortly be made a Field-Marshal.

It looks as if war in Morocco were now inevitable. At any rate the Moroccan Minister of War has left Tangier for the Continent.

King PETER of Servia was last week the guest of honour of the 7th Infantry Regiment, which carried out the assassination of his predecessor in office. His Majesty has expressed the hope that he may be their guest for many years to come.

The Rev. FORBES PHILLIPS, in an attempt to upset the statistics of church attendance, has made a confession which does no little credit to his honesty. Talking about his own church, he states, "The people who come one Sunday do not come every Sunday."

According to the *Express*, there are two children in New Jersey who weigh between them 335 lbs., and one of them "thinks nothing of demolishing a dozen eggs at a sitting." We should have thought that he could easily have crushed more than that.

It is almost too horrible to believe, but it is rumoured that several persons are deliberately waiting until it is too late to accept "*The Times*" offer to prospective subscribers.

An American gentleman has, in his

will, stipulated that his estate of £10,000 shall go to his widow and children, provided that none of them shall become addicted to intoxicating liquor during the next five years. The orgie which will, we presume, take place at the end of that period should be worth seeing.

inhabitants of Zion City are saying that the punishment is not a bit too severe.

Lord ROSEBURY likened himself, at the inaugural meeting of the City of London United Liberal Association, to a Salvationist. Certainly, not long ago, he had something to do with a booth.

A Staffordshire labourer has been charged with attempting to murder his wife because she had drunk some of his beer. If a conviction be obtained it will come as a cruel surprise to hundreds of thousands of husbands, and the result of what is looked upon as a test case is anxiously awaited.

A valuable contribution to the problem of our dwindling population has been supplied by some statistics which show that there are more doctors in England in proportion to its numbers than in any other country.

The Faculty are recommending patients with sluggish livers to walk on all fours for twenty minutes four times a day. It is possible that a portion of the Row will be set aside for the purpose.

We are requested to deny the statement which has been very widely circulated to the effect that farmers in every part of England are rejoicing over the record hay crop. Farmers never rejoice, and the report has caused much pain to those concerned.



A CASE OF TU QUOQUE.

She. "HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW HAT?"

Sutherland Highlander. "BY JOVE, WHAT EXTRAORDINARY HEADGEAR YOU WOMEN DO WEAR!"

In Madagascar, unmarried men are made to pay an annual fine. It is said to be the only tax that is paid with perfect cheerfulness.

Mrs. ASQUITH plays golf bare-headed on the St. Andrews links. Reverence for the game can surely go no further than this.

London is feeling sorry to-day. To greet Dr. DOWIE on his return to Zion City, a triumphant arch of imitation stone was erected, on each block of which was inscribed the name of a city visited by the prophet on his recent tour. Cities which welcomed him were inscribed in black letters: others in red. London was in red, and the

The Daily Mail makes the following frank admission:—

"The fact that the *Daily Mail* sent a representative as a steerage passenger to New York from London has awakened the New York Press to the grave consequences which the wholesale unloading of aliens may have for America."

HOW TO CURE RHEUMATISM FOR TWOPENCE.—1s. 6d. post free.—Advt. in *Surrey Mirror*.

We recommend this investment for cats with nine lives. It would just go round.

LICENSING BILL.—Parliamentary majority is suffering from severe attack of "Beery-Beery."



SWEET HAY-TIME.

Extract from *Ethel's Correspondence*:—"JACK and his COUSIN TURNED UP UNEXPECTEDLY LAST THURSDAY, AND WE ALL WENT AND HELPED ONE OF THE NEIGHBOURING FARMERS GET IN HIS HAY. EVERYBODY GOES 'BACK TO THE LAND' NOWADAYS, YOU KNOW. WE WORKED FRIGHTFULLY HARD, BUT THE FARMER MAN WASN'T A BIT GRATEFUL—IN FACT, HE SEEMED QUITE STUFFY ABOUT SOMETHING OR OTHER."

THE NEW THEATRE AND THE OLD PIECE.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES's comedy of *The Liars* deserves to be ranked among the classics of the Victorian Era. Its freshness, which is that of an entire novelty, is perfectly preserved by the admirable cast provided for it by Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM. As good wine improves with age, so do some good plays, and this one is an example in point. Its weak feature, as occasionally happens with our HENRY ARTHUR, is the last Act. Here is our old friend the man hiding behind the curtain, for which situation HENRY ARTHUR has a deeply-rooted affection, as instanced in his latest comedy at the Haymarket.

Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM, as *Colonel Sir Christopher Dering*, gives us the very best taste of his quality, modulating his tone from grave to gay, from lively to severe. The most difficult parts, viz., *Edward Falkner*, gallant hero and seducer, *Gilbert Nepean*, the uncouth husband, and his brother *George Nepean*, the suspicious sneak, are admirably rendered, "with conviction" is the modern phrase, by Mr. DENNIS EADIE, Mr. EILIE NORWOOD and Mr. BERTRAM STEER.

As the earnest noodle, *Freddy Tatton*, Mr. SAM SOTHERN is delightful; and Mr. A. BISHOP absolutely irresistible as the fussy, correct and old-fashioned husband of the accommodating *Dolly Coke*, so amusingly rendered by Miss SARAH BROOKE.

The modern easy-going married woman with the whip-hand of her nervously weak spouse is played to the life by Miss ENID SPENCER-BRUNTON; and equally good is Miss CYNTHIA BROOKE, whose *Beatrice Ebernoe* belongs to the modern school for scandal. As honest and hearty *Mrs. Crespin*, Miss LILIAN WALDEGRAVE seconds Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM in a rather trying scene in the last Act of the play. Miss SYBIL WILLIAMS' slight part of *Lady Jessica's* maid *Ferris* is given its full importance in the scheme without being in the least overdone.

Miss MARY MOORE has rarely had a better part, nor a more trying one, except, perhaps, in *The Tyranny of Tears*, than that of the tête de linotte *Lady Jessica Nepean*, where all the art consists in never once gaining the sympathy of the audience for this amusing and irritating character.

The Liars should be in for another long run, as it is one of the best acted and most amusing pieces now to be seen in London.

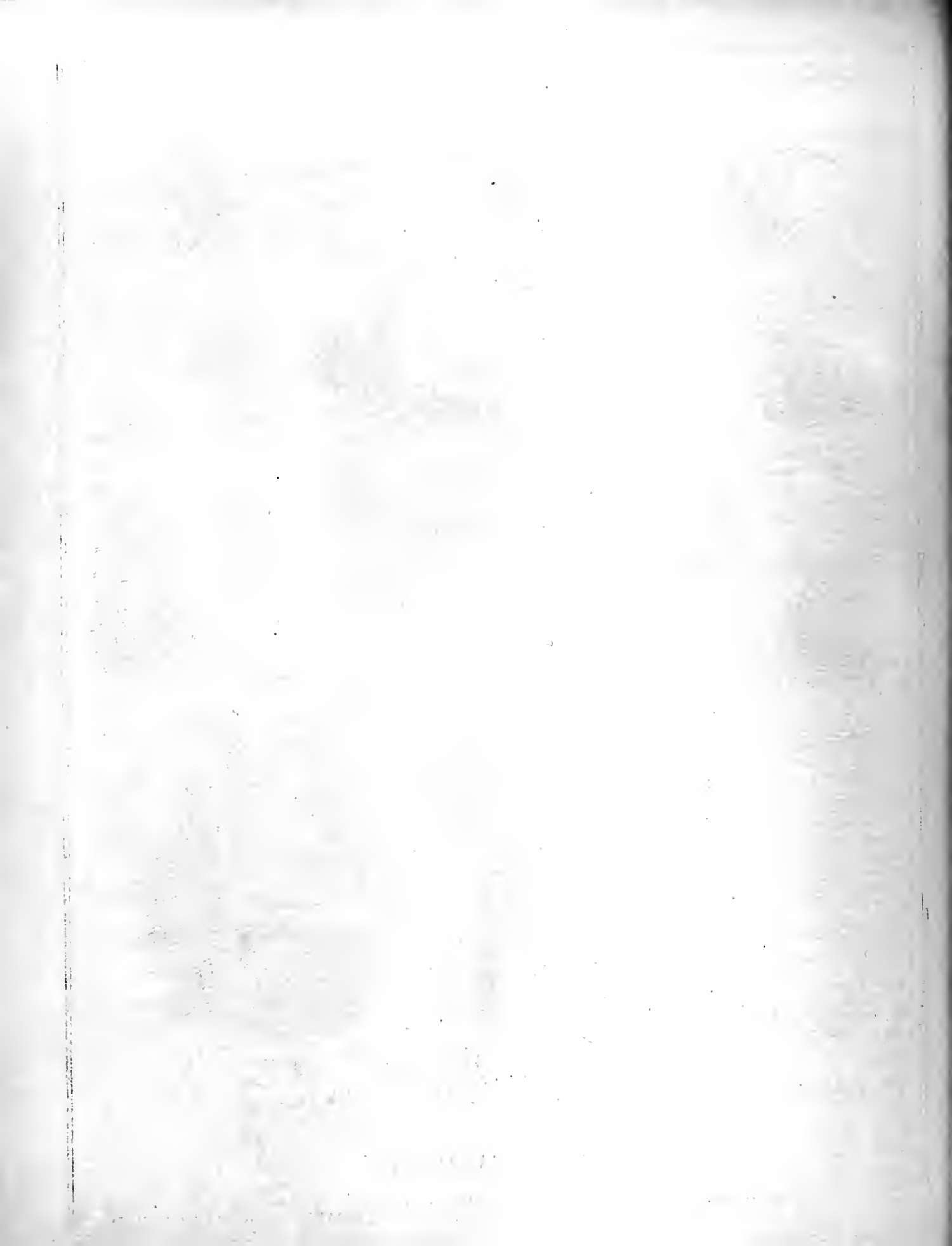
THERE has recently been started a question as to the origin and meaning of the conjuror's words, "Hanky-panky." With that we are not at present concerned, but when there were financial troubles in which more than one big commercial house was involved the general term used for the state of affairs was "Hanky-Banky."



FUTILE FALCONRY.

FALCONER BALFOUR.

"O FOR A . . . VOICE
TO LURE THIS TASSEL-GENTLE BACK AGAIN."—*Remo and Juliet*, Act II., Sc. 2.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 27.

--On Friday, JOHN LENO, in his persuasive style, suggested that as House and country have had enough of best of all Governments they had better retire. PRINCE ARTHUR with equal blandness took opportunity of intimating to whom it might concern that if Ministerialists are not in more constant attendance at crack of ACLAND-HOOD's whip he will throw up sponge.

To-day first meeting of House after circulation of warning word. Curious to test its effect Opposition promptly challenged division. Some anxious moments followed. Obviously forces pretty equally divided. Would the Government scrape through? They did—by a bare majority of 38, less than half their normal majority, a round dozen below what it stood at last week before PRINCE ARTHUR issued note of solemn warning.

Different thing in case of quite too brief week-end Session on board P. & O. steam yacht, *Veetis*. H.M. TOM SUTHERLAND *Rex* (P. & O.) having issued summonses to Members of both Houses for special Session there was rush to obey. Recurring to earlier Parliamentary custom when the Session was held at Oxford and elsewhere than Westminster, Parliament, gathering at Gravesend, boarded the stately yacht.

Punctually at one o'clock on Saturday afternoon the SPEAKER, who was attended by his Private Secretary and accompanied by Sir COURTENAY ILBERT, Clerk of the House, took the Chair (at the luncheon table). First Order of the Day was to cast loose from the wharf and steam out to sea. Progress reported in the Downs. Usual adjournment for dinner-hour. Once more the difference between conduct of Members on the *Veetis* and at Westminster painfully marked. At the latter nine o'clock brings fresh pang to the faithful bosom of the PINK 'UX. Anxiously he counts his men straggling in and wonders what the next hour may bring forth. On the *Veetis* not a Member missing when the bell chimed nine o'clock, attendance being maintained up to midnight, when the cry, "Who goes home?" rang through the smoking-room.

On Sunday steamed down Channel under blue sky over shimmering sea, skirting the green fields and gleaming white cliffs, which never looked more beautiful. In addition to Members of both Houses there were a good many "strangers," each eminent in his profession; a social salad deftly mixed. After prayers in the late afternoon,

anchored off Netley, in full view of the glory of the setting sun.

On Monday morning all the really responsible men, the bees of the busy hive of London, went back by early morning train to work. People who never would be missed made another day of it, going on in the ship to Tilbury, where it is hoped they spoke no scandal about Queen ELIZABETH.

A touching scene marked the parting of this first contingent. Amid the crowd on the upper deck waving farewell stood a strange solitary figure. Round his head a bath towel was folded turbanwise; his tall spare figure was clad in long loose garment girdled with bright colour. On his otherwise bare feet shone a pair of sandals, primrose in



Yet another Infant—"in maiden meditation fancy free."

Mr. Chamberlain. "To quote a well-known expression of my right hon. friend's, 'I am a child in these matters.'"

hue. In his mouth was a cigarette; in his right eye a rimless glass; over his dark countenance a look of supernatural gravity, lightened now and then by a gleam of humour; a face that suggested associations combining Bagdad and Dublin.

At first sight the awed crowd in the tender, looking up from the humbled level of their boat, thought it was one of the Lascars in his Sunday clothes. Then a whisper ran round that it was a mad fakir. It was neither. It was Major-General Sir JOHN ARDAGH, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., C.B., Director of the Intelligence Department at one of the most critical stages in English history.

I well remember in the dark December week that saw GATACRE driven back

from Stormberg, METHUEN repulsed at Magersfontein, BULLER checked in attempt to cross the Tugela, how righteous anger rang through the country at administrative mismanagement that made such things possible. Looking about for a victim, people fell upon the Intelligence Department. What's the use of an Intelligence Department, it was asked, that allows a rich and powerful country to stumble into pitfalls prepared by the slim Boer?

SARK then told me how he had heard on unimpeachable authority that long before the outbreak of the war, the Intelligence Department under JOHN ARDAGH conveyed to the proper quarter the fullest, minutest information with respect to military preparations and resources of the Boers; warning lightly regarded by highly placed persons at home, tragically verified as soon as the first gun was fired. Incredible as it seemed, even on the testimony of so well-informed a person, it was later authenticated in evidence given before the War Commission.

And here on this June morning is JOHN ARDAGH, his helmet now a hive for bees, lolling over the taffrail of the *Veetis*, wondering when these chaps will get away, let him go off, get into his morning clothes, and so to breakfast.

"ARDAGH," says RATHMORE, looking up laughingly at his old college chum, "was not at first intended for War Office service. I think science was his earliest love. When he turned aside and entered the Royal Engineers we called him 'Military ARDAGH.'"

Business done.—Speaker gets back to Westminster. House in Committee on Licensing Bill.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—The LORD CHANCELLOR doesn't like flippancy, especially when practised by a Marquis and directed against the Woolsack. This afternoon LONDONDERRY, of all men, guilty of this crime. Led into it partly by the heat, the glut of strawberries, and attempt by BEAUCHAMP to carry second reading of Bill enabling women to act as members of County Councils and the like.

LORD CHANCELLOR came down upon proposal literally like earload of bricks. BEAUCHAMP, the mildest-mannered man that ever governed a Colony, shrunk with visible terror when LORD CHANCELLOR, throwing back with angry gesture a flap of his wig, turned upon him with seathing remark, "This Bill is part of the agitation going on to place women in exactly the same position as men."

Think of it!

LONDONDERRY did, and came to conclusion that it really wasn't so monstrous after all. In fact, he argued, that if it was right for women to exercise the political franchise there was no reason

why they should not become Members of Parliament, represent Launceston, and work their way up until, in process of time, one occupied the position of the noble and learned Lord on the Woolsack.

Peers languidly tittered. LORD CHANCELLOR gasped. This kind of thing very well, he supposed, in places like a music-hall or the House of Commons. To introduce it into the Lords, with the servants in the room, and a stray stranger in the Gallery, was playing it a little low. Some comfort from PORTSMOUTH, who, looking more than ever like *Hamlet* in prosperous circumstances, laid down the axiom that a woman's politics (like her fortune) should be the politics of her husband.

SAIK, reviewing the last eighteen years, and having particular cases in his mind, observes that under this ordinance the wife loyally desiring to march apace with her husband would have to be particularly agile in her movements.

Business done.—PRINCE ARTHUR has bad time in the Commons. Adjournment moved from his own side in order to force Ministerial statement with respect

to promised scheme of Army organisation. ARNOLD-FORSTER replying, confessed that his predecessor's latest scheme of reform "has created a situation the seriousness of which it would be difficult to exaggerate." At morning sitting another Ministerial revolt against proposal to report progress in order to include in Licensing Bill an amendment not wholly acceptable to The Trade.

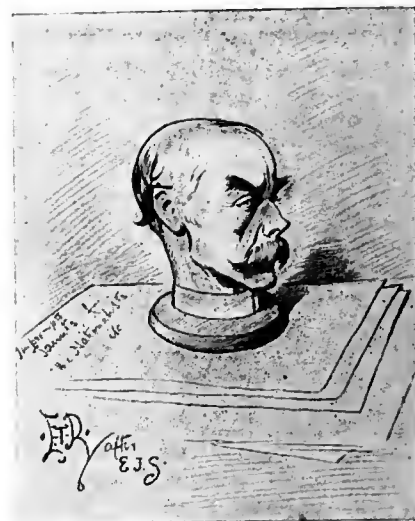
House of Commons, Friday.—Long time since we had good bull trotted out in House. Place too dull now, even for bovine enterprise. SAUNDERSON removed reproach. Talk about outbreak at Lurgan, where stones were thrown.

"Yes," said the Colonel, "they do throw stones at Lurgan. When I was Member for Cavan one hit me on the head. It weighed 4 lbs. 8 oz. Luckily my head is very thick, so I had it made into a paper-weight."

Obviously that not quite what the Colonel meant to say. But what SAUNDERSON has said he has said; indeed he has since illustrated by a sketch what he didn't mean to say.

No Irishman can do more than that.

Business done.—PRINCE ARTHUR proposes to closure the Licensing Bill.



Interesting Table-ornament at Castle Saunderson, Belturbet, co. Cavan.

"Luckily my head is very thick, so I had it made into a paper-weight."

(Col. E. J. S-and-rs-n.)

RECEIVING ORDER.

In re J. Pluvius (lately trading as the Meteorological Council, Limited, and carrying on business in Victoria Street, S.W.).

THE Weather Office is to be wound up, and the British climate will, in future, be regulated by the Board of Agriculture. We have long suspected that the Clerk of the Weather's business was not a going concern. The stock has been extensively watered of late, especially during last "summer," and now the crash has come, after flooding the markets. The finishing touch was given the other day by the report that the Gulf Stream had petered out and failed to meet its obligations. Wireless telegraphy also has exercised a disturbing effect on transatlantic samples, while cyclones have been much too bullish. The Leonids were of the wild-cat order, and declared no dividend whatever, in spite of phenomenal booming. There has been a corner in radium, and hence a deficiency of solar heat. Even Saturn has not escaped his ring. The Derby was turned into a Regatta. Altogether, the meteorological import and export trade has been dislocated during the past few years, and the confidence of the public thoroughly shaken. The uncertainty attending Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Fiscal Policy has doubtlessly affected the barometer. We hope the new brooms of the Board of Agriculture will sweep clean, and attend strictly to business, and not allow it to rain cats as well as dogs during the coming dog-days.



NOT SO GREAT AN INNOVATION AFTER ALL.

If a lady 'did really "come to occupy the position of the noble and learned Lord on the Woolsack," the change would not visually be so very startling; the eye having become somewhat prepared for it in recent years

**PRETTY DRY.**

Young Beginner (fishing with dry fly). "AM I KEEPING MY FLY PROPERLY DRY, DUNCAN?"

Scotch Keeper. "OH, I'M THENKIN' SHE'LL BE DRY ENOUGH. SHE'S STICKIN' UP IN THAT BIG WILLOW NEAR BY WHERE YE STARTED FUSHIN'."

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, June 25.—In most respects that great artiste Madame CALVÉ is an ideal *Carmen*. And, this being so, it is a pity that she should somewhat mar her impersonation by

No one, of course, blamed M. HEROLD, yet it was noble of M. DUFRICHE so generously to "take his part."

Signor SCOTTI gave a spirited impersonation of the *Toréador*, who, like the *Postillon de Longjumeau*, is "tousjours gai," but for all that the great song was not so



Don José takes the chair at a private meeting. Carmen proves herself good at figures.

the un-Carmenlike shawl-drapery worn by her in the Second Act, where she is supposed to be a leading spirit in bacchic orgies, and by not playing the castanets in the *danse d'amour* with which she fascinates her impressionable and impulsive lover Don José. Madame CALVÉ prefers to wave her arms

about and to make mesmeric passes over the head and before the eyes of her enamoured swain, while all the time the castanets, which *Carmenita* ought to be playing as the only accompaniment to her winning voice and seductive action, are "heard without," and thus the scene is shorn of a part of its realism, and the audience is comparatively disillusioned. Still, it is CALVÉ's *Carmen*, and, popularised as such, it attracts a crammed house and evokes rare enthusiasm.

M. HEROLD being suddenly incapacitated, M. DUFRICHE played Don José at very short notice.



The Ruffian Dan-caire-a— M. Gilbert.



HIDE AND SEEK.

Don José Dufriche and Carmen Calvé.
"Catch as catch can."

great as usual, though it was followed by a dropping fire of applause which Signor SCOTTI was well advised not to return with an "encore verse."

M. GILBERT and Herr REISS were excellent as the two biggest knaves in the pack, as also were Mlle. HELIAN and Miss EDITH KIRKWOOD as their fascinating accomplices in crime who know how to play their cards, in the Third Act, to the very best advantage. In voice and acting Miss AGNES NICHOLLS as simple *Micaëla* was most sympathetic. M. COTREUIL was a dashing *Captain Zuniga*, and M. DUFRICHE (this is "t'other DUFRICHE," not M. G.) quite the gay Brigadier. The Hullabellou and regular Stock company of choir-boys did capitally everything required of them. Signor MANCINELLI conducted himself like the thorough musical director he is, and the performance satisfied everybody.

Wednesday, June 29.—VERDI's *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Excellent house to give warm welcome, in keeping with this



AT THE PALMIST'S.

Ulrica Frascani informing Riccardo Caruso that his line of life is very short.

lovely night of June, to the June-premier vocalist CARUSO, as also to the mixture of melody and melodrama presented to us in *Un Ballo*. Signor CARUSO in fine voice and at his very best as the gay Count *Riccardo*, and 'tis simply owing to the familiar terms on which the public finds itself with the music of this opera that the delightful "*E' scherzo od è follia*," sung perfectly by carousing CARUSO as Count *Dick*, is no longer acclaimed with three times three encores as it was in the days of MARIO, and afterwards in those of GAYARRE, popularly known as *Gay 'Arry*. By the way, is *Riccardo* a Count or a Duke? In one version he has both titles; but the Operatic Syndicate wisely avoids the solution of the vexed question of rank and precedence by merely giving his name on the bill as a simple commoner, *Riccardo*, without even prefixing "Signor" or adding a surname; thereby evidently implying that, as far as the Syndicate is concerned, it's "all Dick" with his titles. Besides *Dicky* there are also *Tommy* and *Sam*, played admirably by MESSRS. JOURNET and COTREUIL. Signor SCOTTI a first-rate *Renato*, while Fräulein KURZ as spry boy *Ossar*, adds a brilliant page to her operatic records. Signorina RUSS made much of *Amelia* ("Who wouldn't?" asks the *Gay Lord Quex*, lorgnetting), especially in the Third Act. Signorina FRASCANI, if not an overpowering *Ulrica*, is better in this than in some previous performances, while the chorus is well done on both sides, and the merry men of MANCINELLI are, individually and collectively, first-rate. And so say all of us.

HOLIDAY HINTS.

(By our Medical Expert.)

THE question which confronts a large and constantly increasing section of the population as the month of July proceeds is, "Where shall I go for my holiday?" It becomes necessary therefore to make a brief excursus into climatology. Climates may be divided into marine and inland, the latter being again subdivisible into those of low and high altitudes. Some are bracing, such as those of the East Coast of England, Spitzbergen and Siberia, whilst others are relaxing, such as Madeira and the basin of the Congo, too often erroneously identified with

CONGO TEA,

which, when indulged in to excess, is fraught with the most deleterious consequences. If, then, we assume the holiday maker to be healthy, but a hard worker, and subject to insomnia, hay fever and asthma, it is obvious that the choice of his place of sojourn should be one in which, as far as possible, the prevailing climatological conditions are not

favourable to the development of these ailments. It is true that proximity to the sea may occasionally cause insomnia, light-house keepers being

PROVERBIAL LIGHT SLEEPERS,

but as a rule the sea exerts a sedative influence on the nervous system, so that, in a certain number of cases, insomnia is reduced by a visit to the seaside. On the other hand, asthmatic patients generally find their symptoms aggravated at marine resorts, and the lowest percentage of

DEATHS FROM HAY FEVER

is to be found in the great mountain plateaus of Tibet. The generalisations to be deduced from these considerations are therefore sufficiently obvious. Elderly people whose arteries are beginning to harden should always seek warm places, or, if not, they should always be warmly clad. Violent physical exercise is only salutary for those who keep themselves in condition all the year round, and in any case chronic invalids, bedridden persons and octogenarians should abstain from emulating the feats of professional athletes. It has been said that there is not a professional cyclist in Roumania of over sixty with a perfectly sound heart, but of course there is no limit to the power of assertion. Speaking broadly, high altitudes are a most valuable stimulant to a depressed nervous system—witness the case of

ST. SIMEON STYLITES,

but it is dangerous to carry this principle to its logical conclusion, and I do not recommend the summit of Mount Everest or even Aconcagua as a permanent residence for the victims of melancholia. To sum up, nearly everyone has his ideal climate, in which, *mutatis mutandis*, and other things being equal, his holiday will do him as much good if not less than he will derive from staying quietly at home. In this context, now that the warm weather has set in, and the attractions of an *al fresco* life are approaching their grand climacteric, it is desirable that a word of caution should be uttered against the pernicious habit of taking meals in the open air, which seems to be gaining ground amongst the members of the

UPPER AND MIDDLE CLASSES.

Fresh air, let it be frankly conceded at the outset, is an excellent thing in itself; so too is an adequate supply of wholesome food. But just as two wrongs do not make a right, so also it frequently happens that two rights may make a wrong. The practice of picnickers—we prefer to spell the word in the old-fashioned way, in spite of the late Mr. HERBERT SPENCER's deliberate rejection

of the letter "k"—is, as a rule, to seek out a convenient place on the

GREEN SWARD,

and, dispensing with a table, to dispose the viands on the ground, sometimes with, but occasionally without, the adjunct of a tablecloth. If the day be windy, stones or other heavy weights are placed on the cloth to prevent it being blown away. While, however, these precautions are taken to secure the stability of the provender, nothing whatever is done to guard against the dangers which the merest tyro in bacteriology recognises as inherent in the situation. It does not need a microscope to establish the fact that grass teems with all manner of coleoptera, entomostraca, infusoria, scarabaei, and millions of other

DEATH-DEALING ORGANISMS,

endowed in many cases with prodigious agility and that wonderful faculty of protective imitation which renders their true nature indistinguishable by the naked eye. But this is not all. Not only is the picnicker incapable of recognising the presence of foreign bodies in the viands of which he is partaking, but, with his appetite enhanced by his recumbent position, he almost invariably overeats him or herself, and, returning to his home in a state of

ABNORMAL HYPERTROPHY,

falls an easy and predestined prey to apoplectic seizures, congestion of the rhomboid ganglia, apocolocyntosis, and other distressing and highly polysyllabic complaints. In view of these and other equally notorious facts we cannot too vehemently impress upon our readers the paramount need of picnicking with the utmost circumspection. Thousands of people injure themselves every summer by indiscreet indulgence in this deplorable habit. They come back with hectic complexions, inoculated with the virus of anopheles mosquito, and other bombinating plagues of the worst type. The stethoscope reveals all sorts of ineffable mischief, and it may be months before they recover, especially if they be on the wrong side of seventy.

UNREST.—Summer is here. Soon a majority able to afford it will be leaving London for various "Cures." The *modus vivendi* of home and foreign Spas will be advertised, and then will have commenced the Spas-modic Season.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.—To assist in the Great Drama, of the most serious interest, now being performed, the Japanese have already secured several passes. With this exception the free list is entirely suspended, public press not excepted.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"If it's humour you want," as the Heavy Dragoon says in *The Pantomime Rehearsal*, read *The Diversions of a Music-Lover*, by C. L. GRAVES (MACMILLAN & Co.). From a series of papers where all are interesting and instructive, and some most amusing, it is difficult to select any one or two for special commendation. Yet if someone were to say to the Baron, "Behold, I am pressed for time, tell me the best of these to read within the next half-hour!" then would the Baron unhesitatingly answer, "Begin with *The Voices of*

the Orchestra; take next the thoroughly appreciative article on *Sir George Grove*; proceed to *Reminiscences of Malibran*; and finish with *A Musical Celebrity*, which, purporting to be the record of an interview with *The Concert Cat* at St. James's Hall, is quite enough to rouse a fellow feline and to make a cat laugh." The longest article, *A Forgotten Book*, with the amusing *Studies in Musical Criticism*, can await your leisure. But 'tis something to take with you on a journey, for, as a real good travelling companion, Mr. GRAVES—in spite of his name—can be the gayest of the gays. He is always lively, never severe, and should you be inclined to sleep and not to read, why, at a second's notice, without any effort of wit on your part, you can shut him up.

Society in the New Reign (FISHER UNWIN) purports to be written by A Foreign Resident revisiting London after an absence of some years. My Baronite seems to know that Foreign Resident. He does not come from Sheffield, but is in occasional retreat in a district less remote from London. However that be, he has written an entertaining book which commends itself to the gentle reader by the device of smartly saying disagreeable things about his (the reader's) dearest friends. The range of reference is all-embracing. The Resident, whether Foreign or native, is in a position to observe most of the men and women who form what is known as London Society. He discusses them with the frankness, something above the average of cleverness, of talk in the smoking-room, or in the confidence of the dressing-rooms where ladies at a house party foregather to say a last few words before going to bed. My Baronite is tempted to quote some of the glittering sentences in which personal friends are stabbed. But he leaves them to look up the passages for themselves. To that end, the Foreign Resident, always anxious to oblige, adds an index.

Mr. BASIL KING has already given proofs of remarkable skill and versatility in *Let Not Man Put Asunder* and *The Garden of Charity*. His latest novel, *The Steps of Honour* (HARPER), will add to his reputation. The main theme of it, indeed, is not a new one, for it deals with the assumption by one man of work done long ago by another who at the time gained no credit by it. In *The Steps of Honour*, however, this theme is handled with striking ability, and the reader is driven, in spite of himself, to sympathise with *Antony Muir*, the wrong-doer; so natural, nay almost so necessary, does it seem that he should have acted as he did, and so cruel is his punishment when he is detected and exposed. How he redeems himself and finally wins the woman he loves must be read in Mr. KING's brilliant pages. The character-drawing is wonderfully strong and distinct. Every person lives and moves with a clear-cut individuality. *Agatha*, the ambitious, self-centred, rigid, New England young woman; *Persis*, the sweet and tender maiden with her soft heart (a charming character), and *Professor* and *Mrs. Wollaston*—all are admirable. The Professor, indeed, with his sublime tactlessness, his record-breaking certainty in saying the

wrong thing, his shrewdness and his kindness, is a delightful addition to this Assistant Reader's gallery of humorous portraits.

The Editor, Mr. SHAW SPARROW, describes *The British Home of To-day* (HODDER & STOUT) as a book of modern domestic architecture and the applied arts. Its avowed purpose is to give specimens of good workmanship in these pursuits. They take the form of sketches or photographs of houses built within the last quarter of a century, furnished by craftsmen who have outlived the spell of the monstrosity familiar to some of us in the mid-Victorian era. The letterpress is contributed by masters of their art like Mr. ARNOLD MITCHELL, Mr. GUY DAWBER, and Mr. NORMAN SHAW. The illustrations of shapely, cosy cottages lighten up pages of common-sense talk. Persons about to build will find the volume a mine of treasure. Those who, like my Baronite, have already built, will wish they hadn't till they had enjoyed the advantage of studying this work.

During a recent visit to the United States my Baronite was privileged to assist (as a spectator) at the process of cooking on the table a charming luncheon for three. Pigeons were the sacrifice, the altar a chafing dish. He was so enchanted with the operation and its result that he hunted through Boston to find a chafing dish, brought it home in triumph, and found he could have purchased one in London for 7s. 6d. less. In *The Cult of the Chafing Dish* (GAY & BIRD) Mr. FRANK SCHLOSSER chats charmingly about this domestic joy. Also he supplies a number of recipes for the use of cooks who have mastered the simple mystery of the chafing dish. 'Tis a pleasing pursuit, having, in the case of amateurs, the added excitement of flattering uncertainty as to what will come out of the dish at the end of ten or twenty minutes.

In *Celibate Sarah* (GRANT RICHARDS), Mr. JAMES BLYTH—so the Assistant Reader reports—goes once more to the Norfolk Broads for the scenery, atmosphere and characters of his book. In his former book, *Juicy Joe*, nothing relieved the grimness and sordid tragedy of the story—nothing, that is, except Mr. BLYTH's relentless power in telling it. In *Celibate Sarah* the evidences of power are not less striking, but there are chinks in the battered and decayed cottages of these souls through which the light is let in. The hope of better things is not utterly to be denied, even to the inhabitants of the Norfolk Broads. *Celibate Sarah* is in its way (and its way is not unlike that of GUY DE MAUPASSANT) as strong a book as your Assistant has read for a long time.

The Baron, being thoroughly appreciative of genuine Irish stories, such, for example, as *My New Curate* and *Luke Delmege*, was attracted by the title of a novel brought under his notice entitled *Father Claney*, by A. FREMDLING (DUCKWORTH). He wrestled with it manfully, but, apart from its great defect of being uninteresting, its pretence at true characterisation is very thin, and the writer is apparently ignorant of some of the most ordinary terms familiar to Irish clergy and people. The Baron was sadly disappointed.





DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

"Hoh, I say, 'Arry, jes' look 'ere! Blowed if they ain't put the chimney-pot on afore the 'ouse is built!"

GOLF NOTES.

INTERESTING FEATS AND EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCES IN THE GAME.

At Tipperusaleam, U.S.A., the local professional, TITUS O. HORLICK, equipped with a croquet mallet and fifty hard-boiled eggs, once played a match against the leading local amateur, who was allowed the use of a hair-brush and fifty fish-balls. HORLICK, who won the match on the sixteenth green by 3 up and 2 to play, with seven eggs in hand, is now a prosperous hatter at Panama.

At Peebles, in 1889, a player, on going to the green of the "Crater" hole, found a tiger which had escaped from a travelling menagerie crouching at the pin. On realising, however, that he was a scratch player, the tiger followed him quietly to the club-house, where a large dose of sloe gin rendered the animal perfectly harmless until the arrival of its keepers.

In a match at Biarritz last winter on a very misty day, the Marquis of GUIPUZCOA made a drive from the third tee, and no one could tell where the ball went. After a prolonged search in all directions the ball was ultimately discovered on the back of a sheep which

was grazing about fifteen feet from the tee box.

A famous scratch player once undertook to play a fellow member of the Westward Ho! Club a match over those links, his only equipment being an unlimited supply of uncooked sausages, while his opponent was allowed the use of all his clubs. The scratch player won the match, using up 159 sausages, and completing the round in 264 strokes, the loser taking 286.

At Drumnadrochit one day, as WILLIE McLURKIN was addressing his ball at the fifteenth tee, a magnificent golden eagle swooped down and carried off the pellet. McLURKIN, with wonderful presence of mind, put down another ball, and drove a "skyer," which hit the eagle on the neck, killing it instantaneously. Lovers of golf will be interested to learn that McLURKIN has since become a teetotaller.

At Moreton-in-the-Marsh, one day in 1903, a player, on going up to his ball, found a poached egg perched on the top of it. Taking his mashie, he topped the ball, but landed the egg in the hole.

At Inchnadamph there is a tame capercaillie which accompanies the

players on the links and applauds a good stroke by flapping its wings.

At Wimbledon, in the year 1900, there were four caddies whose united ages amounted to 286 years.

The larks on the Brancaster (Norfolk) links are occasionally so vociferous that nervous players are obliged to stop their ears with cotton wool.

At the Atlanta (Ga.) links the principal green-man is a black man.

RECORD DRIVES.

At Cannes the Grand Duke MICHAEL once drove a ball so hard into the ground that it was never seen again.

At Wembley Park, Lord HALSBURY, playing in a foursome with ANDREW KIRKALDY against BEN SAYERS and the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, missed the globe seven times running without allowing his partner to play his turn.

In the *Spectator*, the Skinners' Company advertise "a pension for a poor preacher." Mr. Punch in his time has sat under some very poor preachers, and thinks there should be no difficulty in finding a deserving case.

THE DUST-HEAP OF EUROPE.

Humani nihil (however nasty) a me alienum puto (always excepting voluntary Chinese labourers on the Rand).—*Terence*.
[In view of the uncompromising attitude of the Opposition it has been found necessary to drop the Aliens Bill.]

Hither, hither, O ye strangers,
Greasy Pole and grimy Russ,
Leave your kennels, leave your mangers,
Make yourselves at home with us.

Soaked with gin or vodka-sodden,
Thieves and beggars stony-broke,
Chivied by police and trodden
Under foot of honest folk,—

Come in crowds obscene and fetid,
Choke with germs each vacant chink,
Let this isle of ours be treated
As the universal sink!

Introduce obscure diseases,
Caught in Slav or Teuton slums,
Bringing odours on the breezes
Freely as the swallow comes!

Vice-debauched and vermin-bitten,
Dust and scum of all the earth,
Lo! in genial little Britain
You shall strike a pleasant berth.

Here you have no haunt of slavery,
Here you have no brutal Rand;
Life is one continual savoury
In this altruistic land.

For to be the world's off-scouring,
Swept in sewers out to sea,
Constitutes an overpowering
Claim on English chivalry!

We may love, or not, our neighbour,
But the stranger in our gates,
If he shrink from manual labour,
Lives at ease upon the rates!

Passports? Never more you'll need 'em,
Never more attempt the foam,
Once you touch the soil of freedom,
Once you find a "home from home."

Welcome, then, beloved aliens!
Though your rags incline to rot,
Though your skins be coarse and scaly 'uns,
Though the bath may know you not;—

Though your lack of social training,
And your pestilential airs
Mock the hope of entertaining
Wingless angels unawares;—

Yet we found the Tory Party
Keen to stem your flowing tide,
Which explains this warm and hearty
Welcome from the other side!

O. S.

At the Gentlemen v. Players Return Match.

New Yorker. Say, can I get a square meal here?
Waiter (with dignity). This, Sir, is the Oval 2s. 6d.
Luncheon.

A TIME-FUSE FOR MESSENGER BOYS.

It was an American idea, of course. The firm was called "The Quick Return Boy-Messenger Company." In reply to a request for an interview, the Manager, Mr. ULYSSES K. HUSSEL, wrote that he courted publicity, and would be pleased to see me at Smart's Buildings. So I presented myself, and the Manager explained to me his system.

"You see," said Mr. HUSSEL, "Time is money. I had long been exercised over the amount of time wasted by the average errand-lad with his loitering ways. One day the idea flashed across my mind, like an inspiration, Why not a time-fuse for errand lads?"

"Ah, why not?" I said. "And how does it work?"
"It is simplicity itself. A message has to be carried, say, to Pall Mall. To get there and back should take forty minutes. Very well. I call one of my boys, give him the letter, attach the fuse to him, and set it to go off in forty-one minutes' time. I alone possess the key which will detach the fuse. The lad is back, as a rule, in thirty minutes."

"I note that you say 'as a rule.' What happens if the boy exceeds the forty minutes' limit?"

"I should have thought that would have been obvious. When the forty-one minutes have elapsed, there is a loud report, and a volume of smoke, and the mechanical attachment clanks to the ground."

"And the boy?"

"The boy, if he has been a pretty good boy, is in Elysium. If not——"

"But surely the Public, with its humanitarian views, cries out against this?"

"Not a bit of it. Since the Prince of WALES uttered the warning words, 'Wake up, England,' the British Public has been only too eager to improve its commercial methods. Excuse me one minute," said the Manager, as one of his lads came running in. He had grey hair, like all of them.

"I'm in good time, ain't I? I ran all the way," said the little fellow.

"Yes, you have ten minutes to spare," said the Manager, as he patted the boy's head, and unlocked the fuse, which he threw into a big tank of water at the back of the office.

"And now, Sir?" he said, turning to me.

"Oh, I was only going to ask whether you lost many lads."

"No, not many. On the average, a couple a month, I should say. You see, when we lose one, it makes all the others more expeditious."

"And what about the relatives of the boys who explode? Don't they ever make a fuss?"

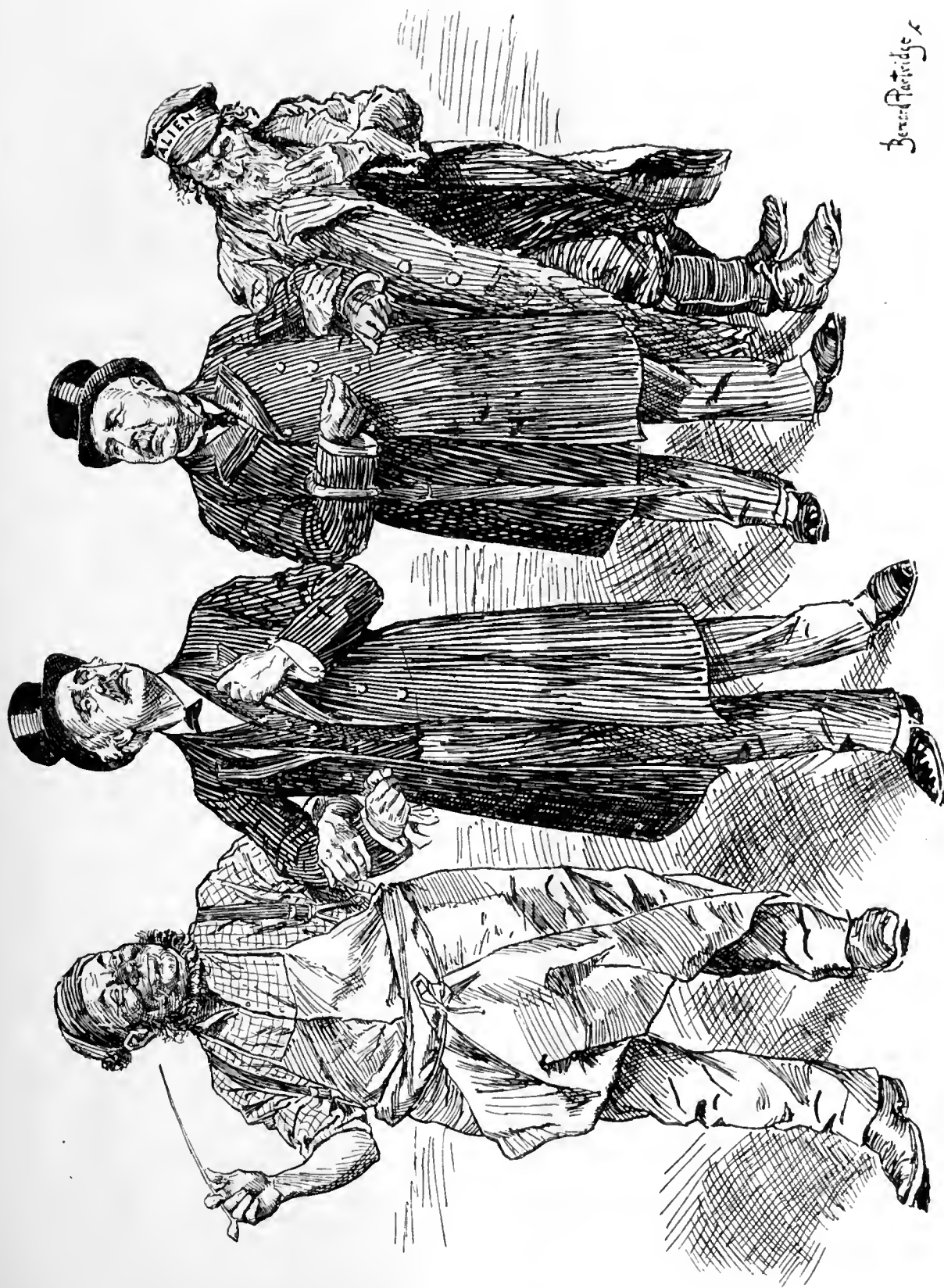
"Oh, they give us very little trouble, very little trouble. You know the average boy? The average relative is only too glad to be rid of him. Sometimes, however, a father will come around and threaten to make trouble. In a case like that I give him ten shillings compensation, and he thinks he has bested me. But, as a rule, in engaging a boy, I insist on his being an orphan. Now——"

At this moment a youth came tearing towards us, with scarlet face, streaming with perspiration, his eyes almost starting out of his head. "I've only six seconds!" he yelled, as he rushed into the office.

As quick as lightning my friend seized him, and flung him bodily into the water tank, and the next second there was a hissing sound, followed by a cascade of water, and the lad crawled out, a miserable spectacle.

"That'll teach you, perhaps, not to watch dog-fights," said Mr. HUSSEL.

MR. HALL CAINE'S forthcoming novel is said to be superior to his previous work. This would seem, on the face of it, to be impossible; but we have the further statement that the book is to contain fewer words.



A MATTER OF TASTE.

RIGHT HON. ALFRED BARTHOLOMEW (second, together), "QUEER FRIENDS SOME PARTIES DO PICK UP, TO BE SURE!"
SIR H. CAMPBELL-PANFILL





THE GENTLE ART.

Visitor (to particular friend, who has had several new dresses laid on the bed to choose from). "I DO WISH YOU WOULD TELL ME THE NAME OF THE WOMAN YOU SELL YOUR THINGS TO. I'VE GOT A LOT OF OLD GOWNS LIKE THESE THAT I WANT TO GET RID OF!"

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XIX.—SWEARING IN PUBLIC.

SCENE—International Hall.

PRESENT:

Mr. Max Pemberton (in the Chair).
The Bishop of London.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.

Mr. Henry, First Commissioner of Police.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw.

The President of the Bargees' Union.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs.

The Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P.

Mr. Max Pemberton. Some little while ago one of Mr. Punch's informal committees considered my proposal to hang, draw and quarter organ-grinders. He has now kindly collected another galaxy of intellect to discuss my scheme for arresting and imprisoning all persons using bad language in the streets.

Mr. Henry (First Commissioner of Police). I wonder if Mr. MAX PEMBERTON has any idea how much the police have to do already.

Mr. Pemberton. Then I would add new men. Where there's a will there's a way, as my old nurse (a very profound woman) used to say.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw. But what is bad language?

Mr. Pemberton. By bad language I mean such words as are not current in polite society.

Mr. G. B. Shaw. But polite society only uses some five or six thousand words altogether. It never, for example, says "onomatopœie." Would you have one arrested for using that word in the street?

Mr. Pemberton. I meant swearing, of course.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs. How are the police to know? A provincial might bring to London an entirely new set of objurgatory expressions. Is he to go free, while we suffer? It is shameful.

Mr. Pemberton. The police would have dictionaries.

Mr. Henry. Never.

Mr. G. B. Shaw. What is not generally understood is that everyone swears. The only thing is that some of us are individualists in our oaths or imprecations, while others draw from the common store.

Bishop of London. I rise to a point of order. Does the last speaker suggest that I am a swearer?

Mr. G. B. Shaw. Certainly.

Bishop of London. But this is very painful. No one could be more careful than I not to swear.

Mr. A. J. Balfour. Except perhaps myself.

Mr. G. B. Shaw. Let us look into it a minute. Suppose, when in a hurry in the morning, you drop your collar-stud, and it rolls under the chest of drawers, what do you do?

Bishop of London. I kneel down and look for it.

Mr. A. J. Balfour. So should I.

Mr. G. B. Shaw. But when you find that it is a few inches out of reach, what do you say?

Bishop of London. I am not sure that I say anything. I might perhaps say, "Bother."

Mr. A. J. Balfour. Or even "Pish."

Mr. G. B. Shaw. Exactly. That is swearing—your swearing. To another class of swearer it might seem but a feeble remark. To you it is terrific.

Mr. Pemberton. All this is beside the mark.

Mr. G. B. Shaw. Not at all. It goes to prove that swearing is merely another name for emphasis. Every time the

Archbishop of CANTERBURY strikes the cushion he may be said to swear; every thump on General BOOTH's drum is an expletive.

Mr. Pemberton. I meant ugly, harsh words, such as are covered by the term swearing.

Mr. James Bryce. But that might be very awkward. Suppose, for example, I was talking to a friend about Amsterdam, and a passing policeman heard only the last incriminating syllable, I might spend the night in a cell, yet be as guiltless of crime as if I had written *The Iron Pirate*.

Mr. Pemberton. There might be a few martyrs now and then. I take the matter very seriously. I would have a list of forbidden words on every lamp-post. We must keep our streets wholesome. It is becoming positively distressing to walk in London at all. Only this morning I heard an errand boy of quite tender years say "Blow."

Mr. Bryce. But London is not quite hopeless. There are cases of reserve. Look, for example, at the A. B. C. shops. What would be the state of Mr. PEMBERTON'S mind if they went on to D.? But they do not. We are not yet wholly lost to shame.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs. The experience of sailors is that gentle language, such as Mr. MAX PEMBERTON advocates, would be of little avail at sea.

Mr. Pemberton. Progress at sea is, however, an affair of steam or wind.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs. That, I know, is the popular belief. But I can assure the company that there would be neither steam nor wind if the mates and the engineers used the language of polite society. I would defy Mr. PEMBERTON by his own methods to get any vessel to run as far as from Margate to Clacton.

Bishop of London. This is all very sad.

Mr. A. J. Balfour. Very sad. But is it true? Do mariners really try?

The President of the Bargees' Union. What Mr. JACOBS says of the high seas is no less true of the narrow waterways of England. No one can navigate a barge on a Pembertonian vocabulary. Ask any bargee.

Mr. Bryce. I wonder if any one could inform me why a bargee is so called?

Mr. G. B. Shaw. Probably because he doesn't bar D. It comes to this, that masters of labour, no less than novelists, must get their effects in their own way.

Mr. A. J. Balfour. It is a fallacy to suppose that swearing is necessary at golf. It has been on record more than once that no ill fortune in the game can move me to say anything stronger than "Dear me," "Tush," or "Tut, tut."

Mr. G. B. Shaw. All of which phrases are of course swearing.

President of the Bargees' Union. There

is something in that. I assure you that a member of my Union would feel himself to have gone very far indeed if he said, "Tut, tut." Only extreme provocation could so move him.

Bishop of London. As I have an appointment with my friend the Bishop of Swears and Wells—I mean, Bath and Wells—I must say good-bye. I wish the campaign the success it deserves.

Mr. Pemberton. This meeting is now adjourned, but I trust you will not consider that we have had a blank day, if I may use the expression without offence. We have, it is true, passed no actual resolution; but at least some of us have met the prevailing vice with a virtuous and indignant counterbl—

Omnes. Hush! *[Exeunt.]*

THE FEEDING OF THE OLD.

(With acknowledgments to Mrs. Earle and the Editor of the "National Review.")

I HAVE frequently been invited to write about the food of the old, but hitherto have thought that this problem had better be left alone until the world in general, and the rising generation in particular, had become better instructed and more sensible on the subject. But waiting is weary work, and attended with grave disadvantages. Besides, as the Roman poet SOCRATES has it, *maxima debetur senibus reverentia*, and the modern tendency to exalt the young at the expense of the aged, with all its concomitant dangers of extravagance and exuberance, impels me to break silence.

A fairly close association with a good many elderly people has, of late, come into my life, and I watch with immense interest their progress towards the attainment of longevity. I think the healthiest octogenarian I have ever seen is one who, at the age of seventy-two, with only four teeth, was gradually taught to eat bread and butter, milk puddings, potatoes, and cauliflowers. The aged person in question never chokes now, munches his food bravely, and is wholly immune from the agonies of dyspepsia. Another striking case was that of a venerable gentleman in the neighbourhood, aged eighty-four, who was brought under my notice last autumn. He was suffering from chronic rheumatic arthritis, and the local doctor spoke seriously of the case, recommending cod-liver oil, brandy, and stimulating flesh-foods. I asked his grandchildren if they would entrust the case to me through the winter months, and they gladly consented. He was given no meat, fish, tea or tonics, but raisins, fruit juice, and a little water now and then. When strong enough to resume his work—he is a conveyancing barrister in large practice—the only food he took with him for his midday meal

was a couple of nuts or a Spanish onion. He has got on exceedingly well in every way, and his handicap at the local golf club has been raised to 48. I allow him six almonds twice a day and a raw apple on Sundays, and I have every hope that by the time he is ninety he will be able to live on nothing but barley water. Needless to say his family are most grateful to me for the immense economy which has resulted from the new treatment, and estimate that, if he lives to a hundred, the saving effected will represent at least an extra £1000 in the estate to be ultimately divided amongst his heirs. Nor has his example been thrown away on his grandchildren, one of whom, a precious little girl of ten, has voluntarily abandoned meat, fish and fowl, and subsists happily on a dish of turnips, variegated by an occasional Carlsbad plum.

Although constantly pained by the spectacle of overfed octogenarians, I cannot help thinking that encouraging signs are abroad with regard to dietetic reform, and that the bulwarks of obscurantism—as represented by the medical profession—are beginning to crumble before the repeated onslaughts of the battering-ram of common sense. Wise people in all ages have been on the side of a minimum diet, and the notorious cases of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, MOZART, and NAPOLEON, enforce with terrible directness the lesson that unrestricted indulgence in a carnivorous diet leads inevitably to a premature decease. VOLTAIRE, a chronic dyspeptic, practised strict moderation all his life, and though he encouraged a fatal habit of insomnia, through his ignorance of the amount of proteid necessary to keep him in health, he lived to be eighty-four. Had he been entrusted to my charge, I have little doubt that he would still be alive.

One word in conclusion. Persons who adopt the new diet frequently complain of hunger. But, as a high authority has remarked in the July number of the *National Review*, "craving for food is a sure sign that it ought not to be given." Conversely, the absence of such craving is an equally sure indication that it is not required. We can, therefore, look forward with reasonable assurance to the advent of that happy time when young and old alike, reconciled to total abstinence from food, will be able to support existence for an indefinite period without placing the smallest strain on the digestive system.

THE House of Lords has decided that an incoming tenant is not liable to a gas company for arrears owing by the outgoing tenant. The incoming Liberal Government is said to be greatly relieved by this decision.

MY MALADY.

I AM not feeling very well to-day ;
 I know not what the malady may be ;
 Less than a week ago I felt as gay
 And active as a—grig.

But I am sad ; I get no rest at night ;
 I tremble at the buzzing of a gnat ;
 I do not take my meals with appetite ;
 My heart goes pit-a-pat.

My vigour—and my sprightliness—have flown ;
 The social qualities my friends enjoyed
 Have left me ; I desire to be alone,
 And not to be annoyed.

I know there's nothing wrong with limb or lung
 Or liver, as the flippant might suppose
 (Rejoice, all you that love me, for my tongue
 Is like a Red, Red Rose).

But there's a something—though I can't say what—
 That burrows—though I couldn't tell you where ;
 Nor could I even stroke th' afflicted spot,
 And say, "The pain is *there*."

This is not one of those established ills
 Which of their nature leave an outward sign ;
 It does not make one pale about the gills,
 This malady of mine.

"It is the little rift within the lute" ;
 Some fatal, undiscoverable germ
 That by-and-by will make the music mute,
 And drag me to the Worm.

And am I then beyond all human cure ?
 And will the grim old Gardener come and pluck
 My flower of beauty just when it's mature ?
 Really, it's shocking luck !

No, no, a thousand times ! Pale phantoms, hence !
 Away with morbid thoughts and empty sham !
 I am in love ! Away with vain pretence !
 Yes, by the gods, I am !

'Tis Love that weaves this enervating spell ;
 Love whose familiar darts have laid me low ;
 It always used to make me feel unwell ;
 As if I didn't know !

And yet, how softly through my being steal
 The dolorous joys of Love's delicious pain,
 How innocent, how young it makes one feel
 To be in love again !

Bite on, dear Germ. For though the heart be sad,
 Seeing that thou, and thou alone, canst win me
 Back to a youth's sweet fancies, why I'm glad
 To think I've got it in me !

PUM-PUM.

Art's Ministers.

Boy (to Music-Shop Assistant). Copy of "Pansy Faces," please, Miss.

Assistant. In what key ?

Boy. Key ? She didn't say nothing about keys.

Assistant. Do you know if the lady is a soprano or contralto ?

Boy. Lor' bless you, Miss, she ain't one of them sort—she's the barmaid, acrost at the "Red Lion !"



Book Agent. "Now, SIR, CAN I SELL YOU AN ENCYCLOPEDIA ?"

Old John. "NOA, I DOAN'T THINK SO. I'M TEW OLD TO RIDE NOW."

COCHERS, NOT COCHONS.

DEAR SIR,—Stimulated by the newspaper correspondence on the discourtesy of cabbies, and inspired by the brilliant example of the *Daily Express* representative, I yesterday took three cab rides, each just short of two miles, and tendered the drivers their legal fare of one shilling. I am happy to say that, far from being a painful experience, the treatment I met with was as cordial and gratifying as that of the intrepid journalist. The first cabby, who had driven me from St. James's Square to Ludgate Hill, remarked with evident gratitude as he took the proffered coin, "Oh, Sir, if they was all like you there wouldn't be none of this trouble." The second, who drove me from St. Paul's Churchyard to Westminster, regarded me, as I paid him, with an apologetic smile, evidently mistaking my identity. "Beg pardon, my lord," he said ; "I didn't recognise you at first." I anticipated a scene with my last driver, who had driven me from Trafalgar Square to the Edgware Road, for his face flushed a deeper purple as he looked at the shilling in his hand. I paused on the curb, prepared for the orthodox torrent of abuse, but, looking down on me, he only said very courteously, "Was you waiting for the change, Sir ?"

Surely these additional experiences are sufficient to prove that London cabmen are a grievously misjudged race of men, and that, as a matter of fact, two-mile-shilling cab-rides form a delightful bond of sympathy between cabby and fare.

Yours truly, FAIR PLAY.

THE MERRY MILLIONAIRES.

ONE of the Atlantic liners, according to the *Standard* of the 6th, arrived from New York on the previous day "with a number of wealthy Americans on board."

We are able to supplement this meagre information by the following more precise report on the ways, as well as the means, of these rich passengers.

Mr. WASHINGTON Y. WIRKE had secured the finest suite of state-rooms, and one afternoon gave a select tea-party which excited great admiration. The table was covered with a tea-cloth formed of £100 Bank of England notes, stitched on old Point de Venise lace. The spirit lamp under the tea-kettle was lighted with a bundle of greenbacks. After tea fruit was served, and between the plates and finger-bowls, instead of common doilies, £10 notes were placed. The whole entertainment was extremely elegant.

Mr. GREENBACKS R. GOODE, the day before the vessel reached Queenstown, walked about for some time carrying an immense roll of English and American notes. He gave one of them to anyone who would accept it. The roll of notes rapidly disappeared, but Mr. GOODE had several more bundles in his state-room. The explanation of this generosity is rather pathetic. To spend an income of 10,000 dollars a day is difficult enough on land; on the sea it is almost impossible. The charges for state-rooms and every luxury hardly help at all. Wines and cigars do nothing. Even Mr. GOODE's new system only relieved him of the burden of about thirty-six hours' revenue. Later in the day he whiled away a short time by throwing sovereigns at the sea-gulls.

Mr. BULLION U. BETT appeared one day in a yachting cap of solid gold, with a band of diamonds round it, and a string of pearls to go as a strap under the chin. Finding it rather heavy, he did not wear it again, but gave it to one of the stewards. It was considered rather ostentatious by the other passengers. A novel idea introduced by Mr. WYNN I. GOLD was much more admired. Mr. GOLD wore an ordinary cloth overcoat, lined entirely with £500 notes. He said that nothing is so impervious to cold as paper, and that Bank of England notes are the softest and lightest material of the kind. Of course £5 notes would be equally serviceable, but £500 notes look better if the coat is unbuttoned.

Independence Day was celebrated in a novel manner by these and other wealthy passengers. As there could be no doubt that persons whose united incomes amounted to many millions of pounds were quite independent, they made a variety in their ordinary habits by living frugally for that one day. Simple

dishes, iced water, and twopenny cigars were all they indulged in. A quiet game of halfpenny nap finished what they all declared to be a delightful day of entire rest and change—a day on which the least wealthy of them had only spent the income of two minutes.

THERAPEUTICS À LA MODE.

["We are informed that every human being is constantly sending forth 'an actual substance,' sometimes termed 'atmosphere,' sometimes 'electricity,' but more correctly to be described as 'aura' . . . a visible, luminous substance surrounding every person, changing in colour with the moods, emotions, thoughts and dispositions he may undergo . . . We shall soon have a new race of physicians who will take a patient's 'aura' of a morning, just as they now take his pulse."—*Manchester Guardian*.]

So long as doctors sound your lungs,
Or vainly try to tell

By studying their yellow tongues

Why people are unwell,

So long will doctors disagree,

And while one diagnoses

You've mumps, the next says house-
maid's knee,

A third tuberculosis.

The signs by which men used to judge

Are nothing but a fad:

Your temperatures are merely fudge,

And pulses are as bad.

There is but one unfailing test

Which must be tried before a

Disease can be declared, *id est*,

The colour of the *aura*.

A subtle emanation flows

From every human soul,

Which gathers round the head and
glows

Like some faint aureole.

Observe its varying hues with care,

And you shall see depicted

Precisely how and when and where

Your patient is afflicted.

Each mood has its distinctive shade:

If love is his disease

The *aura* will at once be made

As crimson as you please;

Or if the red is shot with green,

The mingled colours tell us

The very moment they are seen

That he is also jealous.

Inspired by this unerring hint

'Tis only left for you

To modify the sickly tint

With some more wholesome hue;

A dash of sympathetic grey

Or intellectual yellow—

The sickness vanishes away,

And leaves a healthy fellow.

Then ply your stethoscopes no more

In sounding human hearts!

Abjure thermometers! Give o'er

These hanky-panky arts!

And to the one true science cling,

Since now at last you've got it;

The *aura* tells you everything—

If only you can spot it.

AT THE GRAND LLAMASERAL.

[" . . . the Tibetans, it is now known, possess some rifles of the latest pattern . . . it may be that when the British Mission penetrates to Llassa, it will be found that the Llamas are more modern in thought than is generally believed."—*Weekly Press*.]

Cabinet Council, Grand Llama
presiding.

Grand Llama (adjusting eyeglass). Well, dear boys, "What do you think of it all?" as ROSEBERRY says. 'Stonishes me that these chaps have got so near us as Gyangste. Such a beastly road an' all. Doosed annoyin' thing, because we've absolutely no use for British Missions an' things here, what? Might upset all our arrangements and so forth, don't you know.

Second Llama. Well, shall we fight 'em, or just mote over to Gyangste on the new 50-h.p. Wolseley and ask the Colonel and Staff chappies to come up here and have a bit of dinner with us and talk the whole thing over, afterwards?

Third Llama (aged and not up-to-date). Oh Great One of the Mountains, if it be permitted me to speak in the presence of the One who—

Grand Llama (encouragingly). That's all right—drive on and throw it off your chest.

Third Llama. Then I would say, let the Great One arise in his might and hurl the rash invader from—

Grand Llama (interrupting). Yes, that's all doosed fine in theory and so forth, but you see, my dear chap, you're a bit of a back number now, and don't move with the times. We don't want to go rottin' about and gettin' potted at by British Missions and so forth, don't you know.

Second Llama. Let's have 'em here for a week—do 'em thunderin' well—get up a race meetin', a polo match and some cricket, and send 'em back again swearin' we're the best fellers in the world, eh? I believe there's value in it if we make the three events all gate-money meetin's. And of course our monastic life is a wee bit dull here—(winks at Grand Llama)—might cheer us up a bit, eh?

Grand Llama. Righto. There's somethin' in what you say. Fightin's rather rot. And why shouldn't they come here, after all? I can't think why our more or less respected ancestors made such a mystery over this one-horse little town, eh? Why, until lately we positively weren't on the telephone! Even now

we're hardly on speakin' terms with China.

Second Llama. Then you'll go to meet 'em?

Grand Llama. Yes, I think that's the decentest thing to do. But you fellers'll have to stump up your share of the entertainment ex's. And now send out for my hairy coat and goggles and tell my *chauffeur* to bring round the old shaudrydan to the Llamaserai front steps. Do a split-soda-and-goat's-milk with me, before starting? Right—then just press the button behind you and order it in. Ta, ta, boys.

[*Council breaks up.*]

GARDEN NOTES.

[*Mr. Punch declines to guarantee the seasonableness or general reliability of the ensuing recommendations.*]

THERE is now a busy time coming in the garden. With the approach of warm weather labels should be repainted and hens kept off the borders and flower-beds. Tea-roses and dogs should be tied up, and protection may now be removed from the more delicate poplars. No time should be lost in transferring the autumn-sown dandelions to their flowering quarters. They will be liable to droop a little at first, but a slight mulch of well-rooted garden literature will tide them over the difficult time, and later on, either in the open border or in sheltered nooks of the wild garden, they will yield an abundant harvest of showy blooms. If the plot of ground given over to the culture of tapioca has not yet received attention, it should be taken in hand at once.

The soil should be first prepared in the following proportions: Two parts of rich sandy clay to one either of turfy loam or of loamy turf. The top-spit off an old barley meadow would be best.

Add one part ashes from a good cigar, and two parts well-sifted carpet-sweepings (Brussels). Mix well together and stew over a slow fire. In planting the tubers, select only strong, well-rooted cuttings. Remove all dead and unsightly growth, and slightly trim the shoots. Paper frills would do. Let the juncture of stocks with shares be at least six feet below the surface. If all these directions are attended to, it will not be many months before the plants

throw out their long pendulous racemes, and a plentiful crop of the tapioca pea will result. If the puddings are designed for the exhibition-table, the buds must be pinched off gradually, and protection from heavy rain is necessary. The ordinary lady's umbrella, which can be bought at most drapers, is as suitable as anything for the purpose.

It is not yet too late to make a sowing of chickweed for autumn flowering.

slightly imbricated, but not so much as those of the type. Their colour is a rich Spanish mahogany, deepening to rose-wood about the stamens. *P. Hamptonense*, a hardy variety, should be grown for the sake of its foliage. No special cultivation is necessary. In fact this delightful shrub will bloom freely in the most unlikely positions, and we lately came across one that had sown itself in a rivet-hole of an iron girder on Vauxhall Bridge, and scented the air with its varnish-like fragrance.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. T., HOXTON.—There are many beautiful things that can be grown in your back-yard. You do not mention the aspect, but the sixty-foot dead-wall of the brewery which faces your range of out-buildings should give you a grand opportunity for effective gardening. We should not recommend the planting of expensive climbing orchids against this wall, as you suggest, as it will be some time before they cover it; but there is no reason why you should not try some of the many beautiful varieties of *Hydrophobia*, which can be raised from seed, and will soon cover the required space with masses of foam-like blossom. *H. polyantha excelsis* William Sikes is perhaps the best, but *H. tonsillitis urularia* and *H. canensis lunatica* could be used with good effect. And we should recommend mixing with them some of the hardy *Magnesias*, especially *M. citrata*. Then, for the garden proper you might plant bold masses of *Pergola princeps*, some of the beautiful early-flowering *Erysipelases* and the rarer forms of hybrid *Caterpillarias*. In your soil many well-known hardy Hebdomadals, such as *Brickbatia*, *Os Muttonense*, and *Tinnus salmonensis*, ought to flourish, as well as varieties of the broom or besom tribe. But, perhaps, as your available space measures only fourteen feet by twelve, we have said enough.

More Yellow Slave-Trade.

"JAPANESE, female for sale, five months, short face, beautifully marked, very healthy, 8 guineas only."—Advt. in *Exchange and Mart*.



STUDY OF A STATE OF MIND.

A LADY "ALL OF A FLUTTER."

The seed should be obtained from the best canaries, otherwise it will fail to germinate, and disappointment will result. Bobbin-beans should be earthed up at once or they will damp off at the collar.

Panttechnicon Incomparabile Shool-bredii.—This beautiful hybrid vanwort is now in full flower in the sub-tropical house at Kew, and merits notice. Its blossoms, borne on long, fibrous canes, are fully twenty feet across, and are



OUR GLEE SINGERS.

"HERE IN COOL GROT AND MOSSY CELL
WE RURAL FAYS AND FAIRIES DWELL!"

IN MEMORIAM.

George Frederick Watts, R.A., O.M.

BORN, 1817. DIED, JULY 1, 1904.

HERE, in an age when fashion's test of worth
Follows the price at which the markets buy,
When the great Thought that slips the bounds of earth
Gives way to craftsmanship of hand and eye;—

When Art, content to find perfection's goal
Through schemes of form and colour, light and shade,
Cares not to make appeal from soul to soul
Lest she should trespass on the preacher's trade;—

He knew her destined mission, dared to hail
The place assigned her in the heavenly plan,
Reader of visions hid behind the veil,
Elect interpreter of God to man.

His means were servants to the end in view,
And not the end's self; so his heart was wise
To hold—as they have held, the chosen few—
High failure dearer than the easy prize.

Now, lifted face to face with unseen things
Dimly imagined in the lower life,
He sees his *Hope* renew her broken strings,
And *Love and Death* no more at bitter strife. O.S.

THE SOCIETY VOICE.

[A contemporary complains that most people in society consider it necessary to address one another in shrill, high-pitched voices.]

You're pretty, Miss KITTY, and dainty and slim,
And graceful indeed is your mien;
Your eyes are as bright and your ankle as trim
As any the writer has seen.
Your curly brown locks, which invite a caress,
Would make any artist rejoice;
But you've one little fault, even I must confess,
And that's your Society Voice.

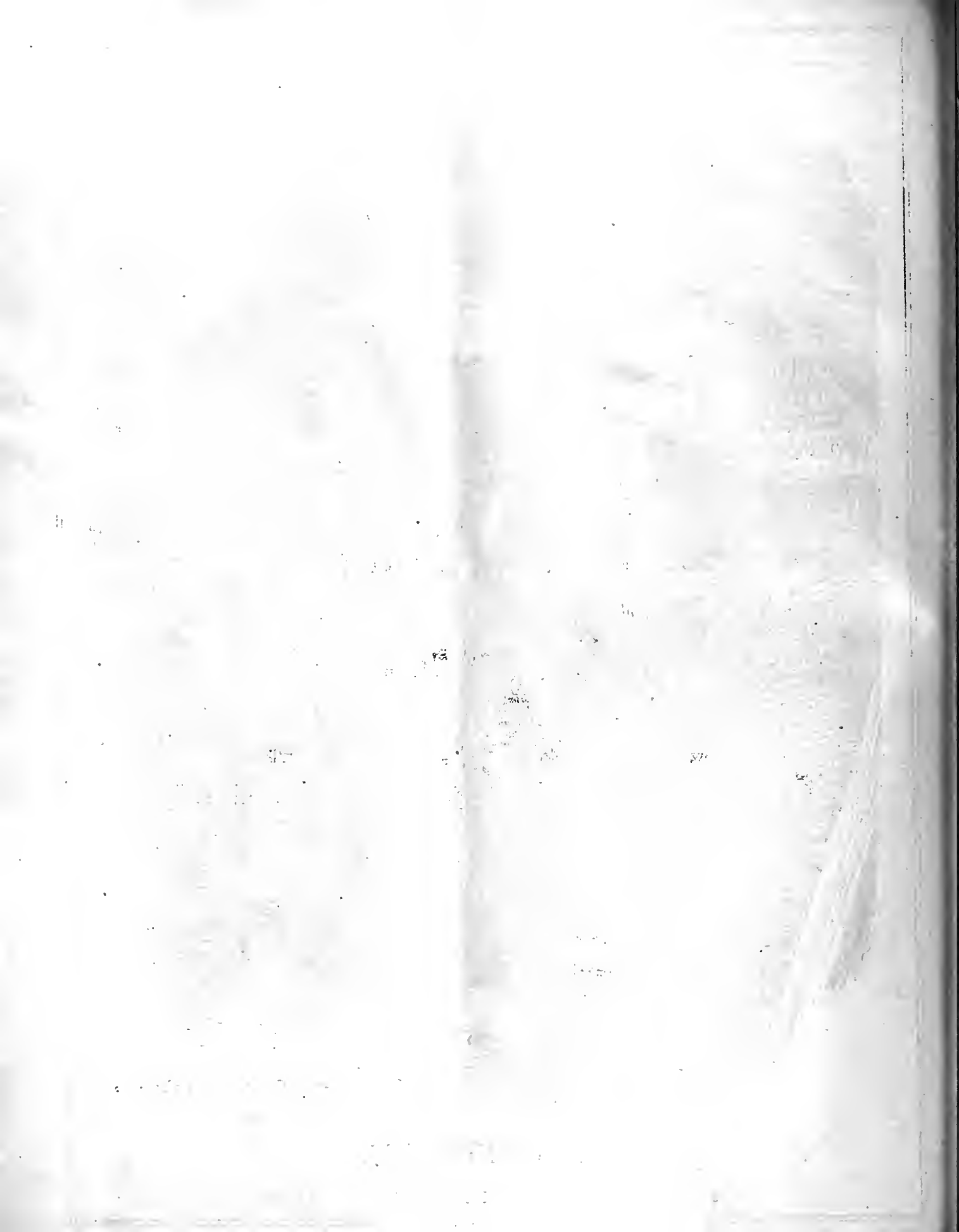
When I asked you to wed me a fortnight ago
At Mrs. DE JENKYNSON'S ball,
I never expected you, KIT, to say "No."
In tones that would ring through the hall.
You dreamt not—how should you, of course?—that the
sound
Of your voice would be heard far and wide,
But I *did* feel a fool when a titter went round
As we walked to your chaperon's side.

A beautiful maiden was never yet won,
'Tis said, by a faint-hearted swain;
And so, Mistress KIT, ere the season is done
I am sure to approach you again.
And oh! if your feelings should leave you no choice
But to utter the verdict I dread,
Pronounce not my doom at the top of your voice,
But speak in a whisper instead.



TIME'S REVENGES.

SHADE OF GILBERT. "AND TO THINK THAT I INTRODUCED THIS!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 4.
—Independence Day. At the Embassy the American Ambassador, with his coat off, his shirt sleeve upturned displaying brawny arm, is shaking hands with

tion from object of most virulent contumely by Conservative gentlemen to the highest height of their adulation. And here, to-night, is GRANDOLPH'S son, unconscious of the coincidence, denouncing "a carefully organised attempt, in which the right honourable gentleman, the Member for WEST BIRMINGHAM, has been an

tion by organised obstruction, submitted an identical proposition in the interests of the Home Rule Bill.

There is, of course, the difference that no obstruction is alleged in case of Licensing Bill. But the principle is the same. To the cynical mind it is as amusing to hear PRINCE ARTHUR justify the application of closure by compartments as it is to hear C.B. indignantly denounce it. Doubtless in a year or two we shall have the positions precisely reversed, as they were in 1893. The fact is, what is the Ministerialists' meat is the Opposition's poison. 'Twas ever thus, and ever will be to end of time.

Business done. Closure resolution carried by 301 votes against 228.

Tuesday.—By hook or by Crooks the Member for Woolwich resolved to keep himself in sight of public and hearing of his constituents. To-night hit on fresh departure or to be precise, absence of departure. Declined to leave House when SPEAKER ordered it to be cleared for a division.

Really nothing new in this. Twenty years ago it was familiar weapon in armoury of Mr. PARNELL'S gay young men. In the session of 1881 thirty-seven Irish Members, persisting in refusal to budge when division was called, were haled forth one by one. SPEAKER of those days more accommodating. To-night Mr. GULLY blandly refused to take a hand in Mr. Crooks' little game of self-advertisement, and



IN THE TUMBRIL; OR, GOING TO THE (GENERAL ELECTION) GUILLOTINE.

Mr. Balfour (in a kind of Mary-Ann-toilette) is led off in anticipation to the Place de la Ballotte by Citizens Labouehère, Macquennat, and Loide-Georges.

citizens of the great Republic who desire to congratulate him upon the fact that he has lived to see the morning of this momentous day.

"Yes," said Mr. CHOATE, rubbing his disabled arm; "but I'm not sure I shall be alive at its close."

Tableau II.—In the Commons PRINCE ARTHUR, as Opposition complain, celebrating day by severing House from its Independence through operation of guillotine. Benches crowded. Indignation profound. Downfall of Empire imminent. JOHN MORLEY affected almost to tears by spectacle of "a Minister making such a motion as this."

WINSTON CHURCHILL, not inclined to be out of scene of this description, secures corner seat below Gangway to left of SPEAKER, and with hands on hips goes for the Government *en masse*, and DOX JOSÉ in particular. From this very seat twenty years ago GRANDOLPH, in precisely same attitude, amid uproarious cheers from Conservative Party, charged DOX JOSÉ with conspiracy in respect of Aston Park riots. A great deal has happened since then—GRANDOLPH'S decline and too early death, DOX JOSÉ'S transnogrifica-

accomplice and a consenting party, to prevent my obtaining a hearing."

It is the Aston Park charge in every point of bearing, save that the CHURCHILL who makes it sits on the Liberal benches, his voice drowned in stormy shouts of execration from the Conservatives massed in bristling ranks round the inoffensive figure of the accused.

The whole thing, when we come to think of it, is a melancholy farce.

"The only time," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "when the House of Commons sinks to lower standard than when it is discussing a closure proposition, is when it is engaged upon a case of privilege."

No one doubts the honesty and sincerity of the seething indignation on Opposition benches when PRINCE ARTHUR proposes to hustle through the Licensing Bill by wholesale closure. They really do at the moment regard it as an iniquitous attack on the privileges of Parliament, the liberties of the country. That was exactly the view taken, with equal good faith, by PRINCE ARTHUR, his older colleagues on the Treasury Bench, DOX JOSÉ and the Unionist Opposition of 1893, when Mr. G., driven to despera-



PENROSE-FITZGERALD AND HIS BATH TOWEL.

"No time to dress; wouldn't do to be left out."

it flickered out in ludicrous fashion. Still the Member for Woolwich got a line on the newspaper bills of the following morning; so on the whole it was worth while.

PENROSE - FITZGERALD'S exploit more amusing. This the day for his quarterly bath, which he enjoys at expense of the nation. Whilst in full ecstasy of unwonted diversion division bell rang. No time to dress; wouldn't do to be left out. Just been reading about JOHN ARDAGH'S appearance on deck of *Vectis* arrayed in slippers and bath towel. The very thing. PENROSE packs himself up as carefully as time will permit, runs up the gangway with the agility of an old yachtsman, darts across floor with pained consciousness of shining eyes gleaming from the Ladies' Gallery on his svelt figure, and so gets into Lobby, where he is welcomed by rousing cheer from comrades envious of the suitability of his garment to sultry weather.

BOB REID not to be entirely out of it. Neither of these exploits quite in his way. But he can give a neat turn to oratorical phrase. A familiar thing for Members to conclude their speech with the remark, "I sit down by saying—." An ex-Attorney General can do better than that.

After showing cause at some length, with convincing perspicacity and overwhelming force, why report stage of Licensing Bill should be omitted from guillotine process, having divided his argument under two heads, he turned to his learned friend in the chair and remarked, "On those two points, Mr. SPEAKER, I sit down."

There was no subject for dear FRANK LOCKWOOD'S pencil more alluring than the face and figure of his friend and companion dear in morning rides to the Law Courts. Had he still been with us we should certainly have had a sketch of BOB REID gravely sharpening his two points, sitting down on them, and suddenly rising.

Business done.—Closure resolutions carried by majority of 55.

Friday.—After a week's fitful fever PRINCE ARTHUR, it is to be hoped, sleeps well. It is understood that in holiday time he is a pretty good practitioner in the morning hours. He carries with him into brief retirement recollection of the triumph of at least one brilliant speech. It was delivered in debate on motion for application of closure to Licensing Bill. It had the supreme merit of being absolutely unprepared. Closely following JOHN MORLEY it was purely a debating speech. How habile, how exquisitely phrased, with what flashes of gay humour underlying a mood in which he was evidently deeply moved!

It is a familiar matter that Members below the Gangway opposite, and some above it, should gird at the PREMIER with more than suggestion that during his absences from the Treasury Bench he is amusing himself, or at least idling. It is a suspicion that moves Members to curiously profound anger. Felt more acutely by those who were not themselves present at the moment to observe the PREMIER'S defalcation.

The idea of another man's untimely amusement at epochs of grave public concern has always been distasteful. Probably no man, however resourceful and painstaking, has exceeded the fiendish atrocities of NERO. The one iniquity which to the Man in the Street overshadows his morose iniquities is the legend that he fiddled whilst Rome was burning.

The imaginative mind below the Gangway, observing PRINCE ARTHUR'S place empty whilst Mr. CALDWELL is discussing the question of Musical Copyrights, or Mr. WHITTAKER storming round clauses of Licensing Bill, pictures him tuning his lyre in his private room, and is wrathful accordingly.

This all very well from some quarters. But when a statesman of JOHN MORLEY'S position and constitutional moderation of speech publicly repeats the charge it calls for reply.

This PRINCE ARTHUR made. It is worth reading in the verbatim reports. But the most skilful stenography cannot reproduce the humbled manner, the adroit hesitation with which he assured the House that if not present on the Bench he was engaged in matters of public interest, "which, if not of more importance"—this with a winning smile at gentlemen below the Gangway opposite—"at all events involve much greater personal labour and exertion."

"I can only say," he added, "that in the course of a somewhat laborious official career, the moments of greatest repose I enjoy are the moments I spend on this bench. It may not be agreeable to listen to a series of tirades directed either against myself or against the policy of the Government. But," here a moment of hesitation, the crowded House straining attention to catch the next words, "it is not fatiguing."

With assumption of another manner, with change of a word or two here or there, this reply might have conveyed a sense of insolent indifference to petty darts of political foemen. Such a tone would have been unparliamentary, such an attitude injudicious on part of Leader of House of Commons. All the same the polished phrases, their delivery accompanied by most urbane manner, uncomfortably conveyed to whom it might concern a subtle sense of that mental attitude on the part of the

smiling gentleman standing by the Table.

Business done.—Irish Members ask leave to withdraw the flattering remarks they once passed on the Land Act of 1903.

HOÓ-HOOLIGANISM.

["The end of the sentence was lost in Ministerial cries of indignation, to which the Opposition responded vigorously, some of the Irish shouting 'Hoo, hoo!'"

"The SPEAKER—That cry is not Parliamentary."—*Morning Post*, July 5.]

On loud interrupter, ambitious of fame
And eager for newspaper mention,
Forget not to study the rules of the game,
Which merit your careful attention;
Interrupting is really an art, you will find,

And therefore, whatever you do,
Refrain, I entreat, from relieving your mind

By resonant cries of "Hoo-hoo!"

There are phrases in plenty to use in its stead,—

Expressions which, possibly weaker,
At least will not bring on your innocent head

The dignified wrath of the SPEAKER;
"Rot"—"Question"—"Shut up!" may be frequently tried,

They incur no official taboo,
Or, loud and continuous shouts of "Divide!"

But never, oh never, "Hoo-hoo!"

When they prate about licensing benches and boards,

It's really a virtuous labour
To talk of the crops, or the scoring at Lord's

(At the top of your voice) with a neighbour;

There are adequate methods, like "Bosh!" or "Poo-hoo!"

For making a hullabaloo:
An angry "Oh, Oh," a derisive "Ha, Ha!"

Will serve you as well as "Hoo-hoo!"

You may act in the House—in the "best of all clubs"—

When anxious to show disapproval,
In a way which, adopted in commonplace pubs.,

Would promptly secure your removal;
Indeed, you may raise your tumultuous din

Till all (in a figure) is blue,
Avoiding the one unforgivable sin,
By never exclaiming "Hoo-hoo!"

LAST week a pigeon suddenly made its appearance at the House of Commons, and, to the surprise of many, made itself at home there. It is said to be an imitation dove-of-peace syndicated by the Liberal leaders.

CHARIVARIA.

THE MULLAH is reported to be moving with 6000 men and 2000 rifles, and it is hoped that he knows, what our Government knows, that he is powerless.

In Russian Poland some drunken sotnias of Cossacks were encouraged to enter a prison and attack defenceless political prisoners, gonging out the eyes of some. As the *Sret*, of St. Petersburg, says, "When it comes to barbarity, we are helpless before the Japanese. We are Christians."

PIET CRONJE, the ex-Boer commandant, has been married, and we understand that the second Mrs. CRONJE objects to her husband being described as the hero of a hundred engagements.

Those who scoffed at the *Entente* with France and declared that it was not durable, must now admit an error of judgment. Three hundred British workmen have visited Paris, and the *Entente* still exists.

The Independence celebrations in America were a great success this year. But the roll of killed and injured—roughly 1400—is considered small for so free a country.

Mr. ASQUITH stigmatised Mr. BALFOUR's Closure proposals, which were received by his party with cries and yells of "Gag!" "Muzzle!" "Tyranny!" "Hanky-panky!"

and "Throttler!" as an outrage on the dignity of the House.

When the division bell rang, the Unionist member for CAMBRIDGE was having a bath. We consider the sneer that no Radical M.P. has ever been sur-

prised in similar circumstances to be in bad taste and uncalled for.

It is not a fact that the Government will resign. Mr. BALFOUR has got his guillotine, and intends to cut, but not to cut and run.

"In my opinion," says Sir EDWARD GREY, "it is best for us to depart from our policy of 'splendid isolation.'" This is taken to foreshadow an increase in the number of Liberal leaders.

An anonymous gift of £1000 has been sent to the Additional Curates' Society. We understand it comes from two young ladies who reside in an Adam-less Eden.

It is now proposed that there should be a tax on cats. This seems a natural corollary to the proposed tax on bachelors.

The new Forage Cap has made its appearance. The previous pattern, it will be remembered, necessitated a change in the headgear of the Westminster road cleaners. Now, we hear, the London shoeblacks are running the risk of proceedings for bringing his Majesty's uniform into contempt.

The *Daily Mail* last week published an article entitled, "The Times—Poor people who buy it every day." We



SUCH IS FAME!

Duchess (with every wish to encourage conversation, to gentleman just introduced). "YOUR NAME IS VERY FAMILIAR TO ME INDEED FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS."

Minor Poet (flattered). "INDEED, DUCHESS! AND MAY I ASK WHAT IT WAS THAT FIRST ATTRACTED YOU?"

Duchess. "WELL, I WAS STAYING WITH LADY WALTERSHAW, AND SHE HAD A MOST INDIFFERENT COOK, AND WHENEVER WE FOUND FAULT WITH ANY DISH SHE ALWAYS QUOTED YOU, AND SAID THAT YOU LIKED IT SO MUCH!"

fail to see that they are more deserving of pity than the readers of the halfpenny press.

A restaurant waitress declared at the Shoreditch County Court that her employer gave her notice because she refused, as she said, to "mash" the customers. The Judge declined to believe her, but it is not improbable that she was speaking the truth. We know a case of a cook being dismissed because she refused to mash the potatoes.

In a consignment of Jamaica bananas unpacked last week at Bradford a lively little opossum was found, and careful folk are now opening their fruit before eating it.

An American Judge has held that insanity is not a ground for divorce. He will be supported by a great weight of opinion among those who contend that marriage is originally impossible without insanity in at least one of the parties.

LOVE OR MONEY?

THE other afternoon I was having tea with PHYLLIS in Kensington Gardens, where there is the nearest approach to an open-air café to be found in our sedate and lugubrious country. We have nothing between the two extremes of the tea-shop and the gin-palace. But in that sylvan resort in the middle of London, if the July weather is not wet, or stormy, or cold, or foggy, one can spend a very pleasant hour with a pretty and charming guest. And PHYLLIS is all that.

As I smoked my cigarette in idle contentment—for the arm-chair was quite comfortable, there was just enough breeze and sunshine, and as a decorative feature of the landscape it would be hard to find the equal of PHYLLIS—I perceived a mournful man sitting near. In that radiant scene his despondent face, his twitching mouth, his morose frown annoyed me. Why should the wretched fellow appear so miserable, so black and ugly—like a steamer on a Venetian lagoon, or a thundercloud on a summer sky?

"He looks," said PHYLLIS, when she also noticed him, "as if he was thinking of her."

"No," I replied in a low voice, though he was too far off to hear, "I venture to disagree with you. If she had been so unkind as to make him look like that, he would have given up thinking about her long ago. Women always

think men are always thinking about women."

"What," she asked, "do you think he is thinking about?"

"I would bet anything, from the look of his face, that he's just heard of the reconstruction of the Binkum Mine, and is wishing to goodness he hadn't been such a fool, and a great deal more, as to follow that absolutely safe tip and take five hundred shares in such a rotten swindle."

"Just like you men," she said scornfully, "always thinking everyone is absorbed in money. That wouldn't make him so miserable. He only has to take a cab to the Stock Exchange and sell his shares."

"Of course," I assented, "at three-halfpence each."

"I don't know anything," said she, "about the price of shares. I know you buy them one day and sell them another,

"You've no sympathy with anybody. I think he has a very interesting face."

"It's swollen on one side as if he'd been fighting. He has a hang-dog look and his hair wants cutting. I don't see much to admire in him."

"I think she has treated him very badly."

"The more fool he not to keep his money in Consols."

At this moment the object of our whispered remarks got up and walked slowly away. The breeze seemed cooler, the sun was overclouded, and one leg of my chair began to sink into the grass.

"Let's be off," said PHYLLIS, pulling round her shoulders that fluffy sort of thing which is always slipping down.

As we got out of the Park into the streets at Knightsbridge we saw the melancholy stranger before us. He looked at his watch, and at a house, and hesitated. "Her home," whispered

PHYLLIS. Then, seeming to sew up his courage, he rang the bell and went in. As we passed the door we read on a brass plate,

"Mr. WRENCH, Surgeon Dentist."

A RIPLEY ROAD MARTYR.

[It is understood that those who formerly enjoyed the rural calm of the country highway are now returning to the streets of the metropolis in search of pure air and quiet surroundings.]

I NEVER have clung to a motor car,

Or crouched on a motor bike. Worry and scurry, clank and jar

I cordially dislike.

I do not care for grimy hair,

For engines that explode,

But of one and all I've the put and call,

For I live on the Ripley Road.

I drank the country breeze at first,

Unsoiled by fetid fumes,

But now I am cursed with a constant thirst

That parches and consumes.

I am choked and hit with smoke and grit

When I venture from my abode,

My pets are maimed and my eyes inflamed,

For I live on the Ripley Road.

I pass my days in a yellow fog,

My nights in a dreadful dream,

Haunted by handlebar, clutch and cog,

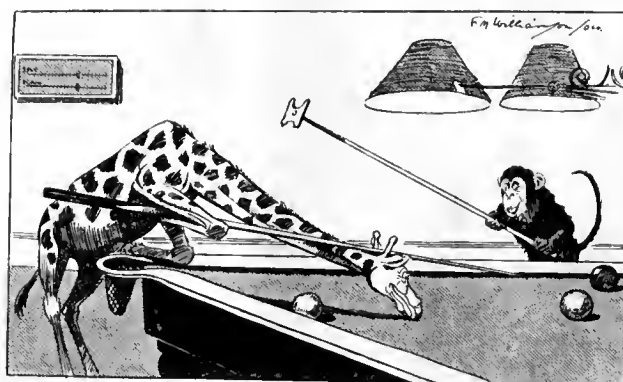
And eyes that goggle and gleam.

I am not robust, but I dine on dust,

Gratuitously bestowed,

And for twopence I'll sell my house in the dell

By the side of the Ripley Road.



Marker. "REST, SIR?"

The Giraffe. "NO, THANKS. I THINK I CAN REACH IT."

and make a lot of money. It's quite easy."

"Nothing easier. I must really try it."

"Very well, then," she continued, triumphantly, "that settles it. It can't be money. He is thinking of her."

It is foolish to contradict PHYLLIS. As I lighted another cigarette, the depressed stranger looked at his watch, and, resting his elbow on the table and his cheek on his hand, took a letter from his pocket and glanced at it.

"Her letter," said PHYLLIS.

"I'm not so sure. It may be a call."

"A what?" she asked.

"A call. Something you have to pay."

"Of course you have to pay calls.

But why should that make him so miserable? He need only leave a card, if he chooses the time the people are sure to be out. I'm certain he is disappointed in love. I feel really sorry for the poor man. He looks quite ill. I'm sure it's not money. He doesn't look that sort of man."

"Indeed! What does the sort of man look like who enjoys losing money?"

OPERATIC NOTES.

IN consequence of the gracious patronage bestowed by their Majesties, the Prince and Princess of WALES and the "Upper Suddles" generally, on the performance given at His Majesty's own theatre by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, and aristocratic talent appearing in charming tableaux for the benefit of the British Ophthalmic Hospital in Jerusalem, to the great delight of the charitable sightseers in London, the first representation of MASSINET's opera *Salomé*, which had been announced for Tuesday night, was, by desire, deferred until Wednesday, on which occasion our music-loving Monarch, Patron of all the Arts, honoured the *première* with his presence. Much was expected from such a first night, whereat of the two Operatic and Artistic Recorders, namely, Professor Pen and Professor Pencil, on Mr. Punch's staff, only the latter was able to be present, the former being temporarily represented by a "Faithful Ariel" in whom Professor Pen has the most implicit confidence. His own personal views the Professor himself hopes to be able to record on the second representation of *Salomé*, whose name, when he is on more familiar terms with the lady, he will abbreviate (all new pieces, dramatic or operatic, require shortening in order to avoid more cutting remarks) to the monosyllabic *Sal*.

On this occasion the Professor is informed that *on faisait salle comblée*. Naturally. The name of MASSINET for music and CALVÉ for dramatic opera being a combination of unusual attraction, no wonder that, as my "tricksy sprite" reports, the house was crammed. From the same trustworthy source I learn that "the First Act overflows with beautiful melody,



Salomé Calvé. "Kindly pick up this dagger, as I want to put an end to myself and the Opera."

and that there is a fine musical and dramatic scene to which Madame KIRKBY LUNN, as *Hesatoade* (being rather a venomous person, 'She's-a-toad' would be more appropriate) and *Moriarty*,—no, I should say correctly *Moriame*,—*Roi d'Ethiopia*, played by M. REXARD, did full justice." The ballets *Trop de ballets*—throughout the opera somewhat recall those in

Aida. My Dainty Ariel says, "CALVÉ, always beautiful in voice and movement, never has any real opportunities in this opera." In the Second Act M. PLANCON, the Chaldean astrological priest, "has a fine chance and makes the most of it." Act III. is "introduced by a lovely melody." Every one must have been pleased at this introduction. But here break we off until the second representation on the 16th, after which, at no very great distance of time, will come "the closure" of the Opera season.



Our old friend Caius and Balbus in one — GILBERT.



CRITICS AND PUFFERS.

An Entr'acte. First Night of *Salomé*.

Æsop on Tour.

A YOUNG Swain was sitting in the Stalls with a Damsel who deemed him to be a Dramatic and indeed every other kind of Critic. "Did you note," said he, "the Face of the merely ornamental Lady at the Back of the Stage when *Shylock* began to sharpen his Knife? Did you catch her beautifully feigned glance of horror as she turned for Protection to the equally ornamental Gentleman her companion? It is such apparent Trifles that make for Perfection in Art, and Perfection, as MICHAELANGELO remarked —" "How clever you are, EUSTACE," murmured the Damsel, "and how observant!" But what the merely ornamental Lady at the Back of the Stage was really saying to the equally ornamental gentleman her companion was, "JOHNIE, for goodness' sake lend me a safety-pin!" *Moral*. Never judge by appearances.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MOST appropriately Mr. SWINBURNE, presenting through CHATTO AND WINDUS'S publishing house the first collected edition of his poems, dedicates them to "my best and dearest friend, THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON." Since the time of DAVID and JONATHAN there have been few friendships so intimate and so helpful as that long existing between the prose writer and the poet. The dedicatory epistle adds fresh interest to the life-long work of the genius who is not the Poet Laureate. The magician takes us into his laboratory and shows us how the spell was worked. Many of



the principal poems are discussed, their form of composition explained, their purpose defended. Studying his own work in retrospect, behold the poet finds it very good. "I find," he writes, "little to recant and nothing to repent on reconsideration of them all. Nothing I wish to cancel, to alter, or to unsay in any page I have ever laid before my reader." To the present generation it will seem unnecessary that this should be said. SWINBURNE is now accepted as one of three great poets of the last half of the nineteenth century. But the present generation forget, or do not know of, the storm, approaching execration, that greeted some of his earliest works. The first volume contains the Poems and Ballads. Five others will follow, the whole a precious possession, which my Baronite chiefly delights in as worthily presenting the work of the singer who in loftier strain, more intimate, more musical than others, has sung "the revels and the terrors and the glories of the sea."

Let my gentlest readers get hold of *The Diamonds*, by J. S. FLETCHER (DIGBY, LONG & Co.). These are real sparklers in the way of crime, and the ingenuity of the plot is as remarkable as is the lightness of the author's descriptive narration of the most thrilling deeds. Never within the Baron's recollection have horrors been so cheerfully treated; nor, on the other hand, could the moral that

"Ill deeds will rise,
Though all the world o'erwhelm them from men's eyes,"

be more powerfully enforced. In the course of this story there are five murders, and not two of them alike; three deaths, of sorts, varied, and one suicide. The reader may sup full of horrors, and yet sleep the sleep of the just. So pleasantly is this dose administered that it can be without scruple recommended by the Faculty which the Baron has the honour of representing.

The Countess of Mountenoy (JOHN LONG), by Mrs. STANNARD, alias JOHN STRANGE WINTER, preferring to have her literary merits recognised as the author of *Boottie's Baby*, is a cleverly-written story, working out a decidedly original plot. In a certain sense it is a drama without a villain, for the heroine herself supplies the deficiency, and yet will she be acquitted by a jury of sensible matrons. What must be termed, conventionally, the *dénouement* ties still tighter the cords with which the heroine has bound herself, and in this tight place the authoress, most artistically, leaves her.



At *Scotland Yard*, "being the experiences during twenty-seven years' service of JOHN SWEENEY, late Detective-Inspector Criminal Investigation Department, New Scotland Yard," edited by FRANCIS RICHARDS (GRANT RICHARDS), is a decidedly attractive title for all who affectionate tales of crime and mystery, and, reckoning himself of this number, the Baron was considerably disappointed with these very plain tales from the police courts, which are not within measurable distance of

the *Sherlock Holmes* romances, nor, except when occasionally "the late Detective" is inclined to tell us "how it's done," does any one of them rise much above the level of slightly-developed police-reports. Perhaps the comparison between the fictions invented by the arch-romancer Sir CONAN DOYLE, and the facts as told by the prosaic JOHN SWEENEY, is only another illustration of the truth conveyed in Master Æsop's old fable of the triumph of art over nature, as instanced in the imitated squeak of the pig and the genuine article.

The *Art Magazine* so ably conducted by Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN has come to an end, to the Baron's great regret. It may have a future before it in some other form when in these practical money-coinng days the motto of its proprietors shall be expressed in the words of *Hamlet* to *Polonius*, "More matter and less Art."

Had "Q" or ANTHONY HOPE selected for a romance the period that has been chosen by MAY WYNNE in her *For Faith and Navarre* (JOHN LONG) we should have had a fine plot, carefully woven, and running through breathlessly exciting scenes painted with the broad touch and bold colouring of a Sir JOHN GILBERT, while such details as might be essential to the story would have rested upon a basis of historical truth, which is lacking to this novel, at least in those portions of it where the authoress has relied upon exploded fables which were "once upon a time" regarded as gospel truth by the illiterate, the bigoted, and the wilfully ignorant. Such episodes as concern cut-and-thrust duels, assault and battery, gallant rescues, or attempts at assassination, and such-like stock-in-trade material of the melodramatist, are fairly well told; but the narrative portion is wordy and the scheme inartistic.

To-morrow? is a queer sort of book, cleverly written, but unnecessarily spun out, by VICTORIA CROSS (WALTER SCOTT Co.). If my readers be acquainted with the authoress's previous works, *Six Chapters of a Man's Life* and *Anna Lombard*, they will pretty well know beforehand what to expect from the same bold hand. Here, however, there is more of suggestion than of action, the analysis of which is rather left to the attentive reader, than expressed by the authoress. It represents the start in life, and in love, of a youth of exceptional literary talent, whose self-worship, sensuousness, and utter lack of nobility of mind blind him to his own errors, and cause him—where the love of a frail erotic supersensuous girl-artist, which he has won, is concerned—to mistake duty for self-sacrifice. Girl and man are represented as a couple of mortals who have neither the philosophy of paganism to sustain them, nor Christian faith to direct and console them in their miserably wasted lives. The weirdly-imagined story is to a certain extent powerful, but it is decidedly not pleasant, and its perusal might well be deferred till—*To-morrow*.



SCIENTISTS are still puzzled to know how it is that, in a basket of strawberries, in direct contravention of a well-known law of nature, the heaviest specimens always rise to the top.

It is rumoured that on one of the hot days last week some stripped tobacco was seen to be having a nice cool time.

THE ART OF POPULARITY.

(With acknowledgments to "Home Chat.")

A GOLDEN rule for the achievement of social success is to be

FORTHCOMING BUT NOT FULSOME.

Don't be careless or indifferent about meeting people half or even two-thirds of the way. But to overdo affability is a fatal error. Thus, to take a practical instance, it is quite right to offer a fellow passenger a newspaper, or, on rare occasions, a sandwich. But to volunteer to pay the excess fare of a total stranger, should he be travelling in a class superior to his fare—that is going "beyond the beyonds."

Above all things cultivate a good memory for faces and names. To do so is an act of loyalty, as well as good policy, for is not the faculty of remembering faces a peculiarly royal gift? Yet kings remember, not by divine right, but as the result of careful training. When the German EMPEROR was in petticoats he was sternly punished if he could not remember the face of every Pomeranian grenadier at Potsdam. There is a touching anecdote of

QUEEN ELIZABETH

in her old age encountering one of her courtiers and saying, more in sorrow than in anger, "I remember your name, but I can't put a face to it."

If one were asked to define the highest form of popularity, perhaps the best answer would be that it was the art of

DIFFUSING SUNSHINE.

To attain this laudable result, healthfulness is an indispensable adjunct. No valetudinarian was ever widely popular. Nowadays, however, thanks to the multiplicity of infallible hygienic systems, no one has any excuse for not being perfectly robust. But exceptional cases do sometimes occur, and if you should be unable to acquire the boon of health remember that it is always possible to counterfeit its manifestations. A touch of rouge, a pair of elevators, artificial calves—if knickerbockers are worn—these are only a few of the obvious devices by which a resolute and high-minded nature is able to rise superior to circumstances. Remember, again, that a

NICE BRIGHT VOICE

is one of the surest passports to favour. Many a good man, and many a true-hearted woman, has been terribly handicapped in the race of life by a husky, gruff or squeaky voice. No doubt some persons are unduly favoured by nature in this respect. But though we cannot all be Chrysostoms, patience and practice will work wonders with the most intractable set of vocal chords. In this



ART AND NATURE.

(Overheard during the Private Theatricals.)

She. "HOW WELL YOUR WIFE PLAYS LADY GERALDINE, MR. JONES. I THINK THE WAY SHE PUTS ON THAT AWFUL AFFECTED TONE IS JUST SPLENDID. HOW DOES SHE MANAGE IT?"

Mr. Jones (with embarrassment). "ER—SHE DOESN'T. THAT'S HER NATURAL VOICE."

context it is right to emphasise the value of a

MUSICAL LAUGH,

which at all times and in all ages has proved a wondrous means of enlisting good will. This, too, can be acquired by diligent practice. At any rate, it is always possible to modify or suppress the vulgar chuckle, the unseemly guffaw or the square-mouthed laugh which are so distressing to persons of refined and sensitive tympanums. But though a musical laugh is a delightful accomplishment it needs to be indulged in with moderation. To laugh at every-

thing is the sign of the zany. Be cheerful by all means, but do not emulate the hyæna. To conclude this portion of our discourse, if you cannot laugh with elegance, it is always possible to fall back on a winning smile.

MR. J. F. MARSH, who recently made 172 not out for Cambridge against Oxford, has been appointed to a mastership at Rossall School; but the Rev. F. H. GILLINGHAM, of Essex, who compiled 201 against Middlesex, is still waiting for a vacancy on the Episcopal Bench.

THE PERILS OF PARTISAN HUMOUR.

[The methods of Mr. A. UPWARD, emissary of the Eighty Club, and Editor of the *Chertsey Elector*, in which he parodied some popular hymns for political ends, have been rebuked in certain Liberal quarters.]

RARE as the lush oases which allure
The hump'd camel coursing through Sahara,
(Sometimes defective as a water-cure
Owing to bitters, like the stuff at Mara);—

Rare as the few, among the many called,
Chosen to speed the sacred Bacchic orgies*—
O ye in Humour's priesthood robed and stalled,
Our WILFRID LAWSONS and our D. LLOYD-GEORGES!—

How have the wells of laughter been defiled
From which you drew the crystal potion cupward!
How must your cheeks have flamed when Chertsey smiled
Over the errant Muse of Mr. UPWARD!

For he ignored the elemental rule
(Since manners count in even this profession)
That whoso means to play the chartered fool
Must wear his motley with a nice discretion,

Nor take that facile pathway towards the pit
That tempts the prentice while his tastes are callow,
And outrage by a cheap and obvious wit
The themes that old associations hallow.

'Twas bad to break this first of Humour's laws;
But there was worse offence and yet more weighty
In that his ribald license wrecked the Cause
Of those who sent him out—the noble Eighty!

On them, I feel, the luck was very hard
Who pinned their hopes, all new and freshly spangled,
On that rare thing, a comic Liberal bard,—
And lo! the jester's bells were badly jangled.

But here's a lesson we might lay to heart,
We other mountebanks with various missions,
Who turn a decent self-respecting Art
Into the hireling hack of politicians.

She would be mistress, privileged to look
Round corners like an independent critic;
We bound her vision by our party's book,
Exacting service purely parasitic.

Spoiled of her right to "free, arouse, dilate"
Through laughter tempered by a wide humanity,
She drops abruptly from her high estate
Into the muddy fen of mere profanity.

So you, good Sirs, whose wit is still urbane
But yet eschews the charms of deviation,
Who, having JOE and ARTHUR on the brain,
Conceive no other source of cachinnation,—

Remember Chertsey, and the Cause undone!
Tempt not your virtuous Art a touch too sorely;
But let her try and find a little fun,
Just for a change, in BANNERMAN or MORLEY!

O. S.

* Πολλοί τοι νερθηκοφόροι, Βάκχοι δέ τε παῖροι.

FROM the *Midland Counties Tribune*:—

"The Japs will not permit any news to come through, and it is probable that Port Arthur will have fallen before the intelligence reaches this country."

Mr. *Punch* doubts it. He has far too high an opinion of the enterprise of modern journalism. What about Pekin?

BRIDGE PROBLEMS.

Solution of Problem No. 591.—A's hand consists of the seven top spades in sequence, four hearts to the knave, the three of clubs and the two of diamonds. "No Trumps" is declared on A's right, and he thus has the opening lead. What card should he play? Score, one game all, and eighteen all.

A plebiscite of our competitors selects the ace of spades as the correct card, and, though the hand is not an easy one to play correctly, we are inclined to agree. It is worth noticing that as A. holds the seven top cards of the suit, the nine would really be as effective a lead as the ace. Some of our solvers have missed this delicate point. "Nothing Venture" thinks A. might have ventured to double the declaration, but it must be remembered that a score of twelve will give A. and B. the rubber, and students should always remember to play to the score. "Bird in the Bush" suggests, incorrectly, we think, the lead of a small heart. On the supposition, he continues, that A's partner has ace, king, queen, and another heart, the knave will form an invaluable card of re-entry.

Bridge Problem No. 592.—A. and B. are partners against C. and D. A. deals; his hand is—Diamonds, A K J 9 8 5. Hearts, J 8. Spades, 7 3. Clubs, Q 6 2. While meditating he observes his partner sorting his cards with obvious signs of delight and impatience. Should A. make diamonds or pass the declaration? Score, one game and twenty-four-love in the dealer's favour. Give reasons for your answer.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENQUIRER.—Your action in taking your partner's king with your ace, in the hope of unblocking, although, as you admit, it unfortunately allowed your adversaries to score five tricks in the suit, was well conceived. Your partner's method of welcoming this coup, by throwing a soda-water syphon at your head, seems to us to have shown an unfair tendency to judge actions solely by their results. It was unlucky that you were too stunned to explain your motives clearly.

PUZZLED.—Upon no account, when the declaration is left to you, should you declare "No Trumps" on the ground that you have no suit good enough to make trumps. Without in any way justifying the language used by your partner, we can understand that it would not alleviate his chagrin to hear your excuse that you fancied four knaves counted fourteen above the line. We should not advise you to play shilling points with strangers.

ENTHUSIAST.—With only one trump and no court cards, you had clearly a very doubtful chance of establishing your seven clubs to the ten, though, as you say, it would have been a very useful suit to bring in. We sympathise with you more than your partner appears to have done, but these freaks of fortune give one of the chief charms to the game.

ANXIOUS PARENT.—Your daughter should obviously have returned Mr. GOLDSTOCK's lead. Whether, with five pounds depending on the rubber, he was justified in breaking off the engagement on the spot, is a point we prefer to leave to a jury to decide. We cannot at the moment recollect if there is any test case.

CHICANE.—You were too light to make "No Trumps" on an exposed hand. The fact that your partner, before leaving it to you, hesitated for three minutes, and asked twice what the score was, seems to have misled you. It was doubly unfortunate that his indecision should have been due to an uncertainty whether his own hand was sufficiently bad to justify a protective spade declaration. Yes: Grand Slam counts forty, whatever the trump is.

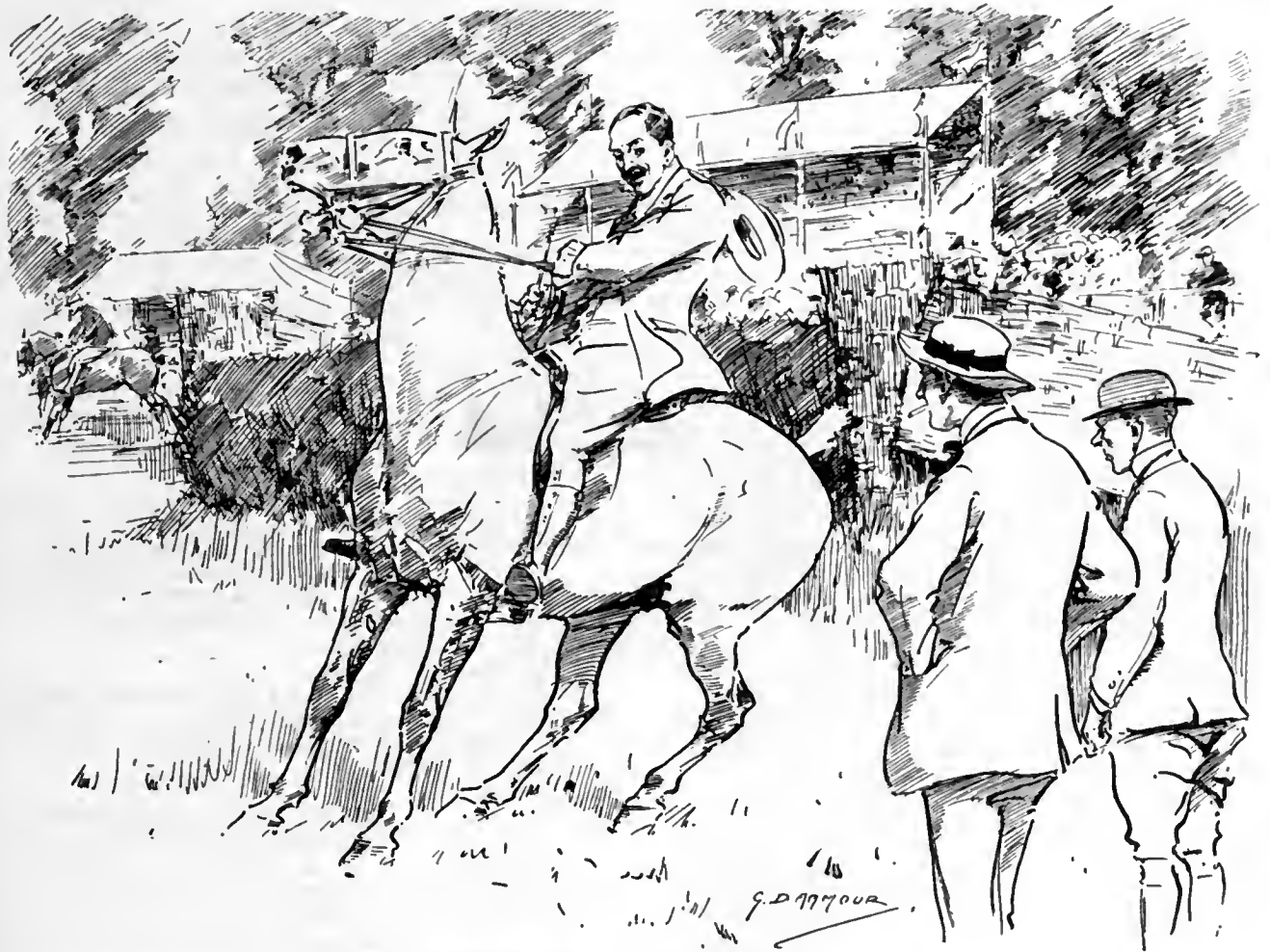


THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

BRITANNIA. "REALLY, MY DEAR, THIS IS THE SIMPLEST WAY OF SETTLING DIFFERENCES."
COLUMBIA. "WHY CERTAINLY—IF WE HAD ANY!"

[Harvard and Yale meet Oxford and Cambridge at Queen's Club, July 29.]





DRAWING THE LINE.

Owner. "WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE HIM?"

Intending Purchaser (who has been trying the horse). "OH, HE'S ALL RIGHT, BUT NO GOOD FOR OUR COUNTRY."

Owner. "WHY'S THAT?"

I. P. "WELL, YOU SEE, WE'RE TOO FAR FROM THE SEA; AND I THINK THAT'S THE ONLY THING WOULD STOP HIM!"

WAYS TO WEALTH.

[“There is something undeniably attractive about a book which purports to reveal ‘One Hundred and One Easy Ways of Making Money in Spare Hours.’ We all of us have some spare hours, we all of us could do with more money, we are most of us capable of compassing the easy.”—*Westminster Gazette*.]

“At last,” thought I, “the road is plain Which I have sought so long in vain. No more penurious thrift, no more The counting of my niggard store With anxious frown, no sordid care To save a sixpence here and there On filling vegetarian fare. Riches are now for me. Behold A hundred ways to wealth untold!”

I seized the book with trembling hand, And eagerly the pages scanned. Way One: the poodle-clipping trade Is one where money may be made. You ask whatever sums you please, And ladies give you lordly fees

If you have skill to comb and wave, And give their pets an easy shave. (The writer adds that any noodle Can soon be taught to clip a poodle.) Thus are your fortunes swiftly mended, Nor is your dignity offended.

Way Two suggests a cure for those Who find the rent a source of woes. Why see your hard-earned savings spent To pay a greedy landlord's rent, And swell his unearned increment? Why stint and starve and pinch and screw?

Why not let *him* provide for *you*? “Caretake” his empty flats, and he Not only lets you live rent-free, But adds a modest weekly fee.

Way Three will help you supplement Still further what you save from rent. Pigs are delightful pets, and may By any fool be made to pay. They thrive and fatten anywhere On simple inexpensive fare,

Finding an appetising meal In tea-leaves and potato peel— What otherwise were wash is taken, And turned to marketable bacon.

The thoughtful writer also mentions A few desirable inventions. In simple things which none supply, Yet all demand, great fortunes lie— A linen cuff that will not fray, A stud that never rolls away, A hat-pin that defies the wind, A head to which it can be pinned, A foldable perambulator, A cooler clime for the equator, A low-flash oil that won't explode, A skirt that's always *à la mode*, A cure for children when they blubber, A substitute for india-rubber, A lighter that will light a fire, A self-inflating cycle tire— When next you have a leisure hour, Make use of your inventive power, And lo! before you are aware, You'll find yourself a millionaire.

THE CHANTREY BEQUEST INVESTIGATION.

(A Purely Imaginary Report.)

AN extraordinary sitting of the Committee of Peers elected to inquire into the administration of the Chantrey Bequest was held on Friday last in the Peacock Room now being exhibited in Bond Street.

LORD WINDSOR AND NEWTON was in the chair, and among those present were the Earl of CREWE, the Earl of LYTON, and Lord RIBBLESDALE accompanied by several bukhounds. In an ante-room were assembled a number of witnesses.

The proceedings began with a discussion as to what constitutes a good picture. There are pictures, said the Chairman in his opening remarks, and pictures. (*Hear, hear.*) Some are large, some are small. Some are painted by hand—(*Loud applause*)—others by machinery. (*Shame.*) The pictures which concerned the noble Lords present were painted by hand. (*Great enthusiasm.*) Peers had rarely been painters themselves, but they had always been foremost among collectors. Hence their fitness for the present investigation. Such was his own well-known interest in art that a "screever" had taken up his station on the pavement opposite his (the speaker's) house, and had maintained himself there for years. (*Cheers and Hear, hear.*)

But, to come to the question, What is a good picture? On that point opinions differed. Some persons considered the "*Fighting Téméraire*" by TURNER, in the National Gallery, a good picture—RUSKIN among others—but an American critic had likened it to a sandy cat in a bath of tomato salad. Who should decide when doctors disagreed? (*Cheers.*)

The Earl of LYTON remarked that it was patent to the merest tyro that the administrators of the Chantrey Bequest had no notion of what was good art and what bad. He wept when he thought of the pigs that had lost their lives to afford the bristles for the brushes of such incompetent craftsmen.

The Chairman pointed out that a pig need not be killed in order to supply bristles. It can be shaved.

The noble Lord, in accepting the correction, remarked that his tears fell none the less. Also for the camels whose hair was similarly sacrificed and abused.

The Earl of CREWE concurred. He said that he would be ashamed to have even his house painted by some of the Chantrey Bequest artists.

LORD RIBBLESDALE, rising to a point of order, said that they were departing from the question, What is a good picture? For his part he thought that a full-length portrait of a good sportsman,

if recognisably painted, was a good picture. He had such a one in his mind. (*Cheers from the bukhounds.*)

The Chairman suggested that they should decide upon a picture which all of them knew, and should canvass—(*Cries of Order! Order!*)—its merits. Let them take, for example, "*The Soul's Awakening*." Was that a good picture? (*Prolonged sensation.*)

After a long pull at a pocket flask of old eopal varnish, the Earl of LYTON proposed that the witnesses should be examined.

The Beadle of Burlington Arcade, who was the first witness to be called, said that it was impossible to live as near the Royal Academy as he did without knowing a good deal about art. There were good pictures there, in good frames too. Sir EDWARD POYNTER often gave him a nod as he went by—a real gentleman and no mistake, and a judge of pictures and of frames too.

Mr. D. S. MACCOLL, the next witness, said that he was an art critic. It was true that he had exhibited pictures at a London gallery. The gallery was a very small one. It was not true that he nourished a grievance against the Chantrey Bequest administrators because they had never bought any of his pictures. He was glad that they had not, for it left him more freedom of action. He did not set a very high value on his own sketches—they were modest little Barbizonian things. It was not true that they had been reproduced as picture postcards.

In reply to one of Lord RIBBLESDALE's bukhounds, the witness said that he did not greatly admire LANDSEER.

Mr. C. NAPIER HEMY, who came next, appeared in a sou'wester and jack boots, singing a well-known sailors' chantrey. In his opinion the Fund was admirably administered. The pictures were well chosen, and paid for on the nail.

Mr. JOHN SINGER SARGENT was the last witness of the day. He said he was an American by birth, but preferred Europe. It was not true that he never painted Christians. He had occasionally, he must admit, tried his hand on a commoner, but he would not do so again. Asked to say what he thought of the pictures bought by the Chantrey Fund, he replied that he preferred baseball to cricket, and STRAUSS to SOUSA. There was a little thing called, "*Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose*," which he rather liked. Pressed to be more explicit he drew his mahl stick. . . .

On the return of the Committee, Lord RIBBLESDALE asked the witness if he enjoyed painting portraits, to which the reply was that it depended on the sitter. He did not exhibit exclusively at the Royal Academy; at the present time, in addition to the peers and peeresses at

Burlington House, he had another scene of mules at the New English Art Club.

[*The inquiry was then adjourned.*]

CHARIVARIA.

WITH admirable impartiality, the *Express*, after divulging the Russian plan of attack on India, published the British scheme of defence. It is satisfactory to learn that there is no admittance to India from the north save by pass, and the stage-managers do not propose to give any away.

Accidents in war are inevitable. *Reuter* telegraphs that about a thousand Tibetans fled into the Rong Valley.

The German officers, after their inspection of the dockyard and the defence works at Plymouth, expressed the utmost satisfaction with all they had seen. This is a knock-down blow—just when we were hoping everything was in order.

By a new Admiralty regulation no spies are admitted to our dockyards and defence works unless they are in uniform.

All the dynamite guns mounted as coast defences in the United States are to be sold by auction, the War Department regarding them as obsolete. It is suggested that if our Government is really serious in its desire for economy here is its chance.

A recent conversation in the House of Commons between Mr. REDMOND and Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY accentuates the fact that Irishmen possess all the attributes necessary to the carrying on of Party government.

Considerable indignation has been expressed in some quarters at the virulence of the attacks on Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, who is described as being in reality a courteous, kindly gentleman. We think it has never been denied that Sir HENRY's private life is blameless. The complaint is that he will meddle in politics.

Mr. STANLEY SPENCER recently made two airship ascents from Hanley Flower Show, and his Majesty the KING paid a flying visit to Sandringham.

There is, after all, every prospect of London having a worthy memorial to SHAKESPEARE. Mr. RICHARD BADGER has offered to provide the money, the London County Council will supply the site, and Mr. HALL CAINE is willing to sit for the statue.



WANTED—A KINDRED SOUL.

London Poet (asked down to join a country-house party for the day and finding he is not attracting sufficient notice, flings himself down on the lawn). "OH, LOVELY GREEN GRASS, I LOVE YOU. DO YOU LOVE ME, LOVELY GREEN GRASS?"

Those who said the London County Council would refuse to help in the scheme have turned out to be wrong. For ourselves we always felt that, as soon as it was explained to the Members who SHAKSPEARE was, they would be willing to assist.

The ex-Princess who some years ago eloped with a gipsy is at present in London having her complexion restored, but it is feared that nothing can be done for her reputation.

Meanwhile, the ex-Princess has informed the *Express* that her present husband is quite the nicest she has ever had.

A small boy who was charged at the Brentford Police Court with stealing apples from an orchard on his way home from Sunday-school was sentenced to write out "Thou shalt not steal apples" fifty times. The little boy smiled at the short sentence, for his

favourite fruits, we hear, are strawberries and pears.

The arrears of work at the Law Courts are assuming such proportions that, to enable the mass of cases to be got through, it may become necessary for the LORD CHANCELLOR to limit the Judges to one joke per suit.

Mr. PRITCHARD, of Boston, America, in a speech on the ignorance of children, mentioned that a large number of pupils attending a school in his native town declared themselves unable to say what butter was made of. Possibly, however, the parents of these were in the margarine business, and the little ones were loyally keeping trade secrets.

A correspondent sends us an interesting natural history note. On opening his wardrobe the other day, he found a moth in his dress-coat. The effect, he declares, was ludicrous, as the coat was, of course, much too big for the moth.

MY LADY'S CAKE.

No light of glory lingers
Around the name I bear;
Sweet Fame's fantastic fingers
Wreath me no laurels fair;
Love, no devoted hand shall trace
In monumental stone
The fact that it was mine to face
Your first-baked all alone.

Let worlds with wide-eyed wonder
The deeds of heroes greet,
My modest head shall under
Its bushel still retreat.
Yet oft I thrill with secret pride,
Which time can ne'er dethrone,
Recalling how I once defied
Your first-baked all alone.

The Point of View.

(At the Eton and Harrow Match.)
Etonian (applauding the record score).
Good old BOLES!
Harrowian (bitterly). BOLES, indeed?
I call it skittles!

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF MR. JAMES SMITH AND M. JULES DUBOIS,

AND ITS ALARMING EFFECT UPON THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE."

I.—Mr. James Smith to M. Jules Dubois.

MON CHER MONSIEUR,—J'ai entendu de votre nom d'un commun ami, M. ALPHONSE JONES, qui a beaucoup m'encouragé en apprennant la Française. Il m'assure que vous serez très beaucoup aimable pour moi en m'écrivant une correspondance qui perfectionnera ma Française. Ceci est comme la chose commença. J'avais accompagné notre ami pour une semaine à la France pour voir la belle Paris—mais je ne pouvais pas comprendre quelque chose de quoi les peuples que je rencontrais me disaient. Egalement malheureusement, je ne pouvais pas faire les personnages me comprendre! Je semblais un âne, et je n'aime pas à sembler cette animal-là. Non pas plus encore, je ne pouvais lire la Française quand je la vis. Par exemple, à l'hôtel nous avions plusieurs courses pour le dîner que je ne pouvais pas nommer sur la carte de menu. Tout le même, j'ai très très beaucoup aimé la jolie ville magnifique, avec son louver, son morgue, son nôtre dame et sa bois de boulogne!

Quand je retournai à Angleterre, j'ai décidé à apprendre toute suite la Française, et j'ai acheté "*French in Twenty Lessons*," dans qui je l'ai appris "pretty well," comme les Anglais disent. Il y a peut-être quelques fautes dans ma lettre j'oserais dire, mais non des fautes sérieuses je crois, et j'aimerais beaucoup si vous serez aussi bon, et aussi aimable de me corriger dans votre réponse. Je serai très plu de vous aider dans l'étude de l'Anglaise aussi. Crois moi, mons. Dubois,

Très vraiment le vôtre,

JAMES SMITH.

II.—M. Jules Dubois to Mr. James Smith.

DEAR MISTER,—I had received a letter from the part of Mister JONES, which made me believe which yours was to come. My dear mister, which is it that I am to say? It is me who shall be enchanted to assist you to a knowledge of our noble french mother-speech, but, my dearest mister, you ought to avow that the task is a little bit tough—indeed, I may say of the most difficult. Do not wish me a grudge if I say that there are many faultinesses in your so aimable letter, some of them of a largeness which may be called huge. I do not at all desire to damage your feelings, but "*la Française*" means "the French lady," and "*courses*" means "races." "*Peuples*" means "peoples." One says for "French," "*français*," and for the English word "coarses," "*serviees*." One does not never say "*très vraiment le vôtre*." I am very occupied at present, but will send soon to you a full revision of your letter, and a little book for to write the French endings. Charmed that you love Paris. What is it that you are thinking of the Lord JOE CHAMBERLAIN's plan for taxing of the corns and of the foods in general? A little word thereupon will offer me grand pleasure.

I have much honnour, my dear mister, in saluting you with best love,

JULES DUBOIS.

III.—Mr. James Smith to M. Jules Dubois.

MON CHER MONSIEUR,—Merci pour votre lettre, mais je ne crois pas que mes fautes sont tout à fait aussi terribles que vous faites dehors! En tout cas, le vôtre est aussi pleine de fautes qu'un œuf est pleine de viande, ainsi c'est six à l'un et une demie douzaine à l'autre, comme les Anglais très souvent disent. Vous ne disez non point *jamais* en Anglais "dear mister"; vous disez, "*Dear Sir*." Vous ne disez pas "of the most difficult." Vous ne disez pas "wish me a grudge." Vous "*owe* a grudge" en Anglais. Vous ne disez pas "the Lord JOE CHAMBERLAIN." Ce gentilhomme n'est pas un "*lord*." Vous ne disez point *jamais, jamais*, en écrivant à un gentilhomme ordinaire, "with best love."

Cela est comme vous écrivez à la madame votre femme! Mille remerciements, monsieur Dubois, et agréés, s'il vous plaît, l'assurance de ma considération la plus distinguée.

JAMES SMITH.

IV.—M. Jules Dubois to Mr. James Smith.

MONSIEUR,—J'ai bien reçu la lettre où vous faites la critique de mon anglais. J'y trouve un mouvement de mauvaise humeur de votre part, sans doute à cause des fautes que je vous ai signalées. Il me semble, monsieur, que si un homme ne sait pas supporter convenablement la correction, il devrait renoncer à l'étude d'une langue dont il ne saurait jamais comprendre les beautés ni saisir les nuances. De sorte que ce ne sera pas la peine de continuer cette correspondance.

J'ai l'honneur, monsieur, de vous saluer,

JULES DUBOIS.

V.—Mr. James Smith to M. Jules Dubois.

DEAR SIR,—I entirely agree with you that a man cannot learn a language (such as English) when he palpably objects to having his blunders pointed out to him in a friendly way. Therefore, we will consider this correspondence as closed. Believe me,

Yours truly,

JAMES SMITH.

MY LITTLE BROWN DOG.

My little brown dog, when he crosses a stream,

Climbs out where the bevy of ladies is thick;

When he shakes himself well you should hear how they scream:

It's a right little bright little showery trick.

For the terror he spreads you might think him a frog,

Or a mouse, but he's only my little brown dog.

My little brown dog, when he's taking the air,

Finds it sweetest and best where the flowers are in bloom;

He ranges at ease through each varied *parterre*,

And the gardener's face is a study in gloom;

And his mistress declares she must certainly flog

A respect for her flowers into my little dog.

My little brown dog is most carefully planned

For lying full length where he's most in the way,

And the butler who comes, a decanter in hand,

Trips up with a crash—he has done it each day.

It's a word from the butler, who lies like a log,

And a yelp, just a yelp, from my little brown dog.

In the dead hour of midnight we wake at a sound,

And we leave our warm sheets and we open the door:

Is it guns that are booming? No, no, it's a hound,

A hound of small size and a terrible snore.

Oh how deeply he sleeps, while we're both all agog

(My wife and myself), does my little brown dog.

But there—if it's faithful affection you seek,

If you want a firm friend whom no fault can surprise,

Take the little brown dog with the tail that can speak,

And the heart that shines out through the eloquent eyes.

And I, as on life's rugged pathway I jog,

I'm as rich as a king with my little brown dog.

R. C. L.

ACCORDING to the *Liverpool Echo*, "the Japanese Consul-General in London is authorised to state that the rumours current of an approaching loan of his Government are without foundation." We notice that he does not say what country was suspected of wanting to borrow the Japanese Government; but the PRIME MINISTER of England has, for his part, denied all knowledge of the origin of this rumour.

PICKWICK UP-TO-DATE.

[The following is an attempt at the style in which CHARLES DICKENS doubtless would have written one of his chapters had he been able to utilise the classic idioms of the modern cricket-reporter.]

ALL-MUGGLETON DISHES DINGLEY DELL!

PODDER PROPELS THE PILULE!

PICKWICK PATRONISES THE PAVILION!

JINGLE'S GENTLE JAPES!

(Special and Exclusive Report.)

A mighty smart crowd it was which sweltered in the reserve seats to witness this annual fixture. PICKWICK was there, SNODGRASS was there, WINKLE was right on the spot, and knocked them every time by his caustic comments. And the great JINGLE, button-holed by our representative, took the cocoanut with the following opinion:

"CAPITAL GAME—SMART SPORT—FINE EXERCISE—VERY!"

At eleven o'clock the fateful coin was jerked towards the azure, and the fickle jade gave All-Muggleton the right of first knock. Mr. PICKWICK was heard to question the Muggletonian skipper upon his policy.

"Bound to get 'em," explained Mr. DUMKINS. "Wicket like bloomin' concrete. We'll let daylight into the bowling, give you my word we will."

Mr. PICKWICK was evidently about to enquire into the nature of this optical phenomenon when the tinkle of the Pavilion bell bade Skipper DUMKINS depart to

DON HIS SHIN-SAVERS,

since he and PODDER were to open the Muggletonian credit-account. And this they did to some tune. The Dingley-Dellers entrusted the rolling-up of the sphere to LUFFEY and STRUGGLES, but their deliveries were far from being of a rot-making order, and the batsmen promptly

TOOK TEA WITH THEM.

In the second over PODDER wasted one out of the ground for six, while DUMKINS quickly materialised with a touch behind cover for a quartett and a sylph-like push to the on-boundary. At the same time it must be conceded that neither willow-wielder would have enjoyed a protracted sojourn had the fielding of Dingley Dell been a trifle less moth-eaten. At an early stage of the proceedings PODDER offered LUFFEY

A DOLLY C.-&-B.,

—which, however, was declined without thanks. For an hour or more there was no slump in the run-getting, PODDER being particularly noticeable with his dreamy hooks, while his Co. twice patted the pilule into the ladies' enclosure.

**SWEET CHILD!**

Head Schoolmistress. "BUT YOU OUGHT TO BE IN MISS SMITH'S CLASS, EVA. WHY HAVE YOU BEEN SENT OUT?"

Eva. "PLEASE, MA'AM, TO GIVE MISS SMITH A REST!"

The second century had long since whiffled into the forgotten past when at length the Dingley Deller stick-custodian found PODDER not at home.

"BRAVO—CAPITAL START—TOUCHED 'EM PRETTY!"

—was JINGLE's timely comment as the ousted wood-handler trickled through the Pavilion gate. Nor was Mr. PICKWICK himself slow to express his approval. "Permit me to congratulate you, Sir," he remarked. "So remarkable a display of skill in a manly and health-giving exercise justifies, I believe, an offer of at least half-a-dozen glasses of brandy-and-water, to be consumed by you at my expense."

Mr. PODDER was understood to refuse this offer. His innings, as he explained, had certainly given his average a useful

heave, but anyone could knock the stuffing out of the ball when the bowlers were just lolloping up baby-soothers. "It's a very different show," he explained, "when you have to conciliate humming-birds on a wicket like stick-jaw"; a phrase which Mr. PICKWICK carefully wrote down in his note-book, while replying, with a rather puzzled expression, that the game under these conditions must be very different indeed. "And you do not anticipate that your opponents will defeat you on this occasion?" he added. "Well," said the Muggletonian representative, "they might bring off a real hair-raiser, but I don't believe myself that they have

THE SLIGHTEST EARTHLY."

And the result proved Mr. PODDER's estimate to be correct.



OUR REVIEW.

THE COLONEL IS WONDERING WHAT MANŒUVRE HE OUGHT TO EXECUTE IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

AT THE FLINDERIES.

AFTER a retirement of two thousand six hundred years His Majesty NEFERKARA PEF-DUDU-BAST-MES-BAST, of the Twenty-third Dynasty, 700 B.C., is once more making a bid for publicity, and the claims of a monarch with such a haunting cognomen ought not to be lightly disregarded. His name alone is worth memorising. As an assistance to this mnemonic feat, he has entrusted a very beautiful gold statuette of HERSHEFI, the well-known and ram-headed god of Ehnasya (*alias* Herakleopolis, 60 miles south of Cairo), to Professor FLINDERS PETRIE for exhibition free of charge amongst other Egyptian antiquities at University College, London. We are very much obliged to PEF-DUDU-BAST-MES-BAST and his excavators for reminding us of his existence, which we must confess we were in danger of forgetting. He comes from a land where a millennium or two is a small matter, but we hope that, though late in the day, the editors of *Who's Who* will see to it that his name is properly inserted in their obituary columns.

The researches of Drs. GRENFELL and HUNT have been similarly rewarded by the scribes of many valuable but tattered Greek papyri, dating from the second and third centuries A.D. Thus, we cannot forbear a testimony to the paternal shrewdness of PANECHOTES, the talented ex-cosmetes of Oxyrhynchus. We were quite pleased to see his agreement with a professor of shorthand for the apprenticeship of his son through a two years' course at a fee of 120 drachmæ to be paid in three instalments—the time to be extended for as many days as those whereon the boy was idle. We fear that PANECHOTES Junior's nose was kept close to the potsherd (or other writing-tablet) during the hot season, if the professor was short of money. Besides this document, there are menus, marriage-contracts and many other things that leap to the discerning eye.

Various modern tastes have been catered for by the artists and artificers of Thebes, and Gurob in the Fayum. Their London agents, Prof. NAVILLE and Messrs. HALL and LOAT, are enabled to show, for instance, a model bakery

from an eleventh dynasty tomb, with women of the Noah's Ark type grinding the corn and men kneading the bread or stoking the ovens; some glass kohl tubes and other toilet requisites of the time of AMENHOTEP III.; two reed mats enclosing children's bodies, for those who like such domestic objects; etc., etc.

Professor PETRIE has also a nice little selection from over 1000 lamps on view, showing the sad degeneration of their adornments as the types were handed down through the ages. It is for the moralist to note how the oil-vessel which once resembled a realistic frog was eventually copied into a lump with a few meaningless scratches on its back.

Altogether, *Mr. Punch's* representative spent a highly Egyptological morning at what might (it is hoped without undue disrespect) be called the "Flinderies," and left more confused than ever with the respective dynasties and their kings and dates. One name only he will eling to (as a most useful expletive), and that is, "NEFERKARA PEF-DUDU-BAST-MES-BAST."



TILL FURTHER NOTICE.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 11.

—On meeting of House to-day all eyes turned towards corner seat in Irish camp below Gangway. There on Friday stood

certain landlords demanded twenty-four and a-half years' purchase for their land.

"And these are the people," TIM added, "who are interrupting me now."

In an instant the simmering pan of Irish wrath boiled over. "Name, name!" they cried.

that would have put matters right. Impossible to conceive, short of criminal act, a graver charge brought against leader of Nationalist party than this, that whilst at Westminster he was earning cheap applause by denouncing Irish landlords for exacting more than eighteen years' purchase on the sale of their land, he had been bargaining with his own tenants for twenty-four and a-half years' purchase. He will doubtless seize the earliest chance of putting the matter right when House gets into Committee on the Bill.

Business done.—Licensing Bill getting along with help of closure. On important amendment to limit operation to fourteen years, Ministerial majority ran down to 41.

Wednesday.—Another Jameson Raid. This time it's the Major, not the Doctor. Returned for West Clare as recruit to Irish Nationalist Party, JAMESON has long shown himself restive. Compromised matters by sitting in Irish camp and voting with Ministerialists. That sort of thing increases in awkwardness, as WINSTON and Major SEELY, trying it the



A DREADFUL EXPOSÉ.

The Crow (T-m H-ly) nips in and plays sad havoc with the Owl (J-hn R-dm-nd).

TIM HEALY, object of contumely to his countrymen. Place now empty. Gruesome rumour about that, after the adjournment on Friday, messengers gathered up from neighbourhood of Gangway six baskets full of something and removed it to the crypt. May be nothing in this. All the same nothing seen of TIM since his comrades in the representation of Ireland fell upon him on Friday afternoon.

It was a simple business as seen by ordinary lights. Second Reading of Irish Land Bill to the fore. Last year, it will be remembered, a generous-hearted Government having provided for landlords, parsons and denominational education, attempted to conciliate Irish vote by pledging national credit to minimum amount of a million sterling in order to facilitate transfer of land between Irish landlord and tenant. Bill now before House proposed to amend the Act in certain particulars. REDMOND *ainé* met motion by amendment protesting against unjust inflation of prices. Eighteen years' purchase, he insisted, was ample scale of price.

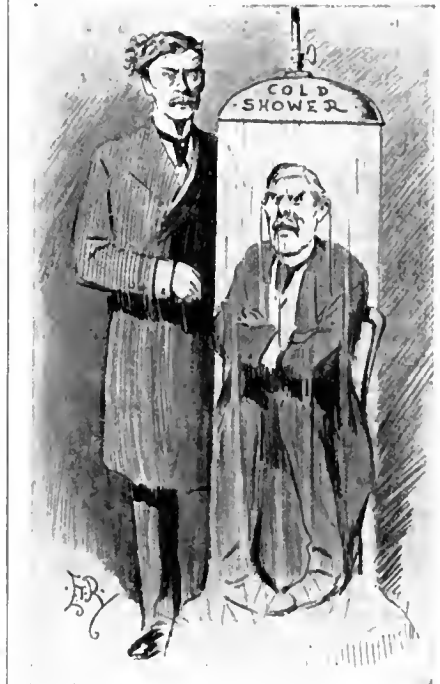
Towards close of debate TIM HEALY nipped in. His presence unexpected. Holding there is nothing useful to be done at Westminster he stops at home and earns an honest living. As usual when it was known that TIM was on his legs House filled up. Went on quietly enough till he expressed the hope that Irish tenants would note the fact that

"Here is the honourable gentleman sitting behind me," said TIM, turning round and indicating REDMOND *ainé* with friendly nod.

Then broke forth uproar that lasted continuously for twenty minutes; TIM with every sign of unconcern faced it. Mr. FLAVIN and Mr. DEVLIN cried aloud and cut themselves with knives and lancets—of course, in Parliamentary sense. "Judge HEALY!" roared SWIFT MCNEILL, bounding about on the bench as if it too were red-hot. "Traitor!" "Coward!" "You want a job," were cries that rose above the angry roar.

A great opportunity for Mr. LUNDON. Master of himself in six languages, rules of House have for nearly four years compelled him when joining in debate to speak English, almost the only language he doesn't know. Now, with the uproar screening him from detection, he let fly at TIM in good old Irish of the kind spoken in the time when BRIAN BORU sat on his throne, and MALACHI wore the collar of gold he won from the proud invader. Occasionally, when the roar sunk for a moment, the voice of the Member for East Limerick could be heard rasping forth remarks that made the blood tingle even in the body of English Members who hadn't the remotest idea what compliment was being conveyed.

The worst of it was that amid the uproar REDMOND *ainé* found no opportunity of making the simple statement



BRODRICK'S DORCHE.

Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER, in introducing his Army Reform Scheme, said, "Hon. members have frequently attacked the Army Corps system of my rt. hon. friend the Secretary of State for India, . . . which really had very slight importance indeed. . . . It does not matter two straws what these divisions are called—Sunday-school districts or Army Corps districts. . . . An Army Corps is an accepted expression which connotes a certain proportion of troops. My rt. hon. friend hoped that that proportion of troops might be attributed to each of these divisions, but up to the present time it has not been attributed to all of them."

other way about, discovered. After a while these Dissident Unionists, following the direction of their accustomed vote, made tracks across floor of House and seated themselves among Opposition. JAMESON partly redresses balance by publicly joining Ministerialists.

No midnight manoeuvre his: no creeping up back stairs into new quarters, though always inclined to peripatetics. Entering Army in the 15th Royal Irish he changed into 9th Hussars, finally landing in Queen's Own Westchester Hussars, where without the aid of a Whip he secured his majority. Spirit of these famous Regiments still lives in his breast. Having decided upon act of recantation he will perform it in full light of day.

So arrived in good time this afternoon: sat for a moment in old quarters below Gangway on Opposition side; then rising, pulling himself together, squaring his shoulders, and wishing he wore his spurs and clattering sword, strode across floor amid jeers from compatriots who love the family whisker, but lament the decadence of the family's head.

Some talk of inaugurating movement to boycott "JOHN JAMESON." Mr. FLATY, who knows his countrymen, recommends caution. It would never do to pledge the Party to another plan of campaign and have it fail as disastrously as the last.

"Love him to his conscience," said the philosopher, "and we'll have another three pence each all round and drink to Ireland a Nation."

Business done.—Licensing Bill closed through Committee.

Friday.—There was one thing Mr. Maccubbin could do to perfection—that was a sum in arithmetic. His famous contrast between Happiness and Misery is engraved on every mind. "Annual income £20, annual expenditure £19 19s. 6d.; result, Happiness. Annual income £20, annual expenditure £20 ought 6d.; result, Misery."

The slightest flaw in the statement would have weakened its force, marred its moral lesson. Put it the other way about, for example, and see where you are.

This gift of doing a sum is shared by PRINCE ARTHUR. He's not quite sure where he are in the matter of days of the week. Getting a little mixed in making a statement on the course of public business he turned to ATTORNEY-GENERAL, seated on Treasury Bench behind him, and audibly asked, "What is to-day?"

FINLAY, having replied, brought out note-book and made little entry. This was a consultation sought by the PREMIER on a matter outside the range of official salary. Comes under heading of fees,

which last year, according to return laid on Table, reached satisfactory figure of £12,921 7s. 9d. There is something picturesque about that 7s. 9d. Any man but FINLAY would have slapped on two and three and so made up the odd half-sovereign. Seven and ninepence was the precise sum earned, and conscience inherited from covenanting forbears forbade indulgence in what in the City is SAXX tells me, called symmetry.

That is another story. It was the little sum PRINCE ARTHUR worked off



THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.
For the benefit of W-est-a Ch-rib-I.

Oh, I'm a pippo, pippo?

Edgewood's finances!

'Ours' is five years' time!

(See "Times," p. 2, July 14)

without a moment's preparation or hesitation that I was going to mention. Question arose with respect to dropping Aliens Bill in Grand Committee.

"I understand," said PRINCE ARTHUR, "that the average rate of progress was two lines a day."

"No," said a member of the Committee, "three lines in six days."

"Exactly," said PRINCE ARTHUR, turning with a smile and bowing in the direction of the interruption. "Three lines in six days; that is to say, two lines a day."

"Half a line a day," insisted the presiding Grand Committeeman.

PRINCE ARTHUR didn't like to contradict so positive a person. But really it was very odd. The thing quite clear. Agreed that progress had been made at the rate of three lines in six days. Very well. Sixes into three you can't, so carry one and try threes into six. Two, of course. Two lines a day.

However, if his bon. friend behind insisted that it was only half a line a day it was too hot to argue the matter, and, dropping the point, PRINCE ARTHUR

went on to promise a new Aliens Bill for next year. One Man, One Vote, is a principle that would meet with his uncompromising opposition. But One Session, One Aliens Bill quite another matter.

Business done.—Welsh Coercion Bill discussed.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

THE interesting account given by a correspondent to the *Times* of the 11th inst. of the appearance of a white whale in Loch Striven has provoked a perfect deluge of similar contributions to the offices of this paper. Being unable to publish them all Mr. *Punch* has made the following judicious selection of the most striking narratives:—

SIR.—It will doubtless interest a large section of your readers to learn that, while bathing at Brora, in Sutherlandshire, last Wednesday, I observed at a distance of about a hundred yards from the shore a fine pink porpoise, described in the Supplement of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* under the head of *Mammalia* as the *Porpoqa rosacea mirabilis*. The animal described several somersaults in the water while I was watching it, and from time to time emitted a plaintive wail similar to that of the plover. We have often seen porpoises off the coast of Brora, but during a residence of twenty-five years I have never seen the pink variety before. I think it only right to add that I never drink anything stronger than China tea. I am, &c.,

ALEXANDER PRUITT.

Skello Lodge, Brora, N.B.

SIR.—Those of your subscribers who are interested in eccentricities of natural history will be glad to know that within the last few days the village of Ballybunnon, in North Kerry, has been convulsed with indescribable emotion by the apparition of a purple polar bear which came ashore on some wreckage and has since devastated all the poultry yards in the vicinity. On referring to the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, under the heading of "Quadrupana," I can find no trace of this species, but perhaps the editor of the *National Review* can throw some light on the subject. I am, &c.,

DERMOT GREGGEGAN.

The Skelligs,

Lisdoonvarna, co. Clare.

SIR.—During a recent visit to the island of Skye I had an experience which I cannot but think will interest a large number of your readers. While traversing Glen Sligachan in stout boots and a well-ried waterproof, I was suddenly attacked by a group of horn-blendic felsties armed with gabbros and dolerites of the most formidable descrip-



Dudley Hardy

INGENUOUS!

down to his four Partner, after their opponents have declared "Chin". "SHALL I PLAY TO 'CHIN,' PARTNER?"
 Four Partner (who has never played Bridge before). "Oh, NO, PLEASE DON'T, MR. JONES. I'VE ONLY GOT TWO THIRTY ONES."

tion. With great difficulty I escaped from my assailants and took refuge in the extinct crater of an ancient volcano of the Tertiary period, from which I now forward this hurried despatch. Being temporarily separated from my *Encyclopædia*, without which I never travel, I am unable to describe the incidents of my encounter with greater particularity, but I feel that I am only doing my duty to the community by issuing this warning to impending visitors not to travel without an armed escort in this dangerous region.

I am &c., MUNGO TALISKER.

Via Cornish.

SIR.—Whilst dry-fly fishing in Scrabster harbour last week, I had the good fortune to hook a remarkably fine black lobster. During thirty-five years' experience I have never seen a lobster that was not red, but my boatman assures me that the black variety is not uncommon in these northern waters.

I am, &c., WILFRID JAGGERS.

The Gazebo, Wick.

PROVERBIAL FABLES.

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE THE BEST.

THERE was once an Energetic and Cultivated Youth who, falling in love with a Beautiful and Accomplished young lady, called at her residence one morning, and inquired Very Politely what he should do to make himself Worthy of Her. His character, he said, had been described by Experts as Fair-to-medium, allowing the usual discount. He was of a Cheerful and Musical Disposition, collected Dried Seaweed and Postage Stamps, disliked Caper Sauce, and possessed an Annual Income of eight hundred pounds.

"Nay," said the Damsel, having listened attentively to the recital of these virtues, "this is All Very Well as far as it goes, but what I most admire is Personal Beauty."

So the Young Man thanked her kindly, and went away and bought Cosmetics and Things, and read carefully through a book called *How to Be Beautiful: by One who has Done It*.

And after a month's treatment he returned to the maiden and said:—"Be good enough to cast your Blue and Intelligent Eye over me. I have adopted the suggestion you threw out in our conversation of the 18th ult., and I flatter myself that I now present a Neat and Gentlemanly Appearance." And in a glowing passage he invited her to Name the Happy Day.

"Nay," said the Damsel; "but on second thoughts I have Changed My Mind. What I admire even more than Personal Beauty is Physical Strength."

And the Young Man thanked her

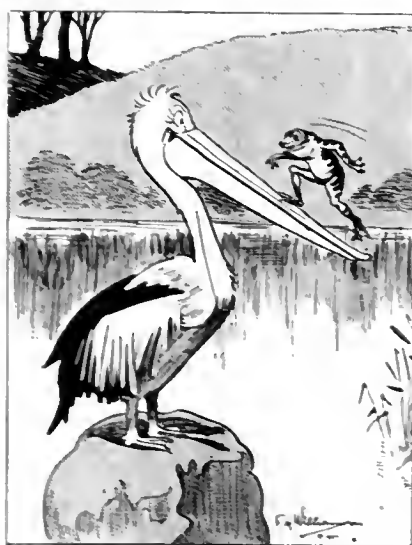
Very Kindly, and went off to make himself strong.

He bought Expensive Developers, and took Cold Baths, and went to bed early, and got up every morning at six o'clock, and refused potatoes, and took Boxing Lessons, and attended a gymnasium; and at the end of a month he returned to the maiden and said:—

"Be so obliging as to cast your Limpid and Observant Optic over me. I have followed your instructions, and I flatter myself that in Many Ways I now recall the Farnese Hercules."

And in a voice hoarse with emotion he spoke in High Terms of St. George's, Hanover Square.

"Nay," said the maiden, "it is true that your biceps is Considerably En-



FINANCIAL NOTE.

"RUNNING UP A LONG BILL."

larged, and you could doubtless, if so disposed, Fell an Ox with a Single Blow, but Mere Strength has ceased to appeal to me. What I really dote upon is Ber-rains!"

So the Young Man went off—without thanking her this time, for he was beginning to get a little tired of the contract—and set to work to become a Ripe Scholar. He read SHELLEY and BROWNING and RUSKIN and EMERSON, and after a year of Acute Depression and Incessant Headache, he returned to the maiden, and said:—"I should esteem it a Personal Favour if you would allow your Soft and Sagacious Orb to rest upon me for a space. I have followed your instructions, and I flatter myself that in the way of Culture I am now No Small Potatoes." And quoting lightly an Appropriate Passage from *The Ring and the Book*, he embarked upon an eloquent and impassioned eulogy of the Registry Office, to which

he proposed to lead her at as early a date as would be convenient.

"Stay," said the maiden, as he offered his arm, "I grant that you are, as per advertisement, more or less a combination of Apollo, Hercules, and JOHN KEATS, but I have again Changed My Mind. The man who aspires to my Heart and Hand must possess a certain indefinable *je-ne-sais-quoi*. Acquire this Desirable Quality, and then we'll See About It. In the meantime, farewell."

And the Young Man went off as before. But this time he neither thanked her nor followed her instructions, but, having regarded her with Cold Displeasure, proceeded at his best speed to the residence of a certain Miss JANE SMITH, to whom he proposed Then and There, and Shortly Afterwards they were married by the Rev. JOHN SMITH, father of the bride, assisted by the Rev. THOMAS BROWN, and the Presents were both Numerous and Costly.

And the Young Lady who Changed her Mind so often is still a Spinster of this Parish, and likely to Remain So.

Moral.—Second Thoughts are Best, but Third and Fourth Thoughts are simply a Drug in the Market.

A Tie.

CRICKET—"Ladies v. Gentlemen."

THE Ladies came out as they had gone in, all "Ducks."

And what did the Gentlemen make?—Love.

A Happy Release.

SIR,—In this temperature, with ninety-seven in the shade and a hundred-and-anything-you-don't-like out of it, when the motto is "*Dum Perspiro Spero—meliora*," I shed no tear (the wells are dried up) on seeing at the head of a *Daily Chronicle* column in large letters "DEAD HEAT!" I read no more that day. *Requiescat*. Dead Heat has joined the Shades. Yours, A HOT 'UN.

FROM the Agony Column (a very proper place) of the *Morning Post*:

WIRE-HEADED TERRIER LOST. Black and Tan head evenly marked. No further reward will be offered.

This seems hardly fair on the rest of the animal. Will not the owner reconsider his reward, and go the whole dog?

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED MORE GALLANTLY.—"A tramcar was overturned at Birmingham last evening. . . . Fortunately the only passenger was a woman."—*Daily Graphic*, July 15.

THE RECORD OF A SHORT HOLIDAY.

LAST week I received a hearty invitation from my friend JEAN JACQUES ROBINSON (note the accent on the "bang," second syllable) CRUSOË (French pronunciation) to revisit Le Touquet, in order to see what vast improvements had been made since the night of the great storm in September. "Now," said J. J. R., "is the time for enjoying sea bathing, river fishing, golfing, or tennis, according to the taste and fancy of the individual."

Then was added a most earnestly pressing invitation to the effect that I would bring with me "*madame votre très chère et très aimable femme*," who, in the regrettable absence of Madame La Châtelaine de Condette, would be received with open arms by J. J. R.'s daughter, Mlle. FÉLICITÉ. Wired acceptance, "Yes." Abrupt but economical.

By return, explanatory letter, giving hours of departure and arrival. Folkestone, Boulogne, Etaples; carriage for us to Le Touquet. Telegraphic reply, economical, "Bon."

Wife and self limit ourselves to four bags, "portable." By "Portable" we, my wife and I, mean things easily carried by a professional muscular porter. We entertain no sort of idea of carrying them ourselves: absurd to suppose such a thing.

At Boulogne, after a perfectly delightful crossing from Folkestone, we entrust our portables to a porter whose business it is and whose number we take; we proceed to the *Douane*, where we find a Commissionaire with "Le Touquet" engraved on his cap more legibly and prominently than Queen MARY could ever have expected Calais to be engraved on her heart. *Avis aux voyageurs*: Employ this man: spry, ready, willing, most serviceable. To him we confide our porter and portables. "Shall we take a *voiture*?" my wife inquires. "'Tis only a walk of five minutes," I point out, and, like Mrs. Johnnie Gilpin, being, equally with myself, "of a frugal mind," she kindly yields, and baggage, truck, commissionaire and *porteur* having all disappeared (a matter of trifling importance, as the two men have not been remunerated), we step out gaily and make our way from the Gare Maritime to the Gare Centrale.

Avis aux voyageurs (as to this particular *trajet*):—Don't! Unless your nerves are particularly strong, unless you have been in battle, or happen to be an accomplished bull-fighter, don't attempt the walk from the Gare Maritime, Boulogne, to the Gare Centrale. On one side they are unloading huge trading vessels, and depositing, everywhere and anywhere, wood, coals, gigantic bales; chains are rattling, packing cases, carried by cranes, are flying about wildly overhead; on the other side of the *quai* are trains drawn up, ready to be moved without a moment's notice; then in the middle there is a conglomeration of lines, intersecting, which catch the heels of your boots and play havoc with your ankles; but worse than all, there are locomotives in motion coming at you, going nowhere in particular, passing you, dodging you from right to left, their movements being accompanied by fantasias on various horns blown by grimy trumpeters, not in advance, but promenading determinedly by the side of the deadly engines, while in attempting to dodge the advancing Juggernaut-machines you are startled out of what may remain of your five senses by a cracking of whips and by angry shouts from harsh, red-republican-looking *cochers* of "*Hé là-bas! Hé là-bas!*" as they take you in flank, until we two, husband and wife, feel inclined to throw ourselves on the black, powdered, hard-hearted cobble-stones, crying, in the utter desperation of our agony, "We give it up! Pass over us! Waterloo is avenged!"

Enfin! Peace at last. We are inside the Gare Centrale. Appearing with no impedimenta, we are unmolested by porters. We take our tickets for Etaples. It is now 6.45. Our train is timed to start at 7.15.

My wife, who has come out triumphant, but exhausted, from her fierce fight with the locomotives, agrees with me in wishing there were a train immediately. Scarcely had the wish been expressed than up comes, in a hurry, our spry commissionaire.

"*Madame et Monsieur*," says he, cap in hand, rather out of breath and desperately in earnest, "the Company has started a new train within the last week!" Marvellous! "It leaves for Etaples in five minutes!! Will you take it?"

Will we? Why certainly. And arrive by 7.45! Bravo!

Spry commissionaire orders porter and baggage to the front. We bring up the rear, charge the gate-way at the double, present tickets, hurry up, wife and self taking unwonted exercise (thermometer 90° in the shade); spry commissionaire finds compartment, and places bags therein: then my wife climbs up steep narrow iron steps, like Margaret Catchpole escaping from prison, grasping anything in the way of handles, tassels or cords that may assist her in such alpine gymnastics, finally disappearing quite unexpectedly into further corner of compartment, whence she emerges smiling, and inviting me to enter as if she had been there for months and had taken the place on lease.

Polite commissionaire, still cap in hand, salutes profoundly, wishes us *Bon voyage*, and will meet us on our return Monday. *Au revoir*.

Off! to the moment! "But," says my wife, "didn't Mr. JACQUES ROBINSON say he would send a carriage to meet us at Etaples by the train that starts from here at 7.15?"

"He did so," I reply, comfortably. "But *that* will be all right. His carriage is sure to arrive early at Etaples and be waiting for us."

Hope told a flattering tale. My wife, for the first time, exhibits some signs of uncertainty.

"If the carriage isn't there," I add, to show how resourceful I can be in emergency, "we can take the tram; and if the carriage *is* on its way we can stop the tram, and get into the carriage."

So we are satisfied; at least, I am; fairly so. All nature is gay and bright; and the sea breeze comes across the dunes, fanning us gently.

Etaples. Alpine descent from our steep compartment. Wife first. Safe! Hoorah! No porters anywhere! Every man his own porter! Yes, every *man*, but how about the ladies? There are two porters; I see them, doing nothing with something in a box. I shout, I signal; they are clearly deaf, and nearsighted. Again I climb into the compartment. Out I hand the four bags (they seem to have become rather less portable during the journey) one after the other, to my wife, who, in this drama, takes the part of second porter. How angry this sort of carelessness, this *insouciance*, does make me! Where's the French chivalry?—the man who could let a lady carry her own bag is unworthy of the name of a *preux chevalier*! All out!—for four. Trumpet sounds! *En avant!* Farewell train. Ah! *les voilà! les porteurs!*

"I had best inquire about the carriage," I observe sagely to my wife, who is entirely of my opinion.

The porter knows nothing about any carriage from Le Touquet. "There is the tram," he says.

I will ask an official wearing distinguished cap.

Man with distinguished cap has not seen any *voiture de maître* from Le Touquet.

I mention the name of M. JEAN JACQUES ROBINSON. It has a wonderful effect. Distinguished Cap makes further inquiry: man is sent along the road to act the part of Sister Anne, charged to announce "if he sees anything coming."

No: no sign.

"*Mais, monsieur*," adds the *Remplaçant du Chef de Gare* triumphantly, "*voilà le tram qui part sur l'instant même.*"

"Shall we?" I ask my wife.

"It will be the safer way," she replies, well and wisely.

We take our seats in the tram. Our four bags occupy, conspicuously, half the bench opposite. They have a heavy, uncompromisingly British air. Only two men enter.

"If we meet the carriage coming for us we can stop it," I repeat, adopting an off-hand manner to conceal a gradually increasing feeling of uncertainty.

We are well on our way through Etaples and approaching the wooden bridge over the Canche.

Our companions are pleasant gentlemen, artists, it is possible, except one in a blouse with porter's cap labelled "Paris-Plage," and a brass badge numbered on his arm. He doesn't seem a very intelligent specimen of the French working man; his face and hands are mahogany-coloured, his black hair is close cropped, his eyes are somewhat bleary, and his manner somewhat beery. He is smoking the stump of the nastiest cigar I ever remember to have smelt. Is smoking allowed in the trams? I can't see any notice forbidding it, so I am silent; but 'tis pain and grief to me, while my wife employs her energies in keeping the sliding door wide open to let the smoke out or the air in.

The bleary commissioner (or whatever he is) engages himself in a muzzy sort of jerky conversation with a companion who is sober and altogether his superior.

"I don't see the carriage," I say to my wife, aside. She shakes her head, and is silent.

"It doesn't matter," I continue, cheerfully, "because there's a sort of little station just at the corner of the road leading to Le Touquet where we get out."

"Ah," observes a polite man in a grey suit, who has joined us at Etaples. "The tram doesn't stop there *now*."

"What!" I exclaim.

Here is my edifice shattered! All my little plans gone at one fell swoop!

"No," the affable stranger continues. "There was some difficulty about it, and the trams *now* run up to about two or three hundred yards further off, nearer Paris-Plage."

"But I don't want to go to Paris-Plage," I protest.

"You needn't," replies my chance acquaintance; "you can get out with the bags when the tram stops, and it's not more than a quarter of a mile, or so, to the Hotel in the Forest. Besides, they'll probably send some one."

My wife and I regard one another; we say nothing, but think the more. *Query*.—"Would they, *probably*, send some one?" And—if not?

Here the bleary-eyed beery man in a blouse joins in. He offers his services uninvited; presents his ticket, numbered; gives us his name—it isn't unlike M. CLEMENCEAU—and he has, he says, only to go to Paris-Plage, not five minutes on, and he would return and do his possible for us. He argues, harangues, addresses all the passengers in turn, smoking his filthy cigar the while, and pressing upon everybody the incalculable utility of his services to *us*. I will have none of him. As I arrive at this fixed determination we pass the "shelter" where we used to stop for Le Touquet, and are carried on to a point where the roads divide—one going to Paris-Plage. Here there is no shelter at all. No signs of any life whatever—except insect life.

We descend. The conductor and the friendly *voyageur* assist us with the baggage. Blue-bloused man with filthy cigar regards the operation from a window. Then, as the tram slowly gets into motion again, the friendly *voyageur* puts

his head out of one of the windows, and, while the grubby face of the blue-bloused muzzy porter appears just over his shoulder, he calls out, "You don't want *this* chap, do you?"

"No," I return, "most decidedly not." And my wife agrees with me, at the moment. The tram disappears into the sandy distance.

Here we are, the pair of us, with four bulky leather bags, our luggage, all alone, not a soul in sight, not a sound to be heard save the buzzing of flies and the humming of (probably stinging) insects. Two strangers in a strange land on the borders of the Forest of Le Touquet.

7.40. The shades of evening are already slowly commencing to gather round us.

We regard one another blankly. "What shall we do?"

What we did and how we did it I must keep for "my next."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Blackwood, ever renewing its youth like the eagle, distinguished itself during the campaign in South Africa by publication of some of the most vigorous, vivid pictures of the war that appeared in the Press, daily, weekly or monthly. In the current number of the Magazine there is

promise of fresh triumph in connection with the conflict between Russia and Japan. Since my Baronite read the contributions of "Linesman," and "On the Heels of DE WET," he has come upon nothing more picturesque than the stories under the heading, "The War in the Far East," by a writer who modestly conceals his identity under the letter O., omitting even the exclamatory "h." There are five pictures in the panel, all good. But the account of "the blocking of Port Arthur" is a masterpiece.

Let me introduce to your notice *The Challoners*, by E. F. BENSON (HEINEMANN), whose acquaintance few of you, if any, will regret having made. It is a quite unsensational novel of character and conversation: individualities are attractively described without any attempt at exaggeration, and all the

conversations are so perfectly natural as to appear, occasionally, intensely silly; but, on the other hand, they are distinctly amusing when the conversationalists themselves are intended to be witty, and they are interesting when the *dramatis personæ* are in real genuine earnest. This is high comedy: the low comedy, in which term farce is not by any means meant to be included, is provided by *Lady Sunningdale*, a very modern, aristocratic, but quite legitimate development of our old middle-class friend, *Mrs. Nickleby*. So strong is her personality, so devoted to her is the author, that *Lady Sunningdale* is the book; she is everything to everybody, she is *Dea ex machina*: be the other characters what they may, none of them are worth a rap without her. She dominates and animates the whole: and when she is not on the stage the action languishes. The last scene of all will touch not a few, but to the Baron it is somewhat reminiscent of the Lion Comique's old music-hall ditty about "the good young man that died," and is rather Little Paul Dombeyish.



A HOT WEATHER STUDY.



OPERATIC NOTES.



TO OUR NEXT MERRY MUSICAL MEETING! HIP, HIP, HURRAH!

"THERE's a good deal in a title," as the Rightful Heir observed to the Doubtful Dook, and *Salomé*, at first glance, is a rather striking one. But, when it comes to be pronounced, all depends on where you place the accent. Now, unfortunately, the catching phrase to which the tenor's, M. RENAUD's, plaintive love cry is set, emphasises and fixes pronunciation of *Salomé* as *Sallow May*, a part impersonated by Madame CALVÉ, anything but "sallow" with her make-up of brick-dusty but vivid colouring, topped by a jet-black wig.

The rôle of *Jean*, the inspired prophet, played by M. DALMORES, is a profitless part. *Jean* is ordered off to prison, where no doubt he will have his hair cut, as it wants it badly. The best scene of all, musically and dramatically, is between dignified M. PLANÇON, as the *Astronomer Royal*, and Madame KIRKBY LUNN, who, as *Hesatoade* (what a name!), interrupts the Professor's astronomical observations. M. GILIBERT as a Roman *Proconsul* is wonderful; specially when one recalls him as the brigand *Dan-Caire-a-cusso* in *Carmen*, and as the Fat Boy of Bohemia, *Schaunard*, in *La Bohème*. The banging and the clanging and the trumpeting, the frequent contests between the voices and the instruments, settled only by *force majeure* in the orchestra, the dull dancing in the love-sick *King's* apartments during the stagnant sentimentality of the Second Act, and the general lack of any strong dramatic interest in this twopence-coloured story which MASSENET has set to music, combine to render the

permanent retention of this opera in the Covent Garden practical repertoire rather improbable.

The successes of the season that have been scored are:—the early Wagnerians under Dr. HANS (and arms) RICHTER; while under MANCINELLI and LOHSE the ancient operas have had fine performances, honours easy being with Fräulein DESTINN, Mlles. SUZANNE ADAMS and KIRKBY LUNN, Mesdames CALVÉ and MELBA. The Covent Garden Operatic-Song-Singdicate must be “as pleased as *Punch*,” and the public, with Signor CARUSO and the two VANS who carried the houses with them, viz., VAN ROOY and VAN DYCK: and heartily grateful to Messrs. PLAXCON, SCOTTI, DUFRICHE, GILBERT, *et toute la boutique*.

And now the Voices of the Night-after-Night have ceased for a while, the singing birds have left the Garden, taking their notes (and those of their patrons) with them, leaving Manager MESSENGER, Secretary FORSYTH, and everybody on the establishment, generally satisfied.

A TEMPERATE BEVERAGE. — According to the *Daily Mail* "The Municipal Council (of Paris) issued a warning to the public to abstain from iced drinks when heated." Certainly there could be nothing more nauseous.

SHOULD SERIOUS DRAMA BE DIVORCED FROM THE STAGE?

[On reading, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER'S "Real Conversation" with Mr. A. B. WALKLEY on the subject of the revival of Serious British Drama, Mr. *Punch* immediately despatched his Special Philistine with instructions to interview these two dialecticians, and to adopt a style of diction appropriate to the occasion.]

SCENE—*The Fumoir of the Macready Club.* MESSRS. WALKLEY and ARCHER discovered reading the August issue of the "*Pall Mall Magazine*." Mr. ARCHER is making a filthy mess of his Oriental coffee by abstractedly stirring the grounds. Mr. WALKLEY makes a gesture of protest. Enter Philistine.

Philistine. Gentlemen, I am indeed fortunate to come upon you at a moment of apparent relaxation, and engaged, I observe, in the perusal of that very *Nox Ambrosiana* of whose theme I am here to invite your further expansion. To plunge, as CORNELIUS NEPOS has it, *in medias res*, you have complained that our Master Dramatists are not sufficiently *en rapport* with the wider movements of the age. Yet it surprises me that you who bring this charge, and are yourselves the very flower of modernity, *très, très commencement du siècle*, should have overlooked the growth of what I must term, for want of an adequate English equivalent, *la vogue du restaurant*.

Mr. Archer. The recrudescence of a hedonism which recalls the Lucullan period—

Philistine. Coupled, as you were about to say, with the increased consumption of tobacco, the passion for Bridge, and the consequent development of epicene clubs—clubs, that is to say, which, like *artifex* and *opifex*, are common to either gender. Other Arts, less completely dependent on the patronage of the immediate public, suffer by these rivalries, yet need not perish. But the Dramatic Author, so long as he clings to the habit of being "interpreted" in a public place, can only exist by the public's leave. Serious British Dramatic Art will never improve its standard till it emancipates itself from wedlock with the Stage.

Mr. Walkley. ARISTOTLE (*don't stir your coffee, ARCHER*) in his clever brochure on Dramatic Principles—

Philistine. Had not, I take it, anticipated the inventions of CAXTON. We, *au contraire*, have the advantage of living in an age of printed matter. Why should I bolt my dinner, rob myself of my cigar, and pay half a guinea for the privilege of wedging myself into a stuffy crowd to listen to the interpretation of ideas which I could perfectly well imbibe from the printed page at my own house, in my own arm-chair, and with intervals of my own choosing for reflection or recurrence?

Mr. Archer. In the zenith of the Periclean Era, when the Dionysiac Theatre—

Philistine (*ignoring the interruption*). And don't ask me to believe that my intelligence and imagination are *si peu de chose* that I couldn't grasp the Dramatist's Purpose without artificial lighting and coloured scenery and intermediary "creators" to show me how the blank verse wants mouthing out of all recognition of its rhythm. If I can't mentally reproduce the action and *entourage* of his characters from the playwright's own instructions, the Intellectual Drama is not for me.

Mr. Walkley. GOETHE contended—

Philistine (*ignoring the interruption*). Why should I need extraneous assistance over one kind of book and not another? Do you suppose that if I felt anxious to learn the views of Mr. JOHN MORLEY on the career of the late Mr. GLADSTONE I should ask Mr. LEWIS WALLER to dress up and recite the great work to me over the footlights, with a picture of Hawarden Castle in the background? No, no. *Faut distinguer*. Commit your Drama of Ideas to print, and let the Stage confine itself to catering for the public with amusements not to be had elsewhere.

Mr. Walkley. Still, the *compatriotes* of DONNAY, MIRBEAU, HERVIEU, BRIEUX—

Philistine. Ah! you were to tell me of the French *religion du théâtre*—a religion based on immorality touched by intelligence—

Mr. Archer. Are you not misquoting the phrase "morality touched by emotion," as originally applied in the year 1873 to another kind of religion by the late MATTHEW ARN—

Philistine (*ignoring the interruption*).—immorality touched by intelligence. Take away immorality (I use the word without British prejudice) from the Dramatic Art of modern Paris, or indecency from her comic Press, and the intelligence of the one and the *je ne sais quoi de spirituel* of the other would not long survive the separation. And if you answer that the union of these qualities in their plays fails to explain the French genius for the theatre; that if immorality (you also using the word in no mere Podsnapian sense) were its chief attraction, they need still go no farther than their own *vie intime*, or their own *romans*, in which it sufficiently abounds; I marvel that you who have a *flair* so instinctive for the human comedy should never have remarked that to a certain type of mind there is something peculiarly piquant and intriguing in the public spectacle of situations of which the private experience or private narration has long left it cold and *distrain*.

Mr. Archer. But surely, notwithstanding his lamentable proneness to weak conclusions, the Third Acts of Mr. PINERO'S *Gay Lord Quex* (1899) and *Iris* (1901) showed a remarkable combination of these two Parisian—

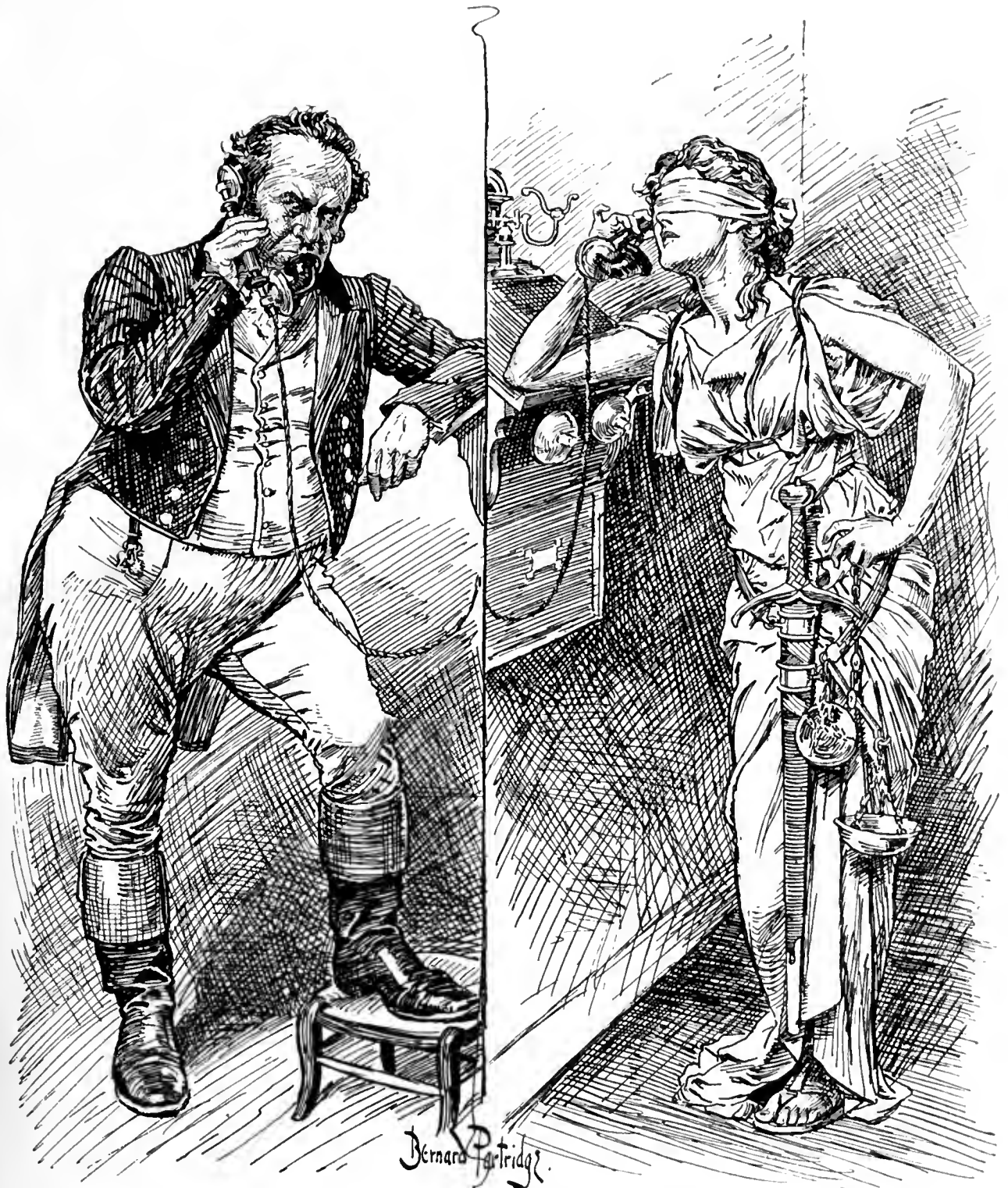
Philistine. That was before the date of the re-discovery of Bridge by women. With all your insight into social tendencies you seem to have ignored the influence of this game upon our epoch. It is woman who supports the Stage. You, Mr. ARCHER, as a man and a soldier, may come fresh to your stall for a performance of a new Drama of Ideas after an invigorating drill with the Artists'—

Mr. Archer. Excuse me. With the Inns of Court (Devil's Own).

Philistine. With the Devil's Own Volunteer Corps. But think of your women friends—or, if you prefer it, think of mine. When a woman has been stewing over a Bridge table from luncheon on to 7.45 P.M., then hurries home to change and dine and smoke and snatch a little rest before she is due at supper and a dozen more rubbers at the New Allpack's Club, would you ask her to spend that brief interval of recuperation in listening to an intellectual play and being expected to think? No; if she goes to the theatre at all it must not be to study her own reflection in the mirrors of life, but to see and hear something outside the experience of daily routine—a chorus and dance, for instance, by ladies even more *désépaulées* (as the author of *Scènes d'après Nature* puts it) than the *licensé* of her own drawing-room permits: or a little of the smart dialogue which is no longer a feature of *la vie telle qu'elle se trouve*.

Mr. Walkley. But I take it that in MAETERLINCK—

Philistine. You have this further objection, that he can never become a common subject of dinner-table-talk owing to a hideous doubt as to the right pronunciation of his name. But I am exhausting your resources of conversation; and must not stay to invite your verdict on the weather, so potent a factor in the fortunes of the Play of Ideas. Let me add, however, in conclusion, that my chief regret, when I foresee the approaching divorce between Serious Drama and the Stage, is that your occupation will be gone. Still, as the apostles of Free Trade say to our ruined capitalists, you can always remove your factories abroad—to France, Germany, Belgium, Norway and Sweden; or start at home in a new line. Meanwhile, I have to thank you for this charming interview, in which you have so ably reasoned about the waning (or was it the waxing?) of British Dramatic Art. Good evening. [Exit Philistine. Curtain. O. S.]



“NECESSITAS NON HABET LEGEM.”

(Free Translation.—WHEN YOU WANT IT BADLY YOU CAN'T GET A HEARING.)

SUITOR (at telephone). “ARE YOU THERE?” JUSTICE. “I’M HERE ALL RIGHT. BUT I’VE RUN SHORT OF JUDGES. RING ME UP AGAIN NOVEMBER.”

[“The Special Jury cases, presumably all of considerable importance, will not be heard of again until the end of October or the beginning of November. It is no wonder in these circumstances that counsel protested against this state of things as ‘terrible to the Bar and terrible to suitors’ . . . The Judges have just decided not to shorten the Long Vacation.”]



"MULTUM IN PARVO."

THE ONLY BOAT LEFT! A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

THE DANGER OF BEING IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

["During the third stage of the Marseilles-Tours bicycle race the winner, AUCOUTURIER, was attacked by fifty cyclists at Nîmes, being rescued by the Editor of the *Vélo*, who displayed a loaded revolver."—*Daily Press*.]

FROM the *Sporting Man* of the week after next:—

A disgraceful scene occurred at Lord's yesterday, on the occasion of Mr. C. B. FRY's twenty-third consecutive century. When the teams adjourned for lunch, Mr. FRY, who was not out, was intercepted by twenty sporting journalists, who assailed him with pointed epigrams, heavy platitudes, and other lethal weapons. He must have been severely man-handled but for the prompt interference of Mr. HESKETH-PRICHARD, who speedily scattered the crowd with an over of fast off-theory balls, and enabled the great author to escape at the cost of a rather severely split infinitive. It is true, of course, that hundreds of journalists have been thrown out of work by Mr. FRY and the other batsmen-authors, but nothing can excuse mob-violence, and it is to be hoped that the police will secure the arrest of such of the miscreants as were not l-b-w to Mr. PRICHARD.

The brutal attack on SHRUBB by the defeated competitors in the two-mile race at Lilley Bridge has had a more serious result than was at first considered probable. In spite of a gallant rescue on the part of the Editor of the *Rapid Review*, SHRUBB had to be transplanted to the nearest hospital, where he is now bedded, and looks as if he had taken root.

While Mr. EUSTACE H. MILES was playing off the semi-final of the North Ballham Spiropole Competition last Friday, three hundred readers whom he had previously persuaded to live

on Plasmon biscuits and Grape Nuts surrounded him threateningly, and endeavoured to compel him to devour a prime chump chop and mashed. They were aided and abetted by SUNNY JIM, the high-jumper, who urged them to try force.

During the dictation of the third chapter of his latest novel Mr. S. R. CROCKETT was the victim of a savage attack on the part of his type-writing staff, who, maddened by overwork, rose at him in a body with Remingtons. He was rescued by Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, who drew off the attack in his own direction by reading extracts from the correspondence of his friend Mr. CLAUDIUS CLEAR.

UNDER ONE FLAG.

Mr. *Punch* offers his heartiest good wishes for the success of the Union Jack Club, whose inauguration took place on Thursday last, when H.R.H. the Prince of WALES laid the foundation-stone and delivered a speech not less soldierly than sailorly. The Club's premises, designed for the social comfort of men of both services, are to rise just opposite the exit from the London and South-Western Terminus, through which most of them pass, outward or inward, at one time or another; and this first stage of a new and peaceful Waterloo has been largely won in the work-room of its Secretary, that energetic Old Salopian, Major ARTHUR HAGGARD. Mr. *Punch* has yet to be informed whether dog-telepathy is traceable throughout the HAGGARD family; but it is a significant fact that last Wednesday, on the very eve of the foundation ceremony, his trusty hound Toby, in attendance on his Round Table (at Hurlingham, *pro hac vice*), emitted an uncontrollable series of joyous barks. *Prosit omen!*

THE OLD AGE CURE.

By the kindness of the Editor of the *Spectator*, Mr. Punch is happily enabled to present his readers with a selection from the letters which will appear in the next issue of our contemporary on the subject of "The Prolongation of Life":—

SIR,—You are doing a great public service by throwing open your columns to a discussion of the means of promoting longevity, and will perhaps allow me to contribute a practical suggestion drawn from the experience of my own family. When my grand-uncle Lord LONGMIRE was sixty-seven he took to walking on all fours. It created some sensation at first, but the excitement wore off when it became known that he adopted this mode of progression deliberately on hygienic grounds. Being a confirmed evolutionist he argued that the best way to counteract the deteriorating influences of civilisation was to revert to the habits of the primitive type. In addition to this, walking on all fours keeps the blood in the head, enhances cerebral activity, and promotes the growth of the hair. The system worked very well for several years with my grand-uncle, but, unfortunately, during a visit to London in the year 1872, while crossing Piccadilly Circus in a fog on all fours, he butted into a Hammernsmith omnibus with results which I do not care to describe in your columns. I remember discussing the incident with Mr. GLADSTONE at the Cosmopolitan Club shortly afterwards. Physiologically, Mr. GLADSTONE admitted that something might be said in favour of my grand-uncle's mode of locomotion, but he regarded the ethical significance of the word "upright" as conclusive against it. When I was an undergraduate at Balliol I tried to introduce the practice, but met with little support, my adoption of the quadrumanous method of progression during a walk with Dr. JOWETT attracting so inconveniently large a crowd that the Master begged me to conform to the usage of the majority. I am, Sir, &c.

LAWRENCE LONGMIRE.

¹ [We are, of course, only too glad to publish Mr. LONGMIRE's intensely interesting letter, though we confess ourselves slightly sceptical as to its practical value. No doubt it would enable volunteers to take cover more easily, but how could they fire their rifles when advancing not only in fours, but on all fours?—Ed. *Spectator*.]

SIR,—To keep old age at bay and guard against sclerosis of the arteries, there is nothing like hot milk baths and jumping. Every morning I jump backwards and forwards forty times over a malacca cane placed on two chairs about 1ft. 8in. above the floor. A dash of

vinegar in the hot milk renders it peculiarly exhilarating on a hot day. If any of your readers care to follow up the subject they had better turn up the issues of the *Kensal Green Clarion* for April 1st and 8th, and June 15th, 22nd and 29th, 1868, where I have described these and other experiments at full length. They will, however, have to do so at the British Museum, as the numbers are, of course, long out of print. I am, Sir, &c. OCTOGENARIAN.

[We cordially recommend "Octogenarian's" admirable letter to all who are endeavouring to resist the introduction of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's sinister proposals. Under a system of Protection, hot milk baths would be beyond the reach of all but a few millionaires, and malacca canes a luxury beyond the dreams of avarice. But why "backwards and forwards"? Surely "forwards and backwards" would be equally healthy and refreshing.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

SIR,—In the course of the interesting correspondence now proceeding in your columns I see no mention of one of the simplest and most efficacious means of prolonging life indefinitely—that of dispensing with or at any rate minimising the hours of sleep. The Prince of WALES, then Duke of YORK, struck the right note in his Guildhall speech when he appealed to his fellow-countrymen to Wake Up! Sleep, when indulged in to excess, causes sluggishness and stertorous breathing culminating in chronic coma. It is only when taken in homœopathic doses that it is really refreshing and invigorating. For the last twenty years I have never regularly gone to bed, contenting myself with an occasional five minutes' snooze in a bath chair. The poets are often indifferent guides in the matter of physical culture, but MOORE was entirely correct when he sang

"The best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night . . ."

I am, Sir, &c. S. CAVENDISH.

SIR,—Let me offer your readers a perfectly infallible old-age cure which I have rigidly practised with complete success. After attaining the age of twenty-five, only celebrate your birthday once in four years. I am, Sir, &c.

PRIMA DONNA.

[We are delighted to publish our correspondent's spirited and sensible communication, though we confess that, if universally acted upon, her advice might seriously impair the accuracy of the Census Returns. Still, for the next five years it can be followed without any prejudicial results.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

COUNTER-IRRITANT.—The haughty Post Office official (female).

CHARIVARIA.

It is reported that the German Government has received a satisfactory explanation from the Russian Government of the searching of the German liner. The Russian Commander mistook the vessel for a British one.

Owing to the fact that there was no fighting on the date mentioned, the reported slaughter of 30,000 Japanese by the Russians is now recognised as not having taken place.

Disgusted at the restrictions that are placed in their way, many war correspondents are returning to England from the East, and it will be interesting to see whether the war will survive this nasty snub.

Two more Russian vessels have been destroyed by striking mines outside Vladivostock. Moral:—Know your own mine.

After dealing with England the Prophet DOWIE threatens to tackle Germany. This common danger will draw KING and KAISER still closer to one another.

The artist hitherto known as TOM MOSTYN has painted a religious picture for the Doré Gallery, and is now Mr. THOMAS MOSTYN.

An eccentric octogenarian lady, living in New Jersey, recently became engaged to an Englishman. According to the *Mail* she has prepared her trousseau, which consists of a new pair of trousers made by herself. "Her fiancé," concludes the report, "recently sailed for England." Coward!

The new volume of *London Statistics* shows that the fall in the birth-rate continues, and it is rumoured that the ten Lincolnshire farm-labourers who recently received prizes as being the fathers of 150 children are to be bought by the London County Council.

It is always the innocent public which suffers in trade disputes. All complaints as to meat being high in this abnormal weather are now met by the butchers with the explanation that it is due to the American strike.

The latest fad at Newport, the summer resort of New York's "Four Hundred," is yellow dogs. According to the *Express* someone even gave a "Yellow Dog Dinner" the other day. We like the faint suggestion of curry in the title.

Millinery for horses is gradually making headway. Bonnets they have

had for some time. Now it is announced that an Arizona farmer has invented a machine for trimming horses' hoofs.

Last week a swarm of bees entered a letter-box, and were only driven out with the greatest difficulty. The attraction is supposed to have been a love-letter which began with the words, "My honey."

We are not surprised that many Members should have spent a whole night at the House of Commons. We are only astonished that it does not happen more frequently. There is no known Club with greater facilities for sleeping.

RAILWAY ROMANCES.

[It has been suggested that novelists might very well lend the assistance of their art to the designs of the traffic managers of railways.]

SHE was sitting in the superb restaurant-car of the 12.57 (Pinlico to Penarth) express, toying elegantly with the cherry-tart which the Great Southern Railway Company invariably include in their recherché half-crown luncheon, when the train, punctual to the minute as usual, pulled up at the first stopping place. When it is said that her personal appearance recalled the fascinating damsel who figures upon the Company's Summer Service poster (q.v.) at all the railway stations in the kingdom, it will appear that she belonged to no common type. And so he evidently thought as he entered the car, accompanied by several courteous officials of the Company carrying his lighter impedimenta (the racks in the car are not intended for heavy luggage), and sat down immediately opposite to her, rejoicing that the well-merited popularity of this express made it the only seat available.

Bashfully she fell to counting her cherry-stones.

"He loves me," she said at length, putting down the spoon thoughtfully provided by the Company for the use of passengers wishing to negotiate their cherry tart.

He did not deny it. He was studying the beautifully illuminated menu card. "Clear, please," he said sharply, and the obsequious attendant at once obeyed.

Her heart beat faster. She knew now that he wished to be alone with her.

"Tickets," said the guard, as the train sped gondola-like through the lovely scenery with which Nature has endowed both sides of the Great Southern Company's line.

Two pearly tears coursed down her cheeks at the word. She stopped them with the artistic Japanese serviette with which every luncher is presented by the Company.



Bobby. "DO YOU KNOW WHAT DADDY CALLS YOU, MR. TOVEY?"

Mr. Tovey. "No, BOBBY. WHAT IS IT?"

Bobby. "HE CALLS YOU PORT ARTHUR, 'CAUSE YOU TAKE SO LONG TO SURRENDER!"

"Allow me," he said, finding his tongue at last, "to offer you mine."

"Not transferable," snapped the guard, with a clever assumption of the stupidity so often met with on other railways.

FERDINAND looked up at this *bêtise*, and saw at once through the thin disguise. "MARMADUKE NEVILLE!" he thundered, "no villain ever yet rose to be a guard upon this line. Why are you here?" But before the other (for it was he) could reply, he had hurled him headlong into the well-stocked kitchen, and taking the ticketless girl in his arms had carried her down the

corridor to the slip-carriage at the rear of the train (Billingboro' and Cooington Branch only. Circular Tickets available for return at any time, including day of issue, are specially recommended for this District). They gained the end carriage just as it automatically detached itself from the express.

"LEONORA," he observed, "we are saved—for the present."

"FERDINAND," she said, ecstatically, "my boxes are all registered through, and will be delivered at the other end by the Company at an inclusive charge of sixpence each. Isn't it convenient?"

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.—

XX.—SUMMER DRINKS.

SCENE—*The Welcome Club.*

PRESENT.

The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour (in the Chair).

The Duke of Devonshire.

The Archbishop of Canterbury.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P.

Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P.

Mr. Alfred Austin.

Mr. John Burns, M.P.

Mr. Labouchere, M.P.

Miss Marie Corelli.

Mr. Balfour. The question before us is, What is the best summer drink? So many persons injure health and temper through ignorance in this matter that it was thought well that some of the wisest in the land should meet together to decide upon what is best.

Miss Marie Corelli. Before the discussion really begins I should like to say a few humble yet pertinent words. The English summer is one of the most vulgar and coarsening influences under which my unhappy country suffers. It flushes the face and deadens the intellect. I was dining one hot day recently in a ducal mansion, and I heard not one witty or even intellectual remark. By devising pleasant drinks you will help to make the summer endurable; I ask you in modest but no uncertain tones to make it impossible.

Duke of Devonshire. Sarsaparilla is an admirable cooler. There is an itinerant vendor of this excellent fluid just opposite the Abbey, and I invariably drink a penny glass on my way to the House of Lords. I attribute the success with which I have come through the recent hot snap to frequent glasses of sarsaparilla and a light green puggaree.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Do you prefer a puggaree to a pith helmet?

Duke of Devonshire. I think so. There are styles of beauty with which the pith helmet does not consort very happily. Mine is, I think, one of them.

Mr. Labouchere. But we are here to discuss drinks. By no stretch of imagination can a pith helmet be described as a drink.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson. True; but in default of anything else one could use a pith helmet as a drinking utensil. I remember doing so one very hot night last week, during an all-night sitting. I left the House for a little fresh air when everything was closed, and, in the despair of thirst, dipped my helmet into one of the Trafalgar Square fountains. I recollect the incident so distinctly because when I began to drink I found that I had caught a gold fish.

Mr. John Burns. Surely that is against the law.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson. It was quite involuntary.

Mr. John Burns. I doubt if that makes any difference. I trust, as a County Councillor, that the incident will not occur again.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson. I am sure I hope not. It was most unpleasant.

Miss Marie Corelli. Did you say a gold fish?

Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Yes, a gold fish.

Miss Marie Corelli. Ah, there you have it! It is this passion for gold which is corrupting all our manners and morals. An ordinary fish would have given you no inconvenience.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Pardon me. I should object even to an ordinary fish.

Miss Marie Corelli. No, there you are wrong. It is the gold that was detrimental—nothing else. Oh, gold! gold! what enormities are committed in thy name! What—

Mr. Balfour. I notice that one of the morning papers—not one of the three-penny ones—has been distributing iced filtered water free at various points in the metropolis during the hot weather. I was always brought up to consider cold water a deleterious beverage when one is very hot.

Archbishop of Canterbury. Claret cup is probably healthier.

Mr. Balfour. And yet few morning papers could afford to give away claret cup.

Archbishop of Canterbury. They don't know what they can afford till they try. Look at the *Times*. Who would have expected a financial supplement?—yet there it is. Why not claret cup?

Mr. Alfred Austin. Barley water is very cooling, especially when it has a little lemon with it. I write most of my poetry on it.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

On either side the poet lie
Long drinks of barley—

I write my poetry on plain water.

Mr. Labouchere. Drinking of all kinds is wrong when one is thirsty. A cigarette is the true panacea.

Miss Marie Corelli. I raise my voice with extreme reluctance, but I must say that it is my firm conviction that all tobacco plantations should be ploughed up. I attribute to our love of tobacco nearly every social ill that England suffers from. Why has our hospitality decayed?—Tobacco. Why are American girls so charming?—Tobacco. Why do we tolerate a decadent church?—Tobacco. Why—

Mr. Chaplin. It is, I am convinced, a mistake to resort to cocktails in this weather. I was induced the other day to try a "Leave it to Bob," and I am still conscious of the error.

Duke of Devonshire. What did Bob mix for you?

Mr. Chaplin. I don't know what it was, but I passed through a stage of exhilaration of far too acute a nature, succeeded by positive depression.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Cold water were a safer rule—or lemonade.

Mr. John Burns. In Battersea Park there is a run on raspberry vinegar.

Mr. Chaplin. Rosebery vinegar?

Mr. John Burns. No, raspberry vinegar.

Mr. Chaplin. Ah!

Mr. Alfred Austin. Did I say that I wrote most of my poetry on barley water?

Mr. Balfour. Yes.

Archbishop of Canterbury. What then are we to recommend the great British public?

Duke of Devonshire. I believe that cabmen drink cold tea. They seem to be a healthy class.

Mr. Balfour. A little anæmic, I think.

Mr. Labouchere. Not in language, surely?

Mr. Balfour. True.

Archbishop of Canterbury. Then are we to recommend cold tea?

Mr. Labouchere. Or cigarettes?

Duke of Devonshire. Or sarsaparilla?

Mr. Alfred Austin. Or barley water? I fancy I said that I wrote most of my—

Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Or cold water?

Archbishop of Canterbury. After all, why not cold water? It has the sanction of antiquity. It is older than any of the other beverages named.

Duke of Devonshire. It is also cheaper. Newspapers give it away.

Mr. Chaplin. But what will the licensed victuallers say? Do we dare at this date to recommend anything opposed to their interests?

Mr. Balfour. There is much in that. Perhaps it would be safer to advise beer. After all, beer is a good deal drunk. It is a popular quencher. Why not beer?

Miss Marie Corelli. O, Beer! Beer! That it should come to this. Where shall we look for the secret of England's turpitude if not in beer? Beer—

[Left lamenting to bystanders.]

Curtain falls on a brief Comedy.

RUSSIA'S

ANSWER

CLOSE OF PLAY

Evening Poster.

THE President of the Geographical Society recently remarked, on laying down his morning paper, that the Marquis of ANGLESEY seemed to be in Menai Straits.



A PROMISING PARTNER.

Miss Lightfoot. "BUT—ER—IF YOU'RE NOT CERTAIN IF YOU CAN DANCE THE TWO-STEP, MR. CLUMPSOLE, PERHAPS YOU'D PREFER TO SIT IT OUT."

Enthusiast. "OH NO, THANKS. I WANT TO LEARN IT!"

HARD TIMES FOR THE BIRDS.

"It is reported from Welbeck, where Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is to address a great meeting on August 4th, that the local sparrows have taken possession of the roof of the hall destined for the audience. These sparrows, with their present and previous families, keep up such a loud and incessant chirping as to make it impossible for any one else to be heard. The 'closure' has accordingly been carried, and the sparrows, with their nests, and families of successive generations, are to be evicted forthwith."—*Spectator*.

OWING to the noise which the rooks made the other day while Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. BALFOUR were walking in Kensington Gardens, it has been decided to cut down the trees in which they build every spring, in the hope of ridding the neighbourhood of such pests. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is said to have had the greatest difficulty in hearing what were Mr. BALFOUR's views on the fiscal question. Both gentlemen deplore the destruction of the trees, but both are agreed that it would not have been decided upon without caws.

The authorities at the British Museum,

who have long been waiting for some such precedent as this, have now decided to expel the pigeons, which often make so much noise in the cooing season that readers in the Reading Room can hardly hear themselves sneeze.

A BALLAD OF EDINBORO' TOON.

The lusty Sun did glower aboon,
Wi' welcome in his cheerfu' rays;
I walked in Edinboro' Toon,
A' in ma caller claes.

For I had donned ma coat o' cheiks
That cost me guineas twa an' three,
But and ma pair o' ditto breeks
That luiked sae pleasantlie.

On ilka breek were creasies twa;
And they did hang sae fine, sae fine,
Frae John o' Groats to Gallowa'
Were naue sae fair as mine.

An' first I honoured Geordie Street,
An' syne I walked the Prince's ane,
To gie to ilka lass a treat
An' a' the laddies pain.

An' mony a laddie's hert was sair;
An' mony a lassie's cen, ay, mony,
Uplicht wi' joy to see a pair
Sae canny an' sae bonny.

I hadna walked an hour at maist,
I hadna honoured half the Toon,
The air grew drumlie lik' a ghaist,
An' syne the rain cam' doon.

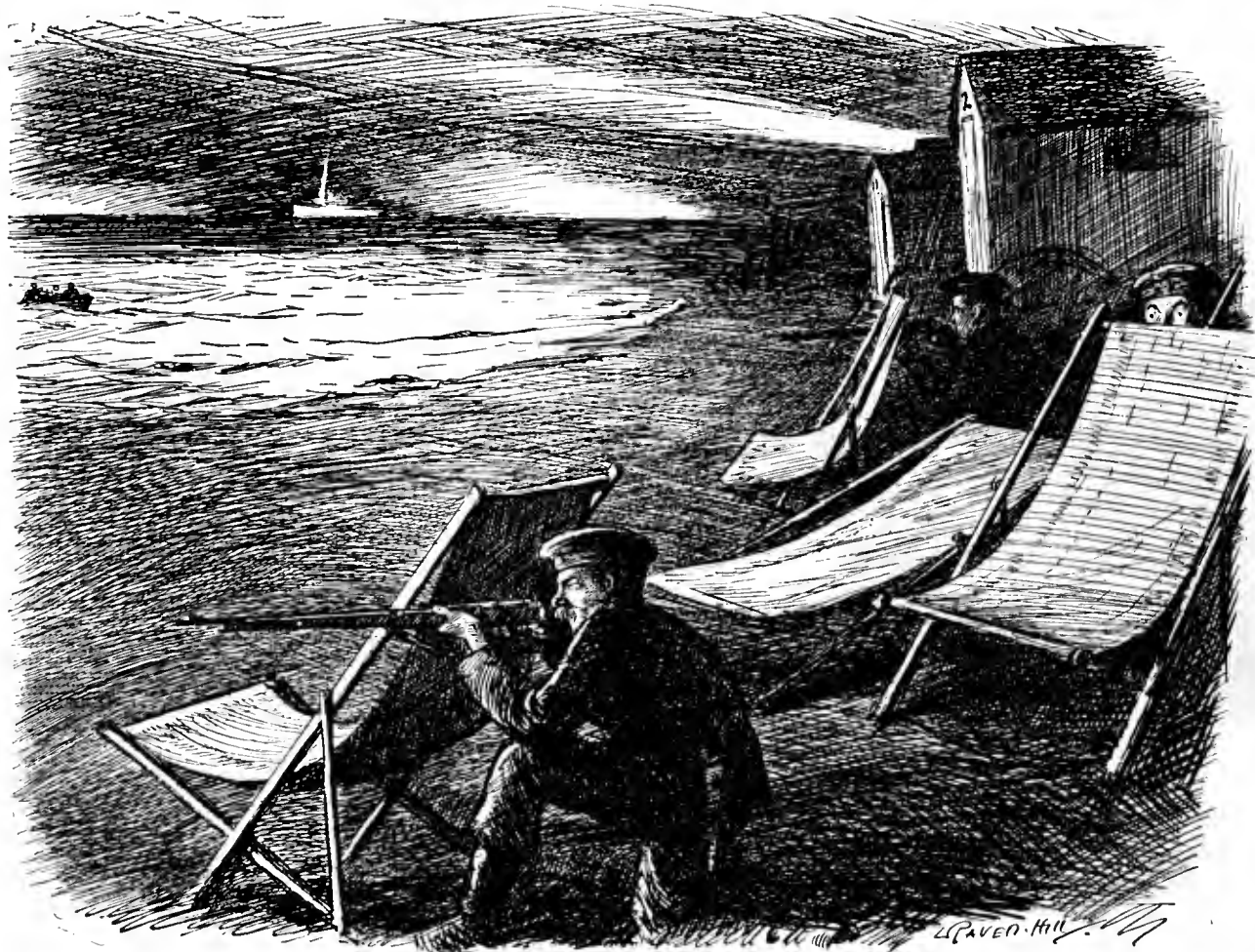
An' first the dust it gently laid,
An' syne it cam' in cats an' doggies,
That loosed the cobbles-stanes, and played
Auld Hornie wi' ma toggies.

O waly for ma coat o' cheicks
That cost me guineas twa and three!
An' waly for ma ditto breeks
Sae bagsome at the knee!

The creasies twa are past reca'
That gard them hang sae fine, sae fine;
Frae John o' Groats to Gallowa'
Are nane sae puir as mine!

O fause, inhospitable Toon,
I rede thee, gin I come again,
Ma claes sall be o' Reich-ma-doon,
An' deil tak' your rain!

DUM-DUM.



COAST DEFENCE. PORTSMOUTH.

THIS IS NOT AN IMAGINARY EFFORT ON THE PART OF OUR ARTIST, BUT A SOBER RECORD OF THE SCIENTIFIC AND UP-TO-DATE METHODS EMPLOYED TO RESIST AN ENEMY LANDING ON OUR COASTS. IN THE UNFORTUNATE EVENT OF THE SUPPLY OF DECK-CHAIRS BEING INADEQUATE, IT IS PRESUMED THAT THE BATHING MACHINES WOULD BE UTILISED AS BLOCK-HOUSES."

HOW WE WRITE HISTORY NOW.

It must be apparent to all who have seen the prospectus of the very latest "Modern History" that the old idea of a continuous narrative, written by one person, has been discarded. Nobody, nowadays, can be sufficiently acquainted with the vast quantity of "original sources," documents, &c., now brought to light, to be able to write a whole chapter on any subject. The history of the future will be divided into small periods of years, days, and weeks, covering the successive movements or episodes to be narrated. Each contributor will have a segment of this allotted to him, perhaps five or ten minutes, or even a whole day, covering the special incidents of which he has made a lifelong study.

But one cannot help thinking that it would be better still if each single object or detail described were entrusted to a specialist, on whom the reader

could rely for a thorough knowledge of that particular thing.

Here, for instance, is a suggested fragment of a Prospectus of the

NEW PITT-CLARENDON MODERN HISTORY.

VOL. CXLVII.—THE END OF ABSOLUTISM.

CHAP. 33.—THE EXECUTION OF KING CHARLES.

Section 1.—*The Morning of the Execution*, by the President of the Meteorological Society.

Section 2.—*The King at Breakfast*, by the Chef of the Carlton (assisted by the Lyons King of Arms).

Section 3.—*The Scaffold*, by the contractors for the new War Office.

Section 4.—*The Axe*, by the Secretary of the Cutlers' Union, Sheffield.

Section 5.—*The Blow*, by FITZSIMMONS.

Section 6.—*Popular Feeling*, by the Editor of the *Daily Mail*.

And so on. Of course these sugges-

tions are open to revision, but we trust they convey the main idea that no contributor-historian should have more than *one topic* on his mind, and that should be one with which he is in *constant touch*. Should the detailed treatment appear jejune and disjointed, then for the purposes simply of popular reading the whole might be "compressed into an animated narrative" by some person specially fitted for that business, say, Mr. HAROLD BEBBIE.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—The Duke of Killierankie, being a trifle overcome, though by no means exhausted, by his long run, will leave the Criterion in order to benefit his health by the fresh-air cure at Wyndham's Theatre. His Grace's luggage consists of a few private boxes.

SOMEBODY whose companionship is invaluable in this spell of hot weather.—A shady sort of fellow.



THE JOLLY ROGERS.

(Of the Russian Mercantile Volunteer Fleet.)

CAPTAIN BEAR. "AHA! WE'RE CLEAR OF THE DARDANELLES. UP GOES THE FIGHTING FLAG!"

Chorus (from below). "WE ARE THE JOLLIES, THE EMPEROR'S JOLLIES, MERCHANT AND PIRATE, TOO!"

(After Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING.)

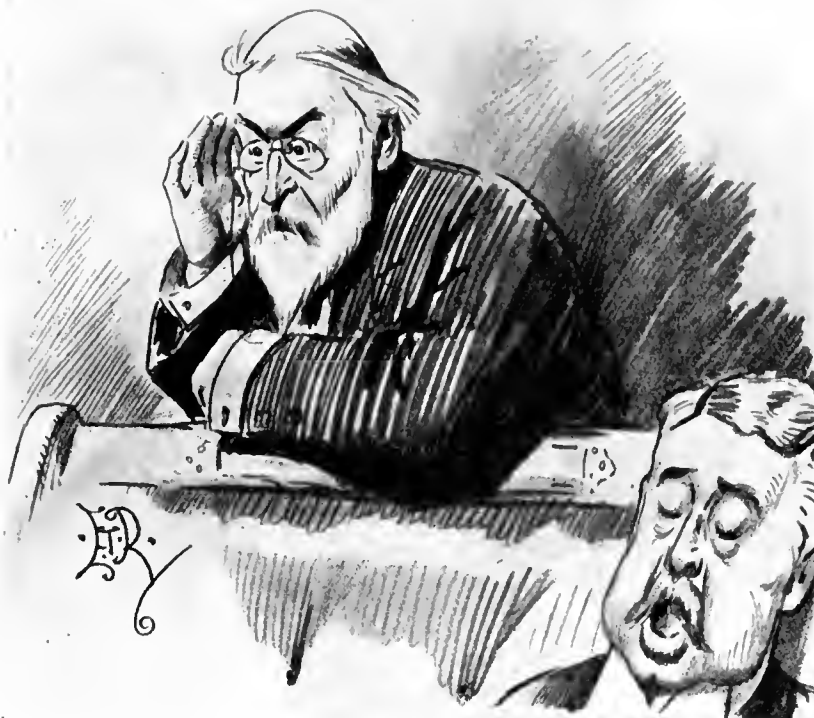
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 18.

—"When the Ministry was last reconstructed there were," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "some folk who objected to AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S being made Chancellor of the Exchequer. Not on personal grounds. Few men more popular on both sides. But it was urged he was a trifle young, a little lacking in experience, to fill a place occupied in succession by PITT, PEEL, DISRAELI, and GLADSTONE, not to mention the Sage of MALWOOD-CUM-NUNEHAM, and ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS. Turns out to have been, in the national interest, the happiest arrangement possible. Don JOSÉ'S self-appointed mission is to educate the people in the science of fiscal reform, showing them how much better off they will be all round when Protection is resurrected. Has gone about the country—not stealing ducks as did an anonymous yet celebrated person, but—making speeches.

"Not since Mr. G., being at the time two years older than Don JOSÉ is to-day, went forth on his first Midlothian campaign has the world seen such phenomenon of energy and capacity. But speech is, more truly than was FIELDING as described by Dr. JOHNSON, 'a barren rascal.' If Don JOSÉ had been on the other side of the controversy he would have made speeches equally effective. Indeed he did make them. His new crusade has deeply stirred the Free Traders. Their very best men have come forward to reply to the new



WATCHING THE TOBACCO DEBATE.

"Wills's Birdseye" and "Cavendish."

(Sir Fr-d-r-ck W-lls and Mr. V-et-r C-v-nd-sh.)

apostle of Protection. Their most brilliant and successful efforts, nay the aggregation of them, are not more scathingly complete in refutation of Don JOSÉ'S new heresy than are his own speeches delivered at Ipswich, January 14, 1885, and at the Cobden Club dinner in June of the same year.

"What the country, pondering the momentous question, wants is not speech-making but practical illustration. That SON AUSTEN, uplifted to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, has been able to supply. His imposition of extra duty of 3d. a pound on stripped tobacco is avowedly a Protectionist move taken in the interests of the British workman. And what do friendly experts say of it?

"'Entirely protective in its nature, absolutely inconsistent with the pledge that this was to be a Free Trade Budget,' protests that good Unionist McARTHUR.

"'If Protection is to be tried at all,' said that other faithful Ministerialist AUSTIN TAYLOR, 'I prefer to see it tried on a large scale rather than by peddling experiments.'

"Put it as you like, there is the fact that the experiment has been tried. And what is the result? FREDERICK WILLS, another loyal Unionist, one of the heads of the biggest tobacco businesses in the world, shall testify. 'A very heavy fine has been imposed on

the British tobacco trade without corresponding benefit to the revenue.' Thus Sir FREDERICK, who at least knows what he is talking about, and is politically not inclined to make things disagreeable for the best of all Governments."

Not often SARK holds forth at this length. The occasion certainly inviting. SON AUSTEN attempts to calm the rising storm by sacrificing one-half of the revenue counted upon from levy of new tax on stripped tobacco in bond. That, with other concessions, would mean a falling-off of £200,000. Anticipating additional revenue of £550,000 from the new tax, it will now yield only £350,000. Even this calculation taken exception to by experts. They say the whole tobacco trade has been thrown into confusion; business in strips has entirely ceased; will yield scarcely any revenue.

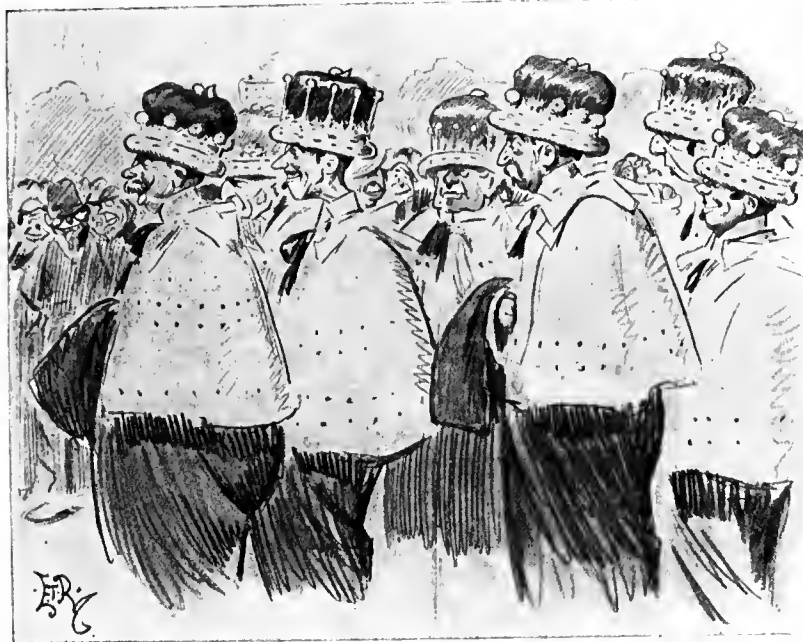
As for concession now proffered, Opposition decline to look at it. All or nothing, they say. Bang goes the threepence or the fight will continue. On a division the proposal to make the rebate on strips which were in bond when Budget Bill was introduced threepence instead of three ha'pence defeated by a majority of only forty-two.

"A most interesting object-lesson in the results of the practical application of Protectionist principles," said the



THE PROTECTIVE HAT.

"Son Austen" tries another experiment in Protection and faces the storm with top-hat (rarely seen on the Treasury Bench) well over his eyes.



NOBLE LORDS EN ROUTE FOR HYDE PARK.

"An imposing procession might be formed to march along Pall Mall and by way of Piccadilly to the Park."

MEMBER FOR SARK. Fearing he was about to launch forth again I slipped away.

Business done.—Bad night with the Budget. Government majority, which on Licensing Bill was steadily maintained on level of 80, run down to 42.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—That evil communications corrupt good manners is sadly shown in case of the second Baron NEWTON. For three years sat in Commons. Became hopelessly imbued with its restless manner. Always wants to be up and doing something, a mood wholly foreign to placid manner of noble Lords. Just now disturbed by contemplation of enforced idleness of House. Four days a week LORD CHANCELLOR enters in state from below the bar. The Mace-Bearer goes before, the Purse-Bearer follows after. In the centre strides the stately form of the Parliamentary Jove, soon to be throned on the Woolsack. Pity of it is there are rarely more than a dozen Peers to behold the spectacle, with a stray stranger speechless with awe in the gallery facing the Throne.

If there are any private Bills on the Orders, they are rattled through with speed that leaves much to be desired in the way of recognising their title, not to speak of their merits. If there are no Bills noble Lords privily indulge in mild conversation. On the stroke of half-past four public business, if there happens to be any, is called on. It is usually concluded before five. If, as sometimes occurs, there is none, the

LORD CHANCELLOR remarks, "The House will now adjourn;" which it straightway does.

If any important business comes to the fore, the noble Lord in charge invariably puts it down for Friday night. That happened this week. The only case in which there is a flutter of interest about proceedings in the Lords is COUNTY GUY's analogue of the vote of censure to be moved by C.-B. in relation to Fiscal question. With all the week and next week wherein to choose, he selects Friday

for the enterprise. The reason obvious. Friday is the day the Commons have presumed to set apart in the matter of time arrangements. Meeting at noon House on Friday adjourns at six, so that week-enders, like C.-B., can get comfortably away. Noble Lords, far above such trivial considerations, rebuke the Commons by remaining at their post on Friday nights, often even after dinner.

True, the Commons don't care a tuppence for the snub, but many innocent people suffer. Gentlemen in the Press Gallery, for example, who have been in attendance daily through the week, including night sittings on Wednesdays, are kept in on Friday nights, a free time exchanged for the older arrangement under which the House rose at six on Wednesdays. Also there are the police and other attendants deprived of their one off-night.

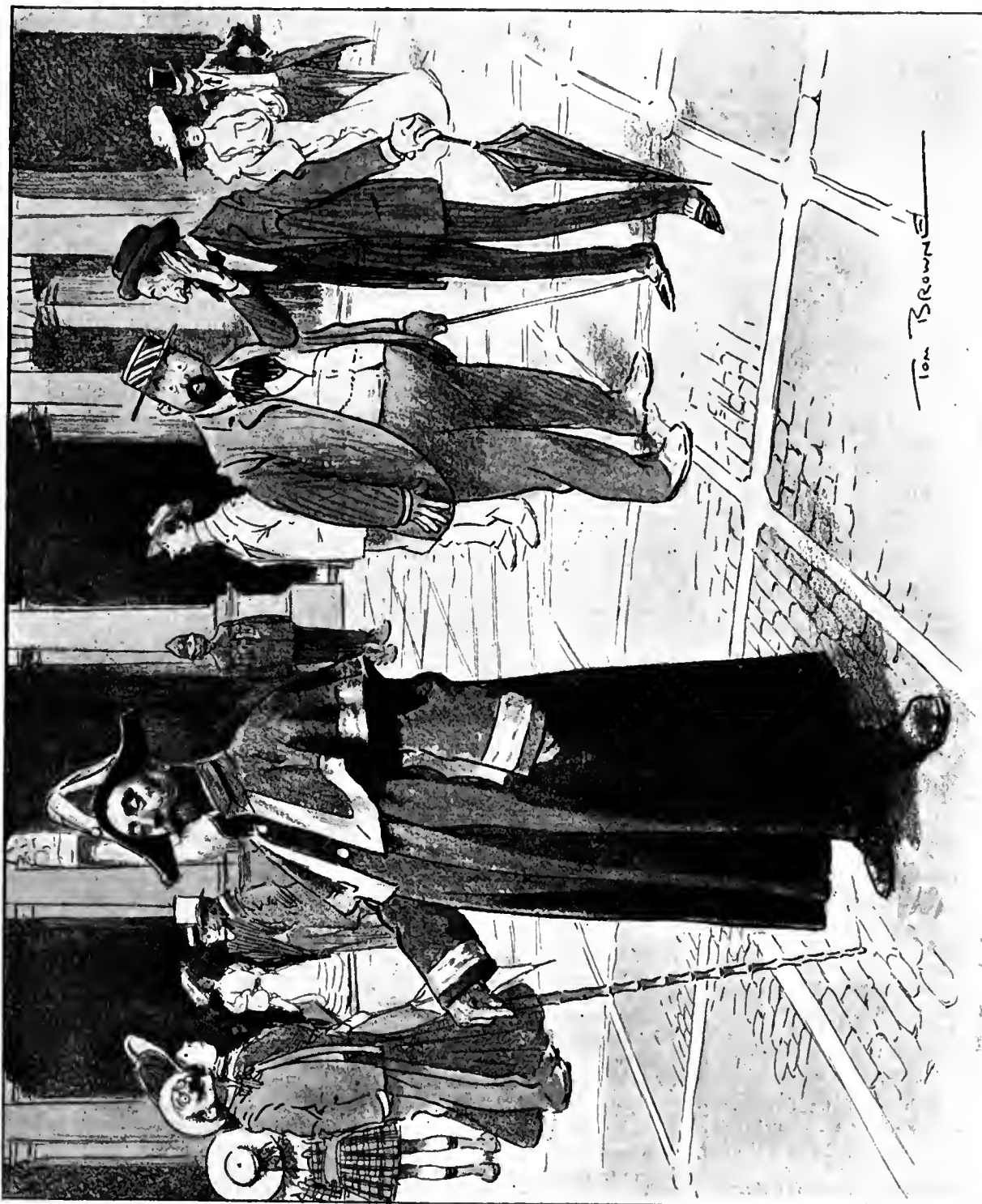
LORD NEWTON, his mind fixed on larger matters, complains of system under which work is distributed between the two Houses. For months the Lords meet in the circumstances hereinabove described. Frozen-out gardeners of political life, they've got no work to do. In the last fortnight of the Session scene is changed. Bills that have with assistance of closure been driven through Commons come over in a batch, the Clerk waiting at the door in haste to carry them back as soon as Lords have rattled through them.

Why, NEWTON asks, should not the Lords have a first look in with some of the Ministerial measures? There is the Licensing Bill, for example. Whilst the Commons were wrangling over the Budget the Lords might have turned their powerful mind upon its intricacies. As things are the Bill will



THE JACKDAW OF PETERSBURG AND THE "MALACCA."

"The mute expression Served in lieu of confession, And, being thus coupled with full restitution, The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!"



OUR RECENT FRENCH VISITORS. (Scene—Royal Exchange.)

First Frenchman (his first time in London). "TIENS, ALPHONSE ! QU'EST-CE QUI EST CET HOMME-LÀ ?" (Whispers in reverential tone.) "CE MONSIEUR-LÀ—C'EST LE LOR' MAIRE !"

Second Frenchman (who, having been here once before, is supposed to know all about it). "CHUT ! PLUS BAS, MON AMI."

reach them next week, its approach heralded by Ministerial circular piteously entreating friends of the Government to remain in town and be in their place lest evil befall. They have been in their place for five months and had nothing to do.

SARK says only one thing left for Peers. They must demonstrate. There is no monopoly of Hyde Park and its Reformers' Tree. Let noble Lords put their pride in their pocket; commission JOHN BURNS to organise them; engage bands, streamers, waggons, and other paraphernalia peculiar to Sunday afternoon service in Hyde Park. Meeting upon the Embankment in robes and coronets, an imposing procession might be formed to march along Pall Mall and by way of Piccadilly to the Park.

Noble Lords might at first sight shrink from the enterprise from consciousness of the fact that they have done little to win public sympathy. They do the People injustice. Its Great Heart is prepared to beat in sympathy with any downtrodden class. The spectacle of coronetted and cloaked Peers bemoaning their enforced idleness would melt the stoniest heart from Whitechapel or Poplar.

Wednesday.—On Tuesday Commons took up Budget Bill in Committee, knowing they must finish it at the sitting: having spent an hour in talking against time whilst Ministerial majority straggled in, devoted greater part of evening sitting to discussion of motion for adjournment, followed by private Tramway Bill. Towards midnight settled down on Budget Bill. By sitting all night, comforted by the closure, drag the Bill through Committee. Adjourn at 3.40 this afternoon, having sat nearly 26 hours. No Wednesday sitting.

Business done.—Sit all night and lose one day.

ON DIT.—In answer to the Birmingham Grocers' inquiry to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as to what was going to be done with their "butter bill," which it seems is likely to be left unsettled, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is credited with the following reply, "Can't attend to English butter: too much to do with the Irish Pat."

A BUTCHER, who shall be nameless, advertises as follows (the italics being his own):

THE BEST.

The well-hung Saddles of SOUTHDOWN MUTTON . . . are supplied by—

WHO HAS HAD THE SUPPLY FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS.

Mr. Punch, while greatly respecting the advertiser's frankness, is constrained to regard this as a good case for the Inspector of Nuisances.

EXTRACT FROM BRIGADE ORDERS.



"WATER WILL BE ISSUED DAILY FROM 5.30 A.M. TO 7.30 P.M. A STAFF-SERGEANT WILL BE IN CHARGE, AND THERE WILL BE A FLYING SENTRY OVER THE CISTERN."

(Our Warlike Correspondent sends us his idea of this phenomenon.)

ANOTHER QUEER CALLING.

["The summer sensation of the Paris boulevards inspires a writer in *Gil Blas* with a notable suggestion. A gentleman sitting down to a hook, outside a *café*, removed his hat, and disclosed a perfectly bald head, adorned with a music-hall advertisement. Why not form a Society of Advertising Skulls? The writer in *Gil Blas* thinks this might be good business for bald authors who for the moment have nothing inside their heads. Why not let the outside?"—*Daily Chronicle*.]

THERE was a time I dreaded,
The day of want and woe,
When, forty and bald-headed,
I should be found *de trop*;
With sorrow I reflected
How I should be rejected
By all men, and directed
To go to Jericho.

Each morn, with anxious hand-glass
I watched the dwindling crop
That thinned as Time's fell sand-glass
Another grain let drop.
With feverish emotions
I drenched my head in oceans
Of washes, dyes and lotions
From every barber's shop.

In vain! The tell-tale shimmer
Where first the hairs were few
Began in time to glimmer
Indubitably through;
Nor could my art, though straining
Its all, succeed in training
The love-locks still remaining
To hide it from the view.

Then fear broke forth unruly.
"The common doom!" I said.

"Too old at forty! Truly
I would that I were dead!"
And with a sudden shiver
That made my heart-strings quiver
I cried aloud, "The River!
There will I make my bed."

My nerves began to tingle—
Not mine the triple brass—
I went and took a single
To Charing Cross (third class).
"Vain efforts why redouble?
A plunge," thought I, "a bubble—
And from this vale of trouble
Another wretch will pass."

There in the choking vapour
That City clerks know well,
My glance fell on a paper,
Scarce heeding where it fell—
Till suddenly I started,
My lips with pleasure parted,
And in my bosom started
A joy I could not tell.

"The very thing!" I muttered.
"There is no need to die!
My bread may yet be buttered
And even jammed," thought I.
"In this new occupation
Methinks I see salvation"—
I left the train next station,
Resolved at least to try.

No more were lotions flooded
Upon me; *au contraire*
I diligently studied
To slay the utmost hair.
Success my efforts greeted:
The task was soon completed,
For scarce a week had fled
Before my head was bare.

Now in my stall you'll find me,
Rich, prosperous, well-fed,
And every eye behind me
Is fixed upon my head;
For there a tale is printed
In colours all unstinted,
Wherein is subtly hinted
The praise of Bovo-Bread.

SCENE—A Railway Compartment. Lady in corner seat facing engine. Courteous Old Gentleman opposite to her. Other People getting in.

Courteous Old Gentleman. Allow me to place your bags of fruit upon the rack.
Lady. Thank you so much. They will be more out of the way there.

[Courteous Old Gentleman picks them up and places bag containing a basket of strawberries upside down on rack behind him.

Lady (anxiously). Oh! I'm afraid the strawberries must not go that way.

Courteous Old Gentleman (hastily correcting his error). How thoughtless of me! I will place them facing the engine.

[Removes them—still upside down—to rack behind Lady.]

THE RECORD OF A SHORT HOLIDAY.

II.

HERE we are, we two, wife and self, with four bags, as the old nigger chorus used to give it, "Right in the middle of the road," that is, to be accurate, at the apex of a triangle formed by the meeting of the ways.

Woods to the right of us, as we face the line of route from Etaples, along which we had just travelled; woods to the left of us; woods at the back of us; the last leading to the sands of Paris-Plage; the second lot of woods to the river Canche; and the first, on our right, to Le Touquet, that is, to the "Hôtel (oh, blissful idea, suggestive of 'mine ease at mine Inn') Le Touquet." Time, just 8. Not a sound save the hum of insects, the twittering of birds and the rustling of the leaves as they yield to the impulse of a very very gentle sea-breeze passing pleasantly enough through the forest. Thermometer about 85° in the shade.

What shall we do? Not a soul, not a body in view for miles away on the straight road, nor on the two curving ones at our back. The four bags, on the ground, look stolidly English, and quite unsympathetic. Nothing like leather in such circumstances. Tough hides alone could be unaffected by our hopeless, helpless, attitude.

No one is to be blamed. We, as duettists, cannot exclaim to some third person, "Oh, thou art the cause of this anguish!" for, honestly, we have chosen, deliberately, our own course of action: and here is the result!!

If that blessed (you know what I mean—but my wife is present) Northern of France had only stuck to its old original time bill, "the bill, the bill, and nothing but the bill," we should have come by the 7.15, as arranged by JACQUES ROBINSON NAPOLEON, instead of the 6.51. So far we can anathematise the Company: a slight relief.

"But," observes my wife, "how is it we did not meet the carriage that was sent for us?"

Evidently, because it wasn't sent. There are surely not two ways from here of getting to Etaples. [There are, as we subsequently discover; that is, there are two ways of getting into the main road at Le Touquet, and two ways of getting out of it at Etaples.] However, temporarily, we blame JACQUES ROBINSON, and having exhausted that part of the subject, we look up and down the three roads, both listening as eagerly as one of FENIMORE COOPER'S Indians, on the track of the enemy, used to do, only without lying down in the dust with ears close to the ground. Nothing.

Not a sound except the monotonous ones already mentioned.

"The hotel's not far off," I say stoutly.

"Isn't it?" asks my wife, doubtfully.

"And look," I exclaim as, not caring to continue the subject, I point to a sort of sign-post—*un poteau*—sticking up a few feet from us on the very border of the forest, whereon we read, "À l'Hôtel du Château du Touquet," and an arrow points the way by a small romantic footpath through the wood.

We regard one another, irresolutely.

One idea strikes both. The four bags.

"I can manage two of them," I declare boldly, "but I don't think I can carry the four."

There is a pause: then my wife says pluckily, "I will take the two lighter ones." Before I can offer any objection, she adds, "It isn't far, you say?"



INOPPORTUNE.

Enthusiast of the "No Hat Brigade" (to elderly gentleman, who has just lost his hat). "FINE IDEA THIS, SIR, FOR THE HAIR, EH?"

"No, it isn't far," I reply, on the consolation-stake principle. As to *how* far it may be, I have only the vaguest idea.

And so, pulling ourselves, and our bags, together, we cross the theatrical-looking little rustic bridge in safety, and—we are in the forest.

We trudge along, as gaily as may be, under the weight of our burdens, with a purpose steadfastly in view. We plunge deeper, that is, we trudge farther and farther, into the forest. The Babes in the Wood—with luggage. How warm it is in the forest!

"A pleasant breeze, now and then," says my wife cheerily, marching along. The expression on her countenance, visible through the veil, is that of a brave woman who will attain her object, or perish in the attempt.

The breeze is pleasant. *Happy Thought*.—Deposit bags, enjoy the breeze, and rest awhile.

"There ought to be a bench or two here," I observe, rather annoyed at this evidence of want of forethought on the part of the forest owners.

"It would be nice if there were," says my wife, resignedly.

We suit action to word. Bags deposited on fine sandy soil, which is mixed up with tricky roots meant to catch the unwary pedestrian's feet, with crackling dead leaves and dry bits of branches that, but for an occasional drop of dew, a shower of rain, and the cool shadow thrown on them by the passing clouds, would all ignite and set the woods ablaze before (well, to put it strongly, as, should such a calamity happen—*absit omen*—he would be the person chiefly interested) before one could say JACQUES ROBINSON!

We regard each other, *vis-à-vis*.

Heat almost overpowering, but for occasional light breeze.

The flies!! The further one penetrates into the forest the more recklessly daring, the more worrying, irritating, and the sharper stinging become the flies.

My wife, with a veil, seems, if I may so put it, to offer less personal attractions to these little demons (Boelzebub was the "prince of flies") than I do.

My hands being occupied with these (blank) bags, I can only shake my head, savagely, as if I were constantly uttering forcible negatives, and ejaculate, *sotto voce*—ahem!—I beg the recording angel's pardon—and I tramp forward, facing the music. Oh, the heat! Decidedly, there ought to be benches at every interval of twenty yards.

Another halt. We dump down our bags. I fear my wife is getting awfully tired. Of course I am not, oh dear no! nor becoming horribly ill-tempered and unbearable (like the bags)—oh dear no!

"Not at all tired," replies my wife pluckily; then, quite casually, "Have we much farther to go?"

"I'm afraid," I answer, dejection beginning to mark me for its own, "it is some distance"—("Blank the flies!") I growl as I whack my ears and smack my forehead—"off."

"We had better be going on," urges my wife, preparing once more to carry her allotment of bags, "or it will be getting late."

I refer to my watch. Horror! A quarter past eight! The Babes have already been half an hour in the wood! And the daylight is fading!

If it were not that our objective is the Hotel, where our toil will end, I should be inclined to liken ourselves to ADAM and EVE (in travelling costume, of course, with portable luggage) going together out into the weary world.

"If we'd only waited at the station," I mutter, or, rather, growl, as I lift the bags.

"Or if we had only followed out the directions exactly as they were given us!" says my wife, regretfully, doing the same.

"If that blessed commissionaire hadn't discovered that new train (confound the flies!) and we hadn't taken it," I mutter, or growl.

But such regrets we feel are absolutely useless, and we fare on our way, crushing the dry leaves under our feet, while the intermittent attacks of the sharp-biting buzzing flies goad me into fits of temporary insanity.

I call another halt and dump down the bags.

"Look here, dear," I commence, "the best thing for me to do is to run on, and—"

"And leave me!" exclaims my wife in an agonised tone, aghast at the idea. "Alone!!"

"With the bags, dear," I say in a soothing tone, as if these were an excellent protection, or, perhaps, even good company. "And I'll hurry on," I continue in an encouraging tone, "and get someone to come and fetch these infernal things."

"Oh, no!" cries my wife in terror of being left alone in a French wood, and probably mindful of *The Forest of Bondy*, *Pauline*, and other bloodcurdling melodramatic stories.

"I won't stop here," she says. "I'll come with you."

"But the bags—" I protest hopelessly. "We can't leave them!"

Then we pause. It is a problem like that favourite puzzle of the ferryman, the fox, the goose, and the—I forget what the other thing was that had to be left on the bank with something that was sure, to eat it while the boatman returned to fetch the other live creature. I give it up.

"You can't go on alone," I say to my wife. "I can. I'll run. I shan't be five minutes—"

And in order to avoid further argument, which would end in my yielding to my wife's entreaties, I take to my heels, and in another second I am, as she is, out of sight, and as out of earshot as if there were not another living soul in the

entire forest. Still accompanied by swarms of flies, stinging, biting, buzzing flies that are recruited at every step of the way by fresh contingents eager for attack, I hurry on. I pause; do I hear my wife's voice? No. Shall I return? No. I shall do her better service by gaining the hotel and bringing a man with a truck for the bags. Duty first. — the flies! I whack my head! Oh, the heat!! Now onward, Christian soldier—onward—"half a league onward." Half a league! I hope it's only a matter of ten minutes. Ought one Babe to separate itself from the other and run on alone even in search of help? Would ADAM? No one ever thinks of ADAM without EVE. It's unheard of. But, *am I pursuing the right path?* I've an awfully bad memory for localities. If I could only meet somebody . . . *En avant!*

(To be continued.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Crossing (MACMILLAN) is a continuation of the series of novels portraying early American life, upon which Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL (U.S.A., not Oldham) has for some years been engaged. *Richard Carvel* dealt with the Revolutionary War. *The Crisis* had the Civil War for its theme. *The Crossing* shows how, after France sold Louisiana to the then inchoate United States, the rough Border men made trek into the Promised Land, fought the English and the Indians, settled down, cleared forests, built cabins, and materially helped to create a nation. My Baronite calls it a novel for the sake of brevity and convenience. It is rather a series of episodes, related with dramatic power, illuminated by some marvellous picture-painting of the wild surrounding scenery. My Baronite is least attracted by the narrator, *Davy*, who from early boyhood—most oppressively in boyhood—is too monotonously good and clever. *Polly Ann* and her husband, *Colonel Clark*, and other of the backwoodsmen, being less supernatural in intelligence, are more to his taste. Lacking the cohesion that should characterise the plot of an ordinary novel, the volume carries the reader with breathless interest to the end of its many pages.

"Neath the baleful star of Sirius," who is largely responsible for the dog-days, you will find no better refreshment than the reading of WALTER EMANUEL'S *The Snob* (LAWRENCE AND BULLEN), delightfully illustrated by CECIL ALDIN. To this conjunction of writer and artist we already owe that charming and deservedly popular work, *A Dog-Day*, but, having once said that the author, whose work is familiar in *Mr. Punch's* column of "Charivaria," has produced another study of canine nature equal to the first in quality, and considerably its superior in literary bulk, my Nautical Retainer is debarred by a natural sense of propriety from giving further rein to his appreciation.

The Red Window (DIGBY, LONG & Co.) is intended by its author, FERGUS HUME, to be a sensational story; and, had the interest been kept up to the level of the starting point, it might have been a somewhat notable novel. But when an eccentric elderly gentleman has been murdered, and a lot of nobodies plot together to fix the guilt upon a young man for whom the reader will not feel any particular regard, and when this plot has to be carried on for the most part by wearisome and confusing dialogue in scenes devoid of action, then the reader will invoke the aid of the accomplished skipper, and will "come to Hecuba" with all the agility he may. It is not entirely bad; neither is it, except occasionally, good.





A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Lady. "ARE THESE YOUR CHILDREN? WHAT DARLINGS! AND—ER—WHAT A VERY PRETTY WOMAN YOUR WIFE MUST BE!"

THE WHITE RABBIT.

He looked much like any other white rabbit. His fur was very long and soft; his nose was a very agile nose; it was never still for a moment, but moved up and down with all kinds of funny movements that robbed his amiable face of any shred of dignity it might otherwise have possessed. His ears were long, and his eyes were of a fiery red colour. "They are the real pigeon's blood sort," he used to say when he wanted to be very fierce and to make an impression on the other animals. Once, when he was frisking about in his little enclosure, he made this very remark to *Rob*, the Labrador retriever, who was looking at him very hard from the other side of the wire netting, but *Rob*, who was standing very stiffly with his ears forward and his tail waving, and was licking his lips every ten seconds or so, didn't seem to hear, or if he heard he didn't pay any attention. He looked round once or twice rather furtively to see if anyone was about, and then, finding the coast was clear, he gathered himself together, and with a light spring cleared the wire netting and landed on the grass close to the White Rabbit. Off went the White Rabbit, and after him scurried *Rob*. The chase didn't last long, for after one rush and a twist and double the White Rabbit felt tired.

"Pax," he said, "you can't hit a man when he's down," and with that he crouched as flat as he could and laid his long ears out on his back.

You see, he had been brought up in polite circles, and knew all the etiquette. *Rob*, however, had none of the finer feelings—at least, not for a rabbit lying within an inch of his nose.

"Pax be blowed!" he said, and picked up the White Rabbit in his mouth and trotted off as proud as a peacock.

"My dear Sir," said the White Rabbit, "you're making me most untidy——"

"Silence," said *Rob*.

"——and I've got an engagement to meet a new little girl at five o'clock."

"Do you know," *Rob* observed, dreamily, not paying any regard to his captive's protests, "do you know, I think I shall eat you. Yes, I shall eat you, for I'm too fond of you to do anything else."

"I shall disagree with you," said the Rabbit; "my white fur is most indigestive. There was an article in the *Lancet* the other day about white fur——"

"I'll chance it," said *Rob*.

"And you'll be flogged, you know."

"I'll chance it."

"And—but this is really too absurd. Eat me! Why, I'm a prince in disguise. It's a most interesting story, but I can't tell it to you in this position. Put me down at once, and perhaps, if you're a very good dog——"

"This is too much," said *Rob*. "Are you ready?"

"No," screamed the Rabbit, "I'm not ready. It's a false start. Call the boats back. Oh, you're squeezing. Oh!——"

There's no knowing what more he would or could have said, for at this moment a white-froaked little figure dashed up to the enclosure and an imperious little voice shouted——

"*Rob*, you bad dog, how dare you! Drop it, *Rob*," and *Rob* dropped the limp White Rabbit on to the grass and slunk away quite abashed.

"Sold again," said the White Rabbit impudently, as he was carried back to his hutch.

(*To be continued.*)

WOMEN I HAVE NEVER MARRIED.

I.

FOR JANET, once my only joy,
Untempered by mature reflection,
I entertained, while yet a boy,
The very largest predilection.

I was a student, still untried,
In those preliminary stages
When Love politely waives aside
All difference in people's ages.

I did not note, in days "when earth"
(As Pippa sang) "was nigher Heaven,"
How that the years by which her birth
Preceded mine were just eleven.

I knew my soul within her eyes
Had found a kindred soul to mate it;
While of my peers in point of size
Not one could quite appreciate it.

For then—at twelve—my complex brain,
Full of conundrums like a Sphinx's,
Regarded girls with nice disdain
As empty, foolish little minxes.

I wanted (though I had at hand
Coëval loves in nauseous plenty)
A woman who could understand;
And JANET's age was three-and-twenty.

So I with her, content to wait,
Platonically held communion,
Deferring to a later date
The bliss of more immediate union.

I pictured her always the same,
Unscared by life's refining fuel;
Nor ever dreamed its furnace-flame
Would ultimately scorch my jewel.

And, when I took a three-years' tour
For purposes of social polish,
"Our love," I said, "my Koh-i-noor!
Not Time can spoil, nor Space demolish!"

Space proved me right; but as to Time
My hopes sustained a rude miscarriage;
On coming home in manhood's prime
At twenty-one, and ripe for marriage,

I found—for Age is apt to do
Its witchcraft *inæquali sorte*—
My JANET (strictly thirty-two)
To all appearance five-and-forty!

I am no hero, I who write;
I much preferred that any other
Should wed this portly dame that might
With perfect ease have been my mother.

Of course I could not broach the fact
Of Time's discriminative dealings;
Rather by pure unselfish tact
I hoped to spare the lady's feelings.

That strange disparity of years—
(*Noblesse oblige*) I ignored it,
Discussed the various hemispheres,
The ship, and how I lived aboard it;

Painted myself a gay sea-dog,
A rip, a most notorious flier,
And roughly sketched a lurid log
Which would, in detail, petrify her;—

Unfit to wed, I needs must face
A prospect relatively gloomy,
And begged of her this heavenly grace,
To play the part of sister to me.

Brave soul! She swore to be my wife!
But I protested, hard as granite,
I could not, would not, "spoil her life."
So ended my affair with JANET!

O. S.

THE PREVAILING MUSICAL DEPRESSION.

(Interview with Mr. Endymion Gules.)

PERSISTENT reports having reached him of the extraordinarily depressed condition of the concert market, Mr. Punch recently arranged for one of his most trusted representatives to interview Mr. ENDYMION GULES, the famous agent, with a view to ascertaining the cause of this deplorable state of affairs.

"Yes," observed the great *impresario*, "the reports you speak of are only too true. This has been the worst season for professional musicians that I have ever known. There has been no falling off in the importation of foreign celebrities, but most of them have been obliged to work their passages home. One Albanian baritone, a gentleman with a magnificent voice, has accepted a situation as a chauffeur; and a Bohemian violinist, a favourite pupil of SEVCIK, the famous Prague master, is now engaged as a caddie at Woking."

"Can you indicate any specific reason for this strange lack of appreciation on the part of the British public?"

"Certainly. First and foremost I should be inclined to note the passion for precocity. Nowadays no performer of over ten years of age has any chance of making a decent living by music. The prodigies have all done well—some marvellously well. Little BOLESZAS BILGER bought a gold bath last week, and has rented one of the largest deer forests in Inverness-shire. VINOLIA VICHY celebrated her seventh birthday by the purchase of a diamond tiara and a turbine yacht. ATTILA BLUM has started a racing stable."

"But surely there must be other causes at work?"

"I was just coming to that. The fact is, as my colleague Mr. VERT recently remarked in the *Westminster Gazette*, that the public is not just now in a musical mood. People are preoccupied by a multiplicity of other distractions. In particular I ascribe the decline of interest in music to the fashion for experiments in diet, and the crusade against over-eating. The strain of listening attentively to a concert of two hours' duration is impossible to persons who are inadequately nourished. You cannot appreciate WAGNER on a diet of nut cutlets, or enjoy STRAUSS on barley water."

"Then you hold that there is a close relation between music and meals?"

"Unquestionably. No great singer was ever a vegetarian, and what is true of performers is true of audiences. But this fad will pass. I am sure that the sanity of the British public will reassert itself, and that we shall before long witness the inspiring spectacle of earnest musicians singing and playing before full houses of properly nourished amateurs."

"I see that Mr. VERT speaks of a spirit of flippancy which is now abroad, and which has militated against the chances of serious musicians."

"Well, there may be something in that, too. STRAUSS has undoubtedly suffered from the competition of SOUSA. 'Hiawatha' is at the moment more popular than HAYDN, and SCHUBERT's songs excite less enthusiasm than the Schenectady putter. Still, I think we may count on the swing of the pendulum. But the immediate prospect is gloomy, and though not an extreme politician I should certainly support legislation prohibiting infant prodigies from pocketing more than £5,000 in one season, the surplus to be divided amongst their meritorious colleagues of riper years."



Bernard Partridge

ON HIS HOBBY.

FIRST AGRICULTURIST (to SECOND DITTO). "THAT AIN'T A REAL 'OSS! WHY, I CAN SEE HIS BOOTS!"

[Mr. Chamberlain addresses a large agricultural audience in the Riding School at Welbeck Abbey, August 4.]

THE MAKING OF FIRST-CLASS MEN.

No apology is needed for offering our school-prospectus to the public in a novel form. When a boy has seen our prospectus he will want to see "The Pavilion," and when he has seen "The Pavilion" he will want to stay there.

Our desire is to produce practical results, and a boy on leaving our establishment should be able at once to get his own living. Nothing sounds more difficult and is really so easy. Sporting Pressmen of the day must not only be brilliant athletes, but also masters of the best sporting jargonese. Four years at "The Pavilion" will equip every boy most efficiently in both these respects.

The Staff of "The Pavilion" consists of H. W. DRIVER, Esq., C.B. (Cambridge Blue), H. PITCHARD, Esq., F.C.S. (First Class Swerver), K. A. GREEN, Esq., G.C.S.I. (Golf Champion of the South of Ireland), assisted by innumerable batsmen, bowlers, runners, jumpers, rowing-men, and all kinds of athletes.

The Matron is Miss ROWENA WOODHEAD, L.C.C. (Lady Croquet Champion).

No boys are admitted to "The Pavilion" who have not been put down for the M.C.C., and preference is given to those who were entered at Lord's on the day succeeding their birth.

Extras include luxuries such as Classics, Mathematics, English History, the French Language, and Stewed Prunes.

One of the most attractive features of "The Pavilion" is the teaching of the New Slang Language. At infinite expense a distinguished Cricket Reporter has been engaged, and will lecture on Slang every week during the summer term. This new language will be talked during meals, and should any boy be heard to speak English he will instantly be sent to bat in the nets for an extra hour.

Every boy will have his own professional coach in addition to the numerous staff, and if he is detected amusing himself with such things as *Horace* or *Euripides* during work-hours he will be bowled at for ten minutes by our excessively fast punishment-bowler (kept expressly for the purpose).

Entrance examinations will be held in April, and it may be well to remind candidates that Fielding and Bowling, as well as Batting, will be taken into account.

Literary subjects will include the initials, ages, and averages of everyone who has ever played first-class cricket. Records of all kinds will be expected to be known thoroughly.

Holiday Tasks will be exclusively confined to standard authors, such as MACLAREN, TYLDESLEY and JEPHSON.



A TRYING MOMENT.

Doris. "OH, JACK, HERE COME THOSE SELLERBY GIRLS! DO SHOW THEM NOW BEAUTIFULLY YOU CAN PUNT."

The whole school will be taken to Lord's once during the term, so that they may watch first-class cricket for themselves, and write a report of it with the purpose of comparing their style with that of the most admired penmen of the day. The prize report will be dedicated—without permission—to Mr. ANDREW LANG.

The Champion Cricketer of the school will sleep in the "Ranji Room," the Champion Wrestler in the "Hackenschmidt Room," and so on. Every boy will have a separate room, and every room will be made bright by coloured portraits of celebrated athletes.

"The Pavilion" proposes to start two farthing papers, to which the most promising boys will, on leaving, be attached.

Positions will be found for less bril-

liant boys on various half-penny papers, and those who have shown no promise at all must be content to write for the ordinary penny press.

The school is divided into two Departments, corresponding to the Morning and the Evening Press, and we recommend parents to discover promptly which department their sons are best fitted to enter. The style taught in our Morning Department is not so crisp and incisive as that which we teach in our Evening Department.

Every boy on entering "The Pavilion" must have twelve pairs of flannel trousers, six pairs of football knickerbockers, four bats, a football, a sponge, and a portrait of HURST.

The Motto of "The Pavilion" is, "If at first you don't succeed, Fry, Fry, Fry again."

FREE SPEECH.

OUTSIDE the railings of the grimy churchyard that stands at the cross-roads is a spacious triangle of pavement, furnished along its base with a row of plant-pots, and along its two open sides with a number of stumpy posts of a clammy appearance, which would seem to serve no other purpose than the support of a corresponding number of human sphinxes usually to be seen leaning against them in varying attitudes of despondent thirstiness. Here many a night I have watched the said sphinxes sublimely ignoring the energetic efforts of the elect of the neighbourhood to convert them into drier paths by the aid of a harmonium. But to-night the crowd that has gathered upon the spot lacks that air of listless detachment noticeable in the preached-to, and instead is packed tightly together, each upturned face wearing that expression of impartial self-importance that characterises the Briton who realises that he is a free-born citizen with a right (thank Heaven!) to direct the government of his country. On arriving at the outskirts I am approached by a gentleman in a frock-coat, who, with a beaming smile, hands me a printed bill which bids me "Assemble in Walham Grove at 3 P.M. on Saturday, and march to Hyde Park accompanied by banners and the Gas Workers' Brass Band." Unfortunately I have an engagement for that afternoon.

I pocket the hand-bill and turn my attention to the meeting. Standing on a chair in the middle addressing the crowd is a perspiring gentleman in a top hat. Behind him stands a little group of supporters, one of whom holds a banner inscribed with the words:

DOWN WITH THE
BREWERS' ENDOWMENT BILL!

I realise at once that the speaker is far from having it all his own way. Wedged in the crowd a little distance in front of me is a short broad-shouldered man, who evidently omitted to shave himself last Sunday; his bristly chin is thrust forward resentfully as from time to time he interrupts the speaker with the same indignant reiteration.

"I earn thirty bob a week, an' I give my ole woman a quid a week reg'lar. Comin' 'ere an' torkin' to us!"

I can see that the speaker is uncomfortably conscious that he has not been altogether as discreet as he might have been.

"Very well, very well," he answers rapidly for the third or fourth time, with a patience that is plainly an effort to him. "I think you misunderstood me. What the Government, I say, in their insolence propose to do——"

"Quid a week I give 'er," repeats the bristly man. "Go an' arsk 'er if yer don't believe me."

"Propose to do," continues the speaker, striving to disregard the interruption, "is to take away from the local justices the power to refuse licenses——"

"Palm Avenue I live," puts in the bristly man. "Go an' arsk 'er."

"And to give that power," persists the speaker, "to selected central courts, in many cases ignorant——"

"Arsk 'er!" repeats the bristly man, loudly, ignoring several protests from different parts of the crowd. "Quid a week I give 'er. Comin' 'ere a-bringin' accusations. Twenty-three Palm Avenue. It won't run away. Go an' arsk 'er!"

At this a gentleman wearing an overcoat tied round his neck by the sleeves, who has just pushed his way to a place in the crowd beside me, nudges me in an ecstasy, and with a remindful jerk of the head towards the interrupter observes, "Ole BILL!" with a knowing chuckle.

The speaker raises his voice.

"What is this," he is saying, "but a violation of the people's right of local self-government? What is this——"

"Wot der yer give *your* ole woman, I shud like ter know?" shouts the bristly man. "Ow much der *you* keep fer beer-money?"

"*Im?*" suddenly puts in my neighbour, scathingly. "'E don't need ter give 'er nothin'. Look at 'im in 'is top 'at. 'E lives in Pawk Line!"

"Yuss!" cries the bristly man, with elation. "Sits there an' drinks the clothes orf of our backs. Then 'e comes an' torks to *us*. A bloomin' millionaire. Wot's 'e done fer Fulham?"

It is evident that a point has been scored by the bristly man and his friend. There is something like a murmur of approbation in the crowd, who plainly look to the speaker to clear his character. Fortunately he is alive to the situation.

"Gentlemen," he cries, "I am not a rich man, as some of you would seem to think. I have to work for my living the same as any of you."

Favourable reception of this by the crowd, who show signs of returning confidence.

"*Im* work fer 'is livin'?" cries the bristly man, sardonically. "'E ain't never done a day's work in 'is life."

Corroborative applause from my neighbour, who refers the crowd conclusively to the speaker's top hat.

"What is more," adds the speaker, loudly, "I am a Fulham man. I have lived in Fulham for years, and for years I have been an honorary member of the Fulham Football and Cricket Clubs!"

Tremendous acclamation from the crowd, their confidence thoroughly restored by this convincing proof of political integrity. Desperate interrup-

tions from the bristly man and my neighbour drowned by cries of "Shut up, carn't yer!" and "Corl that givin' free speech?"

The speaker, emboldened by success, resolves to deal personally with his interrupter.

"Look here, my friend," he observes, "we're having a great many interruptions from you. I don't know whether you're paid for this."

"I'm paid thirty bob a week," returns the bristly man, "an' I give my wife——"

"Yes-yes-yes," breaks in the speaker, "we've heard a good deal about your thirty bob a week. Now what are you, may I ask?"

"I'm a beer-drinker," responds the other promptly.

"Ear, ear!" interposes my neighbour enthusiastically. "Ole BILL!"

"You're a working man, I take it," persists the speaker. "Now do you mean to tell me you're a supporter of the Licensing Bill?"

"I'm a supporter of a family," retorts the bristly man.

"Very well," perseveres the speaker, "and do you mean——"

"And I'm a supporter of public-houses," suddenly adds his opponent—a statement to which I for one am ready to attach the utmost credence. "I ain't no bloomin' millionaire. I don't live in Pawk Line. Anyone wot sez I do's tellin' a lie. I don't go abaht in no top 'ats with whiskers a-bringin' no accusations agens't the workin' man. I'm a Fulham man an' I know wot Fulham wants. I'm a beer-drinker."

My neighbour with the overcoat is enthusiastic about this able statement of policy. The crowd is once more divided in its sympathies. The speaker wisely abandons his attempt to deal personally with his opponent.

"Gentlemen," he appeals, "I am doing my best in spite of these interruptions——"

"Nar you 'ave it," suddenly resumes the bristly man. "A beer-drinker—I've 'ad enough o' this 'ere. I'm orf," and he begins to push his way out of the crowd.

"I'm very glad to hear it," the speaker is indiscreet enough to remark.

The bristly man turns sharply round.

"Don't you worry, ole man," he cries, "I'm comin' back agine. I'm only goin' fer arf a pint," and he pushes on until he reaches the outskirts. There he turns once more.

"After this 'ere," he shouts resentfully, "I'm ——d if I give my ole woman another cent!"

"'Ere, wait a minute, BILL!" suddenly shouts my neighbour. "I'm comin'!" and turns towards the speaker.



"AND WITCH THE WORLD WITH NOBLE HORSEMANSHIP."

Natural History Note.—THE ORIGIN, EVOLUTION, AND FULL DEVELOPMENT OF THE "NIGGER" SEAT.

"Lot o' bloomin' Tories," he observes with elaborate disgust.

"*Tories!*" cries one of the crowd. "Woddyer torkin' abaht? We ain't Tories."

"Ain't Tories!" repeats my bewildered neighbour. "Wot's the game! 'E's a Tory, aint 'e?"

"Corse 'e ain't," cries another. "Ain't you 'eard wot 'e's bin sayin'? 'E's a Redicul."

My astounded neighbour gazes about him in a dazed sort of way. Suddenly he swings round.

"'Ere, BILL!" he shouts. "They ain't Tories at all! They're *Redieuls!*"

The bristly man has reached the public-house opposite. For a moment he pauses.

"Then I'm —d if I don't change my bloomin' party!" he shouts resourcefully, and disappears into the public bar.

The speaker has resumed his oration, this time without interruption. I turn and make my way out of the crowd, encountering my late neighbour on the outskirts making arrangements with the gentleman of the handbills for joining the Protest Procession on Saturday.

TELEPATHY DAY BY DAY.

THIS is an imitative age, and Mr. RIDER HAGGARD's success as a dreamer has naturally produced a crop of similar experiences among his fellow-novelists. A selection is printed below:—

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

Perhaps you will think with me that the following circumstances are worthy of record, if only for their scientific interest. It is principally because of this interest that, as such stories should not be told anonymously, after some hesitation I have made up my mind to publish this one over my own name, although I am well aware that by so doing I may expose myself to a certain amount of ridicule and disbelief.

On the night of Saturday, July 23, I went to bed at 12.19 and immediately fell asleep. At 3.14 I awoke with the feeling that my favourite terrier *Joe* was trying to communicate with me. Having read Mr. RIDER HAGGARD's recent letter in the *Times*, long though it was, I knew what to do, and, summoning my household, we at once set out for the nearest point on the South Western Railway where the line crosses water. We

searched there and in other places, even as far afield as the Frensham Ponds, all day, but without success. At nightfall we returned home crestfallen and heart-heavy, only to find that *Joe* had been in his kennel all the time. Naturally we had not thought to look there before. This shows how unwise it would be to elevate Mr. RIDER HAGGARD's fantastic, and, if I may express the opinion, somewhat tedious, experience to the dignity of a precedent.

I will only add that I ask you to publish the annexed documents with this letter, as they constitute the written testimony at present available to the accuracy of what I state.

Undershaw, Hind Head, July 26.

No. I.

Haslemere, July 25.

DEAR SIR,—In pursuance of your instructions I have inspected the dog found in his kennel at Undershaw.

He is in good health and has had distemper.

I believe that the cause of his presence in the kennel is that he was affixed to a strong chain. (Signed)

HENRY DE WET, M.R.C.V.S.

No. II.

I spent the whole of Sunday, July 24, in tramping over Surrey with Sir CONAN DOYLE looking for a dead dog. I did not find one. (Signed)

WILLIAM POTTS (*Gardener*).

No. III.

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE has told me his dream several times with the utmost particularity and has never altered a syllable. Upon it I constructed several theories, none of which, however, could be thoroughly tested owing to the presence of the dog alive in his kennel.

(Signed) SHERLOCK HOLMES.

MR. HENRY JAMES.

It was, I think, on the night of that day which may be said in a sense to terminate the week, coming as it does, in a word, between Friday and Sunday, that I experienced, if that is not too strong a term, or shall I rather say underwent, a very rum sensation, not, I think, distantly connected with that elusive chain of intelligential communication to which the hideous but expressive word telepathy has been in a manner affixed. I was not exactly sleeping, nor was I, strictly speaking, awake, my state being perhaps most accurately expressed as dozing, when the consciousness of a pretty stiff calamity was projected in more or less vague fashion upon my sensorium. It were impossible in the present state of poverty of our language in the matter of exact terms to describe with any degree of vividness the constituents of this vision, or as it were ghostly visitation, but the sound of barking as of a fox terrier, or even miniature spaniel, was insistent, while among other component parts may be mentioned a sound resembling an owl's hoot, or the horn of a motor-car, not necessarily a Mercedes or even a De Dietrich, but certainly a car of one or other make. The accompanying testimonies will prove how extraordinarily true was this weird harbinger of coming evil.

Lamb House, Rye, July 26.

No. I.

Lamb House, Rye, July 25.

Last Saturday afternoon, while my master, Mr. JAMES, was taking a nap after lunch, a motor-car stopped at the house, followed by some barking dogs. This I can swear to, for I remarked upon it to Cook. The party knocked and rang and asked to be shown the room where Mr. JAMES writes his brilliant novelettes. (Signed) MARY LITTLE

(*Housemaid*).

No. II.

Lamb House, Rye, July 25.

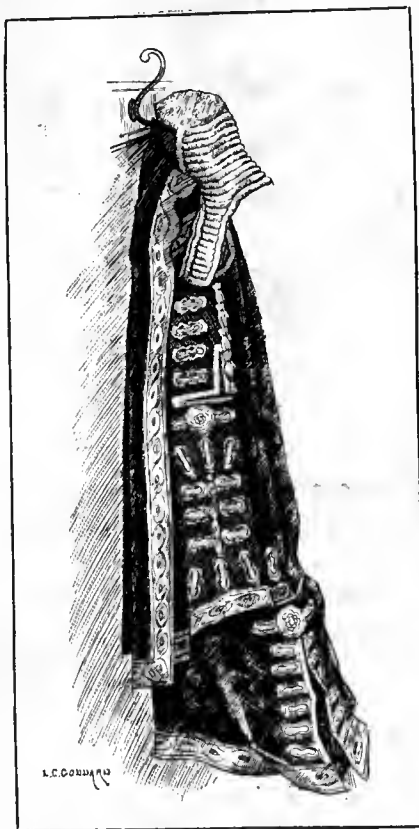
I have rarely seen my friend JAMES so excited as he was on awaking from his

nap on Saturday. The exact words I have not space to give, but paraphrased they came to this: "My dear HOWELLS, I feel convinced that a motor-car is nearing the house." It certainly was so. A motor car was toiling up Mermaid Street as he spoke, and in a few moments a party of excursionists were knocking at the door and asking to be allowed to see the Master's laboratory.

(Signed) W. D. HOWELLS.

MR. HALL CAINE.

MR. HALL CAINE, the famous novelist and Manx legislator, does not himself



A COSTLY LAW-SUIT.

record the very curious nocturnal experience of which he was recently the victim, but encloses, with a certificate of accuracy, the following account by an intimate friend:—

I was a guest at Greeba Castle on the night of the 26th. On the following morning my host came in to breakfast in a visibly perturbed state. He was far less like SHAKESPEARE than usual: in fact, I hardly knew him. "What is it, HALL?" I asked (I call him HALL); and then he told me his dream. In the middle of the night, he said, he had awakened suddenly in great pain and surprise, convinced that his supremacy was being or about to be again attacked.

The feeling was most uncomfortable and distressing. He groaned aloud, so loudly that his semi-detached neighbours hammered at the partition wall of the Castle to cause him to desist. He could sleep no more.

Later in the day the London paper arrived, and we saw in MESSRS. METHUEN'S advertisement the title of Miss CORELLI'S forthcoming romance, "God's Good Man." *It must have been exactly at the time of HALL'S nightmare that the compositors were setting the dread announcement.*

(Signed) A. P. WATT.

GOSSIP FROM THE LINKS.

By Johnny L. Hutchings.

I HAVE recently spent a week on the Culbin Sands Links, about 10 miles from Nairn, a course of such unprecedented and peculiar texture and character that it has caused me to revise, if not actually to revolutionise, a great many of my views on the subject of driving, approaching and putting. The Culbin Sands, as readers of St. John's *Wild Sports of the Highlands* are well aware, lie between the fertile plains of Moray and the shores of the Moray Firth, and consist of a stretch of sandhills, in most parts formed of pure and very fine yellowish sand, without a blade of vegetation of any description, and constantly shifting and changing their shape and appearance on the recurrence of continued dry winds.

Westwards, towards Nairn, the sandhills are interrupted by an extent of broken hillocks, covered with the deepest heather imaginable, which conceals innumerable pits and holes, many of the latter not above a foot in diameter, but three or four feet deep, and so completely concealed by the growth of moss and heather as to form the most perfect traps for golf balls and golfers that were ever devised. Throughout the whole tract of this wild ground there are large numbers of foxes, which grow to a great size, feeding during the season on young roe, wild ducks and black game, and when these fail they make great havoc amongst the Springvale Hawks, Kempshall Arlingtons, and other rubber-covered denizens of the adjoining country.

No greens being available and the links being of the nature of one continuous hazard, an entirely new phase of the game has been evolved by the ingenuity of the residents, amongst whom the palm must be awarded to ARCHIE McLURKIN, the local professional and keeper of the bunkers, under whose auspices I have been instructed in the niceties of the Culbin game.

* * * * *

Perhaps the best idea of the novelty of the game may be gained from the

statement that not a single club of normal pattern is of the slightest use on the Culbin Links. McLURKIN's clubs are not merely unlike any that I have ever set eyes on in England or America, but they have special names of their own. For striking off from the tee he employs a weapon called a mid-bilger, with an enormously long shaft and a head resembling that of a niblick, as the tees, like most of the course, consist of extremely fine and loose sand. For playing through the green—if such a term can be used—he employs a waffle, a club with a very “whippy” shaft and a soft, rather spongy head, made of compressed seaweed with a leaden face. With a gale of wind behind him, he can sometimes hit the ball with the waffle about sixty or seventy yards, but I never succeeded in sending it more than about half that distance. For approaching he generally uses the scaffy, a short iron club with a head shaped rather like a seltzer-water bottle, but when the ball is barely visible he takes his delver, which resembles the spade used in cutting peats, and literally shovels the ball out of its lair.

As in no circumstances whatever does the ball run more than three or four inches, putting is impossible, and the place of the hole is taken by a stick, as in croquet. But I have omitted to mention the most characteristic of all the Culbin clubs—that employed in extricating the ball from the deep pits in the heather described in my first paragraph. For this, McLURKIN, who is a bit of a mechanic, has devised an implement which he calls the diver, which is nothing else than an air-pump by means of which he is able to blow the ball out of a hole four feet deep. The rules for the use of the diver, or flimp, as the caddies call it, are rather complicated, but it may suffice to say that the player is allowed to blow once without loss. I have also omitted to mention that, in order to prevent the player sinking in the sand, he is obliged to don footgear somewhat resembling the *ski* of the Norwegians. Altogether it is a most fascinating, if somewhat fatiguing game, and as a means of obtaining a mastery of the short duffing shot I know nothing to equal it.

But there are other advantages connected with the Culbin game which it would not be right to overlook. The complete absence of turf renders it impossible for even the worst player to do the slightest damage to the course. There is never any need to replace divots, because divots do not exist. Again, the game being entirely a question of “carry” and not “run,” the burning question of stymies is practi-

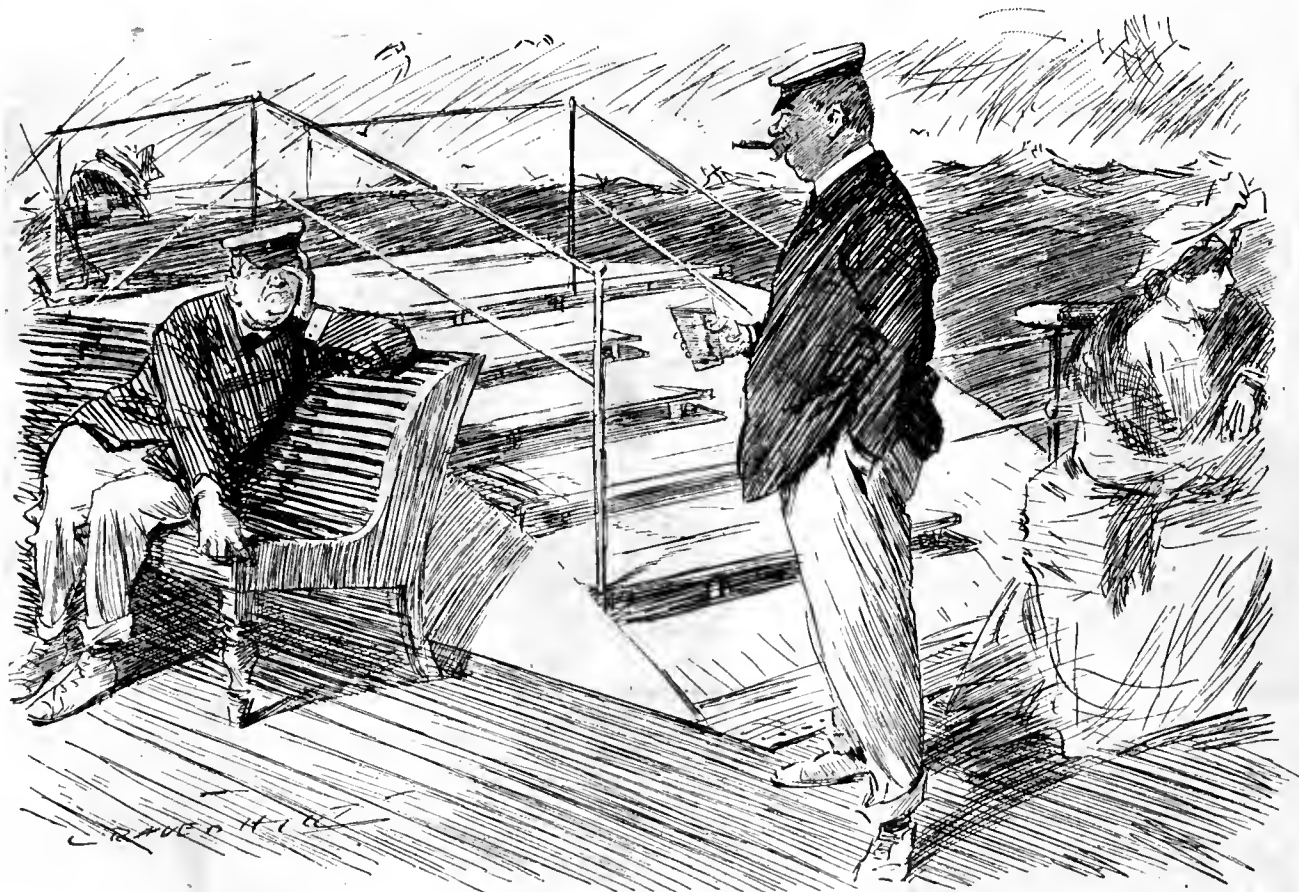


Miss Gladys Pert. "I PASSED YOU TWICE YESTERDAY, AND YOU WOULD NOT LOOK AT ME."
Jones (who has recently been a grass widower). "A THOUSAND PARDONS! BUT PLEASE TELL MY WIFE WHAT YOU HAVE TOLD ME. SHE IS HERE."

cally eliminated. The greens are never too keen or fiery, and owing to the practically limitless extent of the Culbin sand-hills—estimated at about 25 square miles—there is not the slightest risk of the course needing a rest: in fact, the greater the drought the more interesting is the condition of the links. A low score, however, is impossible at all times. McLURKIN's record is 253, and I am free to confess that my first round took me something over 700 strokes.

McLURKIN is very anxious that the next Open Championship meeting should be held on the Culbin Sands Links, but the leading professionals whom I have consulted are by no means favourable to the proposal. Indeed ANDREW

KIRKALDY waxed positively lyrical in his indignation. "We're not Arabians," he said, in that picturesque style for which he is so justly celebrated, "to go smothering ourselves in that blooming Sahara just to please McLURKIN," and Old Tom cordially endorsed his view. Still, from a geological and psychological point of view, there is a good deal to be said in favour of the change of venue, and I may perhaps recur to the subject in the near future. Next week, however, I must devote the space at my disposal to the more urgent question of the use of sedatives, and in particular of phenacetin, in match-play on links where the air is over-stimulating, and so calculated to disturb the nerves of the highly strung golfer.



THE COMFORTER.

"I SAY, OLD MAN, I'VE JUST BEEN DOWN IN THE SALOON, AND THEY GIVE YOU THE FINEST HALF-CROWN LUNCH I'VE EVER STRUCK!"

CHARIVARIA.

RECENT events in the Red Sea and elsewhere tend to show that, had the Japanese only been unarmed, the Russians would probably have beaten them.

The *Malacca* crisis was sharp and short. It was all over before Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN could discover on what ground he should oppose the Government's action.

The movements of the Russian Volunteer Fleet have, we hear, caused considerable excitement in the British Volunteer Fleet, H.M.S. *Buzzard*.

Mr. BRODRICK, we understand, is of the opinion that the Russians have merely postponed declaring war against us, until the new Army Reform scheme is adopted.

A well-known New York business man has wagered £4000 to £2000 that President ROOSEVELT will win in the coming election. President ROOSEVELT, while appreciating the compliment, is said to feel keenly the added responsibility.

Many of the Bishops are of opinion that one reason why people will not go to church is the pooriness of the sermons, and instructions are to be issued at once to the clergy to be more clever.

On one of the most scorching days of July, a defendant at the Shoreditch County Court explained to the Judge that he was a baked potato-merchant.

If proof were required of the increasing number of foreigners visiting London it is furnished by the fact that there were more visitors to the British Museum last year than ever before.

A motor-car conveying JOHN TRUNDLEY, of Peckham, from Lowestoft to Yarmouth caught fire last week. We understand that, although a little of him was burnt away, he is still the fattest boy on earth.

The newspaper which, in an account of a recent interesting ceremony at Buckingham Palace, referred to the fact that no less than 1400 "neatly uninformed nurses" were present, owes an apology to a hard-worked profession.

A French collector of stamp duties, living in sunny Provence, has been dismissed for wearing only a wine-barrel filled with water while transacting his official business.

In a bull and tiger fight at San Sebastian the combatants broke from their cage, and twenty spectators were shot in an attempt to despatch the animals. It is thought that this cruel form of sport will now be forbidden.

Sir EDWARD CLARKE has declared that for success at the Bar there are three requirements—that the aspirant should be ambitious, have very little money, and be deeply in love. Much pain has been caused among certain wives of poor and ambitious barristers by this implication that they are blocking their husbands' way to success.

"Be thorough," is the Prince of WALES's latest message, and a Fifeshire man has not only stolen some flowers from a grave, but won a prize with them at a flower-show.



BANK HOLIDAY AT WESTMINSTER.

[Monday, August 1, Sir H. C. M. P. B. L. B. N. X. M. N. moved vote of censure on the Government.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



MORE ERRATIC DRIVING.

P.-C. John Bull. "What, you at it again, Sir!? I must trouble you for your address."

Mr. Balfour. "My good man, how many more times am I to tell you that we are only the owners, and know nothing about anything! We've dismissed one chauffeur to please you; the new one's name is Arn-ld-F-rst-r; you can do whatever you like to him. I'll give you my address at the General Election. Not before!"

(Lord Lansdowne disclaimed Cabinet responsibility for Mr. Arn-ld-F-rst-r's scheme.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 25.
—The Silence of Dean Maitland was finally, if not satisfactorily, explained in a dramatic scene. The silence of Sir JOHN BRODRICK kept Mr. LOUGH awake through a summer night. It fell on Saturday night at an Oddfellows Dinner at Farnham. The oddest fellow of the lot turned out to be the ex-Secretary of State for War. Invited to respond to the toast of His Majesty's Forces, he positively declined. The very terms of his refusal aggravated the situation. It was not on account of ignorance, nor lack of varied experience in the art of the science of war.

"I have," he proudly said, "served in the Volunteers and Militia. I am honorary Colonel of a Yeomanry regiment. I have been Secretary of State for War. At this moment I am assisting to control a large army in India. Still I am not competent to respond to this toast."

A profound hush fell over the Oddfellows; there was something more in this than met the eye. In the subdued

excitement that followed, the toast, duly proposed, remained unacknowledged. His Majesty's Forces marched out of sight with noiseless footfall, spectral banners, skeleton forms, as if they were all comprehended in the Six Army Corps.

Why was this? Mr. LOUGH asked himself. What mystery lurks beneath this rare reticence? As a rule BRODRICK ready enough to speak in Commons and elsewhere. A man of war, capable of setting a squadron in the field—that is, of course, given the squadron—not unfamiliar with the wearing of the khaki, accustomed on visiting Mediterranean stations to be saluted by the sympathetic cannon, why should he in the large leisure of a Saturday night, in the congenial society of the Farnham Oddfellows, pointedly decline to answer for the Army?

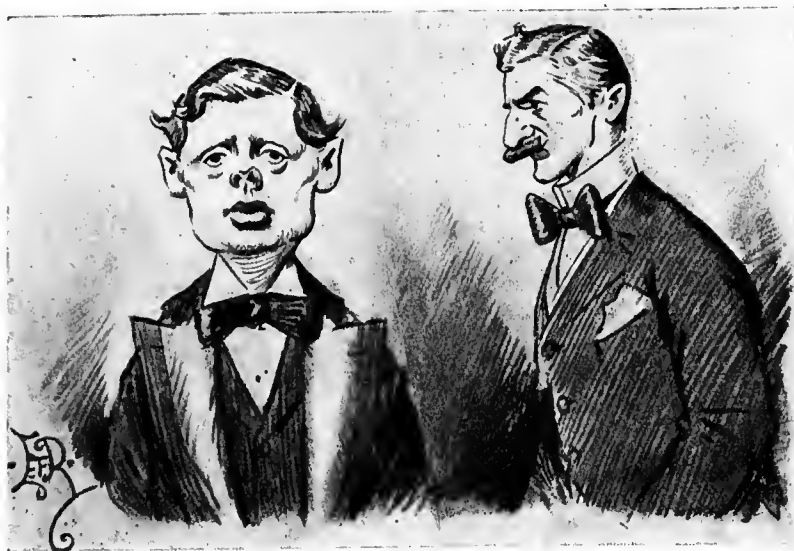
Mr. LOUGH's Sunday morning bus-drive to the Angel, Islington, a sort of processional approach to his constituency, his morning service, his afternoon tea, acrid with the taint of increased taxation, his slumber through the sultry

night, all disturbed by this Farnham mystery. Above all things a practical man. If he requires information in a general way he asks a policeman. In this particular case obviously the man to ask—and his action would have been equally direct had he been acquainted with the late Dean Maitland—is the person whose silence had stirred to profoundest depths the curiosity of the nation.

Accordingly, when House met to-day LOUGH put the Secretary of State for India to the rack.

"Don't answer," cried the Ministerialists, at same time leaning forward with keenest interest to hear explanation. Turned out to be not nearly so dramatic as was the termination of the Silence that for years brooded over Dean Maitland.

The warrior who was expected to reply to the toast of His Majesty's Forces at the Farnham banquet not turning up at parade, BRODRICK was invited to take his place. But true greatness is ever modest; valour that in the deadly



DR. CLAUDE HAY'S DIAGNOSIS.

"Poor fellow! It's as clear a case of—shall we say 'Beri-beri' as I ever saw in my life; the swelling is most marked. Strict isolation is simply imperative."

(The Hon. Cl-de H-y and Mr. W-nt-n Ch-reh-ll.)

breach would die with its face to the foe timidly turns its back on flattering advances made in social life. There was in the room an officer who had served in the South African War. With all his proud record, his catalogue of warlike posts and proclivities which, recited in the ears of the Oddfellows, sounded like a passage from the catalogue of the ships in HOMER, ST. JOHN BRODRICK felt that in presence of this bronzed warrior he should take a second place, and humbly insisted on doing so.

House applauded this characteristic ebullition of modesty. All the same, it felt that a great opportunity had been lost. Only the other day the Silent SINJOHN sat on the Treasury Bench whilst ARNOLD-FORSTER, with fraternal pat on the shoulders, told him he was an honest well-meaning fellow, but had made a terrible mess of things at the War Office. A.-F. had arrived at Pall Mall just in time to prevent national catastrophe following on the tumbling of the house of cards his predecessor had built on the foundation of a phantom congeries of Army Corps. What the House would like to hear is ST. JOHN BRODRICK's plain view of ARNOLD-FORSTER's remodelling of an army system that, amid a blare of trumpets, was recast only four years ago.

This Oddfellows' Saturday night presented a convenient standpoint for reviewing the position. Seems a pity that from too sensitive consideration for the feelings of an anonymous officer who had served in the South African War opportunity was scouted.

Business done.—Report stage of Budget Bill.

Tuesday.—Affecting scene took place this evening in Committee Room No. 10. Among those who last week sat the night out and the day in was SPENCER CHARRINGTON, Member for Mile End. Nothing remarkable in that, as at least nine score other loyal Ministerialists sacrificed domestic comfort on the altar of duty. Mark of distinction about CHARRINGTON is that he is in age almost a nonagenarian. All very well for striplings like JAMES FERGUSSON and HARRY CHAPLIN to hear the chimes at midnight and after. But when it comes to having been born three years after Waterloo, having in the course of the last four years twice seen the British Army reformed from the boots upward, and then remaining in your place from two o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon till twenty minutes to four on a Wednesday—this is, as they say at Boulogne, quite another pair of sleeves.

178 all-nighters so pleased with CHARRINGTON's pluck, which in a way sheds lustre upon younger and more obscure sharers of his vigil, they put their half-crowns together and bought him a silver bowl. PRINCE ARTHUR, shrewdly perceiving opportunity presented of enforcing useful lesson, readily consented to present it.

"*C'est pour encourager les autres,*" he whispered to himself, as he handed the bowl to the veteran Member.

Aloud he said some graceful things to the recipient of the prize, concluding with expression of the hope that he might live many years to sit up all night in his country's cause. CHARRINGTON affected to tears, for which the bowl

came in handy. Not to be outdone in generosity he offered to fill it otherwise with CHARRINGTON's Entire. PRINCE ARTHUR, however, wasn't taking any, and the aged brewer withdrew with the bowl under his arm.

The PINK 'UN calculates that the incident will be worth at least a score more men at the next all-night sitting.

Business done.—Report stage of Licensing Bill carried by closure.

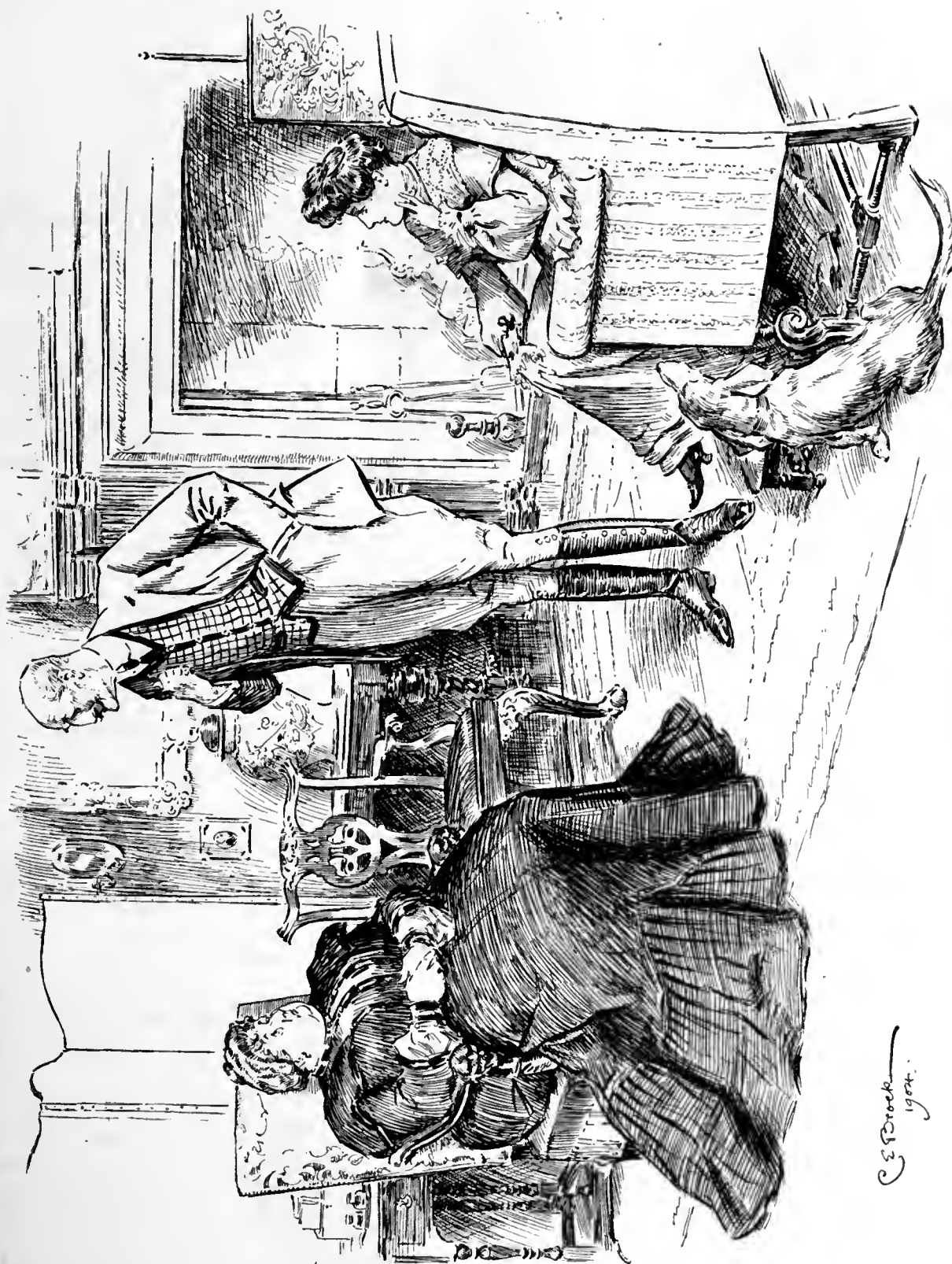
Friday night.—What is and what is not Parliamentary language is a Study of Words that would have interested the late Dean TRENCH. Occasionally a Member is pulled up for the use of a phrase which by comparison is comparatively innocent, whereas others may with impunity use homely Saxon of unmistakable personal bearing. In O'CONNELL's time question arose as to whether an accusation of "beastly bellowing" might, within the limits of Parliamentary order, be brought against a Member. JOSEPH HUME was with impunity denounced in the House as a humbug. Doubtless with these precedents in his mind, the Chairman of Ways and Means, appealed to by no less a person than DON JOSÉ to rule whether WINSTON CHURCHILL was in order in describing the policy of His Majesty's Government in South Africa as humbug, regretfully admitted it was not out of order.

Doubt chiefly arises upon the use of ordinary familiar terms of opprobrium. Some are, some are not, parliamentary. Much depends upon what the Chairman ate at luncheon or dinner. CLAUDE HAY, with daring originality, went far afield and brought home a specimen that nonplussed even the shrewd sagacious occupant of the Chair.

"The hon. Member," CLAUDE remarked, addressing himself to the winsome WINSTON, taking prominent part in a little game of obstruction, "is suffering from an attack of beri-beri."

House started in surprise. Was this a statement of fact or a flight of fancy? Fathers of families, quickly turning to regard Member for Oldham, wondered whether in former case disease was infectious. Amid general uncertainty not wholly free from consternation a Member relieved his mind by crying, "Order! Order!"

If CLAUDE HAY had remained unresponsive he would have triumphed. Whether beri-beri is or is not an unparliamentary word is a question which, presented unawares at four o'clock on a July morning, Mr. LOWTHER was unwilling to decide. Certainly no one could cite a precedent against the use of the word on the ground of its being unparliamentary. Cries of "Order!" accompanied by demand to "Withdraw!" insisted upon by Irish Members who



KINDLY MEANT.

Genial Host, "You must let me take you for a spin in my new motor, Mrs. Littleton. Sixteen horse-power, you know!"

cannot abear anything even approaching contumelious speech, filling the House, CLAUDE HAY gave himself away.

"One of the symptoms of the disease," he explained, "is, I understand, the development of a swelled head."

That did it. Beri-beri was incontrovertible by reason of its novelty and the ambiguity of its application. To accuse a Member of suffering from "swelled head" was clearly unparliamentary, and CLAUDE HAY was sharply ruled out of order.

Business done.—Licensing Bill read a third time and passed on to Lords.

TO EDINBURGH.

IN EXPIATION.

Thou dear and gracious Town, where I
Have sojourned for a fleeting spell,
The hour has come that bids me fly;
EDINA, fare thee well!

Right heavy am I that we must part,
For lo, I know not where or when
I've met so—down, poor fluttering
heart!—

And more agreeable men.

Forgive me that I spake in haste
Winged words that I would fain
forget;
Thy welcome seemed in doubtful taste,
And I was very wet!

But rather hold his memory dear,
Whose sunny presence brought thee
forth

The finest weather of the year,
And warmed the watery North.

Now onward speeds the busy train,
O hospitable town and kind,
Farewell! Until I come again,
I leave my heart behind. DUM-DUM.

HOT WEATHER "CUPS."

A FEW ADDITIONAL RECIPES.

(To be used with discretion.)

HIC-CUP.

SEND for one quart of four-half, in a tin can, from the nearest public-house (Jug Department). Froth this into four imperial pint pewter measures nearly half full of double stout. Lace with nutmeg, ginger, spirits of wine, benzine and petrol to taste. Blow the head off, take out an insurance policy, and drink consecutively. This should produce the desired result. If not, repeat the dose, hold your breath and try to say "British Constitution."

TEA CUP.

Obtain a china, earthenware, or silver receptacle with a spout and a handle from any reliable warehouse, and see that it has no cracks. Warm the same with hot water for a few moments, and then empty the fluid away, not of course



THE "PANAMA" OF THE FUTURE.

DIVING-BELL PATTERN.

on the carpet, but in a basin for slops, or a properly constructed sink, if such is at hand. Take (but pay for) one teaspoonful of the best Ceylon or China leaf for each person of the company and one over. Place the leaves in the receptacle, and infuse for four minutes with water, which must be at a temperature of 212° Fahr. Serve hot in small bowls with handles upon saucers; add milk and sugar as may be required. If at a school treat or similar gathering, it is better to boil in a copper and pour the mixture from hot-water cans into mugs. This recipe, which we can thoroughly recommend, bids fair to come into universal use as a means of assuaging thirst. It cheers, but does not inebriate.

CLIVER PUNCH.

This exhilarating summer drink may be made from almost any weed, but the most delicate *nuances* are extracted from cliver, nettles and dandelions, all of which may be gathered in the course of a country ramble by those who are not fortunate possessors of a back-garden. Collect the herbs in a small basket, taking care to grasp them (when necessary) like a man of mettle, shake out the dust, beetles, caterpillars and other extraneous matters, and macerate with an infusion of boiling water in a wash-hand basin. Strain through a piece of clean muslin into claret-jugs, and serve cold. This will prove a most cooling beverage, especially to chance visitors—a single glassful has invariably been found to be sufficient. It is also a most invaluable deterrent in the nursery.

TOAST-AND-WATER STINGO.

This romantic decoction is largely used in theatrical circles, especially at garden and river parties or picnics upon the stage. It may be made in almost any strength, according to the blackness of the burnt bread employed, or the state of the filter. The toast should not be more than a fortnight old, unless a *mousseux* and mushroomy flavour is desired. Bumpers of this may be kept in ice-pails to add greater effect.

WAS SHAKSPEARE A CRICKETER?

MR. PUNCH has noted with considerable interest the turmoil of public opinion raised by the connection between cricket and literature, and it is accordingly with some little pride that he finds himself able to make an important contribution to the discussion. The attention of scholars has long been drawn to the passage in *Macbeth* in which *Lady Macbeth*, talking in her sleep, remarks with reference to the murder which she and her husband have committed:

"Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One, two; why, then 'tis time to do't."

This sentence has always been a stumbling-block to commentators because they have found it impossible to believe that SHAKSPEARE was ignorant of the well-known fact that the words which a person may utter in his sleep can afford no reliable clue to his past actions. Obviously the passage has become corrupt, but hitherto no satisfactory emendation has been suggested. By a great stroke of luck, the true reading has come into *Mr. Punch's* hands. It runs thus:—

Umpire. Out!

First Player. Damned sport!

Umpire. Out, I say!

[*Exit First Player.*]

Second Player. One for two. Why then 'tis time to do't.

(Meaning of course that the rot must be stopped.)

WE learn from *The Guardian* (a local Cheshire paper) that "The Standing Joint Committee have recognised the courageous conduct of Constables HOLLAND and WILCOXON in stopping runaway horses in Altrincham by presenting them with gratuities." There is of course a classical precedent for this method of arresting runaways. MILANION adopted it in his famous race with ATALANTA, who was pulled up by a gratuity in the form of golden apples.

A SORT of Red Sea heat-apoplexy, complicated by stiff neck, seems to have attacked the Russian Volunteer Fleet. Frequent "seizures" are reported.

THE RECORD OF A SHORT HOLIDAY.

III.

STILL fighting the flies, I fare forward. I do hope my wife is not becoming very frightened. Hope she won't leave the bags and attempt to rejoin me. Then—we shall all be lost in the forest. She will not find me: I shall have lost her: and both will have lost the bags. Perhaps have to pass our night in the forest. Then how about animals and—things? Wolves, I believe, do not come down here till winter. Thank goodness it's not the season for wolves. No signs of human life!—Ha! yes, at last two carts—I forget what the word for "cart" is in French—but no horses, no drivers. Yes, suddenly on my left, down another woodland avenue, are approaching three men! How welcome is their appearance! One of them is on a bicycle. All are English. They seem astonished to see me here. Why? Have I strayed very far from the right path? I ask them the way to the Hôtel du Touquet. "Straight along by that road," they say, pointing to one at right angles to where we are standing. And they resume their route and are, in a second, out of sight and out of hearing. Gone! Leaving not a wreck behind.

Joy! Joy! I hurry on to the road. Up drives a butcher—a French butcher, of course—I stand in front of his horse as if I were a foot-pad, and he pulls up short at some risk to his own equilibrium. In spite of this he is civil and obliging.

"Is the hotel near?" Yes it is, he indicates with his whip—and sure enough at the end of the woodland road there I see, as it were in a steel engraving of an old story book, a corner of one of the annexes that belong to the hotel! Then I ask the friendly butcher will he kindly send some one from the hotel into the forest to fetch our bags?

"Bags in the forest?" repeats the butcher, astonished. The conversation is carried on, of course, in French; slow and sure on my part; rapid, and not quite intelligible to me, on his.

"Yes, and there is a lady there," I continue and explain (so as not to shock the butcher or leave him under an erroneous impression), "*c'est Madame ma femme*."

"Ah!" he cries. "*Madame et les paquets*"—and then he is commencing to utter sympathy and condolences, when in the distance I catch sight of a man in a blouse, who may be the village *facteur*, a *commissionnaire* from the hotel, or an ordinary *porteur*. He is speaking to someone at the entrance of this road quite close to the hotel, and not a couple of hundred yards distant. I break off with the butcher, who, wishing me good luck, drives on, and I commence to shout and signal to *l'homme à la blouse*. He sees me; he comes up; doffs his cap; he is a *porteur*; and he is ready and willing.

By the way, on referring to my watch I find that all this has occupied me longer than I had imagined, and that it is quite a quarter of an hour since I left my wife in the forest.

I don't like the idea: my wife, alone with four bags, in the forest, and shades of evening closing round.

Then I say to my ally, "Come along! quick! there are bags and a wife in the forest."

"Où ça, Monsieur?"

"That's exactly what I don't know," I am unhappily compelled to reply.

He throws up his hands in despair.

"But," he says, "if Mister doesn't know where he has

left the four bags with Madam his wife, how can we be expected to find them?"

"We must," I answer fiercely. Had I time I would adapt to the occasion RICHELIEU's line, "There's no such word as *fail*!" But however perfect my translation of it might be I fear the sentiment would be lost on my companion. I hurry him along into the forest; I hope I am retracing my steps.

The flies in the evening—it is now just on nine—are more pestilent than they have been all day. They drive me wild.

"Come on," I repeat to my obliging companion, and I dash off frantically at the double. Suddenly, after proceeding at a rapid and exhausting pace, fighting flies with pocket-handkerchief, I pull up short, and, on looking round, I exclaim in despair:—

"Confound it! I've lost my way!"

The civil little man, temporarily engaged in my service, is more than ever, sympathetically, in despair.

"Which way is it?" he inquires, with tender politeness, "to the place where Madame and the bags are left?"

"That's exactly what I don't know," I return, much irritated. "If I *did* know we should be there by now!"

The faithful dependant again throws up his arms, surrendering, as it were, to fates inexorable. He is perpetually repeating this action as if he were playing in a Greek Tragedy. I feel inclined to say to him savagely, "Don't be a fool." But I must keep friends with him, as he is my only hope. He is depressed; he makes no sign; he offers no suggestion. All he does is to take off his cap in order to wave it about my head in a touching but utterly futile attempt at warding off the flies while I am talking to him, so that I may keep up a clear and connected conversation without frequently interpolated *juramentos* against *les mouches qui piquent*.

The evening is drawing in. No wife, no bags! And now we are in the forest, and I haven't the slightest notion of the way by which I first entered or by which I returned to the road.

Little man in blouse helpless, hopeless, wringing his hands.

"The forest is large and Madame and bags may be lost!" he wails, "but can I not tell him—"

"How the deuce can I tell you anything when I don't know it myself?" I interrupt, petulantly; being goaded into irritability by infernal flies.

"That is so, naturally," he replies quite humbly, "but if Mister could have the goodness to indicate to him some route the most probable—"

"Attendez!" I exclaim. Then, if he knows the forest, as he professes to do, he will be able to tell me where to find those two carts, as it was near that spot I left my wife.

"Je connais bien l'endroit où j'ai laissé Madame avec les quatre sacs," I begin; "*il est tout près d'un endroit, dans la forêt, où il y a deux—deux*"—and here I dry up; for to save my life or find my wife, I can not remember the French word I require for "carts," and if I use *voitures* that will only put him on the wrong track. I, perpetually interrupting myself to fight the flies, try to define to him the sort of thing I mean; but it is difficult to act a cart; he endeavours to assist me in ascertaining my own meaning, and thenceforth we get entangled in such words as carriages, bicycles, motors, traction engines, and every vehicle (in French) save carts. Once more he throws up his eyes and hands, heavenwards, in utter despair. Giving up the explanation as



Youth. "HALF A-POUND OF TEA, PLEASE."
Shopman. "WHAT COLOUR WILL YOU HAVE IT?
BLACK OR GREEN?"
YOUTH. "I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT'S FOR A
FUNERAL."

hopeless, I make another start and urge on our wild career, plunging deeper and deeper into the forest.

"*Que nous criions à haute voix,*" cries my man, as if suddenly inspired, and therewith he shouts "*Madame! Madame!*"

I join him. We both call at the very tip-top of our voices, "*Madame! Madame!*" Then I have a solo and shout out my wife's Christian name. Twice. We both listen anxiously. Not a sound. Little man in blouse seems inclined to throw up the quest and go home.

"If I could only find," I exclaim, becoming wildly agitated, "where those two—not *voitures*—but—" I try the word on him, "carts"—in English.

"*Cartes!*" he repeats in French, utterly astonished, as well he might be, if he thinks I want him to produce a pack of cards out here. He shakes his head; he is grieved, but he cannot understand me. His puzzled look clearly says to me, "Have the flies driven this Englishman mad?" He sighs: resumes his walk: trudges on a bit and then stops to shout "*Madame! Madame!*" But no answer comes.

Suddenly I remember. In my pocket-book is a little travelling French phrase-book: it may have the very word I want. If it has, it is a most wonderful exception to all foreign phrase-books. Aha! I take out the little book, and begin searching in its pages. My peasant-porter respectfully bares his head and stands cap in hand, under the evident impression that I am reading some petitions for wayfarers out of a pocket prayer-book.

Trouvé!! "*Charrette*" is the word. Does my friend know a spot in the wood where there are two *charrettes* standing?

Naturally he does. Without doubt. Perfectly. Is Madame there? *À la bonne heure!* This way! He becomes quite sprightly with joy. So with a turn to right and a turn to left we hurry on. We arrive at the *charrettes*, and then—

The place seems to have changed. I am just as much puzzled as ever. "*Voilà les charrettes,*" says my companion triumphantly, "*mais,*" he adds, staring about him vaguely, "*je ne vois pas Madame.*"

Nor do I!! Rhymes and old songs occur to me in my despair. I find myself humming, "Oh, where and oh where is my little wee wife" to the old tune of the Dutchman's dog. This way madness lies. Then we both shout "*Madame! Madame!*" No answer. The silence is awful.

We, my wife and I, had entered the wood, and trudged along as ADAM and EVE out of Paradise; now it is ORPHEUS calling for EURYDICE, with talented assistant vocally helping.

We call: we shout: we traverse the wood to right, to left, up the middle, down again, on to the high road, back again. Shouting evermore. Shades of evening shadier and shadier every minute. Flies becoming recklessly malicious before retiring for the night. Of course, it is their supper-time. No sign of anyone anywhere. One wife and four bags, utterly disappeared! Vanished! Little man in blouse and self stand and stare at one another hopelessly. *Que faire!*

(To be continued.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THOSE who, in the enervating heat of the present summer, require a stimulant for their literary appetite will find it in Mr. G. W. APPLETON'S latest novel entitled *The Mysterious Miss Cass* (JOHN LONG), a lady to whom the Baron begs to introduce his trusting friends. It is tersely written; curiosity is immediately aroused and well sustained. There is but one fault to be found with the construction, a fault absolutely unaccountable when committed by a writer of such originality as is the author of this novel. He imperils the success of the story for the sake of a pineapple and an incident borrowed from POE'S *Murder in the Rue Morgue*. Fortunately this weakness is at the finish, when the story being practically over, such an explanation is unnecessary.

Motherhood (FISHER UNWIN) is announced as the work of L. PARRY TRUSCOTT. The signature is one of those which suggest the query of sex. In notices of earlier works the author is alluded to as "Mr." My Baronite is disposed to stake modest claim to acumen by declaring his belief that the writer is a woman. There are some delicate, precise touches in connection with mother and child that could be imprinted only by a woman's hand. However that be, *Motherhood* is a tale far beyond the average of novels of the day. With a tendency to puerility in its opening scenes, as it proceeds it deepens into the soundless depths of a woman's love. As far as one recalls a long-reaching vista of novel reading it breaks new ground in the way of plot. *Motherhood* in the particular form shown by *Pauline* is beyond the record of absolute unselfishness. There are other skilfully drawn characters in the book besides the heroine. In spite of her sister *Gertrude* being commonly, with revolting ingenuity, addressed and written of as "Ger," she is sufficiently attractive to overcome the irritating blotch. Excellently conceived, too, is her lover, the quaint *Dr. Humphrey Martin*, and much skill is shown in the description and development of the character of the wayward, selfish cause of *Pauline's* troubles, *Everard*, infirm of purpose. Whether the initial L in the author's name cover the name LUCY or LAWRENCE, *Motherhood* will serve to establish a high reputation.

A Taste of Quality, by E. S. RORISON (JOHN LONG) is a disjointed narrative with a thin thread of story running through it. The author attempts to sustain whatever interest he may have aroused at starting by a series of jerky dialogues carried on by the principals who, individually interesting in themselves as characters, soon become hopeless bores. The Skipper's work commences early in the volume.

English Sport, published by MACMILLAN & Co., whom the Baron congratulates on the admirable get-up of the book, is written by distinguished and experienced contributors, all under the sympathetic editorship of ALFRED E. T. WATSON. There must be very few among us, take what class of Englishmen you will, whose attention is not to be arrested by some chapter on Fox Hunting, on Wild Stag Hunting, on Harriers, and records of all kinds of shooting, from pheasants to such fierce wild fowl as African lions. There are contributions on Racing, Rowing, Polo, Steeplechasing, and in fact on everything belonging to the domain of "Sport." Why Motoring is included rather puzzles the Baron. Of course Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON writes breezily yet scientifically on Golf; and Major BROADFUL ("retired") comes out of his retirement to gossip pleasantly and instructively on Billiards. This last-mentioned paper is excellently placed as a finish to the bustle of the book. The reader has been galloping on horseback in company with Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE and Lady AUGUSTA FANE, has been wildly stag-hunting up hill, down dale, over rocks and crags, and into quagmires, with Viscount EBRINGTON; he has been shooting and fishing with the Marquess of GRANBY, flying falcons with the Hon. GERALD LASCELLES ("flying kites" perhaps to keep himself going), so that he must indeed be thankful to enjoy a quiet post-prandial game of billiards with the Major, "retired," before the hour when both of them, civilian and military, will be on the retired list for the night. Thus closes the book, which can be taken up at any time and thoroughly enjoyed.



TARIFF TALES.

IN an article on "The Political Novel," a contemporary remarks that already quite half-a-dozen Tales have appeared dealing more or less directly with the Fiscal Problem. These are but the first drops of the autumnal storm. Both the Tariff Reformers and Free Food Leaguers have engaged favourite authors to popularise their respective views, and *Mr. Punch* is able to append some specimens from works shortly to be issued:—

Sample I, from "Captain Peck's Picnic," by Mr. W. W. Jacobs.

"... After a voyage like mine, Mrs. Briggs," said Captain PECK, sentimentally, as his glance wandered round the comfortable parlour and settled itself upon the fair face of Mrs. Briggs' daughter, "it's a pleasure to sleep ashore again."

"And that," remarked young HOSKYNs the coastguardsman, with frigid irony, "that's why you pay Mrs. BRIGGS for a room, I s'pose, when your boat—"

"My ship, young man," said Captain PECK.

"Your ship is lying in the harbour, and you might sleep aboard for nothing."

"Pre-cisely," said the Captain, scowling at his questioner. "To-morrow, Mrs. BRIGGS, I hope you and your daughter will come aboard and take tea with me. I've brought home a few things I should like your opinion of—tinned. To-morrow, and have a cup o' tea with me; I'll show you the things for certain."

Mrs. BRIGGS, however, declined the invitation. Ten minutes on the water, she said, fairly finished her up, and so far from being able to put food inside her it was, in a manner of speaking, the other way about. That day they sailed to Dormouth, FLOSSIE would remember.

FLOSSIE *did* remember, and cut the reminiscence short. If the Captain would not mind, she suggested, would he bring the tea ashore, and they could picnic on the beach in Farley Cove? The Captain could, and would. HOSKYNs, not included in the invitation, left the *Lion* and went thoughtfully home. He had felt fairly certain of gaining Miss BRIGGS's affection until this humbugging Captain appeared, with his tales of incredible adventures in the South Pacific. Since then FLOSSIE had expressed her preference for "real sailors that didn't only walk up and down the cliff with telescopes," and the heart of HOSKYNs was sad within him.

The picnic was a success, and Mrs. BRIGGS did full justice to the Captain's provisions—about the obtaining of which he told her new and even more wonderful tales. The party was just



AN IDYLL OF THE SEA.

thinking of moving, when HOSKYNs came round a corner of the cliff.

"There *are* parties," observed Captain PECK thoughtfully to the horizon, "that must—actually must—put in their ugly faces where they're not wanted."

HOSKYNs ignored this graceful sally. "A pleasant afternoon you've had, and lots of vittles—all from foreign parts, Cap'en?"

"Every bit," said PECK defiantly, "every blessed bit. Fourteen cases of tinned pine I got after that bust-up with the Esquiwary Indians, and six chests of chocolate were given me by the chief—what did I say was his name, Mrs. BRIGGS? It's clean slipped my memory. Then there was —"

"That'll do for a start, Cap'en," said the coastguardsman, who had hastily been reckoning sums on a scrap of paper.

"The duty on these articles, under Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's new tariff, is three pound—fourteen—and seven, which I'll trouble you to hand over."

"What!" gasped the Captain. "D'you mean to say—"

"I do," said Mr. HOSKYNs. "With your remarkable long voyage, Cap'en, you've forgot how things be altered since you was ashore last. Heavy duties on every blessed thing nowadays! Of course, if you *had* happened to slip into TRIMMEL's shop about seven minutes to ten this mornin' and bought them pine-apples and stuff there, there wouldn't be no call for you to pay duty; but they being direct from furrin' parts, you see—"

"Exactly," said Captain PECK, with some haste, "exactly. A—a word with you aside, Mr. HOSKYNs."

WOMEN I HAVE NEVER MARRIED.

II.

How quickly these impressions wane!
 I think—but would not like to swear—
 It must have been the *mise-en-scène*
 That drew me first to DI ADAIR;
 For I have sampled many a view
 Before and since, but never seen a
 More likely spot for Love's *début*--
 Take it all round--than TAORMINA.

Sheer crags above, and, sheer below,
 The shifting light on narrow seas;
 Southward the crater, crowned with snow,
 That swallowed poor Empedocles;
 Ruins of Roman play-house walls
 (Hellenic in their prime construction);--
 'Twas there, in two adjacent stalls,
 That we dispensed with introduction.

"O Isle of Greater Greece!" I thought;
 "O famous Syracusan shore!"
 For memory moved me, strangely fraught
 With little tags of classic lore;
 So that her air, full-blown and blonde
 (My fancy being somewhat flighty)
 Appeared to me to correspond
 Strictly to that of Aphrodite.

And yet a goddess over-ripe
 In the technique of Love his trade
 Seemed an invidious anti-type
 For so demure a British maid;
 Better that I should take the style
 Of *Ferdinand* (wrecked off *Girgenti*?)
 Who found *Miranda* of the Isle,
 A trusting girl of eight-and-twenty.

That lovely heroine's lot was cast
 Remote from men; and, much the same,
 Dear DI, it seemed, had had no past,
 But barely lived before I came.
 'Twas well! The warrior sort might choose
 Rivals to rout in open action,
 But I with my civilian views
 Preferred to be the sole attraction.

What might have happened I won't enquire;
 For Fate that guards my guileless head
 Summoned me home by instant wire
 Before the crucial word was said;
 And when, in London's giddier scenes,
 Once more we met I nearly fainted
 To find her not by any means
 The lonely chicken I had painted.

I that was once so nice and near
 Felt like a stranger far apart,
 Wholly unread in that career
 Which others seemed to know by heart;
 These were "her men"; I heard her call
 Their Christian names--Tom, Dick and HARRY;
 Yet not a man among them all
 Had thought her good enough to marry!

No shadow, so I heard, had crept
 Across the lady's fair repute
 Explaining what it was that kept
 The voice of Matrimony mute;
 Her 'scutcheon bore no kind of blot;
 She had admirers brave and many,

But as to marriage--they were not,
 In vulgar parlance, "taking any."

'Tis true they whispered here and there
 Of one whom she declined to mate,
 Who took to drink in pure despair,
 And motored at a fearful rate;
 But, when I struck the rumour's track
 And made a near investigation,
 There was no evidence to back
 Her partial mother's allegation.

Slowly and with reluctant pain
 This doubt arose to give me pause:
*Do girls of twenty-eight remain
 Spinsters without a cogent cause?*
 Why should I risk to bark my shin
 Against the steps of Hymen's altar;
 Why, like a fool, rush madly in
 Where wiser men preferred to falter? O. S.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHAPTER II.

The White Rabbit's Character and his Relations with Rob.

IF I frightened you very much by carrying you about in my mouth, and made you very untidy and rather damp, and if you knew that I had fully intended to eat you, and had, in fact, been prevented only by the opportune arrival of a little girl--well, I don't think we should be very good friends for the future. It was different, however, with the White Rabbit and *Rob*, the Labrador retriever. I am bound in common honesty to point out all the defects of my hero, and I may as well tell you at once that the White Rabbit was a most vain and conceited person. He never saw a girl of any kind without being convinced she had fallen hopelessly in love with him:

"I really can't help it," he used to say; "I don't *try* to make them fall in love with me. I didn't *make* myself beautiful: I was just born so, and anybody can see how I struggle against it all. It's hard lines on the girls, of course, because I always have said I'm not a marrying man, but what's a fellow to do when they absolutely won't leave him any peace? It's all very well for you"--this remark was addressed to *Rob*--"being only a black dog--"

"I beg your pardon," said *Rob*, with a cold politeness, "you said--?"

"'Being only a black dog' was what I said, and of course you are a black dog, you know, and you do bury your bones. Oh, I don't blame you for it, my dear Sir; it's instinct or inherited habit, or some nonsense of that kind, but, thank Heaven, we're free from it. Whoever saw a White Rabbit burying a bone? The very idea is ridiculous."

"Why, you fluffy fool," said *Rob*, who didn't at all relish these aspersions on dogs, "you long-eared fluffy fool, you never get a bone given to you. All you get is cabbage or lettuce leaves, or parsley, or a dish of bran."

"Perfectly true, my dear Sir," said the White Rabbit, "perfectly true. I don't *complain* of my diet. I hope I'm resigned; but what I want you to understand is this: that it isn't good table manners to bury a bone--you know you always blush crimson and look hopelessly confused when you're caught doing it--and that if they *did* give me a bone I shouldn't bury it. I should put it away neatly in a corner, that's all. But, of course, if you don't like the subject we'll change it. I hope I know what's due from me better than to give pain to anybody by talking about what he doesn't like. And if you don't like bones--"

"You bounding blockhead," said *Rob*, thoroughly annoyed, "who in the world said I didn't like bones?"



Bernard Partridge.

A DREAM OF GREEN FIELDS.

MR. PUNCH. "NOW, MISTRESS CHARITY, CAN'T WE MANAGE TO MAKE THE DREAM COME TRUE—JUST FOR A FORTNIGHT?"

[The Children's Country Holidays Fund is in great need of assistance. The Hon. Treasurer is the Earl of ARRAN, 18, Buckingham St., W.C.]



EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

Wife (to Fitz-Jones, who, in trying to lay the cloth for the picnic on a windy day, has got among the crockery). "JUST LOOK WHAT YOU'RE DOING, ARCHIBALD!"

"As a subject of conversation, I was about to add, only you didn't give me time—but that's just like a dog. You're all too impetuous, much too impetuous, ever to succeed really well in life. You should try a little repose, my dear Sir, you really should."

"Repose be blowed," growled *Rob*; "all I know is that my nose doesn't move five hundred to the minute, like some noses I've seen."

"But your tail does, silly!"

"Oh, I can't stop here all day listening to your rubbish," said *Rob*, and off he went.

From this conversation it will be seen that, in spite of the *contretemps* which I related last week, the relations between the White Rabbit and the Labrador were quite amicable. The fact is that the Rabbit, being, as I have said, a remarkably vain and conceited person, never got out of a scrape by the help of others without becoming firmly convinced, on reflection, that he owed his escape entirely to his own surpassing ingenuity and courage.

"It's extremely lucky for you," he observed to *Rob* on the following day, "that I forced you to drop me when I did."

"Why what on earth *could* you have done?" asked *Rob*.

"Oh, I shouldn't have done *very* much, but it would have been most uncomfortable for you. I should first—let me see what should I have done first?—Oh, yes, first I should have bitten you through your ear, and then I should just have scratched your eyes out. You'd have been a blind dog, my fine fellow; and a blind dog's a pretty useless kind

of animal, let me tell you, especially a blind dog with a tattered ear."

"Well, you do take the cake!" was all *Rob* could say.

"But, mind," continued the White Rabbit, "I don't bear you any grudge. I'm quite content to let bygones be bygones. You can't help being a dog, and I suppose as you are one you have to act like one. Only, I think it right to warn you that if such a thing occurs again I shall have to deal with it severely. I can't afford to let you off again, my black friend."

You would have thought, after all this, that *Rob* wouldn't have cared to associate with so absurd a person as the White Rabbit; but, somehow or other, *Rob* couldn't keep away from him. While the Rabbit was hopping about on the grass in his little enclosure *Rob* was now always shut up, but when the Rabbit had been carried back to his hutch, *Rob* was let out again, and away he tore straight to the bars in front of the hutch and sat there gazing. "It's because I'm so attractive," said the Rabbit to the piebald cat. "Poor old *Rob*, we mustn't be too hard on him."

UNCOMMONSENSE.—A correspondent, writing to the *Western Morning News* on the public indifference towards the band that plays on the Hoe at Plymouth, recently asked: "Where else can you hear the music and see the Sound?" Mr. *Punch* believes he is right in saying that this effect is without parallel, even in the clearest atmosphere.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XXI.—HOLIDAYS.

SCENE—Cook's, Ludgate Hill.

PRESENT.

*Lady Jeune (in the Chair).**Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P.**Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.**Mr. St. John Brodriek, M.P.**Mr. Will Crooks, M.P.**Sir Alfred Harmsworth.*

Lady Jeune. At this most opportune season, when liberty seems at last to be within the reach of so many, we are met to decide upon the most suitable holidays to take.

Mr. Will Crooks. Margate.

Lady Jeune. The most suitable for all varieties of people.

Mr. Will Crooks. I said Margate.

Lady Jeune. And in order that we may be assisted a little in our arduous discussion I have brought with me the current number of the *Ladies' Home Magazine*, in which the same subject is canvassed by some of the most illustrious of our contemporaries.

Mr. Will Crooks. They can't beat Margate, I'm sure.

Lady Jeune. I see, for example, that a noted wig-maker prefers solitude. A Devonshire cottage eight miles from the nearest station is his choice.

Mr. Balfour. My choice would be a Devonshire cottage eight miles from the nearest wig-maker.

Mr. Chamberlain. Why take holidays? I want no holiday.

Mr. Brodriek. How will you spend the time?

Mr. Chamberlain. I intend to devote part of it in a head-to-head visitation of the Oswestry district, to examine voters' bumps.

Mr. Balfour. It is quite true. The only way to rest is to change one's work. I am beginning my vacation by presiding over the British Association at Cambridge. After that, the links.

Mr. Crooks. And how will Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spend the remainder of his vacation?

Mr. Chamberlain. I have lately become rather interested in the question of reforming our fiscal system. Probably I shall be inquiring into that possibility during the recess.

Mr. Brodriek. It sounds a dull subject. Have you been at it long?

Lady Jeune. I see that Mr. WILLIAM WHITELEY is in favour of the prettiest spot in England, the best possible weather and "the company of seven friends that I love the most."

Mr. Balfour. Very idyllic.

Mr. Chamberlain. A little exacting, perhaps.

Mr. Brodriek. Why seven? Why not eight?

Mr. Chamberlain. Has any man seven friends?

Lady Jeune. Surely the allowance is not excessive for a Universal Provider.

Mr. Brodriek. Yet what an odd number!

Mr. Balfour. And what is the prettiest spot in England?

Mr. Crooks. Margate.

Lady Jeune. Anywhere but Westbourne Grove, probably.

Sir Alfred Harmsworth. Continuous cricket is the best holiday. I am giving all my young lions bonuses on their runs. Of bowling we think nothing on our paper; but five shillings a run is freely offered. No bowling performance can ever get a word, however "meritorious."

Mr. Brodriek. There are, of course, grouse. As one once sacrificed a cock to Æsculapius, so it seems that the legislation cannot now enter upon a period of leisure without first sacrificing a grouse to Hygeia. But it is not my pleasure. I have no ambition to bring down a bird with both barrels of a Lee-Metford.

Mr. Balfour. I did not know you shot birds with Lee-Metfords. But I seldom read the Sporting Papers.

Mr. Brodriek. Oh, well, with a Martini-Henri then; it's all one. My idea of a holiday is a hammock.

Lady Jeune. It is also, I see, Miss IRENE VANBRUGH'S. I observe that the Chief Rabbi urges travel in Switzerland and the Tyrol, with interspaces of rest and reading.

Mr. Balfour. This counsel must come as balm indeed to the toilers in White-chapel.

Mr. Crooks. My constituents go to Margate, and don't read.

Lady Jeune. A famous complexion specialist, for example, favours a sketching tour with kindred souls in a gipsy van. But that, of course, would not suit all.

Mr. Brodriek. Not me, certainly.

Sir Alfred Harmsworth. A motor gipsy-van might not be bad. A 60-gipsy-power van would be very lively.

Lady Jeune. I note that a Mr. BURGIN advocates the Canadian pine woods; but for a man with only a fortnight at his disposal that advice is not too practical. Even in these days of ocean whippets, I doubt if one would reach the sanctuary before it was time to return.

Mr. Balfour. After the British Association meeting is done I intend to take a sleeping draught, warranted to keep one comatose for three months.

Mr. Chamberlain. How odd! My intention is to remain wide awake all the time.

Lady Jeune. How, then, have we decided that holidays shall be spent?

Mr. Chamberlain. Each in his own way.

Mr. Crooks. At Margate.

CHARIVARIA.

THE final report of the Census of 1901 has just been published. At that date there were 97,383 insane persons in the country. It is appalling to think that this number was reached even before the Passive Resistance movement was started.

It is announced that electric trains will soon be running on the Metropolitan Railway, and that in the meantime the stations and tunnels are to be made more attractive. This, no doubt, accounts for the rumour that Portland Road Station will shortly be bedded out with choice flowers surrounding fountains of *eau-de-Cologne*.

The St. George's Circus obelisk is to be removed after all. We are not surprised at the opposition against which the proposal has had to contend. There is about an obelisk something so dainty and fanciful that we believe there is nothing else in the British ideal of art so successfully attained.

"The day of art-finds is by no means over," says the *Art Journal*. This may be true, but the visitors to the last exhibition of the Royal Academy certainly had little luck.

Sir W. P. TRELOAR having written to the *Daily Mail* to mention that a German waiter in reply to his request for a whisky and soda brought him a *Whitaker's Almanac*, Mr. St. JOHN RAIKES mentions a much more fortunate incident. He asked for a *Bradshaw* and received a brandy and soda. Personally, we know of a case where a gentleman asked for a gin and bitters and they brought him a policeman.

A paper for smokers has made its appearance. Seeing how cheap matches are nowadays, we should have thought it scarcely necessary.

The cry of "Wake up, England!" has reached Norfolk. The Norwich Athletic Association is the donor of a medal, to be competed for at the Sheringham Harriers' Sports in a four-mile walking handicap, "for the first boy home under 18 years." It certainly seems a long time.

All sorts of reasons continue to be given for the emptiness of the churches. Some say it is due to the inferior quality of the sermons. On the other hand, as

a parson points out, how can you expect a good sermon from an over-worked cleric? It must not be forgotten that when laymen are sleeping clergymen are at work.

An actress defending the stage, in the columns of the *Express*, against the "faked woman" charges brought by Miss MARIE CORELLI, declares that "in actual life the actress is even more natural than the average woman." Miss CORELLI never said anything so cruel as that.

Is gallantry dying out? Several newspapers headed an item of news last week, "A Woman Burglar." We may be old-fashioned, but we prefer the more courteous expression—"A Lady Burglar."

At Charenton, France, the first number of a paper edited and printed by inmates of the lunatic asylum has made its appearance. We have reason to believe that several such papers have been published in England for some time past without acknowledgment of their origin.

On Friday last Mr. REGINALD VANDERBILT gave a dinner at Sandy Point, at which all the male guests had to wear old straw hats in various stages of dilapidation, while their partners donned sun-bonnets. Nothing quite so delightfully *chic* in freak entertainments has taken place for years in America, and Mr. VANDERBILT is the hero of the hour.

The Russian Volunteer cruisers *Peterburg* and *Smolensk* are now returning home. They have had an enjoyable, exciting, and expensive cruise.

It is felt that Mr. Chamberlain is seriously prejudicing his chances of success with the labouring classes by promising them more work.

It is also looked upon by many as a tactical blunder that Mr. Chamberlain in his Welbeck speech, which was delivered on the hottest day of the year, should have promised cheaper food instead of cheaper drink.

China's troubles are not over yet. It is the opinion of his Excellency KANG YU WEI, the leader of the Chinese Reform party, that the English political system of Party government could be applied to China.

"I have been trying to smoke a cigar ever since I was eight years old, and I haven't succeeded," says T. P. in *M.A.P.* We would respectfully suggest to Mr. O'CONNOR that he should try a fresh one.



A POINT OF VIEW.

"ENGAGED TO JACK! WHY, YOU'RE THE FOURTH GIRL HE'S BEEN ENGAGED TO THIS SUMMER."
"WELL, DON'T YOU THINK THERE MUST BE SOMETHING VERY ATTRACTIVE ABOUT A MAN WHO CAN GET ENGAGED TO FOUR GIRLS IN ABOUT TWO MONTHS?"

DOG POLICEMEN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I was much interested in an article appearing recently in the *Daily Mail*, entitled "Dogs as Policemen." It describes how, in Belgium, dogs are being trained to detect thieves with the accuracy of a *Sherlock Holmes*. I am not a bit surprised! A vocation for police duties is inbred in many dogs. My own little *Fido* (lately deceased) was a case in point. His speciality was to protest against the frantic speed of motor-cars, bicycles, &c., and to warn their owners that they were exceeding the legal limit. How this marvellous dog obtained his knowledge of the fact that they were transgressing the law is altogether beyond me, but so it was. My house is near a much-frequented high road, and at every hour of the day *Fido* would fly out and bark

violently at the "searchers" who passed. Alas! he fell a victim to his own intelligence and zeal, which reduced him to the semblance of a pancake.

Yours scientifically,
"SPECTATOR."

"GLORIOUS" GOODWOOD.—The *Daily Telegraph* seems to have been the only paper to record a spectacle (apparently encored) which is unexampled at this Royal meeting. It tells us that—"The Royal party drove up just before the first race, and this again included the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, Princess Victoria, and the Duke of Sparta."

A WARNING word may spare us blows,
So, all you pirate crews,
Just leave alone our P. & O.s.
And mind your P's and Q's.

IN OR OUT OF THE MOVEMENT?

(A Saturday to Monday Meditation.)

As a worker and dweller in London, and as always interested in every variation that "week-ends" away from the work-shop may offer to the toiler, it seems to me that the greatest change obtainable, with fullest value for money, in the least possible time at the farthest distance away from the madding business crowd, is the objective of all who, loving life, would see good days and reposeful nights. If, for you, variety hath charms, then will you find it in all sorts of shapes and forms—and the forms are various with a vengeance, at Brighton, where you will find yourself in the space of one hour from town; and however out of sorts you may be (and this applies to quite forty-eight persons out of fifty) good Dr. Brighton will pull you through and set you on your legs again.

There Sunday offers any amount of attractions in drives, steamboats, music on the pier, music in hotels (first-rate band at the Métropole, by the way) and plenty of lounging. Far be it from me to recommend anything "shady," even in these tropical times, but for coolness, comfort, and quiet the Royal York is hard to beat. Brighton gives you the very business of pleasure. Of Margate much the same may be said; ditto as to Ramsgate, whose new Pavilion, properly managed, may yet be numbered among the attractions and improvements. For the upper crust on the upper cliff, far away above the yellow sands, whence the gods aloft can look down on seething humanity below, there is the Granville in all its glory, with a promenade and a band-stand, but whether the bandsmen are there every evening this deponent cannot state with accuracy. All along the S.E. coast are places lively as Variety Shows, suitable for the majority in search of amusement and distraction on Sundays.

But go round the corner of England, south east, and down south to a seaside place that can be reached, express, in a few minutes over two hours by the L. & S. W. R., and, for perfect rest—compulsory rest, mind you, which you take upon yourself voluntarily—commend me to Bournemouth. Saturday and Monday, and every working day in a summer week, Bournemouth is blithe and gay. Steamers are running hither and thither, wagonettes, coaches, gardens with music, excellent bands on well-appointed pier, concerts, donkey-riding, *al fresco* refreshments, clowns, niggers—in fact, everything that is considered by the majority as constituting a 'appy 'oliday, is to be found, at its best, at Bournemouth.

But every Saturday night, long before the stroke of twelve, bands, lights, cocoa-nuts, niggers, donkey-boys, and all things and people that make quiet life impossible, vanish as if by magic, not to be heard of or seen again till Monday morning.

Any visitor from London who may need absolute quiet for his Sunday outing will get it at Bournemouth, where, aloft on the heather, on the sandy cliffs, or among the shady forests of firs, he will find (except perhaps for the interference of occasional insects) perfect rest.

There are, it may be freely conceded, some trains should he want to visit the neighbourhood: or, likewise, there are vehicles for hire. But if he would slumber to music, there is no band, no concert, not even of "Sacred Music" (at least, so I gather), in any public garden. Would he be invigorated by the sea-breeze fanning him aboard ship, and behold the pleasant line of coast, he must be, and indeed ought to be, content with sitting at the end of the pier, fancying himself on a steamer, when by a stretch of imagination he can realise to his mind's eye pictures of the coast far out of sight round the corners east and west. Sunday papers arrive late from town, so he will not be worried by unnecessary news.

He can sit in the pleasant Bath Hotel gardens enjoying the Mediterranean-like sea view, or in the public gardens

he can meditate or read. He can stroll down to the delightfully situated hostelry at Branksome Chine, yeleft "Branksome Towers," beloved by our PHIL MAY, and there, with invigorated appetite, he can lunch or dine *al fresco*. At Bournemouth on Sunday there is no four-horse coach, no horn blowing; I saw no motors, nor heard raucous cries of journal-vendors. I fancy that even for the Salvation Army, with its brass bands and enthusiastic perambulating choir, Sunday is a day of peace and quiet at Bournemouth. To many the prospect of such a total change is deterrent, but to not a few, among the wiser visitors, the Sabbatarian observance of Sunday, just for once and away (away, of course, on the Monday), is a boon for which Bournemouth deserves a fairly discriminating boom.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

(Dedicated to Richard Strauss.)

In the orient air of autumn, fanned by Mareotic fires,
Where the stately salamanders curtsy to their sacred sires,
I beheld a wondrous vision, mirrored in the asymptote,
Of nostalgic Rosierucians branding the *scotēcobrote*.

Plants of hypodermic basil on the margin stood arrayed;
Elfin hordes in antilimax bathed in seas of marmalade;
And the obstinate allurements of the arrogant bassoon
Lent a silken iridescence to the mediæval moon.

Leaders of these lurid revels, GARIBALDI I espied
With a shoal of pterodactyls prancing gaily by his side;
Phuphiluns, the Etruscan Bacchus, Gorboduc and Skanderbeg
Romp in divine confusion with the late Miss KILMANSEGG.

Goliardic cachinnations soon athwart the welkin rang,
Parasang in diapason booming unto parasang,
Till the saturnine Colossus, joining grimly in the fray,
Passed in oval ululation far beyond the Milky Way.

Then the myrmidons of Argos, mounted on their hippogriffs,
Swooped in semilunar squadrons from the Dalecarlian cliffs,
Plunging their empurpled poniards in the bosom of the brine,
Till the minarets of Moscow sank into the Serpentine.

Oh, the rapture of the conflict, when the Corybantic crew
Clashed in fulsome adulation on the shores of Gillaroo!
Paladins of saintly presence, poets of seraphic quill—
HANNIBAL and BARBAROSSA, CALIBAN and BOBADIL.

Suddenly the mist grew denser and the peacocks hove in sight,
Peacocks of peculiar flavour, kidnapped from the Isle of
Wight,

Waving with impassioned gusto tails of elephantine girth,
While they sang, in plaintive accents, songs of agonising mirth.

But the oriflamme of Elba could no longer be defied,
And the satrap of Sahara claimed his long-forgotten bride,
Merging with supreme expansion, in the crucible of Hell,
Holocausts of *hara-kiri*, hecatombs of asphodel.

So the vision waned and vanished, and I found myself alone
On the crest of Cotopaxi, in the Hanseatic zone,
Cantillating with an unction never paralleled by man,
Since the Balearic buglers scaled the heights of Matapan.

ANSWER TO ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT.—We beg to inform someone who kindly sent in a joke "which he didn't think had been made up to the present moment," that the "Hotel for Lawyers," in connection with the name of RITZ, was perpetrated about the time when the well-known Hotel-raiser commenced, only that it took the form of "Advice to an intending speculator in Hotels, warning him of RITZ being out against him."



A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

Jimmy. "DADDY! WHEN TOMMY JONES AND I WERE DOWN BY THE WATER, WE CAUGHT A LARGE CRAB, QUITE SO BIG, AND I WASN'T THE LEAST BIT FRIGHTENED! I TOOK IT IN MY HANDS, ALL BY MYSELF!"

Daddy (who knows Jimmy's fear of crabs). "REALLY, AND WAS THIS TERRIBLE CRAB ALIVE?"

Jimmy. "N-NO, DADDY. BUT IT WAS ALMOST ALIVE!"

DIFFICILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI.

[Many people wonder why the Upper Ten figure so prominently in present-day British drama. In *Le Temps* Mr. A. B. WALKLEY suggests as the explanation that only men of means and leisure can afford the luxury of a grand passion.]

THERE'S a wish I've always had to be very very bad
And to emulate DON JUAN with the sex,
For I feel that I could make every bit as good a rake
As the dissolute TOM JONES or giddy QUEX.
I would cultivate the passion in the very finest fashion,
And elope with lots of other people's wives—
Had my income but permitted, I've a soul exactly fitted
For the gayest and the wickedest of lives.

But whenever I aspire to a questionable fire,
When particularly tempted to elope,
Say, to Margate or Southend, with a charming lady friend,
I am suddenly compelled to crush my hope;
For alas! my circumstances do not warrant such romances,
And my chief would look unutterably black,
While Maria would discover that her gay and gallant lover
Was an unromantic person with the sack.

How I envy lucky chaps—in the Albany, perhaps—
Who address their cringing valets thus: "You do see!"

Pack my Gladstone bag! Make haste! There is little time to waste;

We are leaving for the Continent at once."

Now if I presume to cherish such delicious dreams, they perish
At the prospects which await us poorer men.

It's a very prosy pity, but I've got to reach the City
Every morning as the clock is striking ten.

Thus with every wish to shine in the gay Lothario line,
And with every inclination to be bad,

Fate is one too much for me, and the sad result you see—
I'm the very mildest person to be had.

On a Sunday you will find me, with my little ones behind me,
Strolling virtuously over Walham Green.

Ah, how few would guess the hunger of this pious ironmonger
For the joys of a forbidden might-have-been!

THAT the disasters of the War are being literally "brought home" to the inhabitants of St. Petersburg is shown in the following tremendous item of intelligence, extracted from a *Times* leader of August 4:—

"The question of winter quarters for the Russian Army had not hitherto been regarded as urgent, but we are suddenly informed from St. Petersburg that General KUROPATKIN has issued orders for the removal of the 'useless civilian elements' from that town in order that winter quarters may be prepared there for his troops."



SAD RESULTS OF PERSISTENT BRIDGE PLAYING AT SEA.

Owner. "I'LL 'EAVE IT TŌ YOU, PARTNER!"

CRICKET BY CONTRACT.

ACCORDING to a contemporary, the very existence of local cricket is seriously threatened by the deplorable selfishness of cricketers, who do not scruple to cry off at the last moment should some superior attraction present itself.

The following form of agreement will, it is hoped, go some way towards diminishing this serious evil.

This Indenture made on the _____ day of _____ 1904 between JOHN JONES of 1 Buckingham Palace Villas Balham in the county of Surrey Gentleman (and hereinafter called the Skipper) of the one part and SAMUEL SMITH of Chatsworth Cottage Brixton in the county of Surrey aforesaid (and hereinafter called the Trundler) of the other part

Whereas a cricket match has been arranged and is shortly to take place between the athletes of Balham (carrying on business under the style and firm of the Balham Early Closers) and the athletes of Upper Tooting (carrying on business under the style and firm of the Upper Tooting Wednesdays and Saturdays) And Whereas the said Trundler has assured the said Skipper that on a

certain day to wit the first Monday in August in the year of Grace 1903 he did dismiss two batsmen and no more of the opposing team and numbered in the scoring sheet respectively ten and eleven (and which statement the said Skipper hereby binds himself to believe to the best of his ability) at an average rate of ten runs per wicket by bowling or otherwise propelling the cricket ball in such a manner that the said ball turned or twisted round the legs of the said batsmen and which style of propulsion is hereinafter called a Googley And Whereas the said Skipper relying on such representations as aforesaid has requested the said Trundler to aid and abet him in compassing the defeat of the said Upper Tooting Wednesdays and Saturdays And Whereas the said Trundler has agreed to so aid and abet him

Now This Indenture Witnesseth that in pursuance of the premises the said Trundler hereby covenants with the said Skipper that at 11.30 o'clock on the day appointed for the said match he will duly and punctually attend at a certain hayfield containing by admeasure-ment about 3 acres 2 roods 1 perch (and

commonly known as the Upper Tooting Wednesdays and Saturdays' cricket ground) arrayed in proper clothing that is to say one pair of grey flannel trousers one shirt of flannel or linen one pair of white canvas shoes with nails spikes or other steel points in the soles thereof one cloth cap and one blazer containing such colours only as belong to the uniform of the said Balham Early Closers And This Indenture further witnesseth that the said Trundler will at such time or times as to the said Skipper may seem fit proper and right bowl propel or otherwise deliver such Googleys as aforesaid with intent to get the batsman bowled caught stumped or otherwise dismissed And This Indenture further witnesseth that he the said Trundler will not allow himself to be prevented from performing the premises by reason of Tennis Tournaments Ping-pong Parties Bicycle Gymkhanas Boating Excursions Weddings (whether his own or Another's) or Dancing Classes hereinafter to be called Superior Attractions but by the said Trundler described as the obsequies of his Grandmother Aunt or other distant Relative.

In Witness whereof &c.



INTERNAL DISORDER.

GERMAN EMPEROR. "MY POOR FRIEND!" RUSSIAN BEAR. "IT'S NOT ONLY THE FIGHTING—
THOUGH THAT'S BAD ENOUGH—IT'S THE AWFUL PAIN INSIDE."

GERMAN EMPEROR. "AH! THERE I CAN'T HELP YOU. I'M TROUBLED A LITTLE IN THAT
WAY MYSELF."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 1.
—Bank Holiday, and a rare summer day. The mighty multitude of London out enjoying itself. Hampstead, Kew, Epping Forest, cricket at the Oval, Richmond Park at its best, all thronged with holiday folk. Only at Westminster work goes on as if JOHN LEBBOK had never been. As matter of fact, taking both Houses together, this so-called Bank Holiday is the busiest day of the year. Licensing Bill in the Lords, Vote of Censure in the Commons, filled both Chambers.

VISCOUNT PEEL moved amendment to Licensing Bill establishing time limit.

Some present to-night under ample wing of LORD CHANCELLOR, having, still in chrysalis state, sat in Commons when, just twenty-four years ago, ARTHUR WELLESLEY PEEL was called to the Chair, remember the brief speech he made in acknowledgment of his election. Heretofore his personality little known to average Member. Recognised as one who had filled subordinate Ministerial office. Had never caught ear of House by ordered speech. Now suddenly brought under the fierce light that beats on Speaker's Chair, the eloquence, dignity, lofty independence of his address created pleased surprise.

During the eleven years that followed, impression then made was sustained and deepened. To-night the Lords had

["I propose to put such a duty on flour as will result in the whole of the milling of wheat being done in this country. . . . This trade, which to a certain extent we have lost, will be revived."—Mr. Chamberlain.]

opportunity of hearing a speech hereditary in its simplicity, its loftiness of moral attitude; equal to, if not exceeding, the eloquence that marked the

speeches of the statesman whose highest aspiration was that he should "leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of goodwill in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labour and earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow—a name remembered with expressions of goodwill when they shall recreate their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with a sense of injustice."

As nearly sixty years ago the father devoted his rare capacity to the welfare of the working-man in the matter of food, so to-day the son, putting on harness again in time of well-earned rest, throws all his energy into effort to deliver the horny-handed one from the thrall of drink.

In the Commons C.-B. comes up fresh and smiling with quite a new vote of censure. No expectation of turning out Government, even at this eleventh hour. There were some three dozen Free Fooders on Ministerial side known to be ready to put principle before party. If they carried their convictions to logical conclusion they would support C.-B. in his expression of "regret that certain of His Majesty's Ministers have accepted official positions in a political organisation which has formally declared its adherence to a Policy of Preferential duties involving the taxation of food."

They all shared the regret; Cousin



THE THREE JOE-VIAL HUNTSMEN. (WELBECK EDITION.) No. II.

"THEY HUNTED, AN' THEY HOLLO'D, AN' THE NEXT THING THEY DID FIND
WAS A RUSTY, MUSTY GRINDLESTONE, AN' THAT THEY LEFT BEHIND.

LOOK YE THERE!

ONE SAID IT WAS A GRINDLESTONE, ANOTHER HE SAID 'NAY,
IT'S NOUGHT BUT AN' OWD FOSSIL, THAT SOMEBODY'S ROLL'T AWAY.

LOOK YE THERE!"



THE THREE JOE-VIAL HUNTSMEN. (WELBECK EDITION.) No. I.

"THEY HUNTED, AN' THEY HOLLO'D, AN' THE FIRST THING THEY DID FIND
WAS A TATTER'T DOGGART, IN A FIELD, AN' THAT THEY LEFT BEHIND.

LOOK YE THERE!

ONE SAID IT WAS A DOGGART, AN' ANOTHER HE SAID 'NAY;
IT'S JUST A BANKRUPT FARMER, HE WILL SURELY GO OUR WAY.

LOOK YE THERE!"

["I do not believe that I have to preach to the farmer."—Mr. Chamberlain.]



"DIOMED AND GLAUCUS VOW TO AVOID EACH OTHER HENCEFORTH IN THE FRAY."

HUGH expressed it in a speech courtesating with wit. If they followed C.-B. into Division Lobby they would reduce Ministerial majority by 72. That would bring it to dangerously low figure, with inevitable conclusion of leading C.-B. to Treasury Bench. So they heroically resolved to take a middle course. Whilst lamenting PRINCE ARTHUR's falling away they could not vote with him; whilst approving C.-B.'s protest, they would not support him.

Some, like ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, stopped away, thus freeing themselves from all temptation; others, like COUSIN HUGH, walked out when the Division bell rang. Thus it came to pass the Government have what in these days is reckoned a rattling majority of 78.

Whilst a good send-off for Ministers on eve of holidays was thus gratuitously provided, Opposition didn't even gain anticipated advantage of making things hot for PRINCE ARTHUR. Awkward enough they were, with DOX JOSÉ on one side and the deep sea of Opposition on the other; the former making fresh

effort to rope in his right hon. friend, the latter insisting on knowing what are those views and convictions which PRINCE ARTHUR reiterated he had more than once defined. PRINCE ARTHUR ignored DOX JOSÉ's trap. He looked with wondering, almost incredulous, gaze at the Opposition still wanting to know.

"I have," he said, "over and over again declared my opinion, defined my position, on this fiscal question."

"What are they?" inquired matter-of-fact Member opposite.

PRINCE ARTHUR sailed along as if the question had been addressed elsewhere. Sat down without having by a phrase committed himself.

When the late Mr. G. did not want to reply to an inconvenient question, he made answer in a multitude of words that left the inquirer so bewildered that before he could return to the matter the next business was called on and opportunity had fled. PRINCE ARTHUR achieved the same end by the same way, but in varied fashion. He spoke nearly an hour on the burning

question of the day, in the hearing of an intensely interested audience, and he said nothing.

Business done.—Vote of censure negatived by 288 votes against 210.

Tuesday.—"What, all my pretty chickens?"

C.-B., murmuring MacDuff's inquiry, stopped short of the last word in the line quoted, lest in the circumstances it might lead to misunderstanding. With the Scotch Church in fresh state of disruption it would never do for the Member for Stirling District, under whatever provocation, to be suspected of using an undesirable expletive.

Truly the situation extraordinary. At this epoch common enough for Leader of House to announce the dropping of certain measures in Ministerial programme, found impossible to carry through before Prorogation. Never was such holocaust as to-day. Twenty-one Bills chucked overboard. On some, such as Scotch Education, Port of London, and Aliens Bills, much time spent. Had it been concentrated on one, its passage assured; distributed, labour is lost.

PRINCE ARTHUR in gayest spirits. Seems rather proud than otherwise of distinction achieved. Jokes with Welsh Members without defficiency. One item in the list is a Whales Bill. Welsh Members, not catching the aspirate, want to know what this has to do with Wales.

"Whales," said the Premier nodding cheerfully; "w-h-a-l-e-s, inhabitants of the deep."

"What a shining light he would have been at Dotheboys Hall!" said the MEMBER FOR SARK. "You remember the spelling lesson there?" "Spell winders," said Mr. SQUEERS, to one of his boys. "W-i-n-d-e-r-s," whimpered the boy. "Right," said Mr. SQUEERS; "now go and clean them." "Spell Whales," Mr. SQUEERS would have remarked to PRINCE ARTHUR had his early youth been spent in the Yorkshire seminary. "W-h-a-l-e-s," would have been the unfaltering response. "Right," says Mr. SQUEERS; "go and catch one."

Business done.—Government Bills dropped like hot coals. PRINCE ARTHUR, going a-whaling in holiday time, means to wind up business at earliest possible date.

Friday.—The MEMBER FOR SARK, who has been reading the *Life and Letters of Couell of Cambridge*, just published by MACMILLAN, is delighted with passage in letter dated 1847, written by FITZ-GERALD to the then young student.

"That is a noble and affecting passage," he writes, "where *Diomed* and *Glaucus*, being about to fight, recognise each other as old family friends, exchange arms, and vow to avoid each other henceforth in the fray."



GROUSE-DRIVING UP-TO-DATE.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE LUXURIOUS.

Whilst acknowledging the difficulty in the reference to old family friendship, SARK discerns in this reminiscence of the Trojan War analogy to the relationship now existing between PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSÉ. The vow henceforth to avoid each other in the fray he regards as particularly felicitous. On the question of fiscal reform DON JOSÉ flies one flag, PRINCE ARTHUR another. They are as wide apart as whole-hoggers and half-hoggers. Fighting is going on all round, at Oswestry and elsewhere. But these, having exchanged arms, "avoid each other in the fray."

"And which is *Diomed* and which *Glaucus*?" I asked.

"Well," said SARK, "you remember it was the masterful *Diomed* who, in the exchange of armour, secured the golden suit, leaving *Glaucus* to put up with one of common iron. As they say to this day in places where they talk in proverbs, *Glauci et Diomedis permutatio*."

Business done.—Welsh Coercion Bill in Committee.

ANSWER TO (MANY) CORRESPONDENTS.—Of course it was CLAUDE LOWTHER, not CLAUDE HAY, who, during the all-night sitting, accused WINSTON CHURCHILL of suffering from an attack of Beri-beri. In writing his "Diary" published last week, TOBY, M.P., confounded the two—of course not in the offensive sense of the word. It is the worst of the persistent sunshine of that fortnight. The tendency to make Hay was irresistible.

FIRST-AID FEROCITIES.

I PROTEST I am a mild man, and an inoffensive, but if it were not for that silk handkerchief and umbrella I should certainly take legal proceedings.

I had been dining with my old friend Jones, who always does you well, and at ten o'clock, being an early man, I started homewards. Some half-dozen young men were walking ahead of me, and I noticed that each one carried a little book. All at once I slipped and fell, though whether orange peel or banana skin was the cause of my downfall has never been made clear. In any case, I hit the back of my head against a lamp-post and lay groaning. The young men immediately returned and clustered round me, but they prevented all my efforts to rise, and one with an exultant cry of "Epilepsy!" dropped on his knee and thrust his little book in my mouth. My impotent struggles at this outrage were interrupted by the remarks of one of his companions, who had me by the right leg: "Lie still—don't attempt to move," he was saying, then, turning to the others, he observed:

"This is really a most fortunate occurrence—I do believe he's broken his leg!"

At this they all opened their little books, and began hurriedly turning over the pages.

"Does that hurt you, my poor fellow?" he inquired, giving my calf a frightful pinch.

Considering the position of the book the eloquence of my reply was really creditable.

"Ah—as I thought," he exclaimed triumphantly, "a comminuted fracture of the tibia. JODKINS, old man, turn to fractures."

JODKINS rapidly skimmed the pages of his book and began reading.

"Compress the femoral artery and apply a tourniquet." No—that's the wrong place. Ah! this is better—"Apply a splint from hip to ankle; a



POLICE NEWS.

"BROUGHT BEFORE THE BEAK."

stick or umbrella will do.' Here's an umbrella, and here's a silk handkerchief for a bandage."

At this they proceeded to attach the umbrella to my person, and half choked as I was, and still dazed by my fall, I was like a baby in their hands. At this point another young man stooped over me, and poking his thumb viciously in my left eye pressed back the eyelid.

"You're all of you wrong," he cried excitedly. "This is a case of laudanum poisoning; his pupil's no bigger than a pin. Here, take some of this, my poor chap." And so saying he removed the book and substituted the mouth of a bottle in its place. Mistaking it for a stimulant, I took a copious draught. Faugh!—let me draw a veil over the next few minutes.

"Capital!" cried the young brute. "Now we'll walk you up and down to work off the poison."

"You'll do nothing of the sort!"

cried JODKINS with some heat—"when we've just set the fracture successfully. Leave him alone, will you!"

They were proceeding to high words, when a gruff voice exclaimed:

"Now then, what's the matter here?" and a stalwart constable thrust my tormentors aside and peered into my face.

"He's in a fit," cried one; "it's this hot weather!"

"Thirsty weather, you mean," retorted the policeman with offensive significance.

"It's laudanum poisoning, I tell you!" cried another.

"Alcoholic poisoning," replied the policeman, with a sneer; "and a night in the cells is all the treatment he requires." And with that he took me by the collar. There was a magnetic element in his touch that endured me with the desperation of a maniac. With a yell I sprang to my feet, upsetting the constable, who, I was pleased to notice, carried three young men with him as he fell.

I may affirm, without exaggeration, that I covered the half mile which lay between me and home in one minute fifty seconds. Safely locked in my own vestibule I discovered the umbrella still adhering to my person by means of the silk handkerchief, and, as I before remarked, were it not for the fact that both articles are of excellent quality, I should certainly take legal proceedings.

THE GAME OF "AVERAGES."

THIS popular game is played very much like the old-fashioned "Cricket," but with a different motive. In the game of "Cricket" each player's object was to win the match, but in the new game—"Averages"—each player plays solely for his own score, the result of the match being immaterial.

The following points, in which "Averages" differs from "Cricket," should be observed.

When running byes, or for a hit of your partner's, do not exert yourself unnecessarily. By judicious running endeavour to monopolise inferior bowling, and in the same way avoid the attack when it is of a specially deadly nature. If you want to be "not out," you should avoid the bowling altogether.

If it is a question between drawing the match and winning it by taking risks, take none. Think of your average, and play the game.

The Strenuous Age.

First City Blood. Busy at your place? *Second C. B.* Well, not gen'rally; but I am, awfly. Just been in Paris for a month to arrange about my holidays.

THE RECORD OF A SHORT HOLIDAY.

IV.

Que faire? What indeed!

The sympathetic man, in the blouse, and the despondent man, myself, in the blues, face one another; but, not a word have we to say. Suddenly my companion recommences shouting "*Madame! Madame!*" and again, in a hopeless spiritless fashion, like a half-hearted echo, I follow him. Let us shout by all means. It is a relief to the feelings. But that is all. No response; not a sound; not a murmur; not the faintest murmur of a whisper. This Babe, masculine, in the wood has lost the other Babe, feminine; and, as my fancy recurs to nursery rhymes like *Bo-Peep*, I am utterly at a loss and "don't know where to find her."

Sudden inspiration! The remainder of the *Bo-Peep* verse is "Leave them alone, And they'll come home" (home does not nowadays rhyme with alone, and perhaps it never did) "And bring their tails behind them." And when my wife *does* come home (i.e., to the Hotel) she will bring *her* tale with her; and *then* I shall learn what, in the meantime, had become of the *brebis égarée*, who, for aught I know, may be regarding *me* at this moment as a *brebis galeuse*.

But how account for the bags, the four stout and, when all together, the unportable-for-one-feminine-person bags! They could not suddenly develope legs, as in a goblinessque fairy tale they would have done, and offer themselves to my wife as guides who would pilot her to the hotel? My brain must be becoming a trifle disordered, or how could I, at such a crisis, even imagine so absurdly grotesque a situation. Let me be reasonable: let me re-arrange facts. Let me consider the matter as quietly as the (strong epithet) flies will permit. Also I must ignore the irrepressible man in the blouse, who, when not regarding me with sympathetic sentimental expression of countenance, is suddenly beating the air with his cap, while under his breath he invokes maledictions, in *patois* untranslatable, on the already thrice accursed insects.

That my wife could have carried all four bags by herself, and could, so laden, have walked to the hotel, is utterly impossible. If she *had* walked to the hotel, she must have passed us; we *must* have seen her. If any *porteur* had carried the bags, we must have seen *him*.

What the * * *. I bang the flies in impotent rage, and could almost dance with vexation.

Sympathetic little man in blouse shouts to a woodcutter who is just emerging from the forest. He tells him the story. No; woodcutter shakes his head, shrugs his shoulders; he has not seen a Madame with bags. "Ah," he corrects himself, "but he *has* seen a Madame *without* bags. She has just passed," he points to a side path; "*elle allait à l'hôtel.*"

Man in blouse delighted. "*C'est Madame!*" he exclaims, triumphantly. I can only hope so, as, if it be *not*, then my wife must be still in the forest waiting for *me*!! *Allons!* It is past nine o'clock!!!

Buoyed up by hope, we step out bravely.

Suddenly, as if it came to us, not we to it, the hotel is before us! It is the marvellous scene in the old story of *The Enchanted Forest* repeating itself. The hotel, with all its life, its dinners, lights, and hum of (not of flies, thank Heaven!) conversation, is suddenly opened out to me. But where is my wife? Advancing with open arms is my friend JACQUES ROBINSON, while at the corner of the verandah stands his daughter in earnest conversation with a lady, and that lady is—My wife! *Bravissima!* Dance of joy, and return to partners! And the four bags?—there they are on a truck. Three cheers! A *bon pourboire* to my friend in the blouse. He is sympathetically *enchanté*, he is beaming. He congratulates me, and retires.

"And how," I begin my inquiry after the first expansive

moments of our joyful re-union are over, "how on earth did you—?"

"I'll tell you," interposes a lighthearted, genial gentleman in a grey tourist suit, of whom I remember having inquired the way when I met him in company with some bicyclists. "After you left us I saw my friends to Paris-Plage, and then returned, by the short cut through the forest, to Le Touquet."

"It was the path we took," interposes my wife, turning to me, "on leaving the tram."

"And there," continues our lighthearted acquaintance, "in the middle of the short cut"—this sounds as if he were talking of tobacco—"I found your wife and the bags. I introduced myself, then hurried on, secured a porter with a truck—and here we are."

I thank him most heartily. After this, we are formally introduced. He is Captain SHERINGTON of the Nothing-in-Particulars.

"And now," JACQUES ROBINSON commences heartily, rubbing his hands together, as if he were washing them clean of all responsibility for our difficulties "now——"

"The dinner is ready, when you please," the excellent *maitre d'hôtel*, Monsieur CHARLES, informs us, interrupting JACQUES R. "It was commanded for 8.15; it is now 9.20."

In ten minutes we are at table, dining *al fresco* under the broad spreading roof of the verandah of the Hôtel du Touquet, enjoying a dinner as well chosen and as well cooked as you could wish for wherever you might be. And the scene!—charming!

If ever there was a good dinner well earned, it was this; and if ever to enjoy aforesaid dinner there were two grateful travellers, they were, on this occasion, Orpheus and Eurydice reunited, or the Babes in the Wood, well out of it.

And let me add, as a moral, for the benefit of compatriot travellers, bathers, and golf-players, who appreciate thorough change of scene, of company, and of mode of life, and who have a fancy for spending a holiday at a genuine health resort which is, at present, free from many of the trammels that conventionality imposes upon the majority, let me recommend this same Le Touquet. Such holiday-makers may arrange to start from Charing Cross at 10 A.M., or at 2.20 P.M., in which latter case they will be dining *al fresco* within five hours of their start, and, as I hope, blessing this tipster for the suggestion. But, remember, Le Touquet is not yet completed. Therefore wire beforehand to inquire whether you can be accommodated, as, should the place be held by native forces coming from Paris and elsewhere, you will be crowded out, and will *not* invoke blessings on the head of this present well-intentioned adviser.

"This place," observes the Franco-Scotch Baron HAMISH DE SEPTÉTOILES, addressing JACQUES ROBINSON DE CRUSOË, "is beginning to be known."

"*Ça se voit partout,*" says JEAN JACQUES, waving his hand in the direction of the guests at the various tables, who are now postprandially enjoying the solace of tobacco in various forms.

"Quite so," returns Baron HAMISH; "but I have been specially struck by the appearance here of two Eastern gentlemen who have come from Constantinople for a tour in France. There they are," and he indicates two tourists in grey suits (the verandah is electrically lighted, so that everybody is as clearly distinguishable as in broadest daylight), each wearing a fez, leaning back in their chairs, evidently content with what they have received, and peacefully puffing the fragrant weed, quite satisfied with their present state of semi-nomolence.

"They are Turkish merchants, uncommonly wealthy," explains Baron HAMISH.

"The short stout one—I can't recall his name," says JEAN JACQUES.

Baron HAMISH knows. They are his friends.

"The shorter of the two—they are both very stout," says Baron HAMISH, "the shorter is ABDUL; and the heavier and bigger one is ABDULLAH. They are unspeakable Turks. They won't say two words the whole evening, though they can talk French perfectly, and both speak English with facility."

We are introduced to ABDUL and ABDULLAH. They rise, salute gravely, and resume their chairs.

The conversation flows; neither ABDUL nor ABDULLAH is to be drawn into it, not even by the artful Baron HAMISH, who constantly refers to the pleasant time he spent in their company when at Constantinople. The Baron mentions some side-splitting incidents in which both ABDUL and his brother ABDULLAH have apparently taken prominent parts. The Baron tries to draw them out. He turns to ABDUL.

"It was a very comic scene, wasn't it?" he asks pleasantly of ABDUL. ABDUL bows gravely.

"Yes, it was," he replies in English, and turns his head slightly towards his brother.

"Yes," says ABDULLAH solemnly, and both resume their cigars.

So we sit out in full view of forest and in hearing of the sea, telling stories, all of us, and vainly trying to draw out ABDUL and ABDULLAH.

It is time to retire. The Turkish brothers rise gravely, and courteously salute us.

"Good night to you, Sir," says ABDUL.

"Bon soir," says ABDULLAH.

Then both resume their seats. Next morning, at the same table, we find them in the same attitudes, smoking the same sort of cigarettes, after breakfast.

"Good morning to you, Sir," says ABDUL, courteously inclining.

"Bon jour," says ABDULLAH, gravely.

While we are at our first *déjeuner* of chocolate (excellent) and coffee, with the lightest possible bread and the most delicious butter, a carriage has arrived to fetch the inseparable and unspeakable Turks to Etaples *en route* for Paris.

L'addition is politely handed by the unobtrusive ROBERT, *garçon-en-chef*, to ABDUL, who, exhibiting no sort of interest in the matter, regards it, indolently, for a minute, then passes it on to his brother.

"*Est-ce juste?*" inquires ABDUL, sleepily.

"*Parfaitement,*" answers, after a minute's pause, ABDULLAH. Whereupon ABDUL rises leisurely and places himself in the *voiture*. ABDULLAH looks up at him, as if about to make a suggestion, but ABDUL has closed his eyes to business and is calmly smoking as he reclines in the carriage. We fancy we hear a slight sigh escape from ABDULLAH as he produces the necessary money. Before he has replaced the purse in his pocket the waiter has returned. Dapper *maitre d'hôtel* and the *garçon-en-chef* run down to wish them genially *bon voyage*, expressing hopes of seeing them both again.

"*Bon voyage, mes amis,*" shouts cheerily Baron HAMISH, in bath costume, from the balcony aloft.

ABDUL looks up, and bows to him with gravest courtesy.

"*Mille remerciements,*" he murmurs. Then, casting a glance round at us, he adds, solemnly, "*Au revoir, mes amis!*"

ABDULLAH, who is now seated at ABDUL's side in the *voiture*, merely raises his right hand with utmost gravity, and utters the single word, "*Salut!*"

Then the coachman cracks his whip, and within another two minutes they have disappeared down the long avenue.

"Sure such a pair ——" commences JEAN JACQUES.

"They're no fools, those two wise men from the East," observes Baron HAMISH, "but they are not lively companions; and one is more deadly lively than the other."

"Then"—this occurs to me as a happy thought—"their godfathers and godmothers must have foreseen how they

were going to turn out when they called one '*Ab-dull*' and his brother '*Ab-duller*.'"

9.15 A.M. We must quit Le Touquet, to catch the midday boat from Boulogne.

Not to be compelled to return immediately to work in London, but to let ourselves down gently, as it were, after our perilous adventures and delightful experiences at Le Touquet, is indeed a very great point; therefore is it with gratitude that we remember how there is always Open House for us at Ramsgate, which haven of intermediate rest (*en route* for London) we will reach as soon as possible. So after debarking from the Boulogne boat we lunch at the Pavilion Hotel close at hand, and thence do we proceed to catch the small *Myleta* (not twenty minutes' walk from the hotel to landing-stage), which, under the command of Commodore SHARP, with Chief-steward MACDONALD to see to the comforts of the passengers, departs from Folkestone at 3.15 and lands us at Ramsgate ere the clock strikes six. Thus finish we our open sea-air cure without recourse to train. And so ends the record of a short and very pleasant holiday.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Tavern Knight, by RAPHAEL SABATINI (GRANT RICHARDS), is a stirring romance that recalls the broad effects of DUMAS. The character of the *Tavern Knight*, himself the hero of the story, is singularly original; as is also the motive of the plot. There is a scene between *Cynthia*, a charming heroine under the first influence of love, and the roystering Cavalier in the prime of his manhood but worn by hardship and rendered desperate and callous by treachery, which, in its way, is quite a masterpiece of descriptive writing and dramatic dialogue. There is not a dull or commonplace chapter in the book, and though some exception may be taken to the strain put upon the conversation where the *Tavern Knight*, pleading the cause of an unworthy lover, is supposed by *Cynthia* to be speaking for himself, yet must the improbable situation be accepted for the sake of the excellent results. The reader who once takes up this book will not easily put it down until he has learned the ultimate fate of the reckless, warm-hearted, much-enduring *Tavern Knight*.

"*Happy Thought* (for Publishers). When nothing better to do, bring out a new pocket edition of SHAKESPEARE." This idea seems to have struck Mr. HEINEMANN, who has commenced a series of *The Works of Shakespeare*, under which title will of course be included Sweet William's poems and any other little trifles that he, from time to time, may have dashed off. The Baron is in possession of four volumes (two in each pocket) of this work, to which he hopes to give some portion of the time allotted to him during his most welcome vacation. "Why, 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vacation?" (*vide* FALSTAFF, 1 Hen. IV., 1, 2.) The Baron ventures to substitute "a" for "o" in "vocation," which substitution is a possibility that was present to the mind of the Universal Genius.

Correction.—In last week's Booking Office the Baron sees that "Major BROADFOOT" appeared in print as "Major BROAD-FL." The gallant and sportsmanlike Major writes from his *piéd à terre* in Cumberland to draw attention to the error, and the Baron, unwilling to offer any lame excuse, hastens to restore him his "foot" whole and entire, *in toto*, and ready for active service.





PLAYING FOR LOVE.

Extract from Letter.—"WE MADE A LOT OF MONEY BY OUR BAZAAR, AND EVERYBODY THOUGHT THE LIVING BRIDGE VERY PRETTY. I WAS THE ACE OF HEARTS, AND PEOPLE WILL KEEP SAYING THAT MR. LOVELACE WOULD HAVE PLAYED A MUCH BETTER GAME IF HE HADN'T 'HELD ME UP' SO LONG."

MY DREAM.

[The Faculty of Commerce and Administration in the University of Manchester has just issued its first prospectus, giving its Degree regulations and a syllabus of Classes for 1904-5.]

I DREAMED a dream. I crossed the quad
As oft in days gone by,
And once again methought I trod
The old familiar High.
The old familiar—yet how strange
Seemed all as I detected
On every hand the striking change
That Progress had effected.

The grey old pile that once was known
As Univ. was no more,
And on its ancient site had grown
A universal store:
Here freshers sold you pounds of tea,
There smart shop-walking scholars
Were bidding Madam pause and see
The latest thing in collars.

Across the road I cast my eyes:
Behold, All Souls' had fled,
And in its place I saw arise

Steam jets were spitting here and there,
Machinery was flying,
And these the words that met my stare:
The Oxford School of Dyeing.

On Magdalen next my glances fell;
Smoke hung about it black;
The tower had turned by some strange
Into a chimney-stack. [spell
No need to ask how it was named
Nor what the men were doing:
An overpowering smell proclaimed
The Oxford School of Brewing.

Two Christchurch men came down the street
Discussing their exams.
Quoth one, "I'm through in frozen meat
But ploughed again in hams."
"Hard lines!" said Number Two; "the
Dean
Just told me I have taken
An *alpha plus* in margarine
Although I'm gulfed in bacon."

Next passed two portly fellows by,
In Masters' gowns. "Behold,
Here is the good old school," thought I,
"The good old school," thought I,

They spoke. I gave a joyous start
To hear those words engraven
On every loving Oxford heart,
The "Ireland" and the "Craven."

Said one, "I think it very wrong
To give the 'Ireland' to
A man who is so far from strong
In cheese and lard, don't you?
And then the 'Craven' goes to Jones
Who's patented a corset,
Although the shameless fellow owns
He don't know 'fresh' from 'Dorset.'"

I started up; my blood ran chill.
What joy to wake and find
That sleepy *Alma Mater* still
Lags centuries behind!
That while she slumbers on, the flower
Of Britain's youth at college
May still improve the shining hour
Acquiring useless knowledge.

It has recently become the custom
for officials in Public Libraries to erase
all betting information from the evening
papers. Hence the phrase—"Official

WOMEN I HAVE NEVER MARRIED.

III.

PEOPLE who understand the gist
Of BROWNING's views on married life
Assert that, in his special list
Of requisites for man and wife,
He notes that each should have a different bent
And be the other party's complement.

True that, in practice, Mrs. B.
(I will not say which had it worse)
Shared in a very marked degree
Her husband's fatal gift of verse;
But still his published theory of Love
Lays down the principle I cite above.

Taking this golden rule for guide,
I, of the somewhat flippant vein,
Wanted a weighty sort of bride
To ballast my so buoyant brain;
I felt that she, the woman I should wed,
Must be supremely serious in the head.

And such was GRACE. The heart divines
These natures by a second sight;
And certain rather pointed lines,
Writ in her album, proved me right:
"Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever"—
And this, I saw, was her precise endeavour.

And yet our loves did not succeed;
For, though her weight (I here refer
To moral worth) supplied my need,
I was a touch too light for her;
Against the rules that regulate the love-tale
Our complementary tastes refused to dovetail.

She had a trick I could not bear;
She tried (I might have known she would)
To trace, beneath my ribald air,
"Potentialities for good";
This was to be her future wifely rôle,
Namely, to extricate my lurking soul.

"The world may think you what it will,
But Love," she said, "has keener eyes,
And probes with nice, unerring skill
Beyond the formal crust, or guise;
Under your thinnish coat of comic art
Crouches a grave, austere and noble heart!"

She meant it well. She could not see—
Alas! how seldom women can!—
That Art, a sacred thing to me,
Must needs reflect the inner Man;
That Humour's motley-wear could never hide
What she attributed to my inside.

And yet, to take the converse case,
If I had been a serious bard,
Would she, I ask, have had the face
To hint that Love's profound regard
Could penetrate the solemn outer sheath
And find the genuine mountebank beneath?

Enough. She had to speak the word
That loosed my irritating bands;
And, though my gallant tongue demurred,
And though I raised protesting hands,
A lofty resignation lit my face
The moment she had dealt her *coup de GRACE*.

O. S.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHAPTER III.

The White Rabbit speaks of his Origin and Ancestry.

"My father and mother," said the White Rabbit, "were a King and a Queen."

The remark was addressed to *Rob*, the Labrador, and *Gamp*, the black-and-white cat, who were sitting quite amicably together outside the rails that barred their nearer approach to the White Rabbit's hutch. *Gamp*, I must tell you, was the house-cat, and *Rob* had been on intimate, not to say amiable, terms with her ever since the day when, as a young puppy, he had made a reckless rush at her as she nursed one of her numerous and recurring families under the kitchen table. He had rushed back very quickly with his face thoroughly well scratched, and from that moment he had respected the indomitable *Gamp*. "No properly constituted dog," he was often heard to say in later life, "ought ever to raise a paw in anger against a lady, even if she happens to be a Cat."

You will remember that, on the occasion when *Rob* had picked up the White Rabbit in his mouth and threatened to devour him, the White Rabbit had in his terror declared that he was a Prince in disguise. There is, I believe, no instance known to history of a Prince in disguise who was eaten. Since that day *Rob* had been very inquisitive, and had teased the White Rabbit a good deal about his royal ancestry, but the Rabbit had been haughtily reticent. To-day, however, he seemed to be in a milder mood, and when *Rob*, who had winked at the piebald Cat, began by saying, "About that Prince in disguise, you know. Couldn't you tell us something?" the White Rabbit had immediately answered him:

"My father and mother," he said, "were a King and a Queen."

"That doesn't carry us much further," observed the Cat meditatively. "If you were a Prince, of course your father and mother must have been a King and a Queen."

"Well, one must always begin at the beginning," pleaded the White Rabbit.

"My dear Sir—" the Cat began.

"Dear *what*?" interrupted the White Rabbit in an angry tone.

"Sir," said *Rob*. "She said it loud enough."

"I thought that was it," said the White Rabbit. "My hearing is pretty good, I think."

"Your ears are certainly long," remarked *Rob*, but the White Rabbit took no notice of the sarcasm, and went on:

"If she had been educated in the best society she would have known"—he purposely ignored the Cat and spoke over her head, as it were, at *Rob*—"she would have known, and so would you have known, my black friend, that the son of a King and a Queen is always addressed by those distant acquaintances to whom he graciously grants an audience as—ahem—your Royal Highness."

Having said this, he assumed an air of immense dignity and looked up at the ceiling of his hutch as if *Rob* and *Gamp* had entirely passed out of his mind.

"Humour him," whispered *Rob* to the Cat. "We're sure to have some fun."

The Cat winked slowly and almost invisibly at *Rob*, and addressed the White Rabbit again:

"If," she said, "your Royal Highness——"

"That's better, *Gamp*," said the Rabbit. "You're learning manners, I'm glad to notice."

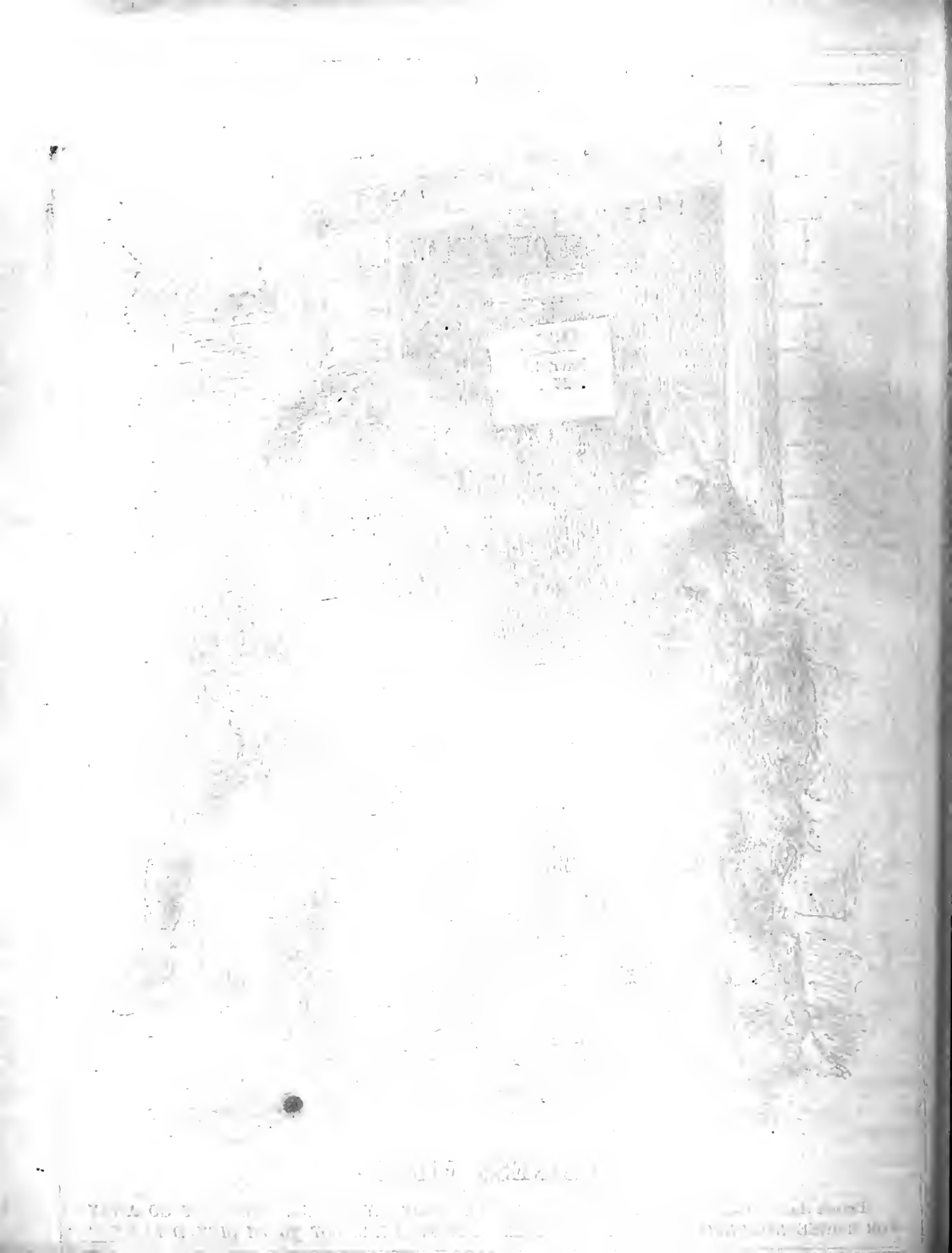
"If your Royal Highness will deign to grant our request, and will graciously relate to us the story of the unfortunate accident by which you were changed from a Prince into a White Rabbit, your two petitioners will ever pray."

"Nobody wants you to pray," said the White Rabbit tartly.



BUSINESS FIRST!

BRITISH LION (to GRAND LAMA). "YES, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MY FRIEND. YOU MAY GO AWAY FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS, IF YOU LIKE. BUT THIS HAS GOT TO BE SIGNED FIRST!"





"ONLY TWO FEET AT THE WINDOW."

(Old Song adapted.)

Milkman (aghast, anxiously). "HULLO! WOT'S THAT?"

Old Woman. "HISH! OUR LODGER, JUST COME. OPEN-AIR CURE!"

"That's always put in the petitions, anyhow," said Rob, with an offended look.

"Ah," said the White Rabbit, "I daresay it is—now. But it was different in my time, very different. Still, you both mean well, and, that being so, I consent to tell you my sad story."

He cleared his throat, washed his face twice with his foot, and began:

"My father and mother were King and Queen of a large and beautiful country called, if I remember rightly, Sablonia. They inhabited a gorgeous palace, and were waited upon by thousands of attentive courtiers robed in the costliest garments and adorned with the most brilliant jewels. Their wedded life had been a happy one in every respect save one: after twenty-five years of harmonious union they had no children. My father's brother, the King of Plagiorosa, was, under these circumstances, the heir-presumptive to the throne of Sablonia. His accession, however, was looked forward to with the greatest horror by the people of Sablonia, for he was a villain of the deepest dye, who always wore a uniform composed of bright greens and yellows, and had driven four wives into an early, or, as I should have said,

into four early graves by a studied course of cruelty and neglect. One morning the King, my father——"

It was fated, however, that the story should not be concluded on this occasion. As the White Rabbit reached this point, a footstep was heard approaching the hut.

"Hist!" said the White Rabbit, "it's MABEL."

Rob tried to slink away, while the cat rolled over on her back and made short purring sounds.

"Rob and Gamp," said a small voice, "how dare you frighten my darling Bunbutter? Be off at once, both of you. Shoo!"

Rob and Gamp vanished, and the White Rabbit munched a cabbage leaf industriously, with a perfectly innocent expression.

Our Dumb Pets.

NICE country home offered young lady or gentleman, with use of good poultry-runs.—Advt. in "The Lady."

We cannot help thinking that "young lady or gentleman" sounds a little snobbish. It looks as if no application from an ordinary barn-door fowl would be entertained.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Aug. 8.—
J. W. LOWTHER returns to Chair of Committees to-day with modest assumption of nothing having recently happened.

Occasion for quick change presented itself on Welsh Members refusing to withdraw to division Lobby when, a Division called, Chairman of Committees commanded "Ayes to the right; Noes to the left." Disobedience being a statutory offence coming under Rule

Table, turns round to SPEAKER seated in canopied Chair, and reports accordingly. J. W. LOWTHER, not being a bird, obviously couldn't be standing at foot of Chair and at the same moment be seated in it. That a little difficulty that would have nonplussed most men. J. W. equal to it.

Quitting Chair of Committees he stood for a moment by steps of Speaker's Chair till Sergeant-at-Arms, advancing, removed Mace from Table in sign that House had resumed full sitting. Then, seating himself for a moment in the Speaker's Chair, he rose and in capacity of DEPUTY-SPEAKER proceeded to deal with the delinquents. It was expected that in accordance with order of procedure PRINCE ARTHUR would at this stage move the resolution suspending them from the service of the House. Here was fresh dilemma, momentarily forgotten by the House, weighty in the mind of DEPUTY-SPEAKER.

Standing Order No. 18, dealing with order of Debate, remains in the fragmentary state in which it was left three sessions ago. Section 2, as it stood when PRINCE ARTHUR made the last effort to amend procedure, decreed "If any Member be suspended under this Order his suspension on the first occasion shall continue for one week, on the second occasion for a fortnight, and on the third or any subsequent occasion for a month." Details were eliminated with intention of making the Order more stringent, and at this day the unfinished window in Aladdin's Tower unfinished doth remain. The section runs, "If any Member be suspended under this Order his suspension on the first occasion——" Afterwards is silence.

Consequence of suspension therefore would be exclusion from House for indefinite period. Case presented itself when JOHN DILLON, taking a different view of things from that clear to DON JOSÉ, shortly stated his opinion "that the right hon. gentleman is a liar." With exemplary expedition, JOHN was named and suspended. Discovery followed that under the truncated Rule his exile would last as long as the Parliament. Difficulty awkwardly overcome by special resolution.

DEPUTY-SPEAKER in Chair on Friday faced by tremendous dilemma. If Members named were suspended at instance of Leader of House, PRINCE ARTHUR would be placed in ludicrous position of having to bring in special resolution to patch up his own work. J. W., keeping his head amid a whirlwind of tumult, impressively besought Welsh Members, for sake of dignity of House, not to persist in defiant conduct. Touched by this appeal, they in a body withdrew, accompanied by main body of Opposition headed by ARQUITH.



"A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT."

The Chairman of Committees (the Rt. Hon. J. W. L-wth-r) reports his desire to suspend a few Members who have given trouble to the Deputy-Speaker (also, by a happy chance, the Rt. Hon. J. W. L-wth-r!).

Yet in the family circle, and outside, it is recognised that he has beaten the record in the long and varied story of Chairmen of Ways and Means.

On Friday, when the storm of Welsh wrath flared up under PRINCE ARTHUR's insistence on closing debate on Welsh Coercion Bill, CHAIRMAN was in a position analogous to that of *Casabianca* at sea under well-known painful circumstances.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled.

Fled is not exactly the word to account for the SPEAKER's absence. That due to indisposition which everyone, finding him in the Chair to-day, is glad to know was temporary. Nevertheless, J. W. LOWTHER left solitary representative of majesty and authority of the Chair.

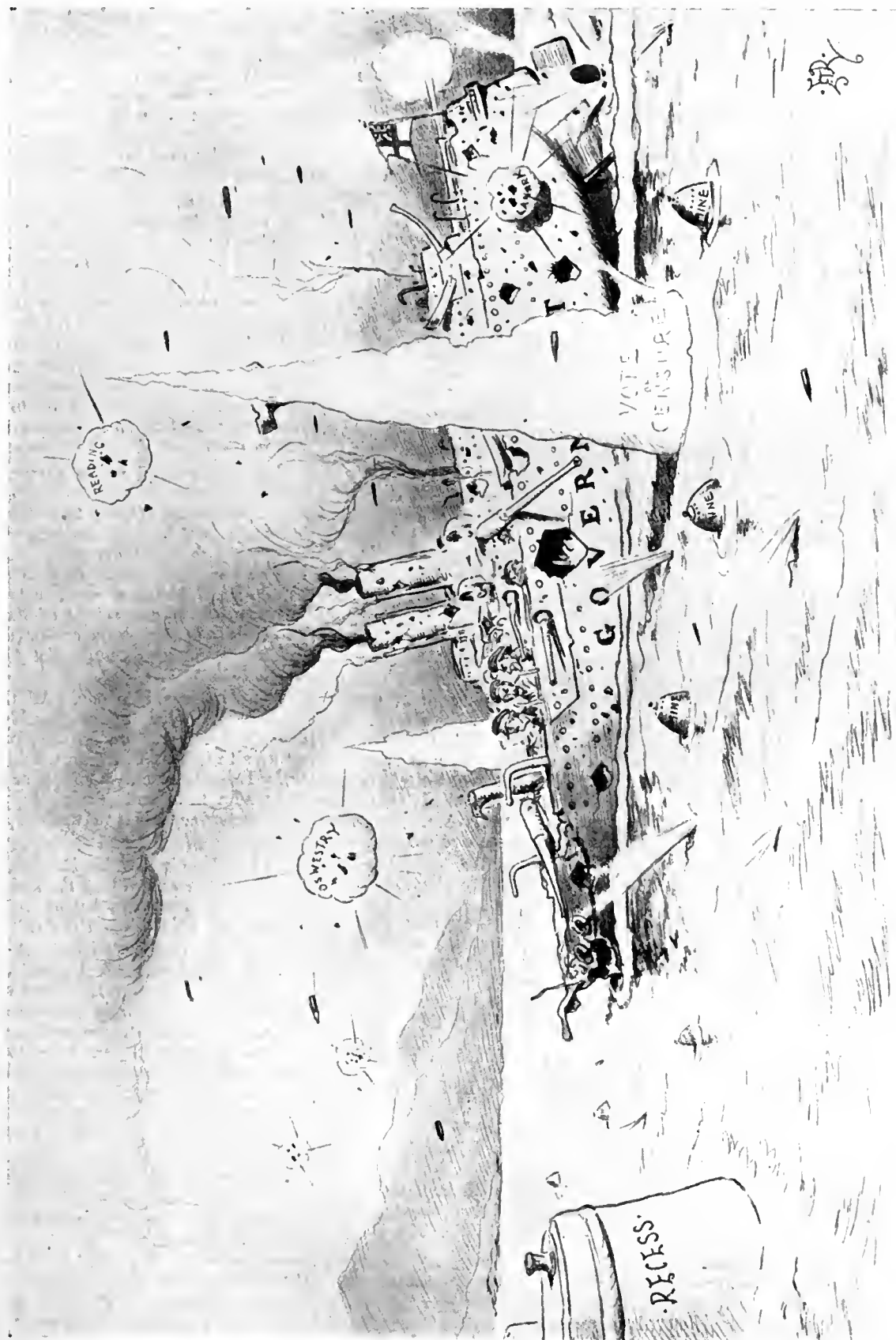
The circumstances led to most farcical incident ever played in high places in the Commons. Time was when announcement of "TOOLE in Three Pieces" charmed the Provinces and filled the theatres. Nothing compared with "LOWTHER in Two Parts."

dealing with disorderly conduct, Chairman "named" the recalcitrants.

Next thing, according to order of procedure, was to send for SPEAKER and report incident; whereupon Leader of House, in accordance with Standing Order, would move that offending Members be suspended from service of House.

But there was no SPEAKER available. The Standing Order, like *Habakkuk capable de tout*, provides for that emergency. The Clerk at the Table having announced the unavoidable absence of Mr. SPEAKER, the Chairman of Ways and Means becomes, *ipso facto*, DEPUTY-SPEAKER. In dilemma of the moment the Right Honourable J. W. LOWTHER, Chairman of Ways and Means, must report to the Right Hon. J. W. LOWTHER, Deputy-Speaker, disorderly conduct on part of Members named.

Here's where the physical difficulty came in. In ordinary cases Chairman of Ways and Means, reporting progress or other business, leaves his chair at the



H.M.S. "RETALIATION" COMING INTO PORT AFTER HEAVY FIGHTING.

"HAVING ASCERTAINED THE FULL STRENGTH OF THE HOSTILE FLEET, WHILE REFUSING TO GIVE ANY HINT OF MY OWN INTENTIONS, I HAVE TRIUMPHANTLY NEGOTIATED THE MISE-FIELD, AND RETURNED TO PORT, CLOSELY FOLLOWED IN REALLY LAUGHABLE DISORDER BY A BAFLED ENEMY. THEIR INCREASING NUMBERS ONLY MAKE THEIR FLIGHT THE MORE PITIABLE."—Despatch of Admiral Puttoff Andolservitch (commonly known as Arthur Balfour), from his Headquarters, Pung-king-jo.

Members talking matters over to-day more fully perceive and more warmly acknowledge coolness and adroitness with which J. W. avoided grave dilemma.

Business done.—In Committee on Army Estimates. ST. JOHN BRODRICK regrets to find that ARNOLD-FORSTER'S scheme of Army reform meets with no more favourable reception than did an earlier one, in which figured six ghostly Army Corps which SARK said always reminded him of LONGFELLOW'S *Beleaguered City*:—

I have read, in some old marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air
As clouds with clouds embrace.

Tuesday.—Says Mr. CROOKS, mopping his manly brow as he returned to his seat after perambulating Lobby in tenth division on Estimates, "Afore I was in the 'Ouse I used to wonder why they called passing Bills and the like legislation. Now I know. It's chiefly a matter of legs."

Literally true about to-night's proceedings. Since two o'clock House been in Committee of Supply; greater part of afternoon occupied by discussion of trifling vote of £1,550 for National Art Gallery in Edinburgh. STIRLING-MAXWELL led off with prodigious harangue. Other Scotch Members chimed in up to fourthly and eke seventhly. What with Irish and, of late, Welsh Members pale Scotia doesn't often get a look in. Chance gives her the floor this afternoon; she takes it, and holds it.

There await discussion votes for millions; the aggregate a sum of £33,500,000, touching all points of Imperial interest, Army, Navy, and seven classes of Civil Service estimates. Period of discussion strictly limited. At ten o'clock the abhorred shears of closure will cut short the long-drawn thread of talk.

What of that? Thirty-three and a-half millions can take care of themselves. Scotsmen will look after the pence assigned with niggardly hand for maintenance of Edinburgh National Art Gallery. So talk on by the hour. Then the postmen have a look in. When ten o'clock strikes POSTMASTER-GENERAL on his legs replying to demand for more wages and greater comfort. Chairman of Committees inexorable. On stroke of ten, he rises with cry of "Order! Order!" and puts Question that vote be agreed to. STANLEY collapses. House proceeds to first of series of eleven divisions, and for two hours by Westminster clock Members old and young, whole-hoggers

and half-hoggers, march round and round the lobbies.

When the last lap is complete, thirty-three and a-half millions of money, provided by the British tax-payer, are allotted to particular services, and not a word uttered save the cries of "Aye," or "No," as the SPEAKER puts the question.

Thus doth the Mother of Parliaments, having dawdled through the vigorous spring, wasted its opportunities in the ripe summer, at the approach of autumn mechanically grind out its apportioned task.

Business done.—Supply carried by closure. Thirty-three and a-half millions sterling walked through in two hours. The (late) Jubilee Plunger not in it with the staid House of Commons.

Friday.—WINSOME WINSTON naturally repudiates a summary report of brief speech made by him in Debate on the Cunard division. One of the papers reported him as interjecting the remark, "Rats!"

"What I really did say," WINSTON explains, "was 'Experience has dissipated these predictions.'"

On the whole it must be admitted that compression, habitually desirable, has in this case been carried a little too far. Have always backed up RASCH in his crusade against long speeches. But there must be some limit to shortening them. What makes this attempt more deplorable is the contrast between the flippancy of the colloquialism and the exceeding respectability of WINSTON'S phrase. It is not often he rises to such lofty height. To old Members the phrase suggests one of those copy-book headings with which, eighteen years ago, Old Morality used to delight the House of Commons. To have its lingering syllables, by some strange misapprehension "crystallised," as Mr. WANKLYN would say, into the monosyllable "Rats!" is discouraging.

Moreover, it suggests a new terror to Members subject to the process of reporting. GEORGE HAMILTON, for example, discussing ARNOLD-FORSTER'S exposition of his new army scheme described it as "a series of crude observations." Here he would have WINSTON'S special summary-writer supplying the word "Foodle!"

Business done.—Appropriation Bill.
Monday 15th.—Prorogation.

MR. PUNCH wishes deferentially to call the attention of the Cabinet to the following advertisement displayed in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street:—

PATENT APPLIANCES
FOR THE
L A M E.
Contractors to the Government.

It is rumoured that Miss CORELLI'S article, "The Happy Life," is to have a new title—"How to be happy though MARIE."

STRICTLY PRIVATE.

In this page—in order to be in line with other papers for the English home—Mr. Punch has arranged with Lady VINOLIA VERE DE VERE to answer any letters from readers dealing with affairs of the heart, tangles in domestic life, or points of etiquette. All communications must be addressed to Lady VINOLIA VERE DE VERE, c/o Mr. Punch.

MABEL is badly in need of advice. "I am engaged," she writes, "to a young man with whom I agree on all subjects except literature. But he reads and admires WILLIAM LE QUEUX, while in my opinion the best living author is ANNIE S. SWAN. Ought I to break off the match?"

No, MABEL, I do not counsel so extreme a step. Surely you could effect a compromise. Compromise is, you know, the oil-can of life. You should try to meet each other half way on common ground. Say in the works of SILAS K. HOCKING.

"A month ago," writes ELZEVIK, "I was presented by the author with a copy of his new novel. Owing to pressure of other matters I have not had any chance of reading it, and I am pledged to visit the author next week. Is it better to admit my culpability at once, or to read several of the larger reviews of the book and trust to luck when the author (who is a headstrong, angry man) asks for my opinion?"

The point is a nice one. All things considered, if you cannot possibly get out of the visit and are not disposed to sit up all night and devour the book, I think I should admit your fault, or could you read a little and adroitly keep the conversation entirely to the first chapters? Try.

"I have been invited," writes DOUBTFUL, "to three funerals, all on the same day and at the same time, but at different cemeteries. What ought I to do?"

DOUBTFUL need not be seriously concerned. He should ask himself which of the three bereaved families he most desires to conciliate, and choose accordingly. But if he has no preference in the matter he would be wise to stay away from all, lest any jealousy should arise, and either remain at home or visit some exhibition appropriate to the occasion, such as the Chantry Bequest collection.

A short time ago three of ALGY'S girl friends gave a party at the Welcome Club, to which all his set were invited but not himself. How should he act, he asks, towards them? At present he is cutting them dead, but this pains him very much.

There is no doubt that you are the victim of a conspiracy. But it is a mistake to cut your friends; it only weakens your case. Your right course



Child (in berth of night steamer). "MUMMY, I'M SO SLEEPY. I WANT TO GO TO BED."

Mother. "BUT YOU ARE IN BED, DEAR."

Child. "NO, I'M NOT. I'M IN A CHEST OF DRAWERS!"

of action should be to be oblivious of any slight whatever. The next time you meet smile a cynical, far-away smile, not unmixed with disdain. You can practise this before the glass. As a last resource, you should give a party yourself and carefully exclude the terrible three. That will bring them to their senses.

ADOLESCENS is troubled because he spilt the claret at a dinner-party in Prince's Gate the other evening, at a house to which he had not been invited before. What should he do, he asks. Should he send his hostess a new cloth, or only a box of *Instantanée chocolate*?

I don't think I should send a tablecloth if I were you, although it is true that the sales are not quite over yet. The chocolate would be better, but I should not refer to the little accident. A good hostess (as all are in Prince's Gate) has enough tact to understand all motives.

DISTRESS has a somewhat similar problem to solve. On going to bed the other evening, after dining at West

Kensington, he found a silver spoon which he must inadvertently have slipped into his pocket. How should he act? Should he casually lay it down somewhere when he pays his duty call next Sunday, or should he boldly return it with a facetious note?

It depends entirely upon the quality of DISTRESS's facetiousness. I cannot tell until he supplies me with samples. Meanwhile, my instinct suggests that he had better return it furtively.

Are bridesmaids necessary at a wedding, asks PHYLLIS; and, if so, which kind do you recommend?

Bridesmaids are, of course, not absolutely necessary. One may be married without them; and it is cheaper for the bridegroom. But they make an attractive show, and, if carefully chosen, can be used very helpfully to throw the bride into striking relief. It is important that the bridesmaids should not be so pretty as the bride. With this hint, I think I may leave the matter to PHYLLIS's own discretion. LADY VINOLIA.

THE NEW BANNES.

The file of the *Times* some daily peruse
Right through — some read it in
snatches;
But all of us glance at least at the news
Of "Hatches, Matches, Despatches."

Since Midsummer Day our Premier Print
Supplies more personal patches;
The opening columns boldly display
Betrothals, *alias* "Catches."

In similar guise, are gossips to learn
About less roseate batches,
When breaches of promise come in their
turn,
Profanely headed as "Scratches?"

An Old Story Re-told.

(After N. E. Lanark.)

First Meenister (A. J. B.). We must gie it up, Alfred.

Second Meenister (A. L.). What, gie up gowff?

First Meenister. Nae, nae, mon. Gie up the meenistry.



RECRIMINATION.

Irate Trainer (to Apprentice, who has just lost a race). "MADE YE WORK TOO 'ARD, DID I? NOT FEELING VERY WELL, WERE YE? BE QUITE FIT BY DONCASTER, WILL YE? YOU'LL BE ABOUT FIT TO 'AND ROUND CAKE AT A CAT-SHOW, YOU WILL!"

VOCAL POLITICS.

SIGNOR TAMAGNO, the famous tenor, who has recently entered the arena of politics, is contesting a seat at Turin on entirely new lines. "Without troubling to dispute the arguments of his opponent, Signor TAMAGNO has decided to sing an *aria* from his opera repertory at every meeting in which he takes part." We understand, from inquiries at the Liberal and Unionist headquarters, that it has been decided to adopt this method at the next general election in this country, and that the list of candidates and songs includes the following:

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: "Sing a Song of Fourpence-halfpenny," "Lend me your Aid," "Sing no more of Dumps so dull and heavy."

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL: "Largo al factotum."

MR. JESSE COLLINGS: "The Toreador's Song" and the "Ranz des Vaches."

DR. MACNAMARA (in addressing audiences on the Housing and Sanitation questions): "Salve, dimora casta e pura."

TO AN AMAZON.

[At a recent glove-fight between FITZSIMMONS and JACK O'BRIEN, at Philadelphia, the greater and more enthusiastic part of the audience was composed of women.]

BEDELIA, 'neath your tiny boot
My throbbing heart I throw:
Oh, deign to smile upon my suit—
Presumptuous, I know.
My income is not large, it's true,
Of wealth I'm quite bereft:
But still—this must appeal to you—
I've *such* a pretty left.

I never read romantic books,
No verse can I recite;

I only know the jabs and hooks
That go to win a fight:
I cannot sing nor dance with grace,
But oh! I know the punch
That takes the victim on the place
Where he has stowed his lunch.
I've loved you ever since the night
(Which I remember still!)
When I put up that eight-round fight
With Colorado BILL.
How well I recollect, my own,
The soothing words you said,
"Leave the gazebo's wind alone,
And swat him on the head!"
I'm but a worm compared to you,
But still, I beg to state,
I've licked the world at ten stone two,
Which is my fighting weight.
And if you will but marry me,
BEDELIA, then perhaps
My second I will let you be
In all my future "scraps."



A MIXED BAG.

(October, 1903, to August, 1904.)

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR BALFORD. "WHAT'S THE BAG?"

DONALD MCPUNCH. "YE'VE JUST GOT ONE BIRD, BUT" — (*encouragingly*) — "YE'VE HURRT SEVERAL OF THE GENTLEMEN."



GENIUS AT PLAY.

Nothing is so engaging as the spectacle of the great when they deign to unbend. Impressed, therefore, with the answers furnished by prominent actors and actresses to the *Daily Mail's* request for their views on "The Ideal Holiday," *Mr. Punch* has cast the net a little wider, with results which he has great pleasure in now laying before his readers:—

FROM LETTERS TO LIONS.

Paradoxical as it may seem, my great ambition, though unfortunately I have never yet been able, owing to the burden of literary work, to carry it into execution, is to spend a long holiday lion-hunting in Somaliland. It is true that I have done very little big game shooting, but during my lecturing tour in America I had several days' excellent pig-sticking in the Yosemite Valley with a party of Baconians from Chicago, and I feel sure that with practice I could hit anything, possibly a Mad Mullah. Failing lions, however, I am obliged to content myself with birds. The other day I shot a wild swan of Avon measuring 14 feet from tip to tip of its extended wings. Next to shooting, I like polo, and poker, and find a round or two with the fire-irons does me a world of good.

SIDNEY LEE.

ALL THE TALENTS AT SEA.

My ideal holiday would be spent on a yacht cruising in the Mediterranean with a party comprising the most distinguished men and women of the day. If it were necessary to reduce the number to a round dozen, I should choose COUNT TOLSTOI, MR. GEORGE ROBES, M. and MME. CURIE, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, PRINCE RANJITSINGH, MRS. EDDY, the DALAI LAMA, Admiral Togo, the Infant Czarévitch, the German Emperor, and MR. SARGENT. With such a galaxy of representatives of religion, science, politics, war, art and pastime, life would never be dull for an instant, and many, if not all, of the burning problems of the day might be solved by the contact of so many commanding intellects. Think of the interviews, the symposia, the concerts, the private theatricals!

BATHING FOR BARDS.

Ever since I was a tiny tot I have loved the sea, and enjoyed wallowing in its balmy depths. If I were not Poet Laureate I would be MONTAGU HOLBEIN. Otherwise the best holiday for a bard is undoubtedly to abstain from the Pierian spring for a short period, after which his thirst becomes all the more raging. After such abstinence, I find that I compose with extraordinary facility and can find rhymes for almost anything.

ALFRED AUSTIN.



A DISTINCTION.

First Gourmet. "THAT WAS MR. DOBBS I JUST NODDED TO."

Second Gourmet. "I KNOW."

First G. "HE ASKED ME TO DINE AT HIS HOUSE NEXT THURSDAY—BUT I CAN'T. EVER DINED AT DOBBS'S?"

Second G. "NO. NEVER DINED. BUT I'VE BEEN THERE TO DINNER!"

THE WEARY GLADIATOR.

To me the ideal holiday involves, as its prime essentials, emancipation from literary labours, the tyranny of pastime, and the attentions of the photographer. These conditions, so far as I can make out, are best secured in Spain, where newspapers come out at irregular intervals and the interest in cricket and football is so infinitesimal that they identify "the Great CHARLES" with CHARLEMAGNE, an obsolete mediæval potentate. If, therefore, I should ever be in a position to retire from first-class cricket and

discard the use of the fountain-pen, I contemplate a withdrawal to the land of DON QUIXOTE, where, amid the masterpieces of VELASQUEZ, I propose to spend my life in cultured indolence, unless, indeed, I am tempted to adopt the exciting and, I believe, highly remunerative career of the torcador.

C. B. FRY.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

The most important element in recreation, as a great doctor has said, is surprise. Hence, a holiday, to be really health-giving and refreshing, should be

passed in unfamiliar surroundings and under novel conditions. If one lives as a rule in the mid-stream of culture and civilisation, the best way of taking a holiday is to find out some unfrequented backwater, to bury oneself in a lodge in the wilderness, where newspapers are unknown and the trumpeting of the wild elephant replaces the snort of the Mercedes. Acting on this sound principle, I have decided to pass a month every year in the strictest seclusion in some wholly inaccessible region, dispensing with all the adjuncts of civilisation, and living solely on berries and roots washed down by Nature's rill.

ALFRED HARMSWORTH.

THE HUSTLER'S PARADISE.

Obscurity, quiet, and contemplation best fulfil my ideal of the perfect holiday. A hammock on Holy Island, paddling on the sands, an occasional game of ping-pong with Professor HEWINS or Mr. LEO MAXSE—these afford the best relaxation for a modern "hustler."

C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

SILENCE GIVES CONTENT.

My notion of a perfect holiday is based on the principle that nothing is so good for a man as a complete change. I should like best of all to spend three months in a Trappist Monastery; failing that, to write a novel in collaboration with my American namesake.

WINSTON CHURCHILL.

THE BREAK-UP OF THE EMPIRE.

THE theory that our future Waterloos will more than ever be won and lost on the playing-fields of the Empire is daily gaining a wider acceptance, and the following forecast of the leading events of the next few years only faintly reflects the anticipations of those who are best qualified to appreciate the growth of what is known as the Sporting Peril:—

1904.

All-England team defeats South Africa at Cape Town in December. (MACLAREN 150, not out, BOSANQUET 13 wickets for 68 runs.)

Cape Parliament demands the impeachment of BOSANQUET.

Dr. RUTHERFORD HARRIS gathers three hundred conspirators at Westminster Palace Hotel, and organises a raid in hansoms on Lord's Cricket Ground.

Annihilation of the "raiders" owing to local authorities having all streets in St. John's Wood up simultaneously.

South Africa declares itself an independent Republic—KORZE, the demon bowler, first President.

Three Army Corps sent to South Africa.

Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN makes sensational speech, hinting at suborna-

tion of umpires by British Government, stating that BOSANQUET's action was doubtful, and that MACLAREN was really caught in the slips before he scored.

Publication of *The Rights of Umpires*, by HUGH TRUMBLE.

Lord ROSEBURY appeals to the nation to sink minor difficulties and rally round the M.C.C.

Owing to the exigences of the Army Cup Ties, troops recalled from South Africa and the independence of the Republic recognised.

1905.

First Australian Test Match at the Oval. TRUMPER scores 213. STRUDWICK lynched by crowd for missing him at the wicket when he had only scored a single.

Vote of censure on VICTOR TRUMPER carried in the House of Commons by 530 votes to 62—"That this House considers that the conduct of Mr. TRUMPER in remaining at the wicket when he was morally out is most reprehensible and detrimental to the best interests of the Empire and the gate."

Secession of Australia. King VICTOR THE FIRST proclaimed by acclamation.

Publication of Mr. FRY's great work, *Empire-Makers I Have Known, with a Note on Leg Break Bowling*.

1906.

Canadian Lacrosse team defeats England by 16 goals to nil.

Canada offered to the States by the English Government on condition that KING, the Philadelphian bowler, qualifies for Middlesex.

England defeats Scotland by two goals to one at Association Football.

Mr. WEIR calls a united meeting of Scotch County Councillors and Baillies to consider the legitimacy of BLOOMER's winning goal.

QUINN, the Celtic centre-forward, crowned at Holyrood. Mr. WEIR, the first Premier of Scotland.

England defeats Ireland by two goals and a try to a dropped goal at Rugby football.

Forty thousand cattle mutilated, and the Lord-Lieutenant hamstrung in Grafton Street.

Irish Republic proclaimed. "TAY PAY" elected first President.

"TAY PAY" declines office owing to literary engagements in London.

British Government introduces a Bill to alter rule relating to leg before wicket.

Rising in Yorkshire. King HAWKE proclaimed. First official act to send an Ultimatum to Old Trafford.

Publication of Mr. WARNER's sensational pamphlet, *Ash or Cash*—a vindication of the financial policy of the M.C.C.

British Empire reduced to Lord's and the Oval.

THE "PETER MAGNUS" POSTCARD.

It was certainly most happily thoughtful on the part of the Messrs. Tuck to have provided a widely-varied assortment of post-cards, the backs of which, for picturesque effect, may be said to rival "the Backs" of Cambridge. Some of these illustrations are grave, some are gay, some in colours, some simply photographs, but in all of them the space allowed for the *verba scripta*, at the side of the address, is reduced to a minimum, thus offering a chance of putting in practice that excellent precept, "the less said the better." This is one recommendation for them, and another is that the sender of these pictorial post-cards, having nothing of a particularly private character to say (over the value of one halfpenny), may congratulate himself on the opportunity thus afforded him of amusing his friends with much the same facility as earned for Mr. Peter Magnus the approbation of Mr. Pickwick, who, it may be remembered, "rather envying the ease with which Mr. Magnus's friends were entertained," expressed his opinion that this epistolary humour on the part of Mr. Peter Magnus, in signing himself 'Afternoon' instead of 'P. M.," "was calculated to afford his friends the highest gratification." Had Messrs. Tuck been Bozicerucians they would most certainly have entitled their new pictorial post-cards "The 'Peter Magnus' Series."

The "Trust and Paid For" Recommendation.

First R.A. (to Brother Brush). What do you think of the report of the Chantrey Commission?

Brother Brush, R.A. The "Crewe" Junction, eh? Well, as the refrain of a popular comic song had it, "Not much."

First R.A. The Academy is left in statu quo.

B. B. Yes. Some benefit may result to the sculptors.

First R.A. We've got to discover the very best pictures.

B. B. We always had. There's the difficulty. *Ars est celer artem.*

[Exeunt severally.]

FORECAST METEOROTHEATRICAL. — The spell of fine weather is nearly over. It is to be followed by *The Tempest* at His Majesty's. How long this will last is uncertain; but when it has passed, only two TREES, daughter and parent stem, will be left.

The Decline of Sport.

BEDFORDSHIRE. Partridge shooting over about 3,000 acres, affording bag of about 200 acres. Advt. in "Times."

It always used to be a rule for good sportsmen to "replace the turf."



A BRILLIANT INFERENCE.

Village Worthy. "I SUPPOSE THAT BE THE ELEPHANT, B'AIN'T IT, ZICK?"
 Bystander. "YES, THAT'S THE ELEPHANT."
 Village Worthy. "AH, I THOUGHT AS 'TWERE, BY THE WALK OF 'UN!"

CHARIVARIA.

WHILE the readers of the *Daily Telegraph* are discussing the evils of early marriages, the DALAI LAMA is enduring the inconvenience of a YOUNGHUSBAND.

The Southampton football team, which has just returned home from South America, had a curious experience at Monte Video. While they were playing a local team, a few miles off a revolution was going on. Such events are relatively so normal in these parts that many spectators left the revolution to watch the match.

There are signs that Russia is already becoming civilised. According to a telegram, "The man, supposed to be a Japanese, who was arrested near Moscow for sketching a railway bridge, turns out to be a Korean. As no offence could be proved against him, he has been set at liberty." Previously this excuse had not always availed.

There is no satisfying some politicians. Mr. WILL CROOKS, not content with free food, is now asking for free railway tickets.

In the discussion on the problem of empty churches so many admirable reasons for non-attendance have been produced that a number of hitherto regular attendants are now said to be wavering.

It is not only clergymen who are complaining of the poor patronage that is bestowed on the churches nowadays. Some South London burglars who broke into a church discovered only 2½d. in the poor-box.

A Chicago oculist declares that alcoholism can be cured by properly fitted eye-glasses. It should be possible this way anyhow to overcome the double

sight which (we are informed) is such an annoying feature of the ailment.

"The most suitable present to newly-married people," said Dr. DANFORD THOMAS at an inquest, "is a cot. If more cots were used fewer infants would be suffocated." While agreeing with the learned Coroner, we think that his

known drinker who declares that the title is a misnomer. To his great disgust he had to pay on the spot, the same as at any other house.

Officers of the Regular Army would like it to be known that the Colonel who was lifted off his feet by the wind at Conway, and carried to a considerable distance, was a Volunteer officer.

An event of profound historical interest will take place on August 24. On that date Lord ANGLESEY's ping-pong suit will be offered for sale by auction.

Eastbourne's Town Council has forbidden local allotment-holders to dig in their gardens on Sunday. If they want amusement, there are the public-houses.

The KAISER has stated that a recurrence of the Herero risings will be impossible, for he proposes to take stern measures to prevent such outbreaks. This is supposed to foreshadow a distribution of imperial busts among the natives.

When everyone is crying out "Physical Degeneration," it is pleasant to read that, at Birkenhead, some burglars have carried off from a furniture shop a safe weighing two hundredweight.

The Secretary of the British Dental Association has proposed that a dentist shall be attached to each Board School. At present the most severe punishment that may be inflicted is a birching.

It seems that the defeated candidate at the N.E. Lanark Election was not very disappointed. He had all along suspected that it was a case of Touch and go.



THE DUET.

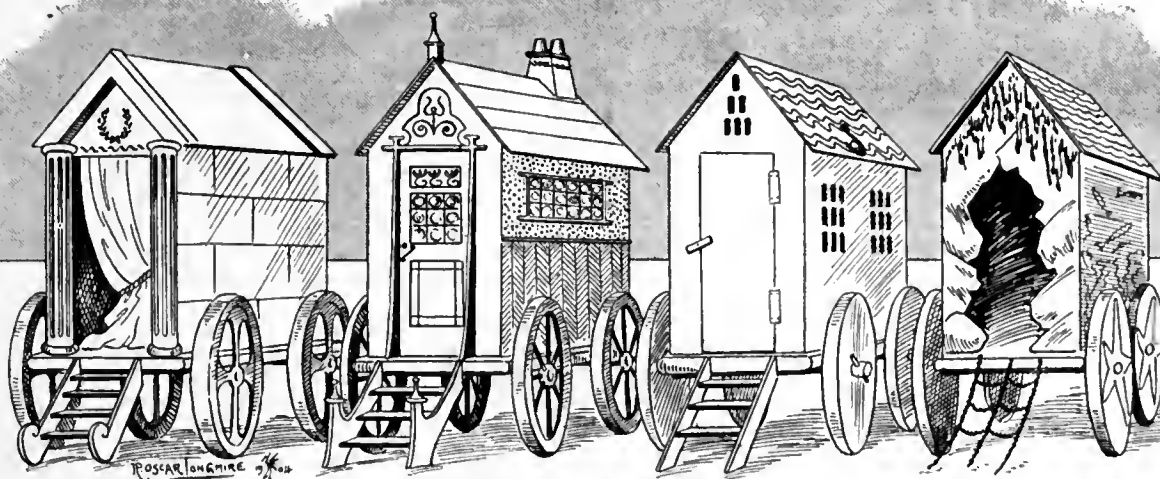
Fond Mother (to Young Hopeful, who has been sent upstairs to a room by himself as a punishment). "YOU CAN COME DOWN NOW, JACKY."

Young Hopeful. "CAN'T. I'VE SINGING A DUET!"

scheme if widely supported might cause inconvenience in some of the more limited apartments where wedding gifts are exposed.

A school of porpoises was recently driven up a creek in the Blackwater, and became subject to the new Education Act as administered by the Essex County Council.

The fact that a new Trust Public House has been opened at Park Royal has called forth a protest from a well-



THE TEMPLE.

"SEA VIEW."

THE ARK.

THE MERMAIDS' HAUNT.

(A few Artistic Suggestions adapted to Modern Bathing Vans.)

TARIFF TALES.

Sample 2. From "The Doom of the Dumped Revolver," by Guy Boothby.

"HA!" said the Count, twirling his moustache, "and so this the business was that caused your absence, Sir VANDELEUR! Donnerwetter! Sapristi! Corpo di Bacco!"

With a sardonic laugh he viewed his terror-struck companions. Before them, stretched across the road, lay the murdered form of WILLIAM SNOOKSON. Sir MILES VANDELEUR gave an involuntary groan, and the beauteous features of ANGELA DE COURCY grew pale as a Madonna lily. Only the stern face of General BRATHWAITE revealed no emotion.

"Your evidence?" he said briefly to the Count.

"Evidence? Hein! Evidence there is plenty! Who quarrelled with the so-much-to-be-lamented SNOOKSON but two days since? Who swore that he would take of the vengeance the most terrible? Who before breakfast a walk abroad made? Parbleu! Not of sagacity much needs one to show that Sir VANDELEUR is the criminal!"

"Your defence, Sir MILES?" asked the other, as abruptly as before.

Sir MILES VANDELEUR shook his head.

"I have none, General. Appearances are against me, although I never raised my hand to do this foul deed."

"I believe you, dear MILES!" cried ANGELA, throwing her arms about his neck. "Nothing shall shake my faith in you! Oh, General, do not send for the police without further inquiry!"

The General smiled, but not unkindly. "Poor child!" he said. "Every tradition of romance compels me to give your lover into custody. If you ask me why I receive the testimony of this sus-

piciously polyglot Count, rather than believe a gentleman whom certainly one would not have suspected of murder—if you ask me this, I say, I must refer you to Mr. GUY BOOTHBY. All I can tell you is that it's the invariable rule in this kind of story. Of course, if you have any evidence, beyond your personal convictions, to offer——"

"I have! I have!" exclaimed ANGELA, who, during this rather prosy speech, had been examining the body of the murdered man. "Look, General, look! Six revolver bullets have been fired at him. What does that prove?"

The General made no reply.

"Oh, how stupid you are! It proves MILES to be innocent! Yes, I will convince you in a minute! You know that dear MILES is a staunch Tariff-reformer? I thought so—and of course he supports British-made goods. But WILLIAM SNOOKSON was never shot with a British-made weapon. How do I know it? Because in that case one barrel would have done the business! No, his assassin used some inefficient, cheap, foreign-made revolver, dumped into this country—a thing MILES could never do!"

"Gad, there's something in that," admitted the General. "It seems to me——"

"Bah!" the Count interrupted, his face strangely pale, "stuff of the most tomfoolishness she talks!"

With the quickness of lightning ANGELA turned upon him.

"Now I understand!" she cried. "Now I know who slew poor SNOOKSON. General, who is famous for praising foreign goods on account of their cheapness? Who is a member of the Cobden Club? Whose real name is—HENRY—JUDKINS?"

"Crikey!" said the pseudo Count,

with a sudden abandonment of his foreign accent, "guess it's about time to quit!" and in five seconds he had untethered his horse, leapt into the saddle, and disappeared beyond the hill.

IDIOMATIC PHRASES FOR TOURISTS.

AT this period of the year, when the Alpine season may be said to be in full swing, we have pleasure in offering to our readers a few examples of conversational phrases in common use at foreign hotels; not German, French or Italian phrases—for these tongues may safely be disregarded—but English as employed by travelling English people:—

(i.) We so much prefer a rest in some quiet spot. *Means:* We are too badly hit over Kaffirs for the expensive places this year.

(ii.) We have been fortunate in meeting most charming people. *Means:* You see, we are so charming ourselves.

(iii.) I find my few words of German quite a help. *Means:* My accent is remarkably pure.

(iv.) One has always heard that——. *Means:* I saw it in Baedeker.

N.B.—The substitution of "one" for "I," as in above instance, has the double force of (a) an indefinite pronoun, (b) an indication of culture.

(v.) I suppose you have been doing a lot of climbing. *Means:* I want an opening to talk about my own.

(vi.) No use making a toil of a pleasure. *Means:* My waist is not what it was.

(vii.) We were most comfortable everywhere. *Means:* We only go to the best hotels.

(viii.) You must look us up on your return to England. *Means:* Nothing.

WHERE THE MONEY IS.

[It is stated that there is depression in every profession and trade with one exception, viz., there is a boom in lawn-mowers.]

Mr. *Punch's* Itinerant Economist has just concluded a tour throughout the United Kingdom, and laid his evidence to-day before the Tariff Commission now sitting at The Office in Bouverie Street. He reports that:—

Where formerly people subsisted by taking in each other's washing, they now maintain themselves and their families by reciprocally mowing garden grass-patches. It is supposed that there is a subtle connection between the two occupations, laundresses having probably suggested lawn-dressing. This happy thought is said to have occurred to the washer-woman of an episcopal household.

Grass is now growing in the streets of Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool and other provincial business centres, and it is rumoured in the City that Lloyd's and the Stock Exchange, seeing where the money lies, have laid in a large stock of *Poa nemoralis* seed, which is to be shortly scattered around the alleys of Cornhill and Lothbury and in front of the Royal Exchange. Stringent precautions will be taken against predatory pigeons. "Park pests," who have contemplated leaving their haunts in the West for the fresh green of the newly-formed Kaffir Pleasaunce, have been similarly warned off. The "City Sward" is to be the London municipal emblem of the future. A handful of the same will be presented by the Lord Mayor at Temple Bar on the occasion of His MAJESTY'S next visit.

There are woeful tales of a slump in the book market. The only books at all asked for are *Lawna Doone*, *The Sowers*, *A King's Ransom*, and *A Grass Widow*.

Undeterred by his failure to tree the Giant Sloth in Patagonia, Mr. HESKETH PRICHARD is organising an expedition for the purpose of ascertaining, at the close of the cricket season, whether the Dinornis or Moa of New Zealand is really as extinct as it is reported to be. Meanwhile, he continues daisy-cutting with success for his county.

Lawn-mowing scholarships are to be competed for this month at Oxford and Cambridge, the turf in the college courts and Fellows' gardens being eminently suited for such exhibitions. Unsuccessful candidates are no longer "ploughed," but "mown." The career of NEBUCHADNEZZAR has of late received some attention from the occupants of the University pulpit, where also the popularity of the text, "All flesh is grass," may be taken to indicate the trend of academical thought during the past horticultural term.

The Prime Minister, the public will be glad to note, is among those who are responsible for the supremacy of Great Britain in this one industry. He has recently given up regular golf and taken to cropping his favourite greens with a combination rotary-putter. This wonderful little machine, which does *not* hail from Schenectady, U.S.A., produces a surface of billiard-table smoothness prior to propelling the ball into the hole.

In view of this accumulation of evidence, there can be no doubt now as to What To Do With Our Sons or Ourselves. We must all turn gardeners, and revert to the profession of Adam.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr. HENRY FROWDE, of the Oxford University Press, is issuing what he calls the Florin Series of standard authors. The volumes will be twelve in number, including SHAKESPEARE, BUNYAN, MRS. BROWNING, BURNS, BYRON, LONGFELLOW, MILTON, SCOTT, TENNYSON, WHITTIER, WORDSWORTH, and BOSWELL. The last comprises the immortal *Life of Johnson*, which, running into 1416 pages, by exception fills two volumes. *Shakespeare*, complete with glossary, packed in 1272 pages, and *Wordsworth*, just topping a thousand, beautifully printed and bound in cloth, are each in one volume and cost two shillings. How it is done for the money is Mr. FROWDE'S secret. For the public it suffices to make the most of the opportunity.

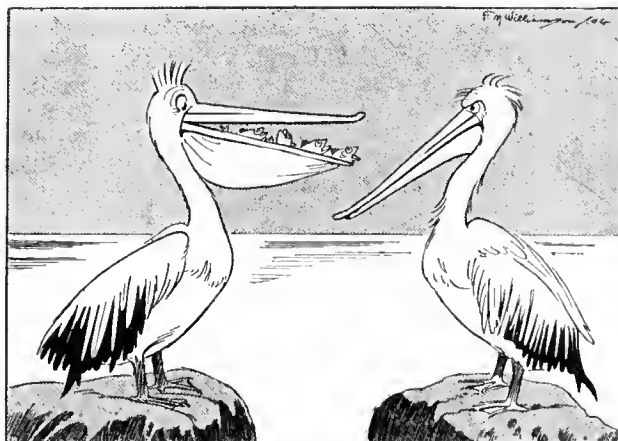
The fifth volume of that rich and rare work, the Woburn Series of Natural History (HUTCHINSON) is devoted to exhaustive study of *British Salt Water Fishes*. It is written by Mr. AFLALO, Mr. R. B. MARSTON contributing a chapter on the artificial culture of sea fish. "Fishes," says the learned

author, "may be described as full-blooded, back-boned animals that live in water." My Baronite knows some animals fulfilling these conditions who live out of water. But that is neither here nor there, as the 'busman said when he drove over the bishop's hat in Victoria Street. Since the supply of sole is being gradually exhausted by the trawler, it is pleasing to be assured that the revolving years bring discovery of fresh edible fish within British waters. It will always be hard to beat the sole — fresh, not too large, simply fried, accompanied by a dish of new potatoes. To experts this handsome volume, illustrated by coloured plates reproducing with lifelike accuracy the appearance of the fish, will be a special delight. The

pleasure will be shared in degree by unlearned persons like my Baronite, who till he read it did not know that in the depths of fatherly devotion both the pipe-fish and the sea-horse, left at home to guard the eggs whilst mother has gone to market, carry them about in a pouch or fold of the skin. What husband among bipeds would do anything analogous to that?

Personelle, by VALENTINA HAWTREY (JOHN LANE), is a jerkily-written novel which promises well at the commencement. The Baron could only manage to struggle through a confused crowd of mediaeval nobodies, pushing them aside, this way and that, in order to come up with the heroine, for whom, on his introduction to her, he had conceived so strong a liking that indeed it was a case of love at first sight. Her story, as far as the Baron can make it out, seems to have been a sad one, of a conventional type, but with a somewhat unconventional ending. There are brilliant flashes of description here and there, and snatches of interesting dialogue which momentarily arrest the attention.

TABLE MANNERS.



Father Pelican (reprovingly). "HOW CAN YOU EXPECT TO SPEAK DISTINCTLY WITH YOUR MOUTH FULL?"

THE BARON



DE

B-W.

RESPICE FINEM.

It was a beautiful afternoon, with just enough breeze and cloud to chequer a bright emerald sea with bands of purple shadow. I was lounging in the verandah after lunch, waiting for JOSEPHINE. I had, indeed, been so occupied for the greater part of an hour.

The boat had been ordered for 2.30. Down on the jetty I could see BILGE hanging on to her with a boathook, from time to time scratching his head through the top of his cap as he glanced up at the house. It was past three o'clock.

I rose, and knocking the ashes out of my pipe began to refill it. One pipe is my allowance after lunch, and I found myself blaming JOSEPHINE for causing me to exceed it. I was utterly at a loss to account for her non-appearance. I had known her to take as much as five and twenty minutes to put on a hat, but that was usually on Sundays. To equip herself for an hour's sail could in no way that I could imagine entail elaborate preparation.

Poor BILGE was still keeping an eye on me as I stood smoking upon the steps in front of the house. He was evidently expecting a signal. I wished that by waving my arms after the manner of the coastguard I could have assured him that patience was a virtue, or that all things come to those who know how to wait, or conveyed to him indeed any of the exasperating adages appropriate to the occasion. But, doubting the capacity of the code as a consoler as well as my own as a semaphore, I contented myself with shaking my hand in the air like a schoolgirl seeing a train off. It was only meant to cheer him up a bit, but I observed that he immediately pulled



"THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING CONVERSATION."

LADY MABEL, (trying to make rural feast "G.O.")

Do you take an interest in the Fiscal Policy down here, Mr. Giles?

GILES, (embarrassed, after seeking inspiration from his neighbour) N.O.A.

(End of Lady Mabel's Effort)

down the sail, and proceeded to make the *Flying Fish* fast at her moorings again.

I groaned, and ran into the hall.

"JOSEPHINE!" I shouted, though I knew how futile it was to attempt to hurry her, "it's after half-past three! BILGE thinks we don't want the boat."

"Why?" asked a calm, far-away voice from the upper regions.

I did not answer. I—let us say, groaned again, and going back to my deck-chair in the verandah threw myself therein.

Ten minutes later JOSEPHINE emerged.

To the eye of a mere male there was absolutely nothing in her toilet to justify the delay. She proceeded to look me over from top to toe. I could not trust myself to speak.

"EUSTACE," she said peremptorily, "you've got a big hole in the heel of your sock. Go and change them, dear."

"What on earth," I exploded, "does it matter in a boat? Whatever have you been doing all this time?"

"Having a bath," she replied quietly; "we may both be drowned, you know. And, EUSTACE, I shouldn't like you to be found with that hole in your sock."

WOMEN I HAVE NEVER MARRIED.

IV.

SHE was a phantom of delight,
 One of those rare elusive things
 Detained this side the *Ewigkeit*
 Through temporary want of wings;
 Our world was not her proper place,
 Rather she seemed a priceless relic
 Of Faërieland's enchanted grace,
 She was so birdlike, so angelic.

I often wondered what she ate;
 She looked as though she lived on air,
 Or, if she fed from off a plate,
 Would only touch ambrosial fare;
 No man that dealt in butcher's meat
 Had ever been allowed to viual
 With stuff we common mortals eat
 A form so exquisitely brittle.

Such were my views when first I fell,
 In salad days still fairly green,
 Beneath the spiritual spell
 Of my unearthly EMMELINE;
 She had on me a marked effect:
 Each moment spent in gazing at her
 Tended to make me more select,
 And purge my soul of grosser matter.

And yet a fear assailed my mind,
 When I reviewed my purposed vows,
 Whether a being so refined
 Would make a good domestic spouse;
 Would she, as fits a faithful wife
 (The thought already left me thinner),
 Count it her chief concern in life
 To see that I enjoyed my dinner?

She whom (I guessed) a currant bun
 Sufficed for hunger's faint appeals—
 Would she respect, when we were one,
 My prejudice for decent meals?
 Anxious for some assuring sign
 To clinch my hesitating passion,
 I asked my angel out to dine
 At London's first resort of Fashion.

She came. She passed a final word
 Upon the *bisque*, the *Mornay* sole,
 The *poulet* (said she thought the bird
 Shewed at its best *en casserole*);
 She found the *parfait* "quite first-rate,"
 Summed up the *chef* as "rather handy,"
 Knew the *Lafitte* for '88,
 And twice encored a fine old brandy.

I own I felt an inward pain,
 When she put off her seraph airs,
 To find I had to entertain
 An earthly angel unawares;
 I merely asked her there to test
 Her aptness for a wifely calling,
 And never dreamed that she possessed
 A special knowledge so appalling!

Frankly, she went a shade too far.
 It was a shock—I feel it still—
 To learn that what I deemed a star
 Was just an ember off the grill!

Well, twenty years or so have gone,
 And now I meet her (ah! the pity!),
 A puffy matron serving on
 The "New Amphitryon Club" Committee.

O. S.

"WILLIE BRUE'D A PECK"—O' NONSENSE.

Sergeant Brue, a musical farce at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, plot and libretto by OWEN HALL, with lyrics by J. H. WOOD, music by Madame LIZA LEHMANN, and played by Mr. FRANK CURZON's capital company, having had but an indifferent start at the Strand Theatre, is now pursuing a most successful course at the Prince of Wales's. It seems a pity that an idea so original as this, on which the nonsensical piece is founded, should not have been dramatically worked out and artistically developed into a genuine comedy of real life. "Instead of which," as the magistrate said, its striking opportunities are frittered away in songs and dances of a well-known type, and in utterly extravagant yet always amusing absurdities, where there is always plenty of rhyme but very little reason. In spite of his extravagances, Mr. EDOUIN, as the policeman who has suddenly succeeded to a large property, keeps up the character throughout, except when he appears as a most finished dancer, an art in which it is most improbable that a flat-footed, stiff-jointed policeman could ever have shone.

The First Act, as far as Mr. EDOUIN's *Policeman Brue* is concerned, is a domestic comedy that, but for the nonsensical singing and dancing, might have been the commencement of a really good play. Here Mr. EDOUIN is excellent. And all the principals who take part in the First Act, which in its essence is comedy, namely, Mr. FARREN SOUTAR as *Brue's* son, Miss OLIVE MORRELL as his daughter, Miss MILLIE LEGARDE as the scheming lady, Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS as the detected thief, and Mr. EDWARD KIPLING as the dry business-like solicitor, acquit themselves, every one of them, as accomplished comedians. They, with WILLIE EDOUIN, have, Willie nilly, to interrupt their acting by breaking out into utterly irrelevant song and dance, being thereto compelled by the *force majeure* of author, lyricist, and composer.

After this First Act the author lets comedy go by the board, and, with his talented assistants, making up a sort of band of Pied Pipers, sets all the company dancing, gambolling, singing, through three Acts of, it must be admitted, very entertaining nonsense, into the fun of which the audience most willingly enter.

Miss MILLIE LEGARDE, as *Lady Bickenhall*, with songs, capital imitations (specially of the coon singing), and dances, is, after Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN, one of the "lives and souls" of the piece.

Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, giving us another phase of the tramp, in which he made so marked a hit in *The Message from Mars*, delights the audience. His by-play is perfect, and he is never out of the picture. The audience enjoy everything done by him and Mr. EDOUIN, as also, it is evident, do the actors and actresses.

The music throughout is tuneful and full of go, though there is a certain sameness in the arrangement of verse and chorus, which might have been avoided by so clever a musician as Madame LIZA LEHMANN. Mr. SYDNEY BARRACLOUGH is a pleasing tenor, making the most of a not very effective song; and the choruses, well sung, with a variety of action, by the fascinating "girlies" and the sprightly young swells, are tuneful and full of life.

From first to last the piece, as a "musical farce," is so lively, so bright, and so entertaining that, with Mr. EDOUIN, Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS and Miss MILLIE LEGARDE, it will probably achieve a success far greater, and a run far longer, than was ever anticipated for it. So mote it be!



SOUR GRAPES.

First Scorch. "CALL THAT EXERCISE?"

Second Scorch. "No. I CALL IT SITTING IN A DRAUGHT!"

THE MANUFACTURE OF PSEUDONYMS.

A NUMBER of distinguished women of letters reply in the *Girls' Realm* to the question, "How did you choose your pseudonym?" Never backward in following an illuminating example, *Mr. Punch* has lost no time in subjecting several leading male representatives of the corporation of the goosequill to a similar ordeal.

Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, who was shooting clay pigeons in the poultry-yard of his fine new Tudor mansion when our representative called, courteously laid aside his lethal weapon and furnished the desired information without a moment's hesitation. "My pseudonym," he observed in his bright *staccato* accents, "is an amalgam built up out of four words. The first syllable is taken from *Ruddigore*, my favourite opera, while 'yard' indicates my love of ships and shipping. The first half of my surname comes from kipper, my favourite fish, the second from starling, my favourite bird. Must you go? Then I hope you'll take a brace of these pigeons with you."

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, writing from Swinford Old Manor, says: "My instinctive preference for the trochaic metre naturally impelled me to choose a pseudonym which should illustrate my addiction to that intrepid measure. My Christian name I borrowed from the greatest of our Kings, better known of late years under the affectionate title of 'England's Darling,' while the surname AUSTIN I took after the founder of the State of Texas, a region which, by the superb antinomianism of its inhabitants, has always appealed vividly to my imagination. It is hardly necessary for me to call attention to the alliteration which forms so striking a feature of my name. In this I have followed the example of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, WALT WHITMAN, and ALGERNON ASHTON."

In reply to our representative, Mr. HALL CAINE said that in choosing his name he was actuated largely by a belief in the efficacy of monosyllables, and instanced the cases of JOHN BULL, MARK TWAIN, GEORGE SAND, BRET HARTE. Next to euphonic considerations, he was governed by a regard for the great law of contrast—the charm of the unexpected, illustrated in this instance by the surprise and delight that readers naturally felt at finding CAINE on the side of the angels. The prefix HALL had a spacious ring about it, suggesting feudal or at least baronial expansion.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW explained that his name reflected two prominent traits in his character: his love of dogs, and his contempt for the human intelligence. Originally he had thought of calling himself CHOW POOH, but finally decided on



BY THE SILVER SEA.

THIS IS NOT JONES'S DOG.

ST. BERNARD PSYAW, the subsequent modifications having regard to euphony and his unorthodox views as to canonisation.

Mr. LEO MAXSE stated that his pseudonym was an emblem of Imperialism. It was, in short, a case of going one better than *Ursa Major*, MAXSE being a convenient abbreviation for Maximus.

Rainy Prospects, N.B.

[His Grace of CANTERBURY, previous to his departure for America, offered his services, as a friend of all parties, to the Church Disputants in Scotland.]

From His Grace (to Principal Rainy, of the United Free Church). I propose coming north with my comprehensive umbrella, under which you can all take shelter. Yours, CANTUAR.

Principal of U. F. C. (to His Grace). Many thanks. Don't trouble. Only a Scotch mist. Yours, RAINY.

P.S.—Wish you a good time in United States.

Out of the Season.

Country Visitor (to London Friend, who is just off for his holiday). As I'm in town for a few nights I must see some theatres.

London Friend. Almost all closed, my boy.

C. V. Ah! but at those that are open, what are they giving?

L. F. Orders. [Exit precipitately.]

BOZ THE BICYCLIST.—In *Great Expectations*, Chap. XXXVIII., is given a motto for bicyclists. It occurs when Estella comes "to a sudden check," and says "Pip, Pip!" Then she adds, in the polite way that a lady bicyclist might adopt when addressing a stupid person who would not get out of the way, "Will you never take warning?"

BURTON'S NEW "ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY."—ALLSOPP'S Balance Sheet.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHAPTER IV.

The White Rabbit continues his Story.

It was not until some few days after his story had been so unceremoniously interrupted that the White Rabbit was able to continue it. One morning, however, when all was quiet in the garden, the retriever and his friend the cat approached the hutch and settled themselves in an attitude of expectation before the rails. The White Rabbit pretended not to see them, and busied himself in tidying his fur. At last *Gamp* broke the silence:—

"*Bunbutter*," she said, "there's nobody about; now's your time."

But the White Rabbit paid no attention to her.

"I beg your Royal Highness's pardon," she continued, "I was about to observe that the circumstances were favourable for the completion of the highly interesting narrative that was begun by you the other day."

"We are all ears," said *Rob*.

"So is he," whispered the Cat, but the Rabbit fortunately did not hear the observation. As a matter of fact he was dying to continue the story, and needed no further prompting:—

"Let me see," he began, "where had I got to? Ah, yes, I remember now. One morning the King, my father, on coming down to breakfast, was both surprised and shocked at finding my mother in tears.

"Why this affliction?" he asked in his kindest tones, at the same time selecting from the dish on the sideboard the particular poached egg, with its attendant piece of bacon, which the ancient tradition of our House caused to be reserved for the reigning monarch. 'Has the coffee-pot refused to work, or has the chief of the scullions again thrown our domestic affairs into confusion by giving warning?'

"My mother smiled a wan smile. She knew my father's habit of light-hearted badinage, and as a rule she thoroughly appreciated his jokes, but on this occasion she seemed to find no comfort in his words. For all answer she rang the bell and, having summoned to her presence the aged Seneschal, she bade him fetch the golden tray of state. When this had been brought she momentarily checked her sobs and laid upon the tray a document which she had been reading before my father entered the room.

"Bear it," she said, with that air of profound dignity which so well became her, 'to His Majesty and beg him on my behalf to study it well.' Having said this, she again wept copiously into a dry pocket-handkerchief provided for her by the page-in-waiting.

"The Seneschal, supporting the tray in his trembling hands, tottered across the room, and, having with some difficulty fallen upon his knees, laid it before my father. His commission being thus executed he bowed, as was his duty, three times, and crept backwards out of the room. This is what my father read:

"EXTRACT FROM THE RECORDS OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF
SABLONIA, P. 2499, 15TH EDITION:

"And it shall come to pass that, if the King and Queen of Sablonia shall after twenty-five years be childless, there shall be born to them a son of surpassing beauty and of unmatched valour. And it is yet further ordained that, having slain in battle the brother of his father, the youth shall thereafter take upon himself the semblance of one that is robed in white fur, and shall continue in this likeness until such time as it shall please a maiden of her love to release him."

"My father, when he had read this document carefully, looked across at my mother.

"Whence," he asked, "came this?"

"It came," said my mother, 'in the usual way, by post; but the post-mark is obliterated, and Heaven only knows who sent it.'

"It shall be rigorously investigated," said my father. 'But, in the meantime, I infer that you are about to present me and the country with an heir to the throne.'

"I admit," said my mother, sorrowfully, 'that the idea had occurred to me; but, after reading this terrible document, I feel that I ought to think no more about it. Why, the child would be doomed to turn into a white rat or a ferret or something awful of that sort. I assure you I could never bear it.'

"As to that," cried my father, now roused to an unwonted pitch of excitement, 'I believe no such old wives' tales. We are at peace with Plagiorosa, and shall continue so. How then shall any son of mine slay his uncle in battle? Be brave, my dear, and resume your good intentions. I, the King of Sablonia, promise you that all shall be well.'

"My mother, reassured by these noble words, so full of hope and courage, smiled through her tears, and my father giving no more thought to the trifle that had disturbed the morning, continued his breakfast in perfect serenity. A few weeks afterwards, amid the clash of the joy-bells, the shouts of the loyal populace, and the waving of flags, the heralds announced to the people of Sablonia the birth of a long-deferred heir."

Here the White Rabbit broke off.

"I shall complete my story to-morrow," he said. "Now run away and play, like good animals."

AN INN-AUGURATION.

SINCE our recent visit *Le Touquet* has been going ahead. "*Pour accomplir le Rêve*," as the local journal has it, the Atlantic Hotel has been inaugurated. It has only to keep well up to the present level of its neighbour and ally, *L'Hermitage*, for the excellence of whose cuisine this deponent can answer, and its success with French and English visitors ought to be assured.

Of course there was an "inauguration," the inevitable banquet, with lots of toasts, and plenty of butter, graphically described by M. LEVÊQUE (a name which is of good augury as suggestive of an episcopal blessing on its present and future), one of the writers on the *Paris-Plage* newspaper. The French printers seem to have had rather a difficulty with the Yorkshire name of WHITLEY, the indefatigable *entrepreneur*, without whose indomitable perseverance, and the substantial assistance rendered by Mr. STONEHAM, it is most probable that *Le Touquet*, as it is, would never have come into existence. But the spelling of the English names has rather bothered the French compositor, as first of all Mr. WHITLEY appears as "*un penseur incomparable*, M. JOHN WITHELEY;" then he comes out correctly as "M. WHITLEY," dropping the "JOHN" as a trifle too familiar; and though giving the name properly four times out of five, yet in one instance the type seems to have become a little faded, and what ought to be "M. JOHN WHITLEY" appears, in our copy at least, as "M. JOHN WHIFLEY." Luckily for the enterprise he is not by any means a "Whifley" sort of person.

The talented reporter had another English name, and title, also to tackle, represented by "Sir HOWARD MELLIS," who appears in his place among the toasts as "*sir lord HOWARD MELLIER*." Go up one, sir lord HOWARD! The date of his creation as a seaside Peer of France is within this present month. All hail! Sir lord HOWARD MELLIER! The more the Mellier!

One word of advice from Mr. *Punch's* Special Traveller. Keep the place well up and the prices down. In your excellent golf course will be found the links to bind to *Le Touquet* all the Golfing World and his wife. So go ahead!

**SNUBBED.**

Officious Person (who has been boring the Colonel with his conversation). "PERMIT ME, MY DEAR COLONEL; LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND——"
Irritable Cripple. "THANKS, BUT IF YOU COULD GIVE ME A COUPLE OF SOUND LEGS I SHOULD PREFER IT."

At St. Drowsee's Within.

Visitor (who has been present at the sermon, to one of the regular congregation). Your clergyman's sermon was rather soporific.

Parishioner. They're always like that. But he is leaving us.

Visitor. I congratulate you. Has he got a good appointment?

Parishioner. Yes, and most suitable. That is, if it be true that he has been offered the living of Great Snoring.

ACCORDING to a report in the *Standard*, Dr. HORROX, while speaking in defence of Passive Resistance, said that "he felt that he was taking his place among those other Englishmen who had fought against what they believed to be wrong, against the interest of their own country, and against the law of God." Dr. HORROX is likely to lose some of his friends if he makes any more of these candid admissions.

CLERICAL HUMOUR.—A certain clergyman, writing to the *Times* last Saturday in defence of his position during the most solemn part of the service, which had been attacked stated that with his congregation genuflection was "a custom of twenty years' standing." The Rev. SIDNEY SMITH himself could not have put it better.

Terrible Conflagration.

(From an Advertisement in a Railway Carriage.)

—— & Co. 2000 BEDSTEADS IN STOCK

LARGEST VARIETY IN THE WORLD

ALIGHT AT GOWER STREET STATION.

SHAKESPEARIAN QUOTATION.—For an impecunious sportsman, who has his gun and all essentials ready, but is unable to rent a shooting himself, and awaits, in vain, some friendly invitation:—

"Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor!"

Titus Andronicus, Act V., Sc. 2.

If the above gentleman would be satisfied with what we must suppose to be the inferior sport of pursuing ground game in one of the Home Counties, we can recommend him to an advertisement in the *Chronicle* which offers:—

"Free Shoot, near Park Station, Tottenham."

WHEN the two Monarchs dined together at Marienbad champagne was forbidden by the rules of the "Cure," but its place seems to have been supplied by any amount of "hoch."

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XXII.—ARE WE GROWING PLAINER?

SCENE—*Rimmel's Oatmeal Parlour.*

PRESENT:—

*Mr. Bobby Spencer, M.P. (in the chair).**Sir Albert Rollit, M.P.**Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.**Sir James Crichton-Browne.**Mr. Greasley.**Mr. George Wyndham, M.P.**Mr. Bernard Shaw.**Miss Edna May.**La Belle Otero.**Mr. Swift MacNeill, M.P.**Mr. Adolf Beck.*

Mr. Bobby Spencer. A writer in one of the cheaper morning papers having promulgated the theory that we are, as a nation, growing plainer, it has been thought well to convene a gathering of representatives of all shades of opinion and beauty to discuss the question and see what should be done.

Mr. Swift MacNeill. I deny that we are growing plainer. The suggestion is merely a catch-penny heading for an article in a sensational paper.

Sir Albert Rollit. And even if we were why draw inferences? Why make a column of it? There are plenty of other subjects. There is the state of the Strand.

Sir James Crichton-Browne. And General Boorn's eliminating trials.

Mr. Swift MacNeill. And disclosures of criminal luxury—"Should Salads be dressed by PAQUIN?"

Mr. Bernard Shaw. Suppose that we have been wrong all the time. Suppose that symmetry is really less beautiful than incident? Suppose that, according to true taste, beyond human compass, it is Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM who is plain, and Mr. GEORGE ROBEY who is beautiful! What a tragedy!

Sir Gilbert Parker. The prestige of good looks cannot be over-rated. Beauty should be a national ideal. Whether or not we are growing plainer I am not personally in a position to say. But as a legislator I would recommend a more liberal supply of mirrors in public places. One ought to have the opportunity of continually noting development.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. Who is to fix the standard? Some people say that dark men alone are handsome; others, fair. Who shall decide?

Mr. Greasley. Mr. Justice GRANTHAM?

Miss Edna May. Sir ALFRED HARMSWORTH?

La Belle Otero. Sir GILBERT PARKER?

Sir Gilbert Parker. Oh, no, no! I am too busy. And I am just off to Marienbad.

Sir James Crichton-Browne. Little Maryenbad!

Sir Albert Rollit. Why waste time over such a foolish question? Handsome is as handsome does. Beauty at its best is only skin deep.

Sir Gilbert Parker. Is not handsome does as handsome is a better version? In other words, beauty can do no wrong.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. But what is beauty?

Sir Gilbert Parker.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all I know, and that is all I wish to know;

—SO KEATS said. In his day everyone was beautiful. KEATS was beautiful, SHELLEY was beautiful.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. Why do you call SHELLEY beautiful? BROWNING, who was a fellow poet, is quite of another opinion. He says, "And did you once see SHELLEY plain?"

Sir James Crichton-Browne. I marvel to hear so much loose talk on beauty, as if it were not a definite thing. Beauty can be scientifically analysed and ascertained. For one thing, whiskers.

La Belle Otero. Not for women, surely?

Sir James Crichton-Browne. I refer to manly beauty. The beauty of woman is different—a less important matter, far easier of attainment.

La Belle Otero. Ha!

Miss Edna May. Ho!

Sir Gilbert Parker. Why whiskers? Are not whiskers obsolete, and deservedly so?

Sir James Crichton-Browne. Certainly not.

Sir Gilbert Parker. A pointed beard.

Mr. George Wyndham. No beard but a moustache. The chin should not be concealed. The human anatomy has few charms more positive than a good sensitive chin.

Mr. Swift MacNeill. The premium put upon manly beauty is ridiculous. An ugly man can do everything that a handsome man can do. Look at JOHN WILKES; look at Mr. —

Mr. Greasley. Good looks are certainly no advantage in swimming the Channel.

Mr. George Wyndham. And yet it is pleasant to gaze upon symmetrical features, a bright eye, a trim moustache. It is surely more satisfactory that the strings, say, of office, should be in the hands of an *Adonis* than a *Caliban*.

La Belle Otero. There are quite enough beautiful women, quite. More, and it would be vulgar. Every generation should have the opportunity of paying to see one superlatively lovely woman.

Miss Edna May. One of each kind. There are many varieties. Let there be Free Trade.

Mr. Adolf Beck. After all, what is beauty? The important thing about a man's face is that it should resemble no other man's face. Let me be plain as THERSITES, but let me be unique.

Mr. Bobby Spencer (waking). What then do we decide? If I were to give my casting vote I should say that beauty might go. It is certainly not essential to the agricultural labourer. It is a mistake to plough in a six-inch collar.

Sir Gilbert Parker. The old saying that beauty unadorned is adorned the most is a fallacy. Beauty wants dressing.

Sir Albert Rollit. Yes; as the poet says—"O the little hat and how much it is!"

[*Exeunt undecided whether to continue plain or otherwise.*]

WAS OMAR KHAYYAM A GOLFER?

It is certainly strange, considering how much attention has been given to the *Rubāiyāt* in recent years, that nobody has even raised this question. Most people, it is true, could quote at least a portion of one quatrain that has a direct and undeniable bearing upon the Game:

The Ball no question makes of Ayes or Noes,
But Right or Left, as strikes the Player, goes.

But one must not argue from single instances, and the object of this article is to show that there is a continuous thread of golfing allusions running right through the Quatrains. The evidence overwhelms utterly the theory of accident and coincidence. Thus Quatrain 10, beginning

With me along this strip of Herbage strown . . . contains an exact and succinct description of the choicest golfing ground, and indicates that OMAR had a justifiably low opinion of arable land for the purposes of the game. The next stanza, the most familiar of all, requires only the very slightest of textual emendations. Clearly its third line should run—

Beside me *swinging* in the Wilderness.

Quatrain 14, beginning

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon,
is concerned with the average man's futile pursuit of what he calls his TRUE FORM, although the verse has been interpreted in a more general sense.

Quatrain 19—

And this reviving Herb, whose tender green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean . . . is a cheerful remark made during the recovery of a ball from a water-hazard. "Ah, lean upon it lightly!" may well be an instruction to an impetuous caddie, in consequence of the rottenness of the bank after heavy rain.

Quatrain 22, which mentions how some

Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
clearly refers to the perils of afternoon tea on long summer days.

Quatrain 25, beginning

Why, all the . . . Sages who discussed. . .

is a scathing denunciation of the multiplying of golf tutors and manuals.

Quatrain 30—

What, without asking, hither hurried WHENCE?
And, without asking, WHITHER hurried henco?

epitomises a round of alternate slicing and pulling.

Quatrain 32—

There was a Door to which I found no key;
There was a Veil past which I could not see...
establishes the important fact that the Poet never succeeded in reducing himself to Scratch. Probably his handicap was 12, if not more.

Quatrain 41 is one of the most difficult in the whole poem:

For "is" and "is NOT", though with Rule and Line,

And "UP-AND-DOWN" without, I could define...

A little consideration shows that the first verse refers to a stymie, so doubtful that it must be tested with a pocket-measure. "Up-and-down" hints at what is known as the "Headsman" style of attacking the ball. "Without," one may hazard a guess, means "without a follow-through," a defect inseparable from this style of play.

Quatrain 42—

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!

records a visit to a course, on a daily ticket, where the Poet and his partner, not being introduced by a member, had not the run of the bar.

Quatrain 51—

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on...
Nor all thy tears wash out a Word of it...

clearly refers to Medal-Day at Naishápúr. The competition being by strokes and not by holes, a bad breakdown would be irretrievable.

Quatrain 57 contains an indubitable reference to a bunker—

Who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in.

This is a particularly interesting passage, as the last word of the first line may refer either to a hazard on the course or to the sloe-gin that spoils so many scores after lunch. The latter theory is the most probable, as the idea of a bunker is sufficiently indicated by the word "pitfall."

Quatrain 62—

Shall he that made the vessel in pure Love
And Fancy, in an after Rage destroy!

is a judicious and temperate comment upon the painful spectacle of a short-tempered professional breaking a club of his own making across his knee. Vessel, for club, is a very happy example of Persian imagery.

Quatrains 63, 64—

They sneer at me, for leaning all awry...
They talk of some strict Testing of us—Pish!



SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

Visitor. "I'VE BROUGHT YOU A FEW CHOCOLATES. BUT I SUPPOSE YOU ALWAYS HAVE QUANTITIES OF SWEETS?"

Ethel. "NO, I DON'T. I EAT 'EM ALL."

are unequivocal references to the prototype of PARK's wry-necked putter, and to an early controversy about Standardisation.

Quatrain 75—

One naturally expects that the concluding stanza of a poem, which bristles with allusions, direct and indirect, to the Royal and Ancient game, would not end without a final reference. It is to be found in the words

... the Spot

Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass!

"Where I made one" may, of course, be a simple reference to the foursomes, which were no doubt the Poet's favourite form of the game. More probably, how-

ever, they used "make" at Naishápúr, or even throughout Persia, in its modern American sense, instead of the English "do." Just as Mr. TRAVIS would talk of having "made the 'Maiden' in two" the Poet boasted of having made a certain hole on his Home Links in one; and no doubt it was as near to that spot as the Green Committee would permit that he chose his resting-grave. This may be taken as final and conclusive.

A REFORMED public-house has been opened in New York by Bishop POTTER. It will, we understand, be known in future as Bishop Potter's Bar.



LE PIED ANGLAIS.

Bathing Woman (to English Lady). "VOILÀ, MADAME, UNE BELLE PAIRE DE CHAUSSONS."
(Noticing disapproval in Visitor's face) "AH, MADAME N'EN VEUT PAS? JE SUIS DÉSOLÉE,
 MAIS, POUR LE MOMENT, IL NE ME RESTE PAS DE PLUS GRANDS."

CHARIVARIA.

THE Chantry Committee has reported that in its opinion too exclusive a preference has been given in the past to pictures shown at the Royal Academy, and recommends that future purchases be made by a Committee consisting of the President of the Royal Academy, a Royal Academician, and an Associate of the Royal Academy.

Times change. Once the Irish did all they could to annoy us. Now a scheme is on foot to pledge every Member elected for an Irish constituency at the next General Election to stay away from Westminster.

The Army Council has intimated that no facilities are to be given to any foreigners, whether military or civilian, to attend the training of troops or inspect any military establishment. This is just the sort of imitative policy which causes ill-feeling between other nations and ourselves. Fiscal retaliation is another.

We understand that the alleged spy who was arrested at Milford Haven was released because he had not the word "Spy" written in plain characters on the ribbon of his hat.

Clacton-on-Sea, we are informed by a contemporary, has been called the

"Mentone of the East." On the other hand, Mentone sets up no sort of claim to be called the "Clacton of the South."

A valuable hunter, belonging to Mr. DURLACHER, got its hind foot securely fixed in its mouth one day last week, and a veterinary surgeon had to be summoned to its assistance. This recalls the ancient Irish legend of the man who never opened his mouth without putting his foot into it. But that, of course, was a bull.

A band of 500 agricultural labourers, armed with guns and scythes, invaded the estate of the millionaire Count GEORG ALMASSY, near Debrezsin, Hungary, the other day, and demanded the equal division of all his property among themselves. As a share had not been reserved for himself, the Count, not unreasonably, refused.

A woman alleged at the West London Police Court that throwing an apple is the coster's method of greeting a friend. There is certainly an expression, The apple of one's eye.

A fair Parisienne has killed a friend for accidentally treading on her dress during a dance, but many ladies take the humaner view that penal servitude for life would have been an ample punishment for such careless behaviour.

Some excitement was caused last week by a soldier confessing that he was guilty of the Peasenhall murder, but, on investigation, it turned out that he was only bragging.

The usually well-informed *Matin* is of the opinion that the *Reshitelny* affair will be settled diplomatically without serious difficulty. It certainly will not lead to the outbreak of war between Russia and Japan.

The *Entente* continues to be a living influence. Two Birmingham youths who were anxious to court the same girl fought a duel with revolvers, and neither was hurt.

The *Boudoir* publishes a list of favourite pets kept by leading ladies in Society. It is characteristic of the present age that not one of these ladies mentions her husband.

NOTE AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—LAMB appreciated SALMON and quoted POISSON. FRESHFIELD's address was about "pastures new."



MISTRESS OF THE SEA.

FATHER NEPTUNE (*Ocean Carrier*). "YOU'RE NOT SENDING ANY OF *YOUR* GOODS OUT TO THE FAR EAST JUST NOW, MA'AM. HOW'S THAT?"
 BRITANNIA (*meekly*). "I'M NOT ALLOWED TO." FATHER NEPTUNE. "NOT ALLOWED! WHY, I THOUGHT YOU HAD A NAVY!"

STRICTLY PRIVATE.

II.

(Being a further instalment of Lady VINOLIA VERE DE VERE'S answers to letters from readers dealing with affairs of the heart, tangles in domestic life, or points of etiquette.)

"I am engaged," writes ARAMINTA, "to a charming young man who is thoroughly eligible in every way, except for the fact that he will wear side-spring boots and side whiskers. He is terribly sensitive to criticism, and I fear that any abrupt expression of my dislike for these practices might cause him to break off our engagement. What am I to do?"

If ARAMINTA is the sensible girl I take her to be she will cheerfully put up with what is, after all, a venial eccentricity. There was a time not so long ago when the dandies invariably wore side whiskers, and there is nothing immoral in side-spring boots, which are generally worn by Armenians. Perhaps the anonymous birthday present of a patent razor might correct one of these errors of taste.

"I have been invited to spend a week-end with some rich friends on the river," writes ENID. "They play Bridge for high stakes, and what I want to know is this: If I lose more than I can pay, ought I to give I. O. U.s or borrow the amount from the butler?"

I am surprised and pained by the tone of ENID's letter. It is quite true that the poet says, "Tis better to have played and lost than never to have played at all," but debts of honour should always be paid immediately. If ENID is unable to face the risks of gambling, she should abstain from its fearful joys and content herself with the simpler pleasures of the Ping-pong saloon or the polo links.

LORNA writes despairingly:—"I have been engaged for six years to J. J., and see no prospect of our being married unless I can earn an independent income of at least £75 a year. I have written a novel of about 200,000 words, and should like to submit it to you for a candid opinion."

Before embarking on a literary career or forwarding your MS. I should strongly advise you to try some employment in which there is a more immediate prospect of remuneration. The success of the Missionary toffee movement induces me to suggest that you should try jam-making. It is true that there is very little profit on home-made jam unless it is made in large quantities, but Rome was not built in a day, and I am sure that with the powerful incentive that you possess it would not be difficult to work up a large connection with hotels, restaurants, tea-shops, &c. Remember that much depends upon a good name,

READY MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



THE RT. HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, P.C., 1ST EARL OF STRATAGEM AND DODGERY.
(BARON STYMIE IN THE PEERAGE OF SCOTLAND.)

Arms—Quarterly: 1st, a patent self-righting, non-capsizable premier in pincenez, hypnotic in charm, elusive nebuly in debate, preraphaelite in languor, clutchant lapellois of reveres, chaotic hazy rotten in arithmetic, downy lary, crafty to the last, agile in closure. (Motto: "Icant adsum sorsub tractem"); 2nd, a dabby neurotic sole floppant, holding hysteric converse with kindred soles, socially conjoined in sympathy all proper turned up passée. (Motto: "Place not souls for me"); 3rd, under a chief wily noncommittal, premier on sufferance, a fiscal unicorn (with a really almost imperceptible tax on his last syllable) urgent crusadé on the hustle, debriused and bunkered cheeky asquithois proper, invincibly chirpy jaunty ependant shewing sangfroid on the surface; 4th, a British lion hopelessly obfuscated and befogged, rampant purple in fury, finding himself fiscally jockeyed proper in blinkers. Crests: 1st, a Parliamentary guillotine (successfully revived at Westminster by the present peer as a substitute for all Parliamentary prescience and business foresight); 2nd, a presiding military genius proper, of deep strategical insight and vast experience, who combines in himself the great fighting qualities of Caesar, Napoleon, Marlborough, Moltke, and Howard Vincent. (There is a rumour that he is constructing round the British coast a formidable series of philosophic redoubts which will render our shores practically impregnable.) Supporters: Dexter, a publican proper, lively in spirits, after compensation or; Sinister, a member of the British Association, spectacled and ear-trumpeted all proper, habited sable, conscientiously endeavouring to get the hang of a recent eloquent piece of cerebral gymnastics at Cambridge. Second Motto: "An Englishman's (public)-house is his castle." Additional Motto (thrown in): "(B)ung je serviray."

Seats—Fischal Stymie, Tarriff, N.B.; Soldham Neatly, by Snittle, Devizes; Dunham Hall, Fineleigh-in-the-Eye; Creditand, Prestige-on-the-Wane.

Clubs—The Clique, Niblick's, Driver's, Brassie's, etc.

such, for example, as "Lorna's Gladstone Gooseberry Jam."

"I keep company with a young lady," writes ROLAND, "who is about fourteen inches shorter than myself. She will not face the impertinent gaze of the public, therefore we are bound to go in unfrequented streets. This is most annoying, and I have suggested to her that she should go in for athletics, so as perhaps to increase her height. She will not listen to me. It therefore falls on me to find how I can reduce my own height, as I cannot increase hers."

To begin with, banish all such foolish ideas as tampering either with her

height or your own. Even were it possible to lessen your own height, or increase hers, the difference could only be so tiny as to be worthless. You are not the only tall man who has been married to a short woman—Antony and Cleopatra is, of course, the classic instance—and if your love is not strong enough to put up with such trifles as the stares of the public, it ought to be. It would be a harsh world if we allowed our loves to be interfered with by so very absurd an influence.

LADY VINOLIA.

THE SCOTTISH CHURCH PROBLEM.—Are Wee Free or are U. Free?

SOCIETY WHISPERS FROM THE STATES.

[Two well-known Philadelphia society men have recently fought a prize-fight of twenty-five rounds in a private room. At the end of the twenty-fifth round one of the pair was knocked out.]

From the "New York Society Slogger":—

"TOUGH TED" ROOSEVELT, who is open to fight all comers for the championship of the States, is in strict training at the White House for his forthcoming contest with "JUDGE" PARKER. TED was in rare shape when our representative called at his training quarters. He wrestles twice a day with the Trust problem, and improves his hitting by punching cows. Of the JUDGE's qualifications for championship honours little is known. His previous experience in the ring has been limited to his contest with "KID" HEARST, when, it will be remembered, he obtained the decision on points. He is training on a course of sea-water baths. Those who have means of knowing state that he is getting on swimmingly.

An eye-witness of DAN SULLY's last performance in the ring says that, though knocked out on that occasion, the Cotton man is still to be reckoned with. He is game. Our correspondent was greatly struck with the rapidity with which he left his corner when time was called.

Mrs. STUYVESANT FISH's At Home on Friday last was a genuine success. The event of the evening was, of course, the twenty-round contest between "CORN" VANDERBILT and "BILL" GILLETTE. The histriion had height and reach in his favour, but the nightly doses of morphia which he was compelled to inject while playing *Sherlock Holmes* in London have had their inevitable effect on his stamina; and "CORN," after having the worst of some exchanges at long range, bored in and rattled his man with heavy hooks at the body. At the end of the fifteenth round the tall and brainy mummer was compelled to throw up the sponge. The winner, it is interesting to note, was trained by his fascinating hostess exclusively upon larks' tongues on toast.

One of the first sights shown to visitors, when they have seen enough of GRANT's tomb and the Statue of Liberty, is Wall Street, where "PIERP." MORGAN is now training for his next deal. This tricky fighter gets himself into condition by hustling around and lifting British trade. He has nearly recovered from the nasty jar he sustained in his failure to get control of the White Star Line, and intends for the future not to risk his reputation in such purely "exhibition spars."

Admirers of "OILY" ROCKEFELLER's

style will be sorry to hear that he has not yet got the new interior for which he advertised recently. This interferes greatly with his work in the ring. His opponents complain that he can no longer put down the steaks.

The battle between JAMES J. JEFFRIES and Mrs. CARRIE NATION was a complete fiasco, neither of the principals being able to come to an agreement on the subject of the rules. JEFFRIES holds that he had a perfect right to object to Mrs. NATION using her hatchet, and he claims the purse. To appease the disappointed audience, who had begun to hoot loudly, Mrs. NATION gave an exhibition later in the evening at TOM SHARKEY's saloon on East Fourteenth Street, where her science and hard hitting won great applause from all but the proprietor, who is suing for damages.

MR. BALFOUR ON GOVERNMENT.

OWING to a confusion between the shorthand outlines for the words "electrical" and "electoral," "electron" and "elector" respectively, the Premier's Inaugural Address to the British Association at Cambridge has been badly misreported. *Mr. Punch*, however, has been enabled to supply an amended version of the more salient passages of Mr. BALFOUR's interesting allocution. It should, therefore, run as follows:—

Two centuries ago the electoral system seemed but a scientific toy. It was fifty years before its effects were perceived in ADAM SMITH; a hundred years before it was detected in the form of Jacobinism; one hundred and twenty years before it was connected with repeal of the Corn Laws; one hundred and seventy years before it was associated with obstruction and all-night gas-bag radiation. But to-day there are those, the protagonists of the electoral theory of statecraft, who regard Parliament as the mere appearance of which the electors are the physical basis. Such theorists think that the M.P. or atom is himself but a collection of monads or electors, that these representatives differ in the number and arrangement and relation of their electors, and that on those differences depend the various qualities of Members. While in most cases these atomic personages may maintain their equilibrium for periods that seem almost eternal, yet they are not less obedient to the law of change than the party system itself.

But if the Government is a grouping of atoms, and atoms are a system of electoral monads, what are these electoral monads? It may be that, as has been suggested, they are but a modification of gas, a modification roughly comparable to a whiff or escape of gas. Whether that is

accepted or not, it is certain that these electoral monads cannot be considered apart from gas. Without it an electoral theory of obstruction is impossible. Surely here is the most extraordinary of revolutions. . . . We can no longer hold that, if the internal energy of a party is as far as possible converted into heat which can be radiated away in bye-elections, then the party's whole energy will be exhausted—on the contrary, the amount thus lost will be absolutely insignificant compared with what remains stored up within the separate atoms. They will be side by side without movement, without affinity, yet each, however inert in external relations, will be the theatre of violent forces, by the side of which those that shatter a world and reveal it as a flaming star to the astronomer's telescope are negligible.

The insignificant M.P. is now no more than the relatively vast theatre in which the electoral voters perform their evolutions; while the monads or voters themselves are not regarded as units of intelligence but as units of political wire-pulling. So that intelligence in the democracy is not merely explained, but explained away. . . .

In common, therefore, with all living things we seem to be practically concerned with the feebleness of nature and with statesmanship in its least powerful manifestations. Party affinity and cohesion are, on this theory, no more than the slight residual effects of the internal electoral forces which keep the atom in his seat. . . . Yet this prodigious Imperial mechanism seems outside the range of our immediate party interests. We live merely on its fringe. It has no promise of utilitarian value; we cannot harness it to our penny buses. Yet not less does it stir the imagination. It awakens an acute intellectual gratification, a satisfaction almost æsthetic in its intensity and quality. . . . Our knowledge of statesmanship is based on illusion.

MR. SWIMBURNE'S LATEST.

[Music may be used to cheer HAGGERTY (across the Channel). "If a musician is playing something lively on the tug, I shall forget I am swimming."—*Daily Mail*, August 18.]

RIDE a cock-horse
(Or train, Charing Cross)
To see a brave swimmer
Burst through a "white horse."
Shields on his eyelids,
And oil on his limbs;
He shall have music
Wherever he swims.

Old Refrain reset for Philosophers at the Meeting of the British Association.—
"Oh, dear, what can the matter be!"



VICE VERSA.

Elderly, but much "made up" Lady. "I DO THINK IT IS SUCH A PITY THAT SO MANY GIRLS NOWADAYS HAVE SUCH OLD HEADS ON YOUNG SHOULDERS!" Earnest Youth (thinking this a grand opportunity for a compliment). "OH, THERE ARE EXCEPTIONS. NOW YOU HAVE, IF I MAY SAY SO, A YOUNG HEAD ON OLD SHOULDERS!"

LILLIAN'S LOVES.

You must understand that this is only a selection of them. LILLIAN has in her time loved nearly everybody—always excepting myself, alas!—so that I can only refer to a few of the later ones.

Not that she did not begin early. Her first affair was at six years old; and he was eight. But since her hair has been up LILLIAN has loved heroes only. (Again always excepting myself.) A few years ago it was W. G. One day he made a century, and she telegraphed as follows to him:

"Dear W. G. C.Y.K. Yours, L."

Of course everyone knows what C.Y.K. means, so presumably W. G. does too. But when he only made three in the second innings LILLIAN confessed that perhaps she had been rather forward. However, as I pointed out, there are other things that K. may stand for.

At the beginning of the year I had a bit of a shock. It was like this. I came to see her one day, and found her deep in the *Sportsman*.

"The poor dear broke his arm," she said. "Isn't it a shame? I'm sure that horrid Russian person did it on purpose."

I felt that I had a duty to perform. For the sake of her mother and herself, I sat down and spoke fluently. In a few molten words I pointed out the inconveniences of Mohammedanism. I touched lightly on the allowance of wives per man to followers of the Prophet, and dwelt strongly upon the disadvantages of Constantinople as a health resort. I also told her what happened in the Bosphorus on dark nights, when one had lost one's popularity.

"You can't be too careful with Turks," I went on. "They want but very little encouragement. I don't know how far you have gone, but a postcard might be quite enough to make him think things. And I'm afraid I couldn't offer to rescue you."

"Why not?" asked LILLIAN. "You aren't afraid of a terrible Turk, are you?"

"No, not afraid," I explained; "but I have a headache to-day."

"The Russian Lion wasn't frightened," said LILLIAN, proudly.

"The papers say he was pale," I pleaded.

"That's only because he hadn't been

out in the sun lately. Ah, there's a man for you!"

And only a minute before she had called him a "horrid person!" I immediately explained that all my remarks about Turks applied (only more so) to Russians; that floating in the Bosphorus with a sack over your head was a mere holiday compared with what habitually occurred in the Baltic.

In this way the situation was saved, but the horror of it impressed me vividly. At last I fancied I saw a way of curing her of these cults. I would make her fall in love with some imaginary person—and then perhaps

after that, but whenever she wrote to me she mentioned Hiroshima. In her last she said, "Would I be a darling, and get her a photo of the dear?" I wired back, "Expect me at four, with photo of Hiroshima."

I arrived punctually with the treasured photograph. Trembling with excitement, LILLIAN opened it. . . .

I don't know if you have ever seen Hiroshima. It's rather an important town on the south coast of Japan, with a population of some thousands. . . . It was a month or more before I was forgiven. (You will notice, please, that I never implied at all that Hiroshima was a man.)

But she is not cured. Only to-day I was round there, and she began:

"Oh, I say, I'm in love again."

"LILLIAN's way?" I asked, for I have my hopes.

"Yes, of course. Guess who it is."

I nearly said "Port Arthur," but it was too risky; so I contented myself with "KITCHENER?"

"That was last week."

"Of course; I forgot. I expect it's a cricketer. If it's GAUKRODGER, I'm going home."

"No, it's not a cricketer."

"Have you been to the Imperial yet?" I inquired, artfully.

"We're going to-morrow. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Don't say it's LORD GEORGE SANGER. He isn't a real lord, you know."

"As if that mattered," said LILLIAN, scornfully. "Well, I'll tell you. It's a statesman."

"A what?"

"I mean an M.P. In fact, C—N."

"LILLIAN," I said sadly, "you disappoint me. I did expect

more originality from you. A girl who (under a misapprehension certainly) fell in love with JOHN STRANGE WINTER—now to think of JOE! It's too awful."

"But, my dear boy," said LILLIAN, "of course it isn't JOE. It's C-B."

"C. who?"

"The Right Honourable Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, M.P., P.C."

"C.Y.K.?" I suggested.

LILLIAN blushed.

"No, not yet; but—well, I don't know. You see I only thought of him last night."

So there it is. And she's going to the Imperial to-morrow.



A FEARFUL DILEMMA.

Lady Acquaintance (severely). "WHY DON'T YOU TAKE YOUR HAT OFF WHEN YOU MEET A LADY, AUGUSTUS?"

Augustus (who has put on Pa's hat to come out an awful swell). "I—I CAN'T GET IT OFF!"

she would see the absurdity of worshipping unseen heroes.

So I spoke often to LILLIAN of the famous Hiroshima.

"Is he nicer than Togo?" she asked, eagerly. "I suppose he is a Japanese?"

"Hiroshima," I said, "is certainly Japanese. Togo simply isn't in it."

"How lovely!" she said, and clapped her hands. "Is he in the Army or Navy?"

"Hiroshima," I said guardedly, "has seen no fighting as yet. But none the less the name is in the mouths of millions. Ah, Hiroshima! could I but see thee!"

I didn't see LILLIAN for some days

NAUTICAL SCHEMES.

(By our Millinery Expert.)

THE spirit of the sea, wilful and wayward as our own, is calling us incessantly, and the spirit of the moment naturally turns towards *toilettes de plage* and *de bain*. To be truly convincing, beach-frocks should be kept as much as possible *au naturel*, sun-tinted zephyrs being much in vogue as cool and refreshing wear. A blonde, however, may always make a noticeable appearance in a vivid blue crash; brunettes will look particularly *chic* simply gowned in coarse oatmeal, and sea-green lawns are effective wear for the girl with warm chestnut tresses. The tall athletic damsel may satisfy herself with a stripe, while the *piquante petite* will always look her best in a small spot, and Messrs. WEARING, Ltd., are showing a very attractive line for seaside wear to suit all figures.

The magnetic attraction of the sad sea waves will be felt by all who are conscious of being attired in persuasive *toilettes de bain*. The changing colours of the eternal ocean form an excellent background to the delicate tints of the modern surf-suit; but undue proximity to the water must be carefully avoided, as there is nothing so fatal to the success of the up-to-date mermaid as the salt spray, so unfortunately prevalent along our coasts. Many inspirations in surf-suits may be seen in WEARING's windows. One little garment in *ciel éolien* with *peau de soie ajouré* will exercise fascinations for *débutante* and *chaperon* alike.

There are regrettable instances where the head of the family chooses the country as a holiday resort; but even in these circumstances surf-suits and shore-cloaks must not be omitted from the outfit, as horse-pool and duck-pond parties are being organised with immense success by sympathetic country hostesses.

ON THE HIGH C'S.

I AND three of my fellow-clerks at PRONGER, RASP & Co.'s determined to strike out a line for ourselves in taking our summer holiday this year. We are all four musical, and we proposed to masquerade as professional minstrels, play on the sands, the beach, before hotels, &c., and so "make" our expenses.

TIMSON alleges that he plays the violin; I am really a fine, though perhaps rather fluky, exponent of the concertina; WOPSHOT is a wonder with the bones, and BUSTERCOMBE an honest trier with the trombone.

"Will the instruments go together?" asked TIMSON. "I think the other three will make a splendid backing for the bones," said WOPSHOT; and



A SINGLE FIGURE.

(And likely to remain so.)

BUSTERCOMBE undertook to drown every minor defect under his trombone.

I think we all found courage and comfort in this thought, and when we arrived at Shrimington-on-Sea we were full of high hope for the success of our enterprise.

We took the top rooms "back" of a large lodging-house on the Parade. After an excellent shrimp and watercress tea, we started in at once, and had a good "practice."

In the midst of it, the landlady came up, knocked at the door and asked if "any of the gents was ill?"

We re-assured her and she went away, only to return a quarter of an hour later, with information that the rest of the lodgers had given notice to leave, and that the old lady next door had already applied for police protection.

We felt rather discouraged at this. Next morning, about ten o'clock, the hour of low water, we made our initial "pitch" upon the sands. In less than ten minutes, the crowds of holiday-making folk in our immediate vicinity had left.

"Soulless clods!" murmured BUSTERCOMBE, and then he executed a *roulade* on the trombone which made a baby burst into tears, whilst two other small children fled shrieking to bury their heads in their nurse's lap.

"No good going on, here," said TIMSON

irritably, "let's try somewhere else—somewhere where they can better appreciate good—well, fairly good—music."

"We'll play in front of the Hotel," said WOPSHOT: then, turning to me, he added: "What's the matter with your concertina?"

I admitted that the instrument had not given me the satisfaction I usually experienced from its strains. It was rather wheezy.

"I—I think it has sprung a leak," I replied hesitatingly.

"Well, try to patch it up," growled BUSTERCOMBE, as he tucked the trombone under his arm and we all moved away.

We "pitched" right in front of the Parade Hotel and tried "*Annie Laurie*."

"Let yourselves go, boys," said WOPSHOT in a stage whisper, and we did. Halfway through our first "piece" the Boots of the hotel suddenly appeared in our midst.

"Beg pardon, Guv'nor," he said, addressing me, "but the old gentleman in No. 5 says he ain't in very good 'ealth, and couldn't you go and work off the rest of it somewheres else?"

I ignored this minion's words, and we continued bravely to the end of "*Annie Laurie*." Then I suggested that we should do it again, as we were rather short of rausic.

At the second bar Boots reappeared.

"Gent in No. 24 wants to know, Sir, if there's any way o' compromisin' the thing? 'E says that if a shillin' an' a pair of old trousis is any use to yer——"

"Go," I said sternly. "If he can't understand music there are others who can."

We worked on for another two minutes, and then the wretched Boots suddenly turned up at my side again.

"Take my tip, Guv'nor, slope and look sharp about it. No. 24's gone for his gun!"

We left hurriedly and in different directions, and in the afternoon up train shook our feet clear of the dust of a place where the grossly materialistic tendencies of the age denied a hearing to errant art.

It is stated that a new theatre is to be erected in Dublin on the site of what was originally a morgue. We hope that the conversion will be thoroughgoing, otherwise deadheads might think they had a vested right to admission.

METHUSELAH IN DISTRESS.—"There is a case at Scarborough at present, in which it is stated that a young man who has been admitted to the workhouse has run through a fortune of £3000 in as many years."—*Evening Press* (Edinburgh).

THE FORCE.

(From the Provinces.)

You see him strolling down the street in staid official blue,
Now pausing for a friendly chat, now studying the view,
Now deep in nothing? Yes, it is the Constable, of course,
Or call him by the name he loves, *videlicet*, The Force.
He represents the majesty of Law, the State, the Throne;
Our lives, our peace, our property depend on him alone,
Our guardian angel—Ah, but stay! he scorns not honest ale,
And o'er a glass of foaming Bass himself shall tell the tale.
“Ou ay, Sir, things are quiet the noo—no what they used
tae be:

The fishers and the caddies whiles they fecht and drink a
wee,

But 'twasna them that troubled us—the Majors war the rub,
An' a' thae goufin' gentlemen that lang aboot the Club.
Eh, Sirs, 'twas waesome! Ilka nicht there wad be acht or
ten

A' wantin' hame but eudna get, they war sae fou, ye ken;
An' whiles I've seen the Force at wark the best pairt o' the
nicht

In pickin' up the gentlemen an' sortin' them a' richt.
Noo, aince there was a banquet comin' aff, an' weel I kent
What sic an entertainment tae thae thirsty Majors meant,
Sae I wrote for reinforcements, an' they sent withoot delay
A man wha 'd been in bisness in the heavy porter way.
Weel, when the nicht was wearin' on, awa' we gaily went,
Each wheelin' doun a barrow that the stationmaster lent.
Eh! what a sicht, Sirs! what a sicht! Sure never mortal
een

In a' this warl' o' sinners ever gazed on such a scene.
There war Majors on the table, there war Majors on the floor,
An' Majors in the passages an' mair abent the door.
We took them up atween us jist as tenderly as eggs,
I grippin' them abent the airms an' WULLIE by the legs;
We laid them on the barrows an' I labelled them a' roun',
An' an' staired aff the laddie tae deliver roun' the toun.
Jist hoo the muddle cam' aboot I really eudna say,
For I was gey an' fou mysel', an' sae was WULLIE tae;
But onyways they a' got mixed an' jumbled up thegither,
An' when he left the bodies wrang, guidsakes, Sir, what a
swither!

Aweel, he 'd wrought an oor or mair, an' noo was weel wi'
sweat,

But no a blessed Major had he got delivered yet,
When—mebbe 'twas the change o' air, an' mebbe 'twas the
cauld,

Or mebbe 'twas the whusky that he 'd stowed intil his hald,
But whisht! he thocht the scene was changed: aince mair
he seemed tae be

Wi' a barrow fu' o' jute bales in the docks aboot Dundee.
He stared hard at the Majors—then he stared at them again;
The mair he stared, the mair the thocht took haud upon his
brain,

Until he had convinced himsel' beyond a shade o' doot,
An' he staired for the harbour wi' s imaginary jute.

'Twas there I foun' him hard at wark at half-past twa or
three,

A-pitchin' o' thae Majors wully-nully in the sea.
My word, Sir, 'twas a lesson they'll no readily forget,
An' some o' them's rheumatic wi' the consequences yet.
An' gin they gie me trouble noo, as whiles they will of
course,

They quieten doun as sune's I hint at doublin' o' the Force."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron has great pleasure in welcoming the third edition, "revised and rewritten," of *Classical and Foreign Quotations* (WHITAKER), by FRANCIS H. KING, M.A. It is a most useful work, especially for those ready writers whose memory occasionally plays them false. Well does the "author-editor-and-teller," three separate functionaries embodied in one, quote as a motto, "*l'exactitude de citer, c'est un talent plus rare que l'on ne pense.*" The anecdotes and remarks illustrating and explaining the quotations are not only instructive but really good reading.



It is obvious, says my Baronite, that had Mr. WEATHERBY CHESNEY never studied *Sherlock Holmes* he would never have written *The Mystery of a Bungalow* (METHUEN). Having made the study, he needn't have made the book.

To the "English Men of Letters" (MACMILLAN) Miss EMILY LAWLESS, more *Hibernico*, adds a study of the life and work of MARIA EDGEWORTH. The work is not forgotten, an account reasonable within the limits of the volume being given. But it is the woman, girl and octogenarian whom her countrywoman—herself distinguished in the world of letters—is chiefly desirous of making known to a generation that no more reads *Tales of Fashionable Life*, *Moral Tales*, *Early Lessons*, *The Parents' Assistant*, or even *Castle Rackrent*. For this last, by the way, which my Baronite agrees with Miss LAWLESS in recognising as the crown of MARIA EDGEWORTH'S work, the author received less pecuniary reward than for any other. *Patronage* brought her two thousand guineas from the publisher, who timidly advanced a hundred pounds for the copyright of *Castle Rackrent*. To a generation that knows not MARIA EDGEWORTH it is surprising to learn how, ninety years ago, she was the idol of the book world. London received her with open arms. Paris laid at her feet the tribute of its admiration. Sir WALTER SCOTT mingled personal affection with appreciation of her literary art. She visited him at Abbotsford, and he paid a return visit to Edgeworthstown. "Full of fun and spirit," he describes her in 1823; "a little slight figure, very active, very good-humoured, and full of enthusiasm." "An exceptionally pleasant woman, nay, an exceptionally pleasant Irish woman," is the summing up of patriotic Miss LAWLESS. Like good wine, MARIA EDGEWORTH improved with time, dying in her eighty-third year full of honours, enfolded in the arms of the love of all who had known her, pressed most closely by those who knew her best.

The Baron learns from a recent article in the *Westminster Gazette* that *Old Moore's Almanack* for 1905 is already published. Of course quite the appropriate time for purchasing an *Old Moore* must be in the grouse season. The oft quoted and well-known line under one of the earliest illustrations to *Oliver Twist* could be applied here by a sharp Advertising Stationer, who might display the picture, enlarged, with the legend "*Oliver asks for Moore—and gets it*"—for whatever the price may be. The ancient Seer hears the *Voces Stellarum*, and, with their twinkle reflected in his eye, professes to interpret their warnings and prophecies. It is to be hoped that the rôle of prophet entails no less.



EVIDENT.—"Very much up just now in London"—the Streets.

MR. SPEAKER!

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

I HAVE sometimes wondered what a Positivist might be. After reading Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON's turbulent attack upon the SPEAKER, I know. A Positivist would seem to be a man who publishes violent assertions about subjects of which he is personally ignorant.

Mr. HARRISON, waking up to find Parliament prorogued, makes savage dash at retreating figure of SPEAKER, incidentally doubling up PRINCE ARTHUR. Of the latter he prophesies, "He will be remembered as the Minister who has dragged down the honour of Statesmen and the moral standard of public life to a depth which it (*sic*) has not reached since the times of SUNDERLAND or NEWCASTLE." Of the SPEAKER he shouts: "The Government secured his connivance in tricking, deceiving, degrading, and muzzling the House of Commons. He has sacrificed his character for fairness, and has betrayed the historic prestige of the Chair."

PRINCE ARTHUR may be left to defend himself if he thinks it worth while. Probably he won't. The SPEAKER is quite another matter. The traditions of his dignified, judicial office preclude his entering the arena of personal controversy. As far as House of Commons is concerned this is, in special circumstances of the case, of little consequence. Through ten long, occasionally troublous, Sessions it has daily, hourly, watched Mr. GULLY's conduct in the Chair, has had repeated occasion to recognise his absolute freedom not only from party bias—that happily is a matter of course in the Chair of the House of Commons—but from personal prejudice, a victory more triumphant when we remember some of the temptations individualism presents.

There is no public position more difficult to fill than that of the SPEAKER. The fierce light that beats upon the Throne is the nearest approach to the searching light, not always friendly in intent, that steadfastly beams on the SPEAKER's Chair. Its occupant's autocratic position adds immensely to his difficulties. On points of order or procedure his view is absolute. Decision on a knotty point may be, usually is, called for instant. There is no time for consulting authorities or nicely framing phrases. Straightway the Speaker must decide, knowing as he speaks that he is either sustaining, converting, or creating precedent.

Through this ordeal Mr. GULLY has for ten years passed unscathed. Early in his official career he received the highest tribute the House of Commons could bestow. He was elected by a small party majority in April, 1895, and

**MR. AND MRS. JONES'S WALKING TOUR.***(At the Shakespeare Hotel.)*

Voice from the Office. "PORTER, TAKE THIS LADY AND GENTLEMAN TO THE ROMEO AND JULIET ROOM."

August of the same year saw the other side in office, in absolute control of succession to the Chair. Four months' experience had convinced the Unionist majority that in Mr. GULLY the House had found a man supremely qualified to maintain and enrich the high traditions of his stately office. He was, accordingly, unanimously elected, a compliment renewed when the next Parliament, still overwhelmingly Unionist

in its composition, met. This judgment has since been abundantly justified, never more strikingly and consistently than in the Session just closed. For Members of the House of Commons these things are truisms. But as a writer distinguished in his own field has gone out of his way deliriously to rampage through one he knows nothing about, they may as well be cried aloud in the streets.

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COLD COMFORT.

Enthusiastic Young Poultry-breeder (to Jones, as turkey gobbler slowly bears down upon him). "IF YOU KEEP QUITE STILL, PERHAPS HE WON'T FLY AT YOU!"

"When I reached my sixteenth birthday I came of age. The event was to be celebrated with rejoicings throughout the kingdom, and my royal parents thought to invite to the feast all those who had attended the christening ceremony. And now, my friends, I reach the critical and afflicting part of my story. See on what trifles hang the destinies of nations or of individuals. The royal writing-desk at which my father conducted all the business of the State was a massive piece of furniture, plenteously provided with drawers and pigeon-holes, all duly labelled. It so happened that the drawer labelled 'Invitations' was immediately next to that labelled 'Declarations of War.' In a fit of absence of mind, for which, I know, he never forgave himself, my father, whose eyes, to be sure, were not what they had been, and who ought long since to have been wearing spectacles, opened the wrong drawer. He did not attempt to read the documents he took from it, but simply addressed them, handed them to the Seneschal to stamp and post, and thought no more about the matter. In less than a week Sablonia was at war with ten other nations! 'Doubtless,' said my father, 'it was a careless act of mine, but no King of Sablonia ever yet withdrew or explained. 'Tis against the traditions and the dignity of this Royal House. Let them,' he added with that mixture of *bonhomie* and dignity that suited him so well, 'all come. Sablonia is large enough to give them graves, and now,

gentlemen'—he was addressing his Ministers and Generals—'let us to supper.' In this undaunted spirit the great conflict was begun.

"Amongst those against whom war was thus declared was, as you will have guessed, my uncle the King of Plagiorosa, and to me was assigned the command of the army opposed to him. Alas, both my father and mother had forgotten, or they remembered too late, the fateful warning received before my birth.

"Let me hurry over the intervening events and come to the last dreadful scene. It was I who led the charge against the fort which the Plagiorosans had defended with desperate valour during a week of slaughter. I reached the fosse and leapt over it, I scaled the steep escarpment, I mounted the parapet and found before me the King, my uncle, surrounded by the remnants of his guard. Shouting the battle cry of 'Sablonia victrix' I dashed at him and plunged my reeking sword again and again into his body. With one wild gasp he fell to the ground dead, and I—well, you can realise the rest for yourselves. I woke from the unconsciousness into which I had been plunged by a random blow and found myself a White Rabbit behind these bars."

Here the Rabbit paused. "I linger here," he resumed, "till the love of a maiden shall release me."

"Then you'll have to linger a long time," said the Cat.

IT GOES TOO SWIMMINGLY.

A COMEDY OF NATATION.

SCENE—*A lonely part of the beach, near Dover. A man in a bathing costume is just about to enter the sea, when he is stopped by the cries of a stranger, who runs to him and seizes his arm.*

Stranger. What are you doing?

Nator. I was just going for a swim.

Stranger. A real swim?

Nator. Yes, of course.

Stranger. You really can swim? No larks.

Nator. Certainly. To be frank, I was just about to swim to France.

Stranger. To France! It was what I was dreading. How lucky I came in time!

Nator. Why lucky?

Stranger. To stop you. You mustn't swim to France like that. It will never do. Swimming to France is a serious business. How very fortunate I came! Why, you might have got there.

Nator. I hope I should. In fact I have no doubt about it.

Stranger. But, my dear Sir, you are a child in these matters. Don't you know that the one thing a Channel swimmer must not do is to reach France? Anything—everything—but that. At least, not the first time. And how can you attempt such a feat all alone like this? It's the most selfish thing I ever heard of.

Nator. Selfish?

Stranger. Certainly. Isn't something due to Dover? Isn't the public to participate? Are no newspapers in need of copy? No pilots pining for work? No doctors requiring an advertisement? Selfish? I should think so!

Nator. But it's no affair of anyone else. If I want to swim to France, why shouldn't I?

Stranger. Oh, don't ask me for particulars. All I say is, It isn't done. There is an etiquette in these matters just as in everything else, and we expect people to conform. Have you told anyone you were going to swim to France?

Nator. No, I don't think so. The last time I did it, nobody knew.

Stranger. The last time! Great Heavens, man, what do you mean?

Nator. Why, I did it last year.

Stranger. And nobody knew?

Nator. No, I don't think so.

Stranger. Oh, well, for goodness' sake go on keeping the secret. If it ever leaked out it would ruin your future prospects as a swimmer. To think that you reached France!—What a terrible thing! At any rate there must be no more of it. Henceforward I make myself responsible for you. I almost wish you couldn't swim; the boom would last longer then; but we must do what we can. We must find an editor at once.

Nator. An editor!

Stranger. Of course. No self-respecting swimmer would attempt the Channel unsupported by a newspaper. Surely you know that!

Nator. It had not occurred to me.

Stranger. Certainly, we must find an editor. One of the halfpenny ones, for choice. Or I don't think the *Times* has a champion yet; we might try there.

Nator. And what is the next step?

Stranger. After the editor, a doctor.

Nator. But I'm not ill.

Stranger. No, but you will need special diet, and this is prepared by a doctor.

Nator. Why mayn't I do what I did before?

Stranger. "Before"? I implore you not to use that word. Don't refer to those unfortunate earlier experiences. Henceforward you must be scientific. We will get a doctor. But I will meet you to this extent: your diet shall be "a dark secret." The public would prefer to know, but something perhaps is due to your own feelings.

Nator. And what has the public to do with it?

Stranger. Everything. Swimming the Channel is a public feat. It belongs to the public as much as Hampstead Heath does.

Nator. But I want to continue to swim the Channel as a private individual.

Stranger. Don't say "continue"! Please don't. It can't be done privately. Such a thing was never heard of.

Nator. Very well, then; what comes after the doctor?

Stranger. A pilot.

Nator. What does he do?

Stranger. He meets the other pilots, at what are known as informal board meetings, and they all mark out your chart.

Nator. But suppose I prefer another route.

Stranger. It is no good. You must obey your pilot. He knows best.

Nator. Very likely he can't even swim.

Stranger. No pilot can swim; but he knows best.

Nator. And after the pilot?

Stranger. A tug.

Nator. A whole tug?

Stranger. Yes. Perhaps two. And boats, filled with friends, to put off when you have the cramp, or want more food, or think of a message for your editor.

Nator. Anything else?

Stranger. Yes, a band to play cheering airs through the dark night, and an acetylene man to work the search-light, and a gramophone expert.

Nator. It all sounds very expensive.

Stranger. That's not your affair. We shall make the editor pay for that. But I am going much too fast. I have been

talking as if swimming the Channel were the thing. Preparing to swim the Channel is the thing. Swimming the Channel is a matter of a few hours; preparing to swim it takes months.

Nator. Not with me.

Stranger. You will want an hotel. Not an ordinary hotel. An hotel with a courtyard, where you can swing your hammer, or indulge in whatever form of training you fancy—and I should advise you to hit upon a novel one.

Nator. I am in perfect condition now.

Stranger. Immaterial. You must train, and you must have novelty. Why not crawl from the "Lord Warden" to the Castle every morning at nine, on your hands and knees? That would be very popular. You could hardly fail to be first favourite if you did that.

Nator. How long would the training last?

Stranger. Several months. Now and then you might enter the sea, but not too often. A public swimmer's true place is on land.

Nator. And where do you come in?

Stranger. I? Oh, I have considerable interest in these matters. I am Chairman of the Society for adding to the Popularity of Dover.

Nator. Well, you have been very entertaining, but I must go now.

[*Plunges into the sea.*]

Stranger (in an agony). Where are you going? Where are you going?

Nator (from the water). To France.

[*Swims to France.*]

Stranger. Madman! Dolt!

[*Returns to Dover.*]

SPECULATIVE ARCHÆOLOGY.

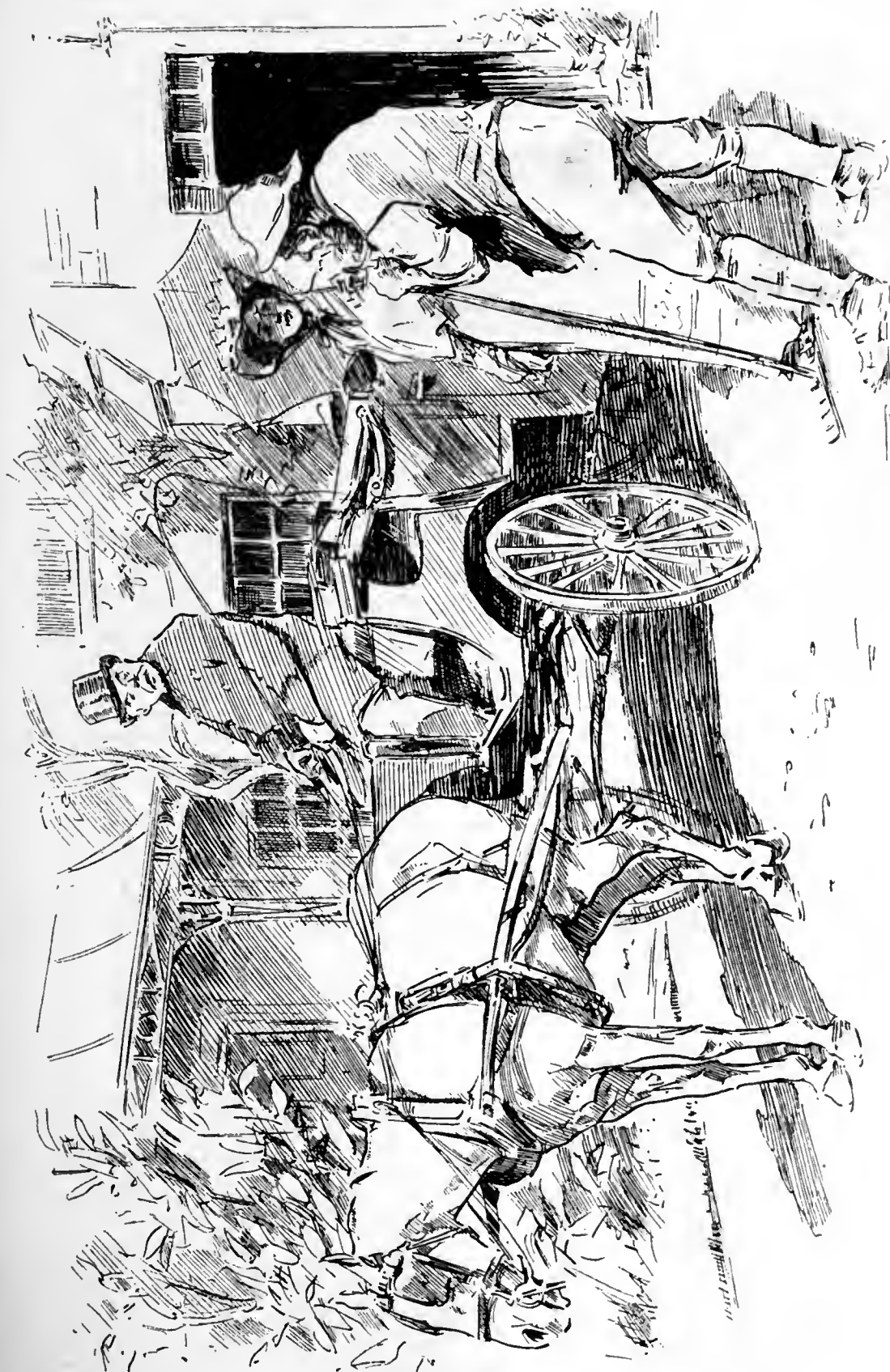
[*"An object which is thought to have been used as a magnifying glass by the Vikings has been engaging the attention of the German Society of Anthropologists at the Stockholm Historical Museum."*—*Westminster Gazette*.]

A CURIOUS relic, supposed to have been HANNIBAL'S toothcomb, when he crossed the Alps, is now being exhibited at the Museum of the Scalpine Club in the Barberini Palace.

A tattered strip of textile fabric has been presented by Dr. KAMBADIAS to the British School at Athens, where its identification as a pair of Jason's Argosy braces is being eagerly maintained by the students.

A cylindrical stoppered case, which Mr. SIDNEY LEE thinks may once have been ANNE HATHAWAY'S footwarmer, has recently been the subject of an address delivered before the Stratford-on-Avon Palæontological Association by Dr. FERNIVALL.

Some brittle fragments, supposed to be the remains of the shell of COLUMBUS'S egg, have recently been discovered in the Alhambra, and are being carefully



THE HUMOURS OF HOUSE HUNTING.

Lady. "VERY HEALTHY PLACE, IS IT? HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT THE DEATH-RATE IS HERE?"
 Caretaker. "WELL, MEX, I CAN'T 'ZACTLY ZAY; BUT IT'S ABOUT ONE A-PIECE ALL AROUND."

90.777000

examined by the Committee of the Amalgamated Boiler Makers Union of Saragossa.

A quaint metal tube, believed to have been the bicycle pump of TARQUINIUS SEPIUS, has recently excited much interest at a *conversazione* of the Antiquarian Odd Fellows of Pozzuoli.

ECHOES OF THE BRITISH ASS.

By the kindness of a Cambridge correspondent *Mr. Punch* is enabled to set before his readers a full account of the concluding proceedings in the Physiological Section, which were unaccountably omitted from the reports in the daily papers.

SECTION P.—PHYSIOLOGY.

The President of the Section is Professor TRUEFIT, who delivered a highly interesting address on the subject of "The Physiological Interaction of Capillary Splanchnics." Deviating from the orthodox theory of the cryptoconchoid convergence of the neuroblastic hexones, Professor TRUEFIT sketched in outline his own alternative theory, and concluded with the following luminous summary of his position:—

"The reflex arcs (of the pianistic system) converge in their course so as to impinge upon kinks possessed by whole varied groups of individuals in common. These kinks are responsive in various rhythm and intensity, but are relatively unfatigable, their activity varying in harmonic progression and in a subfusc ratio with the use of the loud pedal and the *tempo rubato*. The animal mechanism is thus given solidarity by this principle, which for each effect or organ allows and regulates interchange of the artist playing upon it, a principle I would briefly term that of 'the inter-combustion of trypsinogenous splanchnics about their common efferent-root neurone.'"

Professor HUGO GÖRLITZ, in the course of the ensuing discussion, described the results on the capillary system of a highly sensitive pianolist of the administration of the hexone base arginin both by subcutaneous and intravenous injection. The effect on the cinnic nuclei or bostrychs—which Professor TRUEFIT called "kinks"—was instantaneous and extraordinary, causing them to project at right angles to the occiput in a fulvous penumbra, to the delight of the spectators, thus endorsing PAVLOVSKY'S view that an aplostatic surface contained *n* foci.

Professor HAMILTON HARTY, continuing the discussion, differed from the view propounded by the last speaker that the efficiency of the pianolic product varied directly with the development of the

cinnic nuclei. On the contrary he argued that greater efficiency was secured by their elimination, inasmuch as it was a matter of common knowledge that in moments of intense excitement pianolists had become entangled in the vortex whorls of their own bostrychs to the obvious prejudice of a fresh and synoptic interpretation.

Professor ENRICO UCCELLO, who concurred with the previous speaker, deprecated the elimination of the pogonic bostrychs, which often acted as a most salutary antidote where cranial phalacroma had declared itself. It was true that eels were remarkably sensitive to electric currents, a responsive fin-movement of a reflex nature being readily elicited. But the two cases were emphatically not on all fours, though ignorant persons still believed in the transformation of horse-hairs into eels.

Professor FLORIZEL VECSEY, who spoke in Magyar, said that some recent experiments of his proved that in a chloroformed melomaniac the admixture of alcohol with the chloroform led to an increased capillary virtuosity with a corresponding rise in the patient's sacrificial capacity. Still he remained sceptical as to the deleterious effects of cranial or even occipital phalacroma. The case of the Tibetans showed that the most luxuriant capillary splanchnics might coexist with a deplorably catabolic condition of the melo-mimetic muscle-spindles.

Dr. KENNERLY RUMFORD, F.R.S., created some surprise by boldly declaring his inability to differentiate between trypsinogen and trypsin, and vehemently assailing SAUER'S theory of the instability of the biogen molecule. He himself was neither a bostrychophil nor a bostrychophobe, but he cordially endorsed the view of the last speaker as to the impossibility of utilising the phalacromatic scale in symphonic variations.

Professor SIEGFRIED SCHULZ-CURTIS, speaking in English, was understood to condemn Professor RUMFORD'S Erastian attitude as unworthy of his antecedents and his *tessitura*.

Professor LEONARD BORWICK, in proposing a vote of thanks to the President, referred in glowing terms to the splendid exertions of Professor TRUEFIT in enucleating the pigmentation of the capillary pandects, culminating in the magnificent theory he had just promulgated. It was impossible to forecast its effect on the manipulation of SPOTSTROKE'S barless Xylophone. The motion was seconded by Professor EBENEZER PROUT, and carried with acclamation.

[On another page appears a list of the papers which were crowded out at the British Association.]

THE CLASSICS VINDICATED.

[According to the *Tramway and Railway World*, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company is endeavouring to secure students as conductors and motor men. The experts can break them in with less trouble and in a shorter time than it takes to instruct other applicants for the work; and next year the Company hope to have over 1000 men of University training in their service.]

It was once the ruling fashion
To regard a classic bent
As an evil kind of passion,
Branding men incompetent;
People thought the foolish scholar
With his useless *δ, η, τ*
Wouldn't fetch a single dollar
When the world began to go.

But at last opinions vary,
And the scoffers cease to mock
At the virtues of *amare*
And the points of *hic, hæc, hoc*.
There are humanising forces
Which, it seems, can only come
From those ancient classic sources
Which the fresher calls *Lit. Hum.*

Not completely vain is knowledge,
Nor a literary taste;
Nor are all your years at College
Absolutely wanton waste.
Latin verses have a virtue
Which no other study knows,
And it will not greatly hurt you
If you even write Greek prose.

Things like these are now admitted
Not entirely false and vain,
And the scholar is acquitted
Of a total want of brain;
Even Balliol and New men
Who have burnt the midnight oil
May be equal in acumen
To the horny son of toil.

Neither in the point of morals
Need the Porson Prizeman come
Far behind the tramp who quarrels
With his neighbours in the slum.
Little pilferings disgust him,
And, without appearing rash,
You are fairly safe to trust him
With a little petty cash.

Therefore, when the tutors bore you,
When you shudder as you see
Years of labour stretch before you
Ere attaining your degree,
Sons of Isis, perseverance!
There is hope, O sons of Cam,
Still of making your appearance
On the tail-board of a tram!

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.—The report of a cricket match in the *Newcastle Evening Chronicle* says, "The weather was dull and threatening, and a considerable amount of rain fell in the neighbourhood, without, however, touching the ground."

CHARIVARIA.

It is untrue that we have decided to take no action in regard to the seizure and molestation of our shipping by Russian cruisers. We intend to be quite firm about calling the Russians "Pirates" in our newspapers—and serve them jolly well right.

The DALAI LAMA is now having trouble with some of his warriors, who insist on being paid, and he is said to be in communication with the Sultan of Turkey to ascertain how he manages in similar circumstances.

"Safety from fire must be the chief characteristic of the ideal theatre," Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS has told an *Express* interviewer. This may explain, but does not excuse, the minor importance attached to the quality of our plays.

"Should actresses marry?" is the silly-season topic now agitating New York. The *naïveté* of the question is amusing. How else could they get divorced?

Paris is much intrigued by the infatuation of a rich and beautiful lady for MARCELINE, the Hippodrome clown. We see nothing remarkable in this. Not so long ago a lady fell in love with a writer of humorous paragraphs.

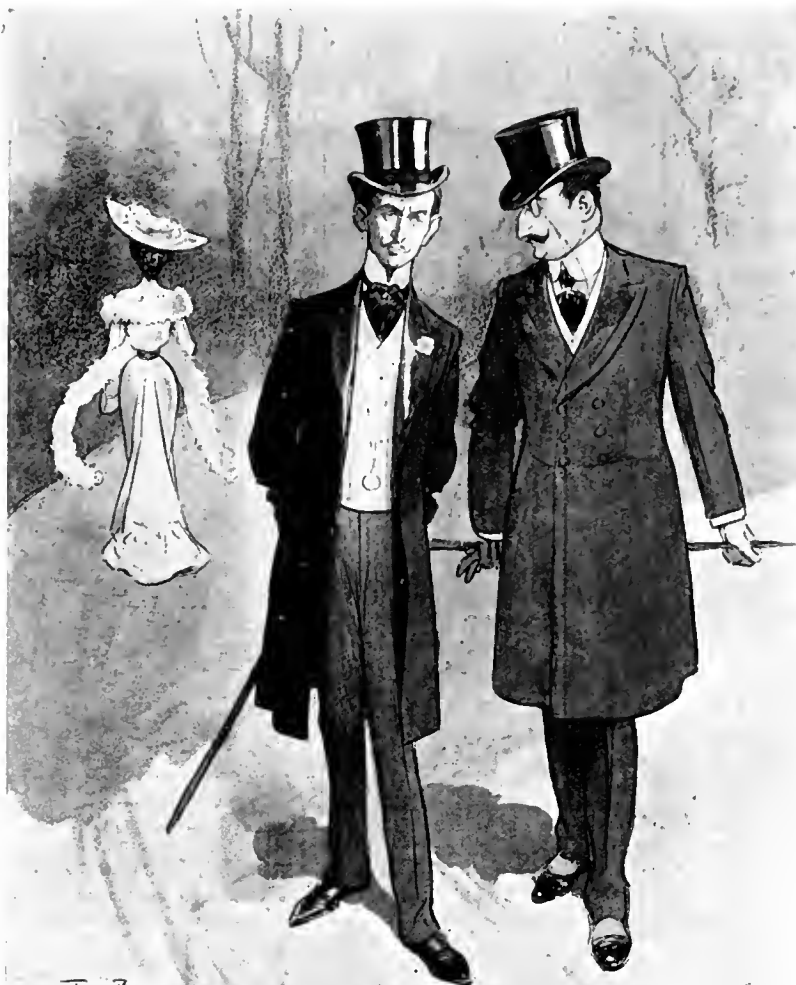
Frenchmen are usually so polite that we are surprised that M. YVES GUYOT should have read a paper to the British Association in the presence of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's friend, Mr. BALFOUR, proving that Protection is an evil in France.

The sale of the Marquis of ANGLESEY's effects continues, and his 130 walking-sticks and umbrellas will shortly be offered to the public. We understand that the stick with a donkey on the handle is to be bought in.

No inquiry is to be held by the Board of Trade into the alleged racing between the *Koh-i-noor* and the *Yarmouth Belle*. *Vire le Sport!*

While watching a performance at the Crown Theatre, Peckham, a youth fell from the gallery into the stalls. He felt uncomfortable there, as he was not dressed for that part of the house.

Close upon the statement that a Tottenham shopkeeper, in testing a half-sovereign, bit it in two, comes a report that, at a meeting of the Leighton Buzzard guardians, one of the work-house officials, a vegetarian, asked if she could have money in lieu of meat.



Tom Browne

IN THE SAME BOAT.

"I DON'T THINK SHE'S PRETTY."

"NEITHER DO I." (After a pause) "DID SHE REFUSE YOU TOO?"

Horrible details of barbarous floggings, suicides, and falls from masts in the British Navy have been supplied to Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, M.P. Our sympathy is all with the dupe.

Owing to the amount of attention it pays to motor-cars the Guilford Watch Committee is to be known as the Stop Watch Committee.

Never was there such an epidemic of boating accidents as this season. Two more Russian destroyers have fouled mines.

Attention was drawn by Sir R. CONDY, at the meeting of the British Association, to the fact that fleas are often disease-carriers, and it is thought that this may

put a stop to their being kept as domestic pets.

It is semi-officially announced that the black cat which was locked up in a deserted sweetstuff shop in High Holborn has been released.

New Police Song.

I SHOOT Broad Arrows into the air,
They fall and stick, I don't mind where.

WARNING TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Mr. Punch desires herewith to give fair notice that, as soon as the number of contributions containing the original joke, "Togo or not Togo," reaches a total of 1001, he will publish that *jeu d'esprit*.



Genial Old Gentleman. "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, I SUPPOSE YOU THINK YOURSELF PRETTY CLEVER, EH?"
Little Man. "YES. BUT I DON'T THINK MYSELF SO CLEVER AS I REALLY AM!"

TO A MOSQUITO.

DEBARRED the blood of politicians by
 An editor's inexorable fiat;
 With wells of inspiration running dry,
 And badly needing somebody to shy at,
 I turn to thee, small scion of the jungle,
 Of thee, elusive beast, this peaceful tongue'll
 Make discourse in a mournful threnody.

The air is balmy and the setting sun
 Invites repose, when lo! thy puny trumpet
 Informs mine ear that thou hast now begun
 Thy evening operations on my crumplet;
 From one to other of my classic features
 Thou gambolest, O least of little creatures,
 Then comes a pause, and lo! the thing is done!

And thou art vanished into empty space:
 In vain to paw the palpitating air;
 Still more in vain to slap the injured place,
 In hopes to crush thee: thou art never there.
 Securely cached in some adjacent cranny
 Thou smilest on thy labours so uncanny,
 And whettest thy proboscis for the chase.

A sudden swoop: an answering scream of pain:
 And lo! a strong man writhing on the ground,
 Telling, in language fearfully profane,
 What fate awaits thee, miscreant, when found.
 And thou dost hear with ill-concealed elation
 The tortured victim's yells of execration,
 And sallying forth dost bite the man again.

The middle-aged, whose depilated crust
 Has long been reft of Nature's crowning glory,
 Eye thy performances with frank disgust,
 And speak of thee in terms profoundly gory;
 And when they hear thy reedy 'vox humana'
 They swathe their apex in a blue bandana,
 Intent to dodge thy weapon's frantic thrust.

And solid matrons, whom "those horrid flies"
 Have rendered more than usually fussy,
 As soon as thou appearest to their eyes
 Scatter before thee, screaming "Lawk a mussy."
 He only whose intrepid hide is tougher
 Than pelt of hippopotam thou dost suffer
 To 'scape the dire effects of thine emprise.

The king his crown, the nobelman his crest
 Alike thou pinkest with thy rapid passes;
 With equal appetite thou dost infest
 The shrinking top-knots of the middle classes.
 One comfort only have we: to remember
 How summer wanes anon, and cool September
 Will shortly wipe thee out, insidious pest!

MR. CRESER, F.R.C.O., Mus. D. (Oxon.), has been visiting Winnipeg with the idea of establishing a centre for the holding of examinations in connection with Trinity College of Music, London, Eng. No doubt before now he has conducted the horns among other orchestral instruments, but this hardly justifies a Winnipeg newspaper in describing him as a "musical director of Oxen."



A NATIONAL NEED.

POLICEMAN X. "'COURT O' CRIMINAL APPEAL'? YOU'VE GOT THE 'HOME OFFICE' 'ERE. WOT MORE DO YOU WANT?"

JUSTICE. "I'VE TRIED THAT."

POLICEMAN X. "WELL, THERE AIN'T NO OTHER. PASS ALONG, PLEASE."



THE POLITICAL ROMANCE.

["War is not without its influence even upon literature At this moment the most popular form of fiction is the romance of political adventure with a preference for those of which the scene is laid in Russia."—*Daily Press*.]

ACTING upon this timely notice the Editor at once wired to a deservedly popular author requesting him to furnish immediately a serial on the above lines. The first instalment (given below) arrived by return of post, with an intimation that the remainder would follow by the next delivery, and that cheques should be made payable to the Express Fiction Company, London. We append the instalment, and invite the verdict of our readers as to its continuance.

PROLOGUE.

A reception was in progress at the house of His Excellency the Muscovite Ambassador to the Court of St. James. At midnight the crush was overpowering, and as a consequence the magnificent salons were almost uncomfortably crowded with Princes, Diplomats, Adventuresses, and a sprinkling of elderly noblemen, who provided the appropriate comic relief to an atmosphere already opaque with intrigue and sentiment.

Leaning idly against a marble pillar, the tall figure of Sir JOHN BULLENER, Bart., surveyed the dazzling scene with eyes that seemed almost contemptuously indifferent to the splendour that surrounded him. An idle man this, you would say, one of the spoiled children of fortune, whom it would be difficult to stir from his habitual lethargy. Perhaps, but it may be also that very little in life escaped the scrutiny of those listless eyes, and perhaps too their owner, once roused, was one who could be relied upon for as many adventures as will go to a page octavo.

Presently a familiar voice at his elbow attracted his attention. He knew that there was but one man in Europe who habitually addressed himself to the elbows of his acquaintance, and turning he saw beside him a figure with iron-grey hair, and a general resemblance to the late Prince BISMARCK, who wore over his faultless evening dress the glittering Order of the Adelphi.

"You here, *mon ami*?" said Count CATCHEMORFF, extending one transparent hand to the Baronet; "Petersburg is indeed honoured!"

Like all well-bred Russians of political romance, he spoke in French. If you are a Frenchman in these circles you speak Russian, while if you are an Englishman you generally say nothing at all, but are either "taciturn" or "a man of few words."

"Come," he inquired lightly, "is

there anyone to whom you desire an introduction? Yonder by the window is the Baroness DINAH MITA, the most dangerous woman in Europe; the bearded man beside her is the Vicomte BOW-BELLS, whose gambling propensities have ruined three Empires; the tall girl on his right is——"

"Tell me, Count," interposed the Englishman, "how it is that you know everyone?"

The Russian slightly shrugged his shoulders. "*Eh bien!*" he replied, "perhaps it is my business to know everyone. Besides," he added cynically, "after all, there must be someone to explain to our host who his guests are."



THE RETURN INVITATION.

"PLEASE, MRS. SUBBUBS, MAMMA SAYS SHE'LL BE GLAD IF YOU'LL COME TO TEA ON MONDAY."

"WITH PLEASURE, BESSIE. TELL YOUR MOTHER IT'S REALLY TOO KIND——"

"OH, NO! MAMMA SAYS SHE'LL BE GLAD WHEN IT'S OVER."

At that moment a young girl, enchantingly robed, passed them, leaning on the arm of a be-ribboned diplomat, with whom she appeared to be in animated conversation. Her beauty was of that superbly indefinite variety which appeals most strongly to the circulating library, and her lovely eyes rested upon those of JOHN BULLENER with an expression at once defiant and appealing.

"And she——?" he inquired nonchalantly, as the couple passed into the further salon.

The Russian paused for a moment before replying.

"That, my friend," he said slowly, "is Her Serene Highness the Princess

But, in the language of Punch -
"What?"

And then a moment he asked, as though to himself: "What? the fact that there would be an announcement, and the strongest words, under the highest roof?"

CHAPTER I.

Anyone acquainted with the general foreign will be familiar with the fact that a man walking up the White-church Street in the left-hand side as you come from the river and crossing thirteen lamp-posts beyond the second milestone, finds himself immediately opposite to the wine-shop of NORTON TAYLOR & CO. "Old Nick," as he is popularly called. It would appear as all aware that Sir JAMES BOLTON was sufficiently intimate with the locality, for having reached the door he knocked three or four times and then, extending himself as full length upon the pavement, awaited the advent of the proprietor, whom he had seen driven in in the pantomime. Not for nothing had Sir BOLTON appeared in and the political novels on MURDOCK LIND.

Slowly the dusk began to fall, obscuring the brilliant local colour of the scene. A woman passed him at a quick gallop, in company with a maid in blue, the horse framing nicely and making their bells. Through the lighted windows of many of the houses he could see the inmates preparing their evening recreation or work. It appeared to him as an oddity that they also were preparing. Waiting thus he asked himself as he proposed to do on every page of the book, what would be the end of his strange mission, and not only that but how it was to be spun out meantime. Again he went over every detail of his meeting with Emma in London, and recalled the parting words of CORA COMMERCE when he had called to bid him farewell.

"My friend," the old man had said earnestly, "no amount of skill in the embroidery will divert the aim of the entrepreneur, but a cold-headed eagle is seldom caught in a hen-trap."

Perhaps it would have been well for him had he taken the obvious warning.

To be continued. - ANTON.

I don't it - Ed.

ENGLISH IS FREE IS WRITTEN AT ZERMATT.
-On the back of the business card of a Zermatt shoemaker is the following notice:-

"Pay attention to your Valises are kindly invited to brought your boots self to the shoemaker, then they are frequently nagged by the Partner and that is very damageable for boots and loose the same price."

CHAMBER'S NEW TITLE - The Garden of Ship.

REVIVAL OF NATIVE GRAND OPERA.

Lord MA POWER - Always in the front for English wants. I am a native of English Opera. If English wants Opera, I am the man to supply it. Power and English certain English.

Your devoted servant.

HENRY WATSON-JONES.

I - Mr. MARGOT OVERTON.

The opening scene of the drama is laid on the terrace in front of the ancestral castle of his Grace the Duke of PARS. As the curtain rises, the entire domestic staff of the castle, together with all the gardeners but one, and a number of guests are discovered singing, having evidently suspended work *en masse* for the purpose. The subject of their song is the missing gardeners. Why has he not joined their merry throng? Once the ready tenant was the minority of these annual celebrations. Now he walks apart, moody and silent. They repeat the way is it? But soft - he comes. - To be - young REPERT. But why so sad? He bursts into song:

My friends, there are mists and to spare
On the face of this globular planet.

But none are so near, so astoundingly
near.

As his Grace's fair child Lady JASPER.
And I love her. Nay more, she loves me.

To some it may scarce appear seemly.
It's presumption, alas! in a man of my class.

Still we worship each other extremely.

And if Margot or Earl drop a card on her.

She feels that their rank has but jarred on her.

From the earliest date
She has known that her fate
Is to marry a poor under-gardener.

And I trust that you will not be hard on her.

For loving a poor under-gardener:

My face and my form
Simply took her by storm;

She couldn't resist me. So pardon her.

After which he goes on to explain that marriage is at present impossible, owing to the fact that the Duke, if he knew, would disapprove. Hence his melancholy. The Duke and the Duchess, accompanied by their deliciously beautiful daughter, now appear, and after some spirited dialogue go off. Lady JASPER remaining to join REPERT in a duet, which is overheard by the villain of the piece, one Lord JASPER MURGLESHAW, a most unpleasant man. As he himself is a writer for the hand of Lady JASPER, the duet, couched as it is in the most impassioned terms, has no small signifi-

cance for him. REPERT now goes off (it is said) to his literary duties, and leaves behind a sentimental number. REPERT Lord JASPER. He reveals the fact that he has overheard all, but promises on condition that JASPER will accept his bi-weekly proposal of marriage now or never, to let the matter go any further. Otherwise, he says, conscience will compel him to reveal everything to the Duke. Faced as he is by JASPER, he obligingly gives her away in a vindictive whim. REPERT, returning at this juncture, chides JASPER to his house, and prepares for the worst. The worst happens. The Duchess begins to sing:

Oh, man of spuds and flowers,
With thoughts your rank above,
Why waste your working hours
In hopeless dreams of love?
In vain within the minister
His bark the vicar scans.
To you my child's a splinter,
For I started the hounds.

To which REPERT -

Nay, pardon us, your Graces,
Twere idle to deny
We should have known our places,
Her ladyship and I.
A gardeners of gumpion
Should fly at lowlier game;
Still, pardon my presumption,
And bless us all the same.

Then the Duke has his say:

I think on due reflection.
Considering who you are,
You let your young affection
Go very much too far.
The salient point to touch on,
Your blood is far from blue;
'Twould tarnish our escutcheon
Were she to marry you.

All is apparently over, when JASPER puts the matter from her point of view:

Nay, father, hear your daughter.
Your heart, I'm much afraid,
Of bricks and stone and mortar
Must certainly be made.
Love is the only mentor
On whose advice I lean.
You give us your consent or
I'm off to Gretina Green.

A scene of indescribable confusion follows. Everybody present sings the melody, choosing his or her own words. JASPER is extracted from REPERT's arms, and retreats in disgrace, and at the most interesting point of the whole discussion the curtain falls. End of Act One.

Act Two takes place in the drawing-room of the Duke's Park Lane residence. REPERT, it appears, received a month's pay in lieu of warning at an early date of the proceedings, and vanished with it into the unknown, while JASPER is engaged to JASPER, and the wedding is to



UNRECORDED HISTORY; OR, WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

NOT BEING COMPLETELY REASSURED BY MR. PALTOCK'S STATEMENT, BUT STILL FEELING A LITTLE SCARED, A "WALL-EY" PRESUMPTIVE DEPUTATION OF BRITISH SHIPWRECKERS VISIT, IN FEBRUARY 49, AND THROW ITSELF ON THE TENDER MERCIES OF THE MINISTER IN CHARGE.

be celebrated within a week. A knocking is heard at the front door, and shortly afterwards a gentleman is announced.

And now we come to the more strictly medical part of the opera. The gentleman is a celebrated doctor. It seems that the Duke has fallen ill. A habit of drinking only one bottle of port after dinner, instead of the three prescribed by his medical adviser, has induced anæmia, and his life is despaired of. But at the last moment a distinguished-looking but mysterious stranger is shown in. It is RUPERT, disguised in a pasteboard nose, a red beard, and large blue spectacles. He desires to see the Duke. There is a brief interval, and then the door opens once more, and RUPERT re-enters, the Duke leaning on his arm, practically recovered. The Duke explains his remarkable recovery in the following song:—

Just now the doctors gave me up;

I was so very ill;
In vain I quaffed the bitter cup,

And gulped the azure pill.
Transfusion of blood was my only hope!

I sighed with resignation;
For I couldn't see who was likely to

Submit to the operation.

Chorus.

No, he could not see
Who on earth would agree
To submit to the operation.

My frame was reduced to bones
and skin,

I felt extremely weak,
And when they showed this gentleman in
hadn't the strength to speak.

Consider then my surprise
and joy,

When I heard him say, "I'll chance it;
Ye shrewd M.D.'s, step this way, please,
And kindly bring your lancet."

With a fortitude rarely, if e'er, surpassed,
The process he endured,
Till, to put it briefly, I found at last
That I was completely cured.

And, by the way (for we ought to pay
Rewards to those who serve us),
Come, name your fee: whatever it be,
I'll grant it: don't be nervous.

Chorus. All fears eschew,
Your fee is due,
So ask it: don't be nervous.

RUPERT snatches off his disguise, explains to the Duke that, owing to lucky ventures on the Stock Exchange, he is now a wealthy man, points out that as the same blood runs in their

veins they are practically equals, obtains from him a courteous consent, and clasps JANET to his bosom. JASTER, re-entering at the moment, recoils in anguish, and marries a housemaid. *Finale*, rendered by the Duke:

Go, ring the bells of the local church
In a rollicking sort of way.
For the nearest clergyman up and search,
He shall marry you off to-day.
Yes, as soon as he can shall the clergy-
man

Proceed to make you one in law.
It's settled quite. (*To rest*) The gent on
my right

Is my excellent future son-in-law.
Chorus (*amazed*). Your son-in-law?



Bengali Babu (*to friend who has just returned from leave spent in the hills*). "OH, MAN! HOW ROSY YOU ARE LOOKING!"

Duke (*decidedly*). My son-in-law!
My excellent future son-in-law.
And I'd like to suggest that he's one of
the best

Is—

Chorus. Who?

Duke. My future son-in-law.

[*Quick Curtain, followed by deafening calls for the Author.*]

Society in the Stalls and Boxes.

ELEVEN LARGE BOX STALLS, saddle-room, hay loft, fine dry yard, best pump water at the gate; erected by PATRICK O'SHEE for LORD CHARLES BENTINCK, and occupied by him and LORD GEORGE SCOTT . . . and other honourable gentlemen. For terms, apply, &c. *Clonmel Chronicle.*

Q. Give the French for "A Policeman's Beat." A. *Un tour de Force.*

FOLLOWING IT UP.

(*Some entries in a diary.*)

Entry No. 1. This war between Russia and Japan will involve tremendous consequences, and as an intelligent citizen I mean to study it carefully, making a *précis* of each day's reports. Have purchased three books on Russia, four on Japan, a *Handbook to the World's Navies*, a *Compendium of Military Statistics*, and a large map, with movable flags.

Entry No. 2. Getting on nicely. Have a grip of the whole situation, and could give either side some valuable advice. Men in the Club constantly ask me to explain situation, which I do with great skill. Continue to note up each day's events; probably shall write a book on the subject later on.

Entry No. 3. Matters becoming a trifle mixed. Very difficult to know where those little flags should be placed. War correspondents' telegrams less lucid than could be wished.

Entry No. 4. Have spent five hours this morning in trying to analyse the news. Attempt hopeless, so I shall set down from memory the whole of to-day's telegrams as they appear in my favourite journal. Having done so, I propose to give up for the present my study of the war, and to wait until something really happens.

Nankipoo, Aug. 25.

The Russian cruiser *Kotchiwisky* has arrived here.

11.25 P.M.

As no Russian ship has reached this port within the last fortnight, it is concluded

here that the Tammisskoff squadron has sailed for Pingpongipo.

Tum, Aug. 25.

The *Kotchiwisky* has anchored here. A Chinese refugee reports that 50,549 Japanese were killed yesterday. The position of Fitch-foo is considered precarious.

Cha-chong-chang, Aug. 25.

Nothing is more characteristic of the Japanese than their manner of making tea. For this purpose they use the dried leaves of the herb, infusing them in a suitable quantity of water. Yesterday I was fortunate enough to witness the whole process. The water is placed in a metal utensil, beneath which a fire is kindled. After a few minutes the temperature of the water begins to rise, and when at length it boils . . . (I omit

the remainder of this account, which fills a column-and-a-half.)

Papipoo, Aug. 25.

The 19th, 42nd, and 151st Regiments have arrived here.

Yang-yang-yang, Aug. 25.

The Russian cruiser *Kotchirisky* was sunk in the engagements of May 21. Heavy rain is falling to-day. The price of corn has advanced one yen. General BOTANKI is expected shortly.

Quenki-pong,

Aug. 25.

It is warmer here to-day. The rumour that 17,121 Russian troops have been captured at Arbi-hang is untrue, and is officially confirmed. A large force is advancing north-east.

ALIVE O!

THE Chinese Admiral TING, it was long ago reported, committed suicide after his defeat by the Japanese at Wei-hai-wei. He is now, *on dit*, a military mandarin at Kwang-si. The question that will occur to those of us who remember the lay of "*Poor Cock Robin*" is, "Who saw him die?" and query with answer may be formulated thus:—

"Who saw him die?"
"I," says the writer, "with my big eye, I saw him die! At Wei-hai-Wei."

There is so much "I" about this, that no wonder the report should turn out to be "all his I."

Sergeant-Instructor. When is the fixed sight used?

Militiaman. Against an attack of Cavalry or other Fanatics.

City Friend (visiting in Scottish rural town). And tell me, ANDREW, are you wi' the Wee Kirkers, or the United Frees?

Andrew. Man, I'm gi'en' up reelegion a' thegither, an' j'inin' the Auld Kirk.

CHANCES MISSED AT CAMBRIDGE.

SOME of the papers unaccountably omitted or held over at the meeting of the British Association were the following:—

SECTION A.—CHEMISTRY.

"The Effect of Low Temperatures and Absolute Frosts on Theatrical Productions," by Professor DEWAR.

by Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, M.P.

"Pets and their Attendant Ladies," by the Countess of WARWICK.

"An Interview with Venus and Chloe, the New Gorillas at Regent's Park, with lantern slides," by Mr. HAROLD BEGHE.

"Man viewed as a Worm," with lime-light explosions, by Madame SARAH GIRAND.

SECTION D.—GEOGRAPHY.

"The Whereabouts of the DALAI LAMA," by proxy, for Col. YOUNGHES-BAND.

"Treasure-hunting and Sartorial Finds in Anglesey," by Professor MOSES ISAACS.

SECTION E.—ECONOMICS AND STATISTICS.

"A Comparison between Protests and Poppuns as a Factor in International Disputes," by the President of the Association, the Right Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.

"The Market-value of a Solatium," by Mr. ADOLF BECK.

"Doubles I have Doubled from," by Mr. G. R. SIMS.

SECTION F.—ENGINEERING.

"The Arts of Obstruction and Party Management," by Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, M.P.

SECTION G.—ANTHROPOLOGY (LOCAL).

"Mixed Bathing," by the Senior Proctor.

"The Tobacco Question at Girtton,"

by the Mistress, with Demonstrations by Students of the College.

SECTION B.—GEOLOGY.

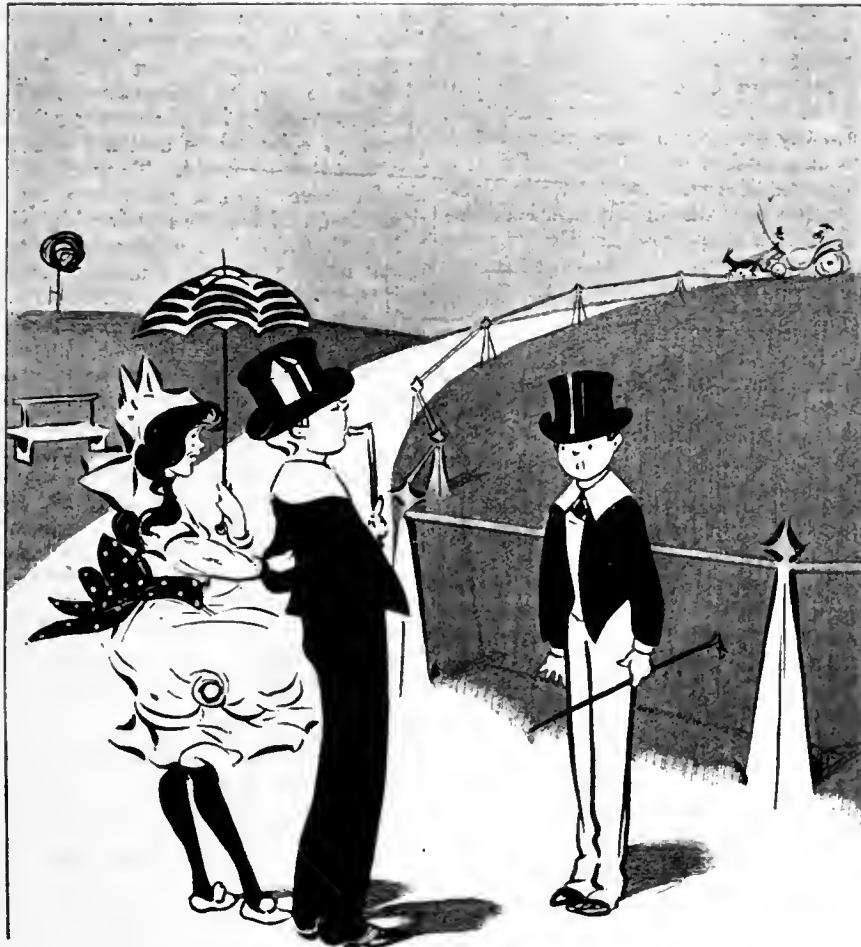
"Street Excavations and Fossil Processes," by the Chairman of the London County Council.

"The Fauna of the Upper Old Red Cushion Deposits in the Third Class Carriages on the Underground Railway," by Professor T. McKENNY HUGHES.

SECTION C.—ZOOLOGY.

"The Whole-Hogger and its Habitats,"

MASTERLY DEDUCTION.—A report of a stone-throwing case in the *Totnes Times and Devon News* proves that the Totnes Borough Magistrates, at any rate, know what two and two make. The plaintiff, said the Bench at the close of the case, "had lost the sight of one eye, and if by any chance he should lose the sight of the other, he would be totally blind." Logic can go no farther.



Young Masher (to rival). "I SAY, OLD CHAP, I HEAR YOU'RE AN EXCELLENT RUNNER. IS THAT TRUE?"

Rival (eagerly). "RATHER!"

Young Masher. "WELL, THEN, RUN HOME!"

"The Constituent Elements of Eggs," by Professor DANIEL LENO.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Devils* (METHUEN), Mr. J. CHARLES WALL tells mankind all that it is possible to know, more than it is desirable to believe, about a personality that since he masqueraded in the Garden of Eden has possessed keen and abiding interest. He cites ancient documents, visits various shrines, reads ancient books, and sums up his lore in a modern six-shilling volume. Reading it, my Baronite finds many lifelong misapprehensions removed. For example, Mr. WALL writes: "A mistake is frequently made in supposing that all who are represented with a circle round the head are saints." We have not a monopoly of the decoration. Upon occasion the Devil also wears the nimbus and trembles. Mr. WALL's delightfully prosaic manner of dealing with his sublime subject appears in two instances brief enough for citation. At the head of a list of illustrations is the line, "The Devil. From a photograph." Hastily turning to the page indicated, wondering whether it is a snapshot or not, we find that it turns out to be the photograph of a weird sculpture in Notre Dame, where the Devil, with a sly look on his face, is shown gazing forth on gay Paris. In a chapter on the Devil's place of family residence, Mr. WALL, after brief divagation, remarks: "But to return to Hell." There we must leave him.

Miss or Mrs. ALICE M. DIEHL is capable of inventing a fairly good plot, but her *Love and Liars* (JOHN LONG) affords pretty clear proof of her inability to make the best use of her own invention in the form of such a novel as for its success depends entirely on dramatic and descriptive writing. This authoress has a marvellous store of epithets, which she deals out with absolutely indiscriminate generosity. Her heroine, who is "as fair as her aunt was brune," can "hiss," on several occasions, as determinedly as an audience might possibly do were such a character represented on the stage by some ultra-melodramatic actress, if any such there be nowadays. Great things would be demanded of any *artiste* to whom might be entrusted the part of *Lucia Paston* in a dramatised version of this novel. She would have to "hiss between her teeth"; she must "pale to lividity" in answer to her "spasmodically panting" lover's "strange half-wild glance," and her eyes ought to "shine like stars" when she is speaking "in a repressed concentrated voice so unlike her own." The actor who might be cast for her lover would not have an easy time of it. He would have to learn how to "gaze around him with a sombre stare," he must appear with "a miserable face distorted by conflicting passions," and it would be his duty to practise "agonised emotion" and "hard, stifled sobs." What a triumph for the actor who should succeed in this delineation of character! The ninth chapter ends with the exclamation "What does it all mean?"—and this is just what the Baron makes so bold as to echo, since he himself can only, with considerable difficulty, make either head or tail of it, and can only trust that some of his more determined stalwart followers may be able to overcome all obstacles, and be rewarded for their perseverance.

My Nautical Retainer writes:—There can be no manner of question as to the remarkable qualities of Mr. J. C. SNAITH's new book, *Broke of Corenden* (CONSTABLE). Readers who survive the preface—a somewhat tedious, if brilliant, *tour de force* in the Meredithian manner—will draw an exquisite delight from Mr. SNAITH's portraits of the *Broke* household, which are in the very best vein of high comedy. The stolid, pompous English gentleman, his half-dozen plain hunting daughters, and their sporting uncle, *Lord Bosket*—the last a veritable treasure—are drawn with astonishing felicity. *Mrs. Broke* is perhaps too complex for her class and environment; and *Lady Bosket*, like other people of her order who make democratic excursions into literature, ought certainly to have shed something of her antique caste prejudice. The

title of her most notorious volume, *Poses in the Opaque* (compare the names of those philanthropic schemes in which that versatile worldling, the *Honourable Mrs. Tveysden-Cockshott*, takes an interest—the Cottage for Blind Mice, or the Fund for Providing Distressed Society Women with Tiaras), is an example of the author's fatal tendency to deviate into the improbabilities of mere farce.

For a writer with so strong a feeling for character, Mr. SNAITH is, at times, strangely inconsistent. Respectable county-town attorneys, such as *Breffit*, are not in the habit of amassing fortunes of half-a-million, or developing the worst features of the *nouveau riche*: they do not suddenly, on retiring from business, adopt the practice of dropping their aspirates, having given no previous sign of this foible. The intellectual expansion of *Delia*, youngest of the *Broke* girls, is no less incredible, and the author's judgment was clearly at fault in his choice of a suitable hero to assault the Covenenden conventions and set free the inarticulate soul of this seventeen-year-old. To produce the desired contrast he should have been a gentleman by right of nature and education, and not the insufferable prig that he is painted.

Mr. SNAITH enjoys a great fertility of language, but he needs to keep down the undergrowth of his eloquence. He is justifiably sure of himself within the range of his actual observation, but he is apt to extend that assurance beyond the present limits of experience. He has the gift of humour; and when he acquires that quality on its negative as well as its positive side he will become as keen a critic of himself as he already is of other and older institutions—*Mr. Punch*, for example. His little gratuitous sneer at that venerable sage may be easily excused as a pardonable ebullition of youth. To be young is, after all, the most amendable of faults, and meantime, while it undergoes correction, Mr. SNAITH has the right stuff in him, and shows promise of better still.

Opportunely, when Japan looms larger than its own circumference in the world's eye, Mr. REGINALD FARRER brings out a charming record of a visit to what he calls *The Garden of Asia* (METHUEN). The literary work is a little marred by a certain "Haw-haw!" tone, an attitude of "I have been to Japan and you haven't; or if you have, owing to your native ignorance and uncultured taste you were taken in by the native dealers, whereas they prostrated themselves before me, noisily sipping their breath with delight at coming in contact with A Man Who Knows." This, irritating at first, becomes in time amusing, and does not, at worst, detract from the merits of keen observation, sub-acid humour, poetical fancy, and picturesque writing, that mark the book. Mr. FARRER avoids the strong meat of political disquisition or commercial inquiry. Japan is a delight to him, and the reader shares the pleasure. Of the Japanese as a nation he writes: "Nature, while denying them the possibility of invention, has endowed them with the capacity of endlessly improving and adapting each art of other countries on which they have laid their hands." The first assertion is perhaps a little sweeping. The second is incontrovertible. When, twenty years ago, my Baronite so-journed in Japan, he found German officers drilling the Army, British ship-builders equipping the Navy, and Admiral (then Commander) DOUGLAS Director of the Imperial Naval College. To-day the German EMPEROR lectures his Generals on Japanese tactics in the field, and the crews of British men-of-war are about to be manoeuvred on the lines of the Japanese landing on an enemy's shore.

THE BARON



PROSPECTUS OF THE "DAILY PIPER."

[A paper for smokers has made its appearance.]

SPECIAL features will include the following:—

A grand new Serial Story by Dr. J. M. BARRIE, entitled "Made of Arcady, or, The Mixture as Before."

Master Puffers: No. I., "Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL," by HAROLD BEGBIE.

Our Own Symposia: No. I., "Should Women Smoke Black Shag?" by MARIE CORELLI (author of *Ardath*), VESTA TILLEY, OSCAR ASCHE, and the Sub-Editor of M.A.P. (Mainly About Pipes).

Rural Week-Ends (by arrangement with the *Daily Chronicle*): No. I., "Fusce-Yama and its Environs."

Master Smokers: No. I., Lord BURNHAM, by HAROLD BEGBIE.

Last but not least, we have pleasure in announcing that we have secured the services of a leading expert—Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR. The famous editor's recent confession, to the effect that, despite repeated attempts, he has not yet succeeded in smoking a cigar, will be fresh in the public mind. The titles of his contributions will be:—

"My First Weed," by TAY PAY (*sic*).

"Irish Cigars," by TAY PAY (*sic again*).

MR. BROWN AT BREAKFAST.

I.—ON FOREIGN POLICY.

No, MARY, I don't like it—I don't like it at all, I tell you. . . . Costs ninepence a pound? What's that to do with it? . . . Bacon? Who was talking of bacon? Just like you women, that is—always thinking about things to eat and dress and silly trifles, even when the Empire's in danger—yes, in positive danger! (You might just tell KATE, or whatever her name is, that if she can't make better coffee than this, you will have to get another cook. It's not fit for a pig. . . . Eh?—Do I want coffee fit for a pig? No, Madam, I do *not*, and you know perfectly well what I mean.) There you are again, you see—talk, talk, talk, about wretched household details—bacon and coffee and such like—and you take no interest at all in the fate of the nation! ETHEL here's just as bad—nineteen last week, and precious little *you* know, Miss, of what's going on in the world! As for TOM, the only thing they seem to teach him at that school of his is how to be late for breakfast—and I'm bound to say he's learnt that well enough! Now, have either of you so much as looked at the *Daily Wire* this morning? . . . Not much chance when I've been reading it ever since it came? Nonsense! you never read the paper, as you know



THE WATER CURE.

Young Lady. "So you've BEEN ON THE CONTINENT, PROFESSOR?"

The Professor. "YES, I'VE BEEN TO MARIENBAD, TAKING THE BATHS, YOU KNOW."

Young Lady. "REALLY? THAT WAS A CHANGE FOR YOU, WASN'T IT?"

perfectly well, except the part about fashions. . . . Yes, I'll explain, if you'll try to show a little intelligent interest for once. Now just consider our position in the Mediterranean. We'll suppose this milk-jug is Gibraltar. In between the knife and that cup is the Suez Canal. ETHEL, I'll trouble you for that piece of toast off your plate. . . . Just going to eat it? Oh, and of course your breakfast matters more than the destiny of Europe! Well, then, I'll have a lump of sugar—no, I'm *not* "pawing the whole dish"—that represents Malta. (Good morning, Tom—late as usual! Give you the milk-jug? Certainly not; Gibraltar is the key of the whole position—even *you* might know that much!) Well, then, if Germany and France and Russia combine against England, as they're certain to do. . . . How do I know it? Common-sense, Madam, sheer common-sense, and an ability to look facts in the face. Besides, the *Daily Wire* says so. You might have seen that for yourself, if you'd taken the trouble to look at this morning's paper. And if only our PRIME MINISTER had a little common-sense too, instead of talking stuff to the British Association which even I can't

make head or tail of. . . . What ought he to do? Why, send a plain ultimatum all round, saying—bless my soul, it's a quarter to ten—I shall miss my train. If you'll tell the maid not to move the breakfast things, I'll explain when I come back. . . . Oh, just as you please. Where's my umbrella? But if you would only take a bit more interest in politics, MARY—yes, the brown gloves—and weren't so wrapped up in household trifles. . . . well, I must start. Oh, by the way, there's a button off my garden coat; you might put it on by this evening.

Reminiscence of Bsife.

ON board a steamer, in one of the principal cabins, the berth was placed so high up that the occupant on suddenly sitting erect, found his head in sharp collision with the ceiling. Then, mindful of the old song, rarely given nowadays, he sang out, as he rubbed his cranium and joyfully acknowledged that he had not been wounded,

"My berth is noble and unstained my crest!"

And so, thinking confusedly of Bohemian Girls in Marble Halls, and so forth, he dropped off peacefully to sleep.

ARMS AND THE SHOWMAN.

I.

"L'ENTENTE CORDIALE."

By assisting at the first performance of the new Alhambra Ballet, I have greatly strengthened an old conviction with regard to the limitations imposed upon decorative art. Wherever an artist has been called upon to cover a given space, whether he composes a frieze or a fresco, a panel or a mosaic, or arranges animated groups to fill the framework of a stage, nothing is more exhausting to the spectator than the suspicion of symbolic or allusive intention in the design. To do justice to the makers of ballets, though they commonly betray a passion for allegory, yet the intellectual purpose of their creations is seldom obtruded; as a rule, their "meaning," in the language of CALVERLEY'S immortal ballad, "is what you please."

But the authors of *L'Entente Cordiale* could not escape the historic obligations of their task. A brief review of the chronicles of war was necessary if the audience was to appreciate the harmony now prevalent (with negligible exceptions) among the nations of the earth, and notably between England and France.

The curtain rises upon the "Grove of Concordia." Here we have the customary assortment of female abstractions—Peace, Truth, Science and Progress. They are busily engaged in an attempt to induce the great armed Powers to dispense with their weapons. Russia, by an exquisite irony, which further enjoys the almost unique support of fact, is the first to fall in with this moral proposition. There is no saying what might have been the happy result of her initiative; but at this juncture a diversion is created by the entrance of a figure whose counter-influence proves to be of the most deplorable. From the quaint style of his armour, and from his facial complexion, I judge him to belong to the ancient order of the Japanese Samurai. In a moment, by taking a couple of strides this way and that, and pulling up short with an accent on the second, he has everyone at loggerheads with his neighbour.

The fell horrors of war are now scenically portrayed, and a gigantic figure of Bellona, painted in a bronzy yellow, with an extremely repulsive cast of countenance, occupies all the available space of sky. The audience, ever ready to sympathise with Japan, remains taciturn, reserving its judgment of the part played by our ally in the development of this portentous *dénoûment*. But a perusal of the Synopsis reassures us. It is not a Jap at all; it is just the "Demon of War."

The drop-scene falls. On it is represented a monstrous war-chariot, coloured like Bellona, and with NAPOLEON and other notorious Men of Blood acting as postilions. In the vehicle itself is a figure in which I think I recognise a portrait of the late Mr. GLADSTONE in middle life. This historical group, coming so soon after the awful spectacle of his own sinister handiwork, is too much for the "Demon of War," and he ultimately retires baffled.

It is in the "Temple of Peace," as distinct—and a very nice distinction—from the "Grove of Concordia," that the second great scene is laid. As if to emphasize the success of the Hague Tribunal, two groups of Cossack and Japanese ladies, all in the most unbecoming uniforms, go through their respective evolutions. Next, with a sudden revulsion to the past, we are shown a frontier disagreement between six Italian ladies of the Bersaglieri and half-a-dozen Austrians of the same sex; and then, in the living words of the Synopsis, "to end the dispute as to which Nation is paramount, Germany is called in, and settles the matter by forming a triple alliance."

Broad effects are of the essence of this kind of spectacle; and it will be readily seen that the rôle played by the third

NAPOLEON in the emancipation of Italy from the Austrian yoke, as well as the affair of his subsequent misunderstanding with Prussia, is here suppressed from a laudable desire to avoid elaboration of detail.

Follows a short but spirited flirtation, in which the two rivals, England and Russia (the latter armed with the knout for this amorous occasion), contend for the affections of France. It ends in favour of an Anglo-French combination.

And now ensues an episode with telegraph-poles, which I must reluctantly condemn on the ground of a too elusive obscurity. I do not trust to my own puerile powers of interpretation, but fall back once more on the Synopsis. It tells me that "the Russians commence to run the telegraph through to notify their Government of the events" (presumably the evolution of "*L'Entente Cordiale*"). "Some Japanese damsels arrive" (always so intelligently anticipative, these Japs). "They are followed by the Americans, who, seeing that the telegraph will be detrimental to their own interests, and those of their Eastern friends, bid the Japanese to sever the wires and so cut off all connection with Russia. The latter nation enters, and seek (*sic*) to envelope the little nation with their national flag, but the little Japs . . . defy the manœuvres of the sturdy Russ." I have ventured to italicize the passage which seems to me to err most on the side of over-subtlety.

Eventually all the naval and military members of the *corps de ballet* come on with a flag in each hand, and there is a fascinating "Mazurka des Rubans." Red and blue streamers suspended from the vault of heaven are interlaced and unravelled with the most charming dexterity. All ends with a "Grand Galop" of the nations and the "Apotheosis of Peace"; and a delighted audience troops out to buy the latest edition and see if Port Arthur has fallen.

In looking back upon this unparalleled spectacle I suffer an altruistic regret. I cannot bear to think that the increasing refinement of our Music Halls has still left a prejudice in the minds of some parents against the admittance of their children to such performances. For I fail to imagine how the lessons of history could be imparted under a more attractive and insinuating disguise.

II.

"THE CHEVALEER."

I pass to the new drama at the Garrick, which must be content with second place in this inadequate review, for the reason that more brain-work seems to have gone to the making of the Alhambra Ballet than was spent upon *The Chevalier*. I gather from a student of preliminary booms that Mr. JONES'S latest play was designed for a "comedy of conscience." I dare not say whose "conscience" is in question; the author's or that of his puppets. But as to "comedy," though the elements of it are there under certain rather venerable aspects, I am very sure that this drama as a whole is not to be referred to any such distinguished category.

It would not be fair to judge of the nature of a play, as you would determine the strength of machinery, by its weakest components, but it would be equally impermissible to assign to the play itself a dignity above that of its dominating figure. And here the dominating figure belongs to the realm of farce. In vain the subordinate persons of the drama put restraint upon themselves in their laudable desire to maintain the higher levels of comedy, however hackneyed: it is useless for Miss NANCY PRICE (not greatly assisted by natural aptitude for the part) to play the character of a woman of society; it is useless for Mr. NYE CHART (also labouring under like disabilities) to present a sporting baronet; it is useless for Mr. WALTER PEARCE to illustrate, with admirable reserve, the difficulties of a love-sick Eton boy. Hardly may they begin, from time



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

WILLIAM THE EXPERT. "I OBSERVE THAT YOU DON'T OPPOSE THE ACTUAL LANDING OF THE INVADER."
FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH. "QUITE SO, YOUR MAJESTY. BUT THIS MUST NOT BE REGARDED AS A PRECEDENT."





Lady (calling on new Vicar's young Wife). "HAVE YOU SEEN THE LIBRARY AT THE HALL? SIR GEORGE IS QUITE A BIBLIOPHILE, YOU KNOW."

Vicar's Wife (warmly). "OH, I'M SO GLAD TO HEAR THAT! SO MANY OF THESE WEALTHY MEN HAVE NO RELIGION!"

to time, to express their identities, when in breaks, with untiring importunity, the shameless hero of farce, bodily emerging from the page of DICKENS, and insisting on his own eccentricities with an iteration that DICKENS alone has ever compassed hitherto. Mr. BOURCHIER's Showman is a great personal triumph: but, after all, the play's the thing; and with great deference I must doubt if any human actor-manager would have accepted a drama in which a single character, drawn impossibly out of the picture, so absorbs the stage to the confusion of all dramatic proportion and consistency, unless the part had been expressly adapted to his own gifts.

For the sake of Mr. BOURCHIER and his cast—in particular Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH, who plays a thankless, silly character with unflinching self-repression and artistic generosity—I could wish *The Chevalier* a long and vigorous life; but for the sake of Mr. JONES, regarded as an exponent of the Higher Drama, I can only desire for his latest illustration an early and decent oblivion.

O. S.

Accommodation for Man and Beast.

AT LIBERTY. Wanted, situation as Groom-Gardener or Gardener and cow; middle-aged; good refs.—*Yorkshire Post*.

MORE ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.—At an hotel at Socrabaju in Java is this notice:—

From the hours fixed for meals on no account will be deviated. For damage to furniture the proprietor will avenge himself on the person committing the same.

OUR DUMB PESTS.

[With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail" correspondence on the topic of Harpest Bugs.]

THE HOUSE FLY.

SIR,—“TORTURED” should, before taking his *siesta*, apply to his head a fairly thick coating of treacle and quicklime, mixed in equal parts. This will speedily stop the nuisance he refers to. The treacle attracts the pests, which are thus brought into contact with the quicklime, from which escape is impossible.

ONCE BITTEN, &c.

EARWIGS.

SIR,—Those who are subject to the armed onslaught of these formidable little creatures will find a full-sized flower-pot, half-filled with straw and placed on the head, a well-nigh infallible remedy.

DAHLIA.

WASPS.

SIR,—I have found the best plan is to boldly take the “bull by the horns,” or, to be more accurate, the wasp by the waist, and promptly extract the sting, thereby rendering the insect harmless.

I have never known this method to fail. KETCHUM ALIVO.

THE DOGS OF WAR.—“It is estimated,” says the *Yorkshire Evening Post*, “that Generals KUROKI, NODZU, and OKU between them have at their disposal 210,000 men and 30,000 collies.”

FROM NEXT YEAR'S MAGAZINES.

Bright and thoughtful reading about Science, Great Men, Great Interviewers, and Furniture.

Flying for All.

I do not pretend that the aeroplane will shortly be within reach of all; but a time is surely coming when all but improvident artisans will be able to reach their place of work by this fascinating vehicle. At present they are certainly dear. A forty-eagle-power (equal to forty-thousand-sparrow-power—the Java unit being a sparrow), a forty-eagle-power aeroplane, which will easily do its hundred miles an hour with eight passengers, costs, it is true, a small fortune. But that is an excessive type. For ordinary purposes a four- or six-eagle-power machine is sufficient, and this will shortly be obtainable for a few hundred pounds, or a small weekly sum on the excellent hire system.—Mr. HENRY NORMAN, M.P., in *The World's Work*.

The Débâcle of the Free-Fooders.

No spectacle in recent times has afforded me greater satisfaction than the ghastly catastrophe which hurled the shattered phalanx of the Free-Fooders into well-merited and eternal oblivion. Riddled by argument, annihilated by the superb and almost divine denunciations of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, pulverised by the lofty eloquence of Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN and Sir HOWARD VINCENT, their base and disgraceful intrigues blasted into smithereens by the invincible logic of Professor HEWINS, this pitiable band of measly Mandarins, of fatuous Free Impostors, perished unwept, unhonoured and unsung.—“Episodes of the Month” in the *National Review*.

Burlington House still Peccant.

The report of the House of Lords Commission that inquired into the administration of the Chantrey Bequest is the thin end of the wedge. We must now exert every nerve to achieve the other reforms that too long have waited. To begin with, there is the scandal of the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy. How is it possible for Burlington House to exhibit good pictures if they are chosen by a committee of Royal Academicians? A Commission must be appointed by the House of Lords to inquire into this retrograde custom. The Royal Academy must have its claws pared in every direction. Why

not reserve its walls entirely for young artists, and relegate the Academicians to Madame Tussaud's?—Mr. D. S. MACCOLL in the *Fortnightly Review*.

The Religion of Sandwichmen.

It may not be generally known, but it is none the less a fact, that the sandwichmen of London are deeply interested in theological problems, and are, almost to a man, strong supporters of the Higher Criticism as expounded by HARNACK and the Abbé LOISY. Imprisoned in the grotesque harness of their calling, they indemnify themselves for their bodily discomfort by indulging in the most profound mystical speculations. This is all the more remarkable in that the natives of the Sandwich Islands, from which this interesting body of men was originally recruited, evince no such tendency, and are still lamentably prone to the grosser forms of superstition.—Bishop WELLDON in the *Contemporary Review*.

The Fat Boy's Surprise.

W. A. And now, my dear Sir, will you confide in me the secret of your imposing avoidposity—to coin a heavy word!

J. T. I regret to say that I am not in a position to do so.

W. A. Indeed; then may I be permitted to assist you in changing your position? Perhaps a reclining posture—

J. T. You misunderstand me.

W. A. Surely not? I have been conducting these Conversations for some years, many of my interlocutors being persons of commanding intellect, and the charge of misunderstanding them has never before been brought. I may have misrepresented them; never misunderstood them.

J. T. None the less, you misunderstand me. When I say I am not in a position to give you the secret of my bulk, I mean I am not allowed to divulge so valuable a piece of information. I have my father, my future, to consider.

W. A. Then, if I may ask the question, why did you consent to this interview? Surely you expected some such question?

J. T. Indeed, I did not. Not from one so learned, so intelligent, so discursive and soliloquistic as you. It never occurred to me that you would speak of anything so much to the point, so obvious, as my size. I imagined with confidence, and my father shared the view, that you would treat me merely as a peg on which to hang a number of entertaining monologues.—Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER's Real

Conversation with Mr. JOHN TRUNDLEY, of Peckham, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

Football and the Pen.

It is certain that nothing can be done for Football until better facilities for literary work are offered to its practitioners. To the circumstance that the cricketer has long spells of leisure, and a comfortable pavilion in which to put his thoughts on paper, may be attributed the position which the game, once so unobtrusive, has recently taken in the public eye, and the large receipts at the gates. Until intervals for writing are provided in every football match, and until every footballer acquires the rudiments at least of syntax, I see no hope for the game. It must remain what it is now. I look forward to the day when every footballer, like every cricketer, sends an account of his emotions and triumphs, his hopes and fears, to the Press Association, or other medium, for publication throughout the land.—Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON in *Pearson's Magazine*.

The Romance of the Clothes-Horse.

The origin of the clothes-horse is wrapped in mystery. Its first mention in literature occurs in BALEN's *Memorabilia*, 1631, but the text is corrupt and the author may possibly be referring to a gridiron. Once so rare, to-day every house has one or more of these articles, and more than one connoisseur has collected them. A very extensive collection was dispersed at Christie's in 1876, one specimen, in ormolu, inlaid with mother of pearl, fetching four hundred guineas. It is now in the possession of Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN. The best English collection at the present time is that of Lord NORTHALLERTON at Bingway Hall. The late King of HOLLAND invariably gave clothes-horses as wedding presents, just as Queen VICTORIA was addicted to Indian shawls.—The Rev. S. H. BENSFORD in the *Windsor*.

Why Vecsey became a Vegetarian.

In order to build up my stamina and technique a meat diet was temporarily necessary. But on the completion of my fourth year my physique was thoroughly consolidated, and being desirous not to sacrifice delicacy of touch to robustness of conception I forthwith abandoned the ranks of the flesh-eaters and have since subsisted exclusively on milk and macaroons, milk supplying sustenance and macaroons the



THE PERILS OF MIMIC WAR.

Motor Lieutenant, Motor Volunteer Corps (to General in his charge). "I say, Sir, if we"—(bump!)—"crash"—(bump!)—"shall I get"—(bump! bang!)—"a military funeral too?"

spiritual, ethereal element which is so conspicuous in my interpretations.—FRANZ VON VECSEY in the new weekly Personal Supplement of the *Times*.

Is it Napoleon again?

"Well," said I, as I sipped my *Crème de menthe* in the most fashionable of London's restaurants, "and how do you do it?"

He passed his nervous hand wearily over his forehead, pushing back the Niagara of flaxen hair that flowed over his powerful brow. An interesting man, this, Reader. Slim, fair, boyish-looking, quietly dressed like an ordinary English country gentleman; but under the calm exterior—what Titanic forces!

Is there, I often wonder as I pull luxuriously at my cigarette, is there anything in re-incarnation? Sir OLIVER LODGE says not; but it is difficult to know always what he means by what he says. Professor MAYOR of Cambridge, that stealthy elderly humourist, says yes. Where does the truth lie? With LODGE or with MAYOR? Ah! Yet looking at this quiet, reposeful, yet volcanically powerful, masterly man before me, as I pour out some more of the costly liqueur, I am convinced that NAPOLEON lives again. The Man of Destiny surely is before me.—Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE's article on Sir ALFRED HARMSWORTH in his series of "Mammoth Magicians" in the *London*.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR ARMY MANŒUVRES. (Revised.)

["Care is to be taken to avoid disturbing game. If any game is started, it is not to be pursued.

"The inhabitants are at all times to be treated with the utmost civility.

"When troops have passed through gates, the officer in command will see that the gates are closed after the troops have passed."]

THE above are a few of the general instructions issued by the Chief of the General Staff for the guidance of the troops taking part in the manœuvres this year. Several contingencies seem to have been overlooked in preparing these General Instructions, and we beg respectfully to fill in the gaps:—

No officer is permitted to question any person under the age of seven as to his whereabouts: he will consult the Ordnance maps provided for that purpose.

Umpires and officers commanding will accompany the troops and not remain at hotels—unless it is unavoidable.

Every precaution should at the same time be taken that the respective divisions bivouac in the neighbourhood of decent hotels.

In the event of a transport sinking, every man will be expected to save his

own life—whether the word of command be given or not. Any infringement of this order must be immediately reported (in duplicate) on Army Form B 216 (Blue).

Scouts should always be in advance of the main body, and not in the rear, as at previous manœuvres.

No officer will be permitted to take with him more than one wagon-load of kit, and lounges and billiard-tables are distinctly prohibited.

If it is suspected that there are partridges on the line of march, the commanding officer will immediately halt, and send forward a reconnoitring party: should partridges be reported, a notice (A0421—White) shall be sent forward by an orderly (dismounted and disarmed), informing the birds of the approach of troops.

If the game in question evinces no inclination to retire, a wide detour shall be made.

Artillery shall not drive their guns over any inhabitant—no matter what his or her sex may be.

In the event of any officer, N.C.O., or private being seriously injured, he shall be immediately taken to the nearest hospital. In the case of a broken leg, he shall not be permitted, *under any circumstances*, to walk.

In case of any question on the part of the umpire as to which of the opposing forces has been placed *hors de combat*, the decision must be in favour of the Commanding Officer holding the higher rank.

As the service rifle is not effective beyond a range of 2,000 yards, the enemy must not be fired upon unless he is within that distance.

No pains are to be spared to give foreign Attachés all the information possible concerning our methods, guns, and defences.

Should there be any doubt as to whether a certain force is friend or foe, an officer (not below the rank of Major, and accompanied by six orderlies) should be sent forward to make inquiries of the Commanding Officer of such force, who will be expected to state truthfully and lucidly what he is, the strength of his force, and his future intentions. But it is pointed out for general information that such Commanding Officer is not to offer the Major any refreshment whatsoever.

Should it be found that the rifle or gun fire annoys cattle, sheep, or poultry, "cease-fire" will be sounded, and the circumstance must be at once reported to the nearest umpire.

On the completion of the manœuvres, if there is any doubt on the part of the umpire-in-chief as to which side has been victorious, he shall consult the halfpenny newspapers and give his decision accordingly.

A SHATTERED ILLUSION.

[Suggested by the views of a *Times* correspondent on the cult of the Edelweiss.]

Ox everything poetic

Your moderns look askance:

And daily Prose deals frequent blows
Destructive to Romance.

But though Romance is dying,

Like everything that's nice,

Since I was young I've thought it hung
Around the Edelweiss.

'Twas plucked, I deemed, by lovers,

Who braved the Alpine snows,

And hung for weeks from icy peaks,

Suspended by their toes:

They cared not though beneath them

There yawned a drop of miles,

But with a grin they roped it in,

And won their lady's smiles.

But now it seems that perils

Need not be faced at all:

You only need to buy the seed,

The price of which is small;

And in the heart of London,

A mile from Temple Bar,

You plant in earth your pennyworth,

And then—well, there you are!

Oh, *Times's* correspondent,

You might have spared us this!

We did not know that this was so,

And ignorance was bliss.

If further revelations

You chance to have in store,

Be generous, please, and spare us these,

I hear they don't want more.

THE DRUG HABIT AND ITS VALUE.

[Impressed by the enlightened example of his daily contemporaries, *Mr. Punch* has determined, without making any extra charge, to furnish his readers with valuable advice as to the best way of securing health and happiness.]

THAT the drug habit is on the increase, especially amongst persons of refined tastes and powerful intellects, can no longer be denied. But it is only amongst the most hide-bound obscurantists of the profession that this fascinating habit meets with any condemnation. It is undoubtedly true that hashish is a potent cause of insanity in Egypt, and that the excessive use of morphia, opium and cocaine is not conducive to longevity, but the high-minded and highly-strung modern epicure must not be deterred by such paltry considerations. Besides, he need not indulge in any of the drugs we have enumerated, inasmuch as fengol, the newest and most subtle of these

PASSPORTS TO PARADISE,

is infinitely more efficacious, deleterious, and economical. Fengol is an oily pungent liquid distilled from a rare Bolivian bulb. In taste it resembles the most ferruginous Australian Burgundy, and can be had in stoppered flagons

from any venal chemist for 24s. a dozen. Fengol, it should be stated, has long been known to the faculty, but it is only within the last few months that a series of experiments conducted by distinguished representatives of the leading professions has demonstrated its unequalled value in promoting the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The Rev. ANSELM BUNTER,

THE FAMOUS PREACHER,

finding that his congregation complained of their abnormal immunity to insomnia, determined to experiment on himself with this drug. The results easily surpassed his most sanguine expectations. He seemed to be marching with an elastic tread through a field of green buttercups in an atmosphere suffused with a chronic Aurora Borealis. The buttercups slowly changed into peacocks' tails and then into flying fish, and he settled down into peaceful sleep, awaking

at the usual time with no fatigue or unpleasant reminiscences. Since then he has dispensed fengol gratuitously in the vestry, with the result that he has

TREBLED HIS CONGREGATION.

An eminent R.A., who was induced to make trial of the new drug, writes: "With a noise resembling the trumpeting of innumerable elephants, the back of my head seemed to open and emit flames of the brightest and most oleographic splendour. My attire appeared to change to a gorgeously decorated Della Cruscan costume, while my brown



DOIN' THE SMART THING.

She. "I NOTICE THAT SINCE LITTLE MRS. MONTY HAS BEEN IN THAT SET SHE'S DROPPED ALL HER G's."

He. "GONE IN FOR A MOTOR, I SUPPOSE, WHAT?"

boots illustrated the supreme possibilities of the three-colour process. Any movement led to an explosion of rainbow-coloured fire-balls, while, on eating, the flames broke out afresh, illuminating the gold stopping of my molars with a sublime effulgence. In drinking, though it was only a glass of barley water, I experienced the conviction that all my pictures had been purchased by the Chantrey Bequest on fabulous terms."

The effect on a well-known poet was to glorify the squalid realities of London street life. "After a draught of fengol," he writes, "I saw every sandwichman

aureoled with a halo of sanctity; every bus conductor seemed beatified. Going out into the Strand I purchased a half-penny paper, and found that the print emitted an unearthly radiance. For a while I stood fascinated, watching an advertisement of Vi-moko or

LIQUID MOKE,

which came and went in letters of light. Two popular novelists passed me, laughing loudly. Intellectually I realised their inferiority, but to my visual sense they had all the delicacy of an etching of WHISTLER."



WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET.

Sportsman (from the bog). "CONFOUND YOU, DIDN'T YOU SAY THERE WAS A SOUND BOTTOM HERE?"

Shepherd. "ZO THERE BE, MAISTER; BUT THOU 'AVEN'T GOT DOWN TO UN YET!"

CHARIVARIA.

It is asking too much to expect us to believe the rumour that the Russian Government, in addition to requesting the British cruisers to look out for the *Smolensk*, also gave instructions to the *Smolensk* to look out for the British cruisers.

The operations in Manchuria continue to give satisfaction to both sides. The Japanese are still driving the Russians before them, and the Russians are still luring on the Japanese. One begins to see the truth of the Russian boast that they would win in "the long run."

Shocking carnage at Port Arthur was reported last week from St. Petersburg. No fewer than twice the number of Japanese engaged in the investment were wiped out in seven days.

It is announced that Earl GREY has been appointed to the Governor-Generalship of Canada. We have nothing but admiration for the Government's tactfulness in not appointing Lord DUNDONALD to fill the vacancy.

The Vicar of St. Michael's, Folkestone, stated, in addressing a large congregation of cyclists, that he considered motorists the greatest nuisance of the

present century. Still, as a motorist points out, cyclists could not expect to retain the supremacy for ever.

Lord ROSEBURY has been re-elected President of the Bucks Archæological Society. He is, we understand, to read a paper to this Society of Antiquaries on the subject of Free Trade.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE was a free-footer even as a boy. In a speech to the Craven Agricultural Society he confessed that, when he was ten, he won, at a show, the second prize for pigs.

"These vessels are the small cruisers of the future," said Admiral WILSON at the launch of H.M.S. *Forward* last week. "The *Forward* will be able to run away from anything bigger than herself." This, we understand, is due to her unrivalled bunker capacity.

Attention is being drawn once more to the danger of disease germs in bread. To soak the loaf in a weak solution of carbolic acid and water is said to be a simple and inexpensive safeguard.

To prevent bites by harvest bugs, a *Daily Mail* correspondent advises the wearing of "two bags of muslin (filled with camphor) long enough to go round the ankle of the wearer, and about two inches wide." While we can well believe that such a pair of bags would be extremely beautiful in an Oriental sort of way, we cannot help thinking that the dimensions would prevent their being of great use to anyone of fine physique.

A German has applied for a patent for a species of semaphore to be fixed to tables in beer-gardens. Customers pull a string, and thereby hoist a signal for more refreshment. It is expected to be of considerable service to students who have reached the inarticulate stage.

Consternation has been caused among the local cats by the announcement that the Holborn Borough Council is applying to the Local Government Board to sanction a by-law for the suppression of street cries.

A Hull man has succeeded in playing a piano for seventeen hours without stopping. It will now be possible for a tired and peevish brain-worker, without appearing guilty of an offensive expression, to tell the inveterate pianist in the flat above to go to Hull.

Burglars have ransacked the East-End residence of Major EVANS-GORDON, M.P., the staunch opponent of Alien



Dudley Van der Linde. Del.

AT BAY.



Immigration. It is supposed to be an attempt on the part of some destitute aliens to conciliate the Major by putting an end to their destitution.

The Marquis of ANGLESEY, it is stated, is about to become a monk. The opportunity of obtaining another costume is proving irresistible.

BAD NEWS FOR VILLADOM.

THE Urban District Council of Handsworth, near Birmingham, has decided that houses in future must be identified by numbers, and not merely designated by high-sounding names. We have endeavoured (but, we must confess, with very indifferent success) to trace the origin and meaning of some of these picturesque appellations, which add such zest and delight to the explorations of cabmen, postmen, and stray visitors in general. "Bellevue," it appears, is the most popular, and may be counted by thousands with its variants of "Fairview" and "Bella Vista." The reasons for the title are usually that the villa in question is so insignificant, and the rent so low, that the owner has to concentrate attention upon his outlook, for which latter he draws upon your imagination, on account of the "houses in between." "The Elms," "The Firs," "The Laburnums," and "The Laurels" run it close. They are interesting applications of the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, and of the occupant's ambition to possess a grove, or at least one or two of such trees, in his ten square feet of front garden.

Then the large "Dene" tribe seem to possess a fatal attraction for householders of romantic aspirations but indefinite ideas. They enter into various combinations, "Rosedene," "Willow Dene" and "Moss Dene" ranking high in favour. "Holme," "Hurst," "Croft" and "Grange" run them close as terminations, and indicate an income of £22 10s. per week, and an inability to explain their exact meaning. Other addresses have a more literary flavour, such as "Peverel," "Aylwin" or "Cusubianca," and betray an acquaintance with the contents of the Free Library round the corner.

Some, again, are reminiscent of holidays achieved or in contemplation. "Verona," for instance, at once stamps the suburban rate-payer as one who has a theoretical or practical knowledge of Italian geography, or who has travelled at least as far as the Exhibition at Earl's Court. "La Residencia" is a shade more recondite. "Loch Lomond" is doubtless a souvenir of a honeymoon or a taste for alliteration, while Welsh names are beloved for their own sweet sake, "Glanusk," "Caergwent," "Y



PREHISTORIC SHAKSPEARE.—NO. 1.

It is announced that Mr. Beerbolm Tree is introducing prehistoric reptiles into his new production of *The Tempest*. This happy combination of Shakspeare and Prehistoric Peeps is capable of interesting extension; for instance, a Primeval "Balcony Scene" would well reward the enterprising Manager.

Romeo. "AND, BUT THOU LOVE ME, LET THEM FIND ME HERE:
MY LIFE WERE BETTER ENDED BY THEIR HATE,
THAN DEATH PROLOGUED, WANTING OF THY LOVE."

Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Scene 2.

Wyddfa," and a host of others conveying the requisite glamour of distance, mystery and euphony.

Besides these there is an extensive hero-worshipping class which needs no explanation, at any rate not the usually somewhat far-fetched one of service under Lord ROBERTS or other adventures in South Africa.

Lastly, we have the frankly aristocratic variety, in which the elements of "Talbot" and "De Vere" betoken a £30 yearly rental; and the fatuously domestic, such as "The Nook" and "The Nest." After this, we must suggest the Handsworthisation of Greater London, not to speak of the more ambitious seaside resorts.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHAPTER VI.

The White Rabbit as others saw him.

"WHAT did you think of that story young *Bunbutter* told us the other day?" said *Rob* to the Cat, as they were basking together on the lawn one fine morning not long after the Prince of *SABLONIA* had related the melancholy tale of his transformation. "It was interesting, don't you think? I can't help feeling sorry for the little beggar. Seems a bit hard, you know, after you've been a Prince and all that, to get changed into such an absurd thing as a White Rabbit. I'm jolly glad there's nothing of the disguised Prince about me. A dog's good enough for me," and he stood up and protruded his chest, which for a dog of his inches was a very capacious one.

"My dear *Rob*," said the Cat, "you're really too guileless and simple for this wicked world of ours. You don't mean to tell me you *believed* all that bragging nonsense. My dear old friend, if you go on like this we shan't be able to let you go about by yourself. We shall have to find a keeper for you."

"A keeper?" said *Rob* complacently, "I'm not sure I shouldn't enjoy that. I should get plenty of sport all the year round pretty well. But no," he added reflectively, "I think on the whole I'd rather not. All the keepers' dogs I've known were very thin, and they used to get more whackings than any of the other dogs."

"Pooh," said the Cat, "I didn't mean that kind of keeper, you silly. Not a man in a velvet coat and leather gaiters, but a man who's paid to look after people of—ahem—weak intellect. See?"

"Well, if it comes to that——"

"I know what you're going to say. You don't think I'm particularly intellectual myself. I never pretended to be, my old pleasant-feteher, but I've got common sense, and thank Heaven I'm spiteful."

"Oh, come," said honest *Rob*, "it isn't as bad as all that."

"Hist!" said the Cat, flattening herself down on the grass and tucking her paws under her to get into position, while her tail quivered and her eyes seemed to grow to twice their ordinary size and fierceness. "See that thrush? He's mine."

She made a quick spring, cuffed at the bird, and missed him.

"My dear *Gamp*," laughed *Rob*, "it's bad form to go for a bird in that way, and a rarer thrush too."

"Thanks," said the Cat. "I like to do my own hunting in my own way. I don't ask a fat man with a gun to bring my birds down, and when I do catch them I keep them for myself. Some animals, I'm told, have to give up all the birds they gather—dogs, for instance. Poor game that, I should think."

"We were talking about the White Rabbit, I fancy," said *Rob* with some dignity.

"Ah, yes, the White Rabbit. Lord bless you, I know all about him. He pretends to be a Prince of *SABLONIA*, but I happen to know that he was born of very humble parents in a small shop somewhere in the Seven Dials. He had a twin brother just like himself, and originally their names were *Bunface* and *Buttertub*, but they were mixed up somehow soon after they were born, so this one got called *Bunbutter*, and his brother's out in the world somewhere under the name of *Tubface*. *MABEL* bought him. She happened to pass the shop one day when she was out with her father, the man who shoots your birds for you, and she saw *Bunbutter* in his cage and took a fancy to him. In the cage on one side of him was a brindled bull-dog, on the other was a white Persian cat with blue eyes, and I believe

she hesitated a long time between the three of them. Finally she chose our long-eared friend."

"Well, I'm glad she didn't choose the bull-dog," said *Rob*. "They're a clumsy, bandy-legged, snoring lot, and quite useless for sport."

"I own I don't care much for bull-dogs myself, and as for white Persians with blue eyes they're all as deaf as a post. What a bore she would have been. Anyhow, that's the origin of *Bunbutter*, and all these stories about Princes are just gas."

Now I may as well tell you that when *Gamp*, the Cat, cast these aspersions on the origin and the veracity of the White Rabbit, she was not speaking of her own knowledge by any means. No doubt she pretended she was, or at least she conveyed that idea to the simple-minded Labrador, but, as a matter of fact, she was only retailing the gossip she had picked up in the kitchen or the servants' hall while she was lying snugly under the table with a saucer of milk within easy reach. If you or I had to go to the kitchen for our reputation or our history I daresay we should hear some things that would surprise us. I don't want you, therefore, to run away with the idea that, because the kitchen put *Bunbutter* down as a mere Seven Dials rabbit, he was only that and nothing more. Certainly his own story of his Sablonian origin is a much more romantic and interesting one. If you ask me whether or not I myself believe it I can only reply that I'm sure he was no ordinary Rabbit, and, that being so, there seems no good reason why we shouldn't prefer his account of himself to the tittle-tattle so maliciously retailed by the black and white Cat. Those who read on may perhaps—mind, I only say perhaps—discover the truth.

MY LADY'S GIFT.

I PRAYED my lady, of her pitiful grace,
For the white rose that lay upon her dress,
Fair, but no fairer than my lady's face,
Pure, but no purer than her loveliness;
And my dear lady gazed on me a space,
Then yielded me the prize;
And the soft love-light shining in her eyes
Made of the gift almost a shy caress.

Then of my dearest love did I entreat
Pardon, if I this crowning boon should crave:—
That I might kneel before her dainty feet;
That she should deck me with the flower she gave.
Whereat she blushed; yet, being kind as sweet,
Bowed to my soft behest—
Yea, pinned her delicate favour on my breast:
Sweet rose, that made me evermore her slave.

O flower, O happy flower, my lady's flower!
O sorry flower, so soon, alas, to shrink!
Where hast thou fled?—To what Elysian bower
Thro' the far shadows of the Stygian brink?
Would I had prest thee ere the fateful hour
When, seeing thou didst fade,
With horrid clutch the wanton chambermaid
Tost thee, poor jetsam, to the pantry sink!

Now do I brood no more upon my pain,
Nor would impeach th' ungodly for her sin,
For I have found a pledge, oh, strong of grain
Beyond all flowers, and I rejoice therein.
Pass on, dead rose! My lady's gifts were twain.
The breast thou leavest bare
Hath solace in the bond that held thee there!
And I take comfort in my lady's Pin.

DUM-DUM.



THE ALTOGETHER.

Christopher (etat. 3). "Oh, FATHER, PLEASE DO LET ME PADDLE ALL OVER, LIKE YOU!"

THE HEBER HOGG CORRESPONDENCE.

THE recent publication of *The Jessica Letters*, which purport to have passed between an American editor and a timid reviewer, impels us to print a selection from the correspondence of the late Mr. HEBER HOGG with several prominent literary men. HEBER HOGG, as is well-known, was proprietor of the celebrated coal emporium at one of the corners of Holborn Viaduct, and his letters throw a welcome light on the life of one who in the flowery fields of literature sought relief from the struggles and anxieties of commerce. Poetry was with him a labour of love.

I.

From Heber Hogg to the Editor of the "Bi-monthly Review."
April 15, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find a trifle of verse inspired by recent events, and which I hope you may see your way to favourably consider. The poem (if I may so presume to describe it as a poem) is my literary bantling, the firstborn of

a harvest that has long lain fallow and run to seed, and I send it to you because, having read your book month by month, it appears in my humble judgment to remotely approach the standard which you so ably maintain, and I peruse so assiduously and devotedly. I submit it in due diffidence, but if I may aspire to direct your able footsteps to verse 29. It runs as follows:

Up, lads, fight for name and glory!
Strike for beauty, love, and home!
You shall be renowned in History!
Your country's fame shall be your own!

I think this contains a new sentiment not unaptly expressed.

Your obedient servant,

1 Enclosure.

HEBER HOGG.

From the Editor of the "Bi-monthly Review" to Heber Hogg, Esq.
April 17, 1901.

The Editor regrets that he is compelled to return the enclosed manuscript. He would point out that such rejection does not necessarily imply lack of merit in the contribution, but merely that it is unsuitable for his column.

The Editor begs to remind contri-

butors that all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

II.

From Heber Hogg to the Editor of the "Athenion."

April 18, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find a stamped and addressed envelope and a trifle of verse inspired by recent events, and which I hope you may see your way to favourably consider. The poem (if I may [three sheets missing] new sentiment not unaptly expressed.

Your obedient servant,

2 Enclosures.

HEBER HOGG.

[N.B. The regrettable lacuna in the above and subsequent letters are due to the negligence of Mr. Hogg's correspondents. He always wrote on one side of single sheets, and if a communication ran into more than one he was careful to clip them together.]

From the Editor of the "Athenion" to H. Hogg, Esq.
April 20, 1901.

The Editor is much obliged to Mr.

HOGG for his kindness in permitting him to see the enclosed poem; he regrets, however, that pressure on his space compels him to forego the pleasure of publishing it.

III.

From Heber Hogg to the Editor of the "Spectator."

April 22, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a stamped and addressed envelope and a poem of verses to which I venture to draw your attention to. I may mention that it has been read by more than one eminent literary man, who speak of it in high terms of merit, and express pleasure at the honour of reading it. I await the favour of your early reply, and oblige Yours obediently,
2 Enclosures. HEBER HOGG.

From the Editor of the "Spectator" to Heber Hogg, Esq.

April 24, 1901.

With the Editor's compliments.

[The letters numbered IV. to XLVI. inclusive are unfortunately missing.]

XLVII.

From Heber Hogg to the Editor of "P.T.O.'s Weekly."

August 2, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a little thing of mine in verse and a stamped addressed envelope, which has favourably attracted the attention of many literary men, although not hitherto appearing in print. It is, I think, suitable to your excellent journal, and beg to remain,
Yours faithfully,
2 Enclosures. HEBER HOGG.

XLVIII.

From the same to the same.

Sept. 19, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—Some weeks ago I ventured to send you a stamped addressed envelope (to me) and some poetical verses which it occurred to me—[two sheets missing]—say without undue modesty that verse 29 has aroused admiration in the breasts of those who it has been read to, and they agree with me in—[three sheets missing].

The Editor of "P. T. O.'s Weekly," to H. Hogg, Esq.

The Editor regrets that he is unable to use the enclosed MS., which he accordingly returns with many thanks.

Apologies for delay.—ED.

Letters XLIX. to XCV. inclusive, missing.

XCVI.

From Heber Hogg to the Editor of the "Picklehampton Weekly Clarion."

November 5, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—Herewith a poetical effort which I believe suitable to your columns. My name is known to many London editors, who almost invariably express pleasure at receiving contributions from my pen.
Yours truly,
2 Enclosures. HEBER HOGG.



HORTICULTURAL.

Vicar's Daughter. "WELL, JOHN, I SEE YOU ARE LOOKING AS YOUNG AS EVER."

John. "YES, MISS, THANKYEE. AN' THEY TELL ME I'LL SOON BE AN OCTOGERANIUM."

From the Editor of the "Picklehampton Weekly Clarion" to Heber Hogg, Esq.

November 7, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—I am keeping the poem in the hope of being able to use it at an early date. I may point out that the P.W.C. has the largest circulation in Picklehampton, and accordingly offers exceptional advantages to advertisers.

Yours faithfully,

J. ADZE SHARPE (Editor).

[The remaining letters in the series are lost, but the issue of the *Picklehampton Weekly Clarion* for December 5,

1903, contains a poem entitled "Arouse Ye," side by side with a half column proclaiming the merits of HEBER HOGG's "World-renowned Kentish Brights."]

A French Scholar.

"It is a great thing to know French well," said Mrs. TUMKINSON, the excellent lady of TUMKINSON, retired grocer. "Now," she continued, "I was travelling the other day, and I wanted particularly to describe a certain figure in full armour I had seen to a Frenchman who knew no language but his own. Fortunately I was able to make it quite clear to him in French by putting it thus—'*La statue d'un chevelure équestrien portant ses armoires, et avec deux paires d'éperlans à ses talents.*' And then he understood me perfectly."

Qualifying.

"My dear Sir," said a commercial traveller, one Sunday, at a *table d'hôte* breakfast in a French hotel, to his clerical-looking neighbour, "some here are going to Mass, some to a Lutheran service, some to an Anglican Chapel, and others elsewhere or nowhere."

"And you?" inquired the cleric.

"Oh, for myself," replied the *commis-voyageur*, in an airy manner, "I am nothing in particular, and belong to everything in general. I go from one church to another; all's one to me, so I consider myself in the full sense of the word a Catholic."

"I see," observed the ecclesiastic, "you mean a Roaming Catholic."

WHEN the system is out of order the slightest irritation is apt to get upon the nerves. This idea was admirably illustrated last week on a head-

bill of the *Morning Advertiser*:—

UNREST IN RUSSIA.

Explosion in a Train.

SIR,—The *Noroe Vremya* gives the following account of a servant-girl who is radio-active to things in her vicinity:

"Everything she approaches is set in motion. Plates on a dresser rattle, linen hung out to dry falls on the ground, bottles rise from the table and are upset."

I have one of this kind too. Do you know of any cure? Yours,

HEAD (SO-CALLED) OF HOUSE.

REVIVAL OF NATIVE GRAND OPERA.

MR. PUNCH.—Sir, I was amazed and pained on reading some time ago in the *Draper's Record* this plaintive statement:—"There are few novels of trade life, and fewer still that deal with the drapery trade." But I was not content with mere pity. To seize a jewelled pen, and dash off the following, was with me the work of a couple of months or so.

Yours hurriedly,

HENRY WILLIAM-JONES.

[N.B.—I am aware of a play by Mrs. LYTTELTON bearing on the question of millinery establishments, but this in no sense cuts the ground from under my feet.]

II.—MY DRAPER'S OPERA.

The scene of Act One is laid in a large drapery emporium. Time — morning. Opening chorus of assistants, descriptive of the joys of the profession. Enter Shopwalker. "My merry men, good-morning to you all. Pursue your tasks with vigour, I implore: for thus you'll rise (perhaps) in time to come (with patience) to the post that I enjoy." Song, "How I rose to be a Shopwalker." Then Aria, Shopwalker:

But where is our champion assistant,
The pride of our drapery shop?
I trust he is not very distant.
Our ALGERNON HILDEBRAND PLOPP.

Chorus. Nay, calm, Sir, your fear, for
behold! he is here,
Our ALGERNON HILDEBRAND PLOPP.

Enter hero (L.). He pauses on threshold. Then, advancing to centre of stage, sings, as follows:

A hard-worked draper I,
And dainty gloves and stockings
(Some with, some void of, clockings)
I bid the ladies buy;
If customers are male,
I'd have them spend their dollars
On ties and shirts and collars,
And pay for them on the nail.

At the conclusion of this song there is a pause, then slow music, and my heroine, Lady MATILDA DE LA CRÈME, daughter of the Earl of BAYSWATER, enters, ushered in by Shopwalker. "Plopp, forward," says Shopwalker. Then there is a sweetly pretty trio:

Shopwalker. A lady here you see of both
wealth and high degree
(For waiting in the street, I notice,
her chaise is),
And I bid you, Mr. Plopp, do the honours
of the shop,
For the lady has a wish to make some
purchases.



G. C. STAMP.

A GOOD REASON.

Sympathetic Cousin. "POOR BOY! I'M SO SORRY YOU DIDN'T PASS YOUR EXAM. WHAT WAS THE REASON, I WONDER?"

Poor Boy (also wondering). "I CAN'T THINK."

Plopp (gallantly). I am not the man to shirk any quantity of work,
When a lady has a wish to make some purchases.

Heroine. If you seek to learn my name,
'tis MATILDA DE LA CRÈME

Plopp (to Shopwalker, aside). Correctly in the Upper Ten you rank her, chief—

Heroine. And I live with my papa,
Number Six, Belgravia,
And I'm here because I want to buy a handkerchief.

Plopp (indulgently). Ladies often, I have read, lest a cold invade their head,
Find it useful to possess a pocket-handkerchief.

Business of buying handkerchief. Then great scene. Heroine is seen by Shopwalker to purloin a yard of calico. As she is leaving after affectionate adieux to hero, Shopwalker stops her. Scena. Finale.

Hero. Unhand the lady, minion!
Shopw. This language, Plopp to me!

Hero. How dare you seize and pinion
A lady of degree?

Heroine. Exactly, Sir! You'll find you
err

In acting thus to me.

Shopw. Nay, think me not unfeeling—

Hero. Insidious reptile, go!

Shopw. I caught the lady stealing
A yard of calico!

Heroine. Believe me, I would rather die
Than be so wicked. Oh!

Shopw. Go, fetch the nearest bobbies!

Hero. Must my entreaties fail?

Shopw. The fate of those who rob is
To languish in a gaol.

Heroine. I cannot dwell in dungeon cell!
Oh, let me out on bail!

Enter Policemen. *Hero* takes centre
of stage.

SONG: *Hero.*

Constables, release your captive,
Do not mock her protestations;

True is every word she utters,
True are her asseverations.

She's as innocent as you,
Honest, upright men in blue.

I can prove my statement fully;
Give me leave to speak my piece,
men.

For one fleeting moment lend me
Your auriculars, policemen.

Tempted by a hope of pelf,
I purloined the stuff myself!

Then my foully-gotten booty,
Little recking what a shock it

Might occasion to her nerves, I
Placed in her receptive pocket.

There you have the sorry tale:
Up, and lead me off to gaol!

Immense sensation. *Heroine*, with a cry of "My preserver!" faints. *Shop-walker* staggers back, shocked and astounded. Assistants assume attitude of horror. Various customers, who have come in, grow tired of waiting to be served, and go out to patronise other establishments. And Act I. closes with *hero* being led off (R.) by policemen.

The Wand of Peace.

WE learn from the *Scotsman* that at the second Triennial Pan-Celtic Congress, which opened at Carnarvon on August 30, the Archdruid of Wales proclaimed a "Celtic peace." For its better enforcement, "at a reception given by the Mayor, Lord CASTLETOWN presented him with a shillelagh of bog oak."

THERE has been continued evidence of scare in our shipping trade. Vast quantities of stuffed sacks, apparently intended for the filling up of the moats round Port Arthur's forts, were lying idle last week on the platform of the Temple District Station.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

No narrative may be written starting with a journey on mule-back that does not recall STEVENSON. Nor may fascinating girls masquerade as boys without reminiscence of *The Heavenly Twins*. These reflections inevitably occur on reading *The Princess Passes* (METHUEN), joint work of Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAMSON. The story has, however, such strong individuality, such absorbing interest that they do not detract from the pleasure it gives. My Baronite undertakes that no one who reads the first chapter will be disposed to lay the book down before the happy end is reached. *Experientia docet*. Amongst its novelties is the most graphic description of motor-car driving that has yet appeared in print. Travel by motor-car, adjunct to the mule journey, affords one of the collaborateurs opportunity of displaying rare gifts of word-painting scenery. Those who have not driven over the St. Bernard by night should read the brilliant account of it. *The Princess Passes* is a charming love story set amid some of the most splendid scenery in the world.

Tommy & Co. (HUTCHINSON) is a collection of seven sketches chiefly illustrating a Bohemian side of London journalistic life, knowledge of which is Mr. JEROME's monopoly. There is about the London stories a far-off flavour of HENRI MURGER's *Vie de Bohème*. This is most notable in the final chapter where *Tommy*—who, seeing she is a girl, ought, as her employer and colleagues sadly concede, to be called *Jane*—surrenders to the fascination of a vagabond contributor to the paper she sub-edits, a gentleman who already has what the Lord Chancellor would call "a sort of" wife. This lady turns up at a critical moment, and offers *Tommy* £2000 to go away. *Tommy* declines the bribe, but magnanimously surrenders the suitor, who is apparently happy with either charmer, and in turn impartially marries both. After the fashion of Bohemia the contributor, on the verge of starvation, urgently in need of half-a-crown, when he calls with his copy carries an umbrella whose handle was "an eagle's head in gold, with two small rubies for the eyes." So like those thoughtless, heedless, generous-hearted folk who people Bohemia, whether in the Quartier Latin or Fleet Street! Of the sketches my Baronite likes best "The Pabe," which is really funny.

Mr. RISK's *Songs of the Links* (MORRIS, Edinburgh), of which two of the best have appeared in these pages, are very much above the average of golf literature, and deserve, in the opinion of my Nautical

Retainer, a wide recognition on this side of the Border. In many of these verses the author gives verbal or metrical parodies of standard authors, from HORACE, through SMOLEY, to ST. ANDREWS LANG; from KIPLING to the inevitable KHAYYÁM; but he has also a note of his own at need. His technique, except in his one example of blank verse, is excellent. Perhaps he is a little inclined to iteration, but this is a common defect of collected verse, and, after all, the opportunities afforded by his subject are limited. Of golf, as an incentive to cëlubby—

"The sweetest maiden BETTY may turn to a shrew or a minx;

A d heavy the bonds of Wedlock, but light is the chain of the Links;"

or as a breaker-up of marital felicity (see his dirge of "The Golf Widows") he has some trenchant things to say.

Another modest little work, *Humours and Emotions of Golf*, by E. M. B. and G. R. T., is not quite in the same class. E. M. B., who is responsible for most of the verse, is not without literary feeling, but his lines lack the quality of fluency, and some of his rhymes, such as *lips* and *ellipse*, *adolescence* and *convalescence*, are not really rhymes at all in the English sense. G. R. T.'s prose fancies are not consistently exhilarating, but they contain much philosophy and a little pleasant humour.



"On August 30, a formidable artillery duel took place, the Russians and Japanese exchanging over 100,000 projectiles."

The above passage is from the *Daily Mail* and not *The Exchange and Mort*.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.—"Artist." We have received your communication in which you say, "I beg to enclose a sketch and words, and shall be glad for you to use them. They are original (to the best of my knowledge and belief), and have not been inspired." We entirely endorse this last statement.

"HIATUS" VALDE DEFLENDUS.—The late Dean HOLE.

CHARIVARIA.

A REMOIR of a marvellous feat of heroism at Liaoyang, proving that there are still "boys of the bull-dog breed" among us, was recorded in the *St. James's Gazette* of the 2nd inst. "It is reported," said our contemporary, "that the place has been taken by *Reuter's*, the *Chronicle's* and the *Mail's* correspondents."

"I do not agree with the critics who say that battleships are a thing of the past," says Admiral MATUSSEVITCH. Yet this is true of a great many of the Russian vessels of that type.

Many persons who are talking about the horrors of the War in the East seem to lack a sense of proportion; or else they are unaware that at Manchester a contest of brass bands has been going on.

A paper delivered at the recent congress of the Sanitary Institute has been published under the modest explanatory title of "What the people sleep upon." We presume it must be the same beds as they make.

Last week's *Answers* contained articles by Miss MARIE STUDHOLME and Major BADEN-POWELL. As BYRON might have written:

"And HARNSWORTH'S capital had gathered there
Our Beauty and our Chivalry."

A young man won a beauty prize at South Chicago, but was kissed by 200 women.

A jam exhibition will shortly be opened at Laon, and hundreds of wasps, flies, and blue-bottles have now made up their minds as to where they will spend the autumn recess.

Dr. FORBES WINSLow has stated to an interviewer that a very large number of idiots are at large who most certainly should be in an asylum. When are these attacks on the House of Commons going to cease?

It is stated that Mr. HALL CAINE'S play, *The Prodigal Son*, will not follow closely the parable in the Bible, but will be an improvement on it.

The announcement that Mr. CAINE has rejected the fatted calf incident has caused keen disappointment in the dramatic profession, so many members of which are passionately fond of appearing with padding at the back of their shins.

"A moth four inches across the back



ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCH.

2 A.M.

Brown (who has taken a shooting-box in the Highlands, and has been "celebrating" his feat appearance in a kilt). "WORST OF THESE OLE-FASHIONED DRESHILAIRS IS, THEY TAKE SUCH A LOT OF CLIMBIN' INTO!"

and three inches long has been captured at Antony, Cornwall." It is understood that it required the united efforts of the local constable and the village blacksmith to effect the capture.

According to the *Express*, Londoners are suffering from a curious epidemic, of which the chief feature is a feeling of drowsiness in the daytime and a disinclination to exert themselves. The Government, yielding to a natural instinct for self-preservation, have declined to appoint a Royal Commission to enquire into this insidious disease.

A painful impression has been caused by a cable from Chifu which states that

Mr. MELDON PRIOR, Mr. LYNCH and Mr. RICHARD HARGREAVE DAVIS are all returning home from the seat of war, exasperated by the limitations imposed upon them by the authorities. Is it too late to hope that, even at this hour, a change may take place, and the war yet be carried on for the benefit of English and American newspapers? We confidently appeal to the good-nature of the belligerents.

That it is possible to wage war humanely is proved by the fact that the Indian Government has distributed a large sum of money among the poor of Lhasa. We understand that this item is to be included in the indemnity.

A CHANNEL RECORD.

[Mr. SWINBURNE'S poem, "A Channel Passage," which gives its title to his new volume, begins in a trochaic-dactylic-catalectic metre, of no fewer than eight beats, and changes with the rising of the storm to an anapestic-iambic-acatalectic metre of seven beats. The author of the following lines has humbly ventured to go one beat better throughout. The apparent licence which permits him to scan "rapturous," "satiated," "gradual," and "livelier," as dissyllables is strictly derived from the original. He dedicates these verses in passionate admiration to the Anglo-French marvel, Mr. THOMAS WILLIAM BURGESS, of Paris, and late of Rotherham, Yorks.]

FORTH from Dover at 7 A.M. at the hour when the milk comes
round for the Castle Mess,
Fared the tug that bore on her prancing poop the joy and
pride of the halfpenny Press;
Gnat was the name of her, late returned from the nightlong
lustre of waves at her luminous prow,
Lit for a beacon and *buffet* to him, the hero of Tenton
extraction that failed, and now,
Fraughted with BURGESS for freight, or freighted with
BURGESS for freight, whichever arrangement you like,
Westward she lurched to the region of Lyddon Spout and
landed the rapturous and radiant Ty...e.
Then like a lioness loosed from the toils on the flat-foot track
of a timorous coolie of Ind,
Bare as a babe he strided out hip-deep to the lust of battle
with wave and wind;
Plunged his billow-proof mask in the main, and adopting a
low side-stroke of exceptional power
Thridded the seas at the rate of two-and-a-half to three full
nautical knots per hour.
Loud from the tug as he sped like a friendly torpedo aimed
at the uttermost fringes of France
Cheers outbroke and the bruit of backers that asked for the
odds, fifteen to eight, on his chance.
Slewed by slithering tides, that played with his strength as
the blizzard plays with a young boy's kite,
Now on the Foreland trail and now in the other direction,
the way to the Isle of Wight,
Ever he struck for the Calais coast with the brine in his
breath and the red hope hot at his heart,
Save when he sipped boiled Bovril or crushed the juice of
the wine-blue grape or a custard tart;
Till the homeward Mail with a starboard list where the
clamour of plaudits clove the air
Spoke from the midmost deeps of her course to say that the
gallant swimmer was half-way there.

Whence came change? Were the powers that govern the
moon that governs the tides that flow and ebb
Jealous that one more name should be added to those of
BYRON, LEANDER, and Captain WEBB?
Can they have kicked at the last link forged in a chain
designed to master a virgin pride,
Knitting adjacent lands in love, as a neighbourly bridegroom
is knit to his next-door bride?
What the original reason I know not; but this at least that
a mortal may know, I know,
How that the winds that had softly blown in his eyes as the
breath, kiss-laden, of love may blow
Rose to the passion and wrath and rapture of half a gale or
possibly even worse,
Thus necessitating a delicate change in the lilt of my semi-
trochaic verse.

For the welter of waves white-winged as the flash and the
flight of a squadron of migrant storks
Flew, flopped, fizzed, fluttered and burst in the face of the
strenuous trier from Rotherham, Yorks,

And the tune of their sibilant surge was the tune of the mel-
lowing ferment of malted hops,
And like to the hiss of a spluttering grill was the spume of
the Channel that seethed with chops.
But livelier if aught could be livelier than he was ere yet the
storm leapt out of the South.
We could hear his foam-bright laughter that gurgled and
mixed with the gurgling foam in his mouth,
And the jest fell light from his lips as he breasted the billow
—"There's plenty for money," he said.
In a phrase that can only die when the heart of England that
beats for her best lies dead.
But a desolate waste yet sundered the sole of his foot from
the haven he fain would be at,
And the sea's wide throat that would never have strained at
a camel had nearly swallowed the *Gnat*.
And at length with gradual reluctance he halted and over the
creaking bulwarks crept
And drank red wine, and rolled in the wallowing trough, and
was sick of the sea and slept.
And the eight-and-three-quarter glad mad hours were over
that won him the record for pace,
Five leagues as the swart crow flies, and an extra couple to
add for the twin tide-race.
But snug in a rug we bore him back from a spot some six
miles short of his goal,
Of the sand-grey dunes of the city whose fame is one with
the fame of her Burgess-roll.
And the dawn of the dusk came down from a wind-swept sky
as we put him on Dover pier,
Insatiate of hope, and big with a sanguine purpose to try it
again next year. O. S.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHAPTER VII.

The White Rabbit is Puzzled.

"REALLY," said the White Rabbit, "I don't know what
we're all coming to nowadays. People do behave in the
most extraordinary way, you know. I can't make out what
they're up to."

He sniffed with indignation, and took a turn or two in his
hutch.

"Look here, *Gamp*," he continued, addressing the Cat,
"you've seen something of the world, and you've had no
end of kittens—"

"And if I have," interrupted the Cat, "what's that to
you? I'm acting on the advice of the President of the
United States. I'm populating the Empire. The future is
with the mothers of the race. And anyhow I haven't got to
ask for *your* opinion. I don't want it, and I'll trouble you
not to make so free with it."

"My dear *Gamp*," said the Rabbit, alarmed at her vehe-
mence, "I'm sure I didn't want to offend you. I simply
adore kittens myself, and I've always said that yours are
quite the prettiest and softest and liveliest I've ever seen.
Personally, I'm dead against buckets of water and all that
nonsense."

Here the Cat broke down and wept.

"You've got a good heart, *Bunbutter*," she said in a voice
choked with emotion. "Forgive this display of feeling.
How can I help you? Tell me, and I'll do my best."

"The fact is," said the Rabbit after a pause, during which
he had surreptitiously wiped his eyes with his fore-feet, "the
fact is, I'm fairly puzzled. You know that tall handsome
girl who's been staying here for a week or so?"

"SYBL?" asked the Cat.

"The same."

"Know her? I should think I did. She's the best hand



HOME RULE (NEW STYLE).

Poet . . . MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM.

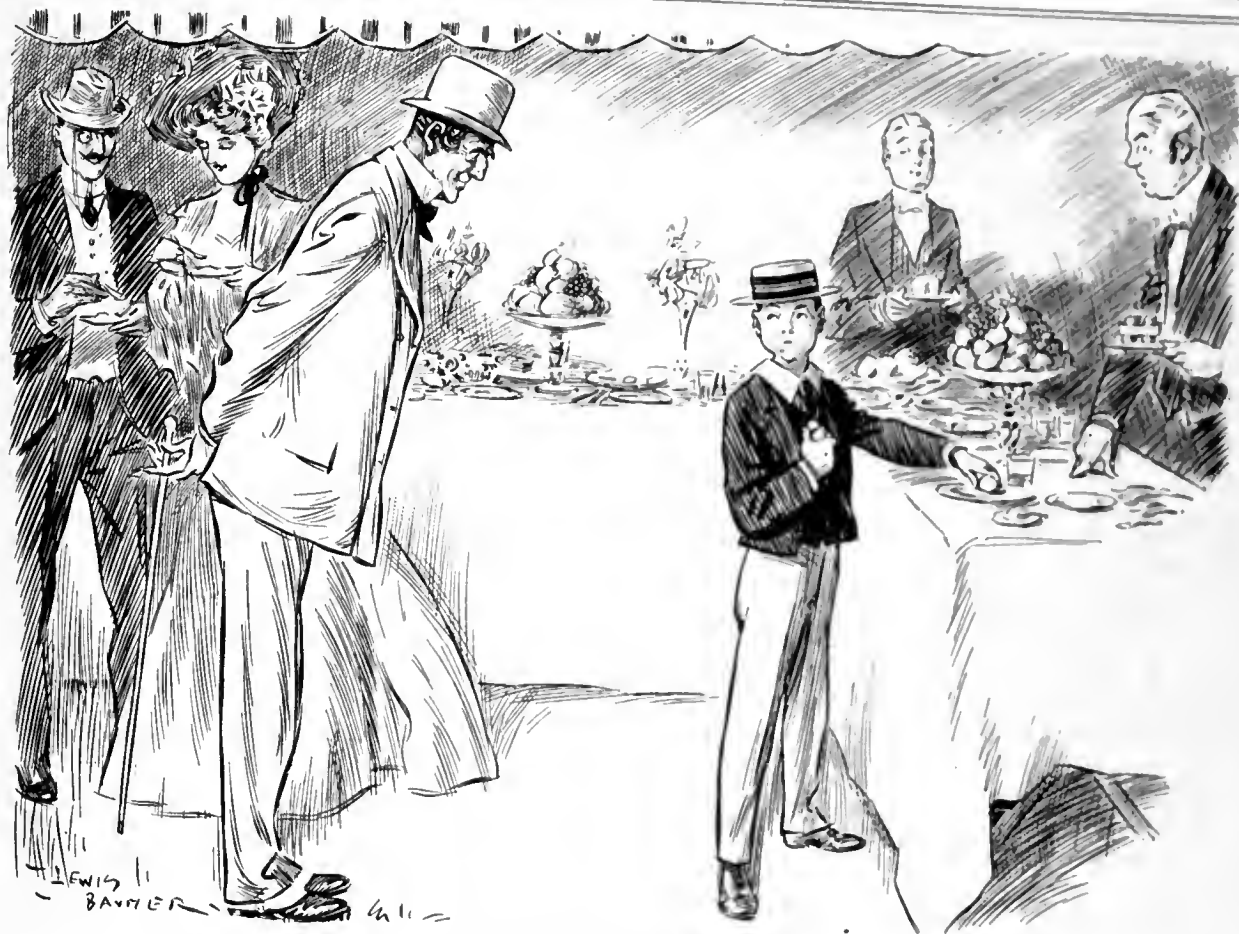
Bird . . . LORD DUNRAVEN.

QUOTH DUNRAVEN, "DEVOLUTION!"
ONLY THAT, AND NOTHING MORE.



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THE EVOLUTION OF BOY.

"Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs." -Locksley Hall.

(Inside a Garden Party Refreshment Tent.)

Visitor (watching schoolboy busy regaling himself with anything within his reach). "WELL, MY BOY, YOU OUGHT TO FEEL VERY LUCKY BEING ALLOWED TO HELP YOURSELF AS YOU LIKE TO ALL THESE GOOD THINGS. IT WAS VERY DIFFERENT WHEN I WAS A BOY. NO SUCH LUXURIES THEN!"

Boy. "I DESSAY SO. BUT THIS IS NOTHING TO WHAT IT WILL BE IN THE NEXT GENERATION."

at scratching a cat behind the ear I ever met. It's simply ripping," and she closed her eyes luxuriously and purred at the mere recollection.

"Well," the Rabbit went on, "she's been about here a good deal lately, paying me visits and throwing bits of cabbage into the hutch—not the outside leaves, but the juicy whitey-yellow inside ones—and I began to take quite a fancy to her. Perhaps, I thought to myself, this is the maiden who is to release me. You know, *Gamp*, I'm not conceited——"

"Ahem," coughed the Cat discreetly.

"What's that you said?" snapped the Rabbit tartly.

"I only coughed," said the Cat. "No, you're not conceited."

"Well, I couldn't help noticing how partial she was to me."

"I hate that word partial," said the Cat. "It's vulgar. Why can't you say that you observed that she had allowed her youthful fancies to linger lovingly on you?"

"That certainly does sound more romantic. I couldn't help noticing, then, that she had let her youthful fancies linger lovingly on me. It wasn't my fault. I didn't try to make her do it, but there it was. This girl, I said to myself, is no fool. She has pierced my melancholy disguise, and has detected the Prince through his white fur coat. Well, I laid

myself out to please her after that, and I thought I'd succeeded. Really, I shouldn't like to tell you half the absurd loving things she said to me the last time she took me up by my ears and carried me about."

"Couldn't you remember one or two of them?" said the Cat.

"No, *Gamp*—or rather, yes I could, but I shall not mention them, because, as you ought to know, no gentleman ever mentions what has passed in confidence between himself and a lady. It is not done in—ahem—good society. However, as I said before, there it was, and things were going on most swimmingly. Well, two nights ago, at about nine o'clock, I heard steps coming this way, and suddenly *Sybil* appeared. She was in a sort of half-dress——"

"Half-dress? What do you mean?" asked the Cat.

"The sort of dress that stops short before it ought to."

"Oh, evening dress, you mean."

"Well, evening dress if you like," said the Rabbit impatiently. "I'm no hand at describing the things women wear. Anyhow, she came along towards the hutch, but she wasn't alone. There was a man with her."

"I bet it was *Gry*," said the Cat. "A biggish young chap with a smooth face and curly hair?"

"That's him," said the Rabbit.

"He," said the Cat. "He, he."

"Don't laugh, *Gamp*: it's too serious. They were talking together very earnestly. 'Tell me all about it,' she said; 'it's all deeply interesting;' and then he set to work and began telling her what he did in the City. 'When I get there in the morning,' he said, 'I open the letters, and if there's anything very important I answer at once or dictate to a short-hand writer.' 'Yes,' she said in a breathless way, as if she was craving for more. 'And then,' he went on, 'I may have a contract to consider. 'How very very interesting,' said she, 'I should like to see you at work some day. Couldn't I help?' I didn't catch what he said in answer, for at that moment they turned the corner and disappeared. But would you believe it, she never gave me a look, far less a word. I never was so disgusted in my life. Well, last night they turned up again at the same time, and they were talking about the same sort of silly stuff. But this time, after they'd turned the corner, they came back, and they weren't talking at all. He had got his arm round her waist, and her head—it's a pretty head—was lying on his shoulder, and every now and then he bent over and —"

"Kissed her, I bet," said the Cat. "My poor old *Bunbutter*, how you have been taken on. Why, they're engaged to be married. It was announced this morning. If you watch I shouldn't wonder if you saw them again to-night, but I don't think they'll be talking about the City, you know."

"They can come as much as they like," said the Rabbit sulkily, "I shan't even look at them. Bah!"

REVIVAL OF NATIVE GRAND OPERA:

MY DRAPER'S OPERA.

ACT TWO.

WE left our hero, it will be remembered, in the hands of the Law, charged on his own confession with stealing a yard of calico. The Second Act reveals the interior of the Court. Chorus of jurymen, who open the Act (here I acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. KIPLING) with:

We used to be butchers and bakers once,
Tinkers and candlestick-makers once,
Soldiers and sailors and tailors once,
And now we are Jury.

Having obtained silence by saying that he will *not* have his Court turned into a theatre, the Judge requests counsel for prosecution to open the case for the Crown.

The case proceeds. Counsel for prosecution calls heroine, and sings song:

My most important witness see;
And glean from her a notion

Of how the sex in times of stress
Is subject to emotion:
Distraught with nervousness and grief,
Her looks suggest the Mœnad.
She watched the movements of the thief,
And that's why she's sub-pœna'd.
This lovely but ill-treated maid
(Salt tears I see you dropping)
Set out one morn in her barouche
To do a little shopping.
Referring quickly to my brief,
I find, as I suspected,
A cambric pocket-handkerchief
Was what the maid selected.

But, as she moved towards the door
(These facts are well attested),
On charge of stealing calico
She found herself arrested.
Of evidence I hold a sheaf,
To prove that, somewhat later,
The villain PLOPP, to her relief,
Confessed himself the traitor.

Counsel for defence says he has no wish to cross-examine, and the jury, without leaving the box, find PLOPP guilty. The Judge sentences him to penal servitude for life, and he is about to be led away, when heroine rises in her place, and, with deep emotion, begins to sing:

Your ludship, ere this gentle youth
Be haled to dungeon cell,
The truth, and nothing but the truth,
The whole truth I will tell.
Ashamed of having sunk so low,
To make amends I'll try:
You ask who stole that calico?
Your ludship, it was I.
[Sensation in Court.]

My dear papa's a millionaire,
And does not stint his child:
What urged me, then, this crime to dare?

Some impulse, sudden, wild.
These little hands were never made
To pick and steal, I know:
Yet from the narrow path I strayed,
And stole that calico.

And oh! there is another thing
Which I must now confess,
With difficulty conquering
My maiden bashfulness:
Though Mrs. GRUNDY might taboo
The action, I don't care;
Sir, Mr. PLOPP, a word with you:
I worship you. So there!

Plopp. Oh, rapture!

[They fly into each other's arms.
The Judge (wiping away a not unmanly tear):

Although this scene, I don't deny,
Provokes the sympathetic sigh,
Yet someone's priggish what isn't his'n,
So someone's got to go to prison.
Which of the two I do not know,
But one or the other has got to go.

Counsel for the Defence:

Yes, so it would appear. But, stay
Your ludship, I perceive a way.

Song.

The laws which govern crimes
Are subtler than men think 'em:
A deal depends in modern times
Upon a party's income,
And much, again, on whether he
Comes of a county family.

A pauper who is bad
Must rue his error dearly;
And every law-infringing cad
We punish most severely.
The Law (except to the elect)
Must needs be harsh to earn respect.

But should a millionaire
Or scion of the peerage
Pursue the same illegal game,
We soften our severe rage:
Crimes somehow do not seem so wrong,
Performed by one whose purse is long.

This lady, as we know,
For she herself has owned it,
Marked down a piece of calico,
And, speaking briefly, "boned" it.
Such acts are rarely known to fail
In leading to a stay in gaol.

But mark, this lovely girl,
Whose charms, I own, bewitch one,
Is only daughter to an Earl,
And (by the way) a rich one.
His Lordship's fortune, so I hear,
Is twenty thousand pounds a year.

Such being her papa
(So runs the law of Britain),
Not theft, but Kleptomania
Must her offence be written.
And thus, it's needless to explain,
She leaves the Court without a stain.

Huge applause in gallery. Judge blesses hero and heroine, and all present adjourn to the nearest church for the wedding. Curtain.

There, Mr. Punch, Sir, you have it. And if the *Draper's Record* is not satisfied now, it ought to be.

I remain, Yours, &c.,
HENRY WILLIAM-JONES.

TAKING THE CAKE.—In an interview in the *Daily Mail* with Captain Voss, who has made a voyage round the world in a dug-out, the gallant mariner says:

"I wished to put into the Cocos Islands in the Indian Ocean, because an old lady in Nelson, New Zealand, had entrusted me with a fruit cake which she had made for her son, who is employed at the cable station in the Cocos. But unfortunately the wind failed, and the currents drifted me out of my course."

The last sentence is of course a mistake. It should run: "But unfortunately the currants failed, and the wind drifted me out of my course."

A CLOSE FINISH.

["A marriage is arranged between Miss DIANA DASHINGTON and Lord BROADACRES." Such announcements should occasionally be followed by the reflections of the unsuccessful lady competitor.]

THE race of the season is over;
I've lost and DIANA has won;
She's feasting on BROADACRES' clover,
And I am right out of the fun.
Though DI was the one to begin it,
She soon found me making the pace;
I thought all along I should win it,
And only backed her for a place.

At Ascot DIANA was leading;
At Henley I spurted ahead;
At Cowes side by side we were speeding;
At Trouville I fancy I led.
Neck to neck we ran, shoulder to
shoulder,
The pace was too killing to last—
(If the weather had only been colder!)—
I flagged, and DIANA shot past.

My heart's not by any means broken;
I hope I'm not wanting in pluck;
A tear or two, low be it spoken,
Then I kissed her and wished her
good luck.

DI won the race fairly as stated;
But when her attractions are reckoned
My own must not be underrated—
I finished a very good second!

MR. BROWN AT BREAKFAST.

II.—ON THE ARMY.

ASTONISHING lot of nonsense the *Daily Wire* prints about military affairs... no, I do *not* waste my time reading it. Any intelligent citizen, MARY, is bound to take an interest in things of this sort. And our Army is rotten, Madam—rotten to the core... What? That reminds you, shall TOMKINS be told to pick the apples? As you please I'm not talking about apples. Just consider these Manœuvres, and the plain common-sense lessons they teach you. First of all, a force lands in England without opposition. There's a pretty state of things!... No, I didn't say they *had* interfered with us—but just think of the disgrace! Not one General, Madam, not one single General capable of defending this unhappy country. And yet it is to support these expensive frauds that I have to pay taxes!... Well, if he calls again, tell him that I will attend to the matter. There's the rent and rates to be seen to first, and goodness knows, with your housekeeping and ETHEL's dress bills—but I was talking about the Army.

Incompetent profligates, that's what the officers are. What sort of life do they lead? Getting up late, playing polo and hunting, eating luxurious dinners, bullying respectable young men and ducking them in horse-ponds



Fair Visitor (to new Curate, who has lamented himself falling over a croquet hoop, "Good-bye, Mr. PERCIVAL, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU UP, AND NEXT TIME I CALL I HOPE TO FIND YOU OUT")

there's a life for you... What do you know about it, Miss ETHEL?... Captain PONSONBY told you? You can tell *him* something then. Tell him that Britons of common-sense—like myself—don't mean to stand the present way of going on much longer. Drastic changes... No, I'm not trying to break the table, MARY... drastic changes are absolutely necessary.

First of all there must be a clean sweep at the War Office. Men of brains and common-sense are wanted there. Then we must organise a great army, to guard the coast all round England. The man who will not serve his time as a militiaman or volunteer is not worthy of the name of Englishman, and the fruit... I told you once about those apples. I do wish you wouldn't interrupt... If they're not picked to-day they'll have to wait for three weeks? Why?

TOMKINS can pick them next time he comes. As I was saying, the militia system must be developed, and—eh? TOMKINS won't be here for three weeks? Got to go into camp for his training? Well, I call it perfectly disgraceful! Here I pay a man high wages to attend to my garden once a week, and then this miserable system takes him away, at the most inconvenient time, to play at soldiers!... If I have time to-night, MARY, I shall write a strongish letter to the *Daily Wire* on the subject.

The War in Little.

Lady (to Gardener). Well, JONAS, have you read about the great battle between the Russians and the Japanese?

Gardener. Yes, Mum, and I'm going to follow suit. I'm going to pot some chrysanthemums.

THE PHILANTHROPIST AND THE CONSTABLE;

OR, SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Philanthropist. Recent events have shown that the police have a totally false view of their duties, and that we are on the eve of great reforms, which I hope personally to do something to assist. You seem to be a very intelligent officer—will you answer a few questions?

Constable. Talk away.

P. Well, what is it you do?

C. Sometimes I'm on point duty.

P. What is that?

C. Controlling the traffic.

P. Ah, yes, I've seen you. You hold up your hand and stop the horses.

C. That's it.

P. Poor things!

C. Who?

P. The horses. Stopped like that by the arbitrary hand of petty officialdom, when they want to be trotting along in their free, happy way. It is the same thing wherever one looks—hard unsympathetic power, repressing and coercing.

C. But I say—

P. And what other duties have you?

C. Why, I keep the peace. If anyone does wrong I arrest him.

P. Arrest him? What, before he has been tried?

C. Well, he can't be tried until he gets to the Court; and it isn't likely he'll go to the Court of his own free will.

P. And yet he is innocent until he is proved guilty. What right have you to submit an innocent man to the indignity of public arrest and a public procession through the streets?

C. I don't know where I am! Suppose someone saw him do it?

P. It doesn't matter. The man is innocent until he's proved guilty.

C. Everyone's guilty of something—if we only knew.

P. Perhaps, but that mustn't be the police view. The world, in the police view, should be peopled by white souls.

C. Well, I give it up. But how is he to be proved guilty if he's not taken to the Court?

P. I'm afraid that I must compromise with you there. He must be taken to the Court, but it must be done with scrupulous delicacy and consideration.

C. Scrupulous what?

P. Scrupulous delicacy and consideration. You should be rather the friend than the enemy. I wish some less formal and repelling uniform could be found for you.

C. It's all right, isn't it?

P. I don't like it. I don't like your boots. They suggest Juggernaut to me.

C. Jigger—?

P. Juggernaut. A huge car that crushes its victims beneath it.

C. I say—

P. I don't like your helmet. It's perhaps the least winning, the least ingratiating type of all English head-gear. Can you make soup in it?

C. I never tried.

P. Do try. If it could be used to make soup in, or beef-tea to administer to your clients on the way to the Police Station, it would be transformed from an emblem of coercion to a utensil of charity.

C. I never thought of that before.

P. And your tunic, with that forbidding belt, and that unsympathetic

P. There, that's better. You're quite catching the spirit. But I fear that chocolate creams are going too far. There is a hint of pampering there. No, let us have an umbrella instead of a truncheon (just as swords were made into ploughshares, you know) to shelter the suspected in the wet.

C. Just as you like.

P. And what are those things in your pocket?

C. These are handcuffs.

P. Handcuffs! Worse and worse. When do you use them?

C. Oh, some of your innocents now and then have to be looked after, to prevent their innocence doing any one harm.

P. No wonder, poor fellows! How would you like to be misunderstood like that?

C. But, look here, don't you think anyone ever did anything?

P. I don't say that, but I think that to know all is to forgive all.

C. Do you mind saying that very slowly?

P. Certainly. To know all is to forgive all.

C. I see what you mean. But isn't that asking a good lot from a constable?

P. There you put your finger on the chief flaw. Our constables are not sufficiently advanced. They are chosen now for their size and muscle. They ought to be chosen for their qualities of head and heart.

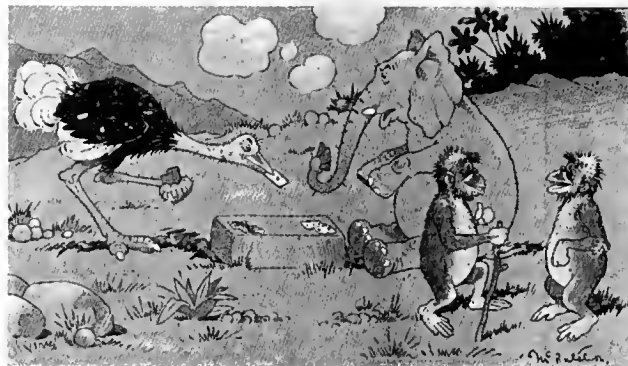
C. And what do you want me to do if I find a burglar in your house?

P. Oh, every inquiry should be made, and he should be given a fresh start in life.

C. Suppose he has murdered you before I get there?

P. It would have been done, I am sure, in a momentary aberration.

C. I'm not so sure. [Exit.



First Monkey. "OSTRICH IS GOING TOO STRONG FOR ELEPHANT. HE SEEMS FULL OF LUCK."

Second Monkey. "YES; I UNDERSTAND HE SWALLOWED FOUR HORSE-SHOES BEFORE THE GAME STARTED!"

band round your sleeve—couldn't we alter that?

C. It's rather admired.

P. Oh yes, by the unsuspected; not by the suspected.

C. Well, why should they admire it?

P. Why should they not?

C. It's not usual, it's not natural.

P. Let us make it usual and natural. My object is to make the policeman the suspected man's courteous friend, the suspected woman's chivalrous protector.

C. Great Scotland Yard!

P. Let me see, what's that thing like a stick?

C. That's my truncheon.

P. Let me feel it. Why, it's hard!

C. Of course; it's for hitting people, when they're obstinate.

P. Hitting! But that won't do. How very retrograde! We must have new ones, made of something soft, in case they were used by accident. They must be emblems of authority, portents of what might happen; they must not be used.

C. Couldn't they be made hollow to hold chocolate creams for the poor lady prisoners?

TO FREE TRADERS AND MATRIMONIAL AGENTS.—Attention is called to a cheap line in matches (four boxes a penny), made in Sweden. The following notice rather strikes one on the box: "These matches are specially prepared so that the ends do not drop off, and the match grows gold immediately after the flame is extinguished." All of course is not gold that splutters; but if matrimonial agents could undertake that the matches they arrange should "grow gold immediately after the flame is extinguished" we should hear less of disillusionment upon the damping of early enthusiasm.



Mother of unprepossessing Youngster. "YES, WE HAD A LOT OF TROUBLE WITH HIM WHEN HE WAS A BABY!"
Visitor. "AND NOW, I'M SURE, THE LITTLE MAN HAS TURNED OUT TO BE A BLESSING IN DISGUISE!"

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE spread of motoring amongst the musical profession was agreeably manifested at the Gloucester Musical Festival which was held with great *clat* last week. The beautiful town of Gloucester was not only gay with bunting but fragrant with petrol, and every species of self-propelled vehicle, from the dwarf jinrickshawette to the motor-caravan, might be seen speeding through the quaint streets of the sleepy old Cathedral town. Perhaps the most general attention was attracted by Sir EDWARD ELGAR's sumptuous 45-h.p. Mors omnibus with enamelled chunking-knobs and sliding bandolier. The interior of the car was beautifully upholstered in limp lamb-skin, and the chauffeur, a stalwart jäger from the Bavarian Highlands, was much admired.

Sir CHARLES STANFORD rode over every day from Malvern on his dainty little Flamingo auto-pram. By a happy thought he had fixed a gramophone attachment to his horn, with the result that as he went along he was able to snort out tasteful selections from the best composers. We cannot but think that this method of combining education

with safety is destined to a great future. Probably the fastest and certainly the most vivacious car at Gloucester last week was Sir HUBERT PARRY's 60-h.p. Frasquita, in which he is reported to have negotiated the road to his country seat at the rate of ninety miles an hour. Last Wednesday, owing to the unclamping of the bonzoline ball bearings, the gusset-wheel became jammed in the divot-spandril, and Sir HUBERT was unable to apply the brake, with the result that his Frasquita burst into a preserve manufactory in College Street, and was literally smothered in plum jam. The occupants of the car were extricated with considerable difficulty, but without any serious casualties, and a salvo of cheers greeted the intrepid composer as he entered the Shire Hall in a sticky but otherwise undefeated condition.

Amongst other tasteful turn-outs we noticed the Dean's 3-cylinder 15-h.p. Sermonette, Miss MURIEL FOSTER's low C-spring Humbirdinck Landalette, Mr. GRANVILLE BANTOCK's Fafner-Bols Carriole, driven by the new rectified "Time-spirit," and Mr. COATES's Plesmon Broschky with corrugated fa-cules.

Amongst the foreign visitors Professor KIRCHMASCHER was conspicuous by the size of his butterfly tie, and the diameter of his sombrero. Professor KIRCHMASCHER, it may be mentioned, is the youngest of ten brothers, none of whom weighs less than nine stone.

A Whimsical Alternative.

From the *Exchange and Mart*, Sept. 2.
"Wanted Harmonium or 12-bore gun."

Sons of Harmony.

"THE following resolution," says the *Northern Echo*, in its report of a meeting of the North-East Council of the Postmen's Federation, "was carried thwinnu matinu hichw shrlu enlwf carried with unanimity." As SHELDON says, in *The Critic*, "When they do agree their unanimity is wonderful."

A CORRESPONDENT complains that being on a bicycle he passed an L.C.C. notice-board which said, THIS ROAD IS CLOSED. Almost immediately afterwards he found that it was really OPEN, and fell into the aperture.



THE RETORT CURTEOUS.

Motorist (cheerfully—to fellow-guest in house party). "WHAT LUCK? KILLED ANYTHING?"
Angler (bitterly). "No. HAVE YOU?"

NEW HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

BY OUR OWN UN-BEETON DOMESTIC ECONOMIST.

I.—How to make several pots of Marmalade out of a few kind words.

TAKE any inexperienced and recently married young woman. Draw her gently and casually into conversation on the subject of preserves. Then drop a few hints, not too many, to the effect that you cannot understand the common aversion to "shop" marmalade. If this appears to produce slight irritation, then force the topic lightly, without causing her to boil over. If she throws in something about "carrots" and "street-sweepings," don't give it time to settle, but keep gently stirring. When all is ready, say quite pleasantly that you yourself prefer the manufactures of Messrs. P—— or K—— to "any household marmalade you ever ate." Then leave the whole to simmer. In a few days she will send you several pots of her own make.

II.—How to get a new hat gratis.

Choose an old and well-worn "topper" and brush with greatest care, so as to

make quite presentable. Then take some stout, short-sighted and well-to-do friend to a cheap concert, carefully selecting seats in a rather dark corner.

At a convenient interval, while you are both standing, slip your hat carefully onto his seat. Then begin telling him an amusing anecdote, and before you reach the point (stilling a burst of laughter as if the thing were too good to tell) sit down suddenly. He will probably do the same.

Having made sure the hat is completely smashed, be careful (i.) to exclaim, and with some heat, at the loss of it; and then (ii.) to recover yourself quickly and say, "Never mind, it is only an old one."

Note.—The above two recipes cannot be used twice on the same person.

III.—How to dine cheaply (with an alternative).

Choose an evening when there is a certain prospect of heavy rain. Then, carefully leaving behind your mackintosh and umbrella, walk some little distance to the house of any not very intimate friends. You should be late for tea (as this will leave an initial impression of

purity of motive on your part, and defective hospitality on theirs), and decline, at all risks, to have it recalled. Make yourself as pleasant as possible for some time, keeping a careful but surreptitious eye on the weather.

As soon as it is pouring heavily, rise and make a demonstration of going. Then look out of the window, and ostentatiously simulating surprise lament that you have no protection against the rain. They will probably press you with apparent heartiness to stay to dinner.

If there is any hesitation about this (but you must give it a few minutes to mature) ask, simply and apologetically, the loan of an umbrella.

They will probably prefer the other alternative. If not, take the best.

THE ASCENT OF ANIMALS.—"House-keeper (middle-aged) wanted, in a farmhouse, for an elderly gentleman, two in family (two cows), must be a good cook."—From the "Taunton Gazette."

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.—"Kent Coast. Home-killed butcher's business; rent £35, &c."—Daily Mail.



EN ROUTE.

EUROPA. "CHANGING YOUR PLANS?"

RUSSIAN BEAR. "NOT AT ALL, MADAM. I ALWAYS UNDERTOOK TO EVACUATE MANCHURIA;
AND THE PROMISES OF RUSSIA ARE SACRED!"



THE ART OF SLEEP.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Telegraph* of Sept. 7, there is shortly to be opened in Paris a school to teach persons how to sleep well and gracefully. A branch establishment will simultaneously be inaugurated in London. Mr. Punch takes leave to make the following extracts from the Prospectus:—

VISITOR.

His Grace the Duke of DEVONSHIRE.

PRINCIPAL.

The Rector of Little Snoring, Norfolk.

HUSHERS.

The HOME SECRETARY (Legal Department).

Mr. MASKELYNE (Hypnotic Course).

Mrs. ADA S. BALLIN (Editor of "Baby").

Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM (Theatrical Lectures).

Sir J. W. SZLUMBER (Sleeping Partnership).

Registered Telegraphic Address:

"Sleep-walker, London."

SUBJECTS OF INSTRUCTION INCLUDED IN THE REGULAR COURSE.

Pyjamas and their Construction.

Behaviour in a Sleeping-car.

How not to Snore through sermons.

The Treatment of Twins during Teething-time.

Nightcaps and other Sleeping-draughts.

Warming-pans, Etiquette of.

Four-posters, how to make with a Pocket-knife.

Sleeping Beauty-culture.

Somnambulism for Ladies, First Steps in.

Appropriate Costume for the same.

Apple-pie Beds, how to lay, enter, and avenge them.

Cold Pig and its application.

Nightmares, their Origin, Development and Classification.

Curtain Lectures for all, with Selected Repartees.

Auto-hypnotism, or Lullabies for the Lonesome.

Sheep-counting and like Soporifics.

Management of Lighted Candle before, and after, Falling Asleep.

Expeditious Modes of Escape from Fire in Bedrooms.

Getting out of Bed the Wrong Side in the Morning, How to Avoid.

Sleeping round the Clock, when Permissible.

The Early Worm, Moral Reflections on.

Pulex irritans, Advice with Regard to. Forms of Protest to Landlady concerning the same.

Park-benches, Use of, in Emergencies.

The Plank-bed, Best Positions on.

The Hammock as an Aid to Flirtation.

Ditto, Simple Way to Fall out of.



Wife. "I HOPE YOU TALKED PLAINLY TO HIM."

Husband. "I DID INDEED. I TOLD HIM HE WAS A FOOL, A PERFECT FOOL!"

Wife (approvingly). "DEAR JOHN! HOW EXACTLY LIKE YOU!"

Object-lessons in illustration of the above Syllabus of Lectures will be given by competent instructors at the Central Sleep-Depôt, but pupils, who may be of any age, size, or sex, will be required to pursue their studies in the new Art at their own private residences, dormitories, Rowton Houses, or opium dens.

IN return for a rise in wages, the messenger boys of Newark (N.J.) have all signed an agreement not to smoke or read sensational novels during working-hours. The authorities were at a loss to know why the lads signed so readily, and it was only discovered afterwards that nothing had been said about watching dog-fights.

Embarras de Richesses.

Mr. Punch had always understood that "the profession" was overcrowded, but had no idea that its case was as bad as the following advertisement from a provincial paper would seem to indicate:

ACTORS and ACTRESSES of Note; 200,000 in Stock: plain, hand-coloured, jewelled and luminous . . .

Of these descriptive epithets, all but the last have an air of genuineness, and No. 1 reveals an astonishing candour; but "luminous" is so doubtful that one is inclined to suspect a hoax.

NEW NAME FOR THE JAPANESE.—The Eikonclasts.

THOUGHT FORCES.

BETTY always says that thoughts are things, and BETTY knows, for she has been to twelve lectures on the subject. MR. HOBBS, the lecturer, says that each thought we think is an electric current or powerful magnetic force which attracts to it everything corresponding to its expression. I tried to explain this to EMILY, my sister-in-law.

"EMILY," I said, "I hear your father's indigestion is no better, and it never will be if he is always concentrating on its imperfections."

She replied that his digestive pills had come.

"My dear EMILY," I cried, "a pill cannot alter the balance of a consciousness. I wish you could attend Mr. HOBBS's lectures. He is such a nice man, with a dimple in his chin." I was glad EMILY did not seem to care for further explanations, as MR. HOBBS, though very interesting, is often a little confusing.

BETTY's letters, too, on the subject of Mental Science are often very puzzling. She writes:—

"DEAR MEG,—You say you sometimes find your thoughts are growing beyond your control. Remember what MR. HOBBS said in his last lecture, that to acknowledge an unreality was a sure way of making it a reality. I have been thinking a good deal about what you said concerning your thought-currents. They are too strong if they oblige you to hold on to the furniture or catch at the arm of your nearest neighbour. I should say the desire for physical support shows great want of mental ballast and too much thought-expansion. It would be well to *poise on a contraction*. Think of the cause of the expansion, if there be one, as half its original size. Your affectionate BETTY.

"P.S.—If you have your copy of *What are your Atoms?* I think you will find Chapter II. very helpful—'How to balance on nothing.'"

It took me a long time to understand the meaning of poising on a contraction, but it came to me when I was staying with my mother-in-law, for when I am with her my consciousness expands with nervous irritation like a sponge which is filled with water. As she is only five feet one, it was difficult to poise on a contraction by thinking of her as half her original size, but I persevered and was rewarded by my thought-currents settling comfortably down round my mother-in-law.

Towards the end of our visit she was taken ill. "Lady WORLEY is suffering from mental strain and nervous contraction," I heard Dr. TYMS say to my father-

in-law. His words made me so uncomfortable that I wrote at once to BETTY.

This was her reply:—

"DEAR MEG,—You want to know if it is possible to reduce the human body by poisoning on a contraction. It can be done. MR. HOBBS told me he took four stone off his mother, her original weight being seventeen, simply by applying the law of contraction. I don't quite know how you begin, and I have no books with me, so cannot attempt an explanation.

"It would be the making of your sisters-in-law to attend a five-guinea course of lectures MR. HOBBS is giving on 'How to vibrate at a moment's notice.'

"If they were to join, you need not have them to stay; an early morning train would get them up in heaps of time."

This letter gave me very little real assistance.

"The dreadful part is," I replied, "that I cannot get off the poise however much I try. I still see my mother-in-law in the form of a contraction and as she ought not to be—half her original size."

Two mornings after our return home I sought the assistance of MR. HOBBS. His wife was present, and this I found rather embarrassing.

MR. HOBBS, too, kept smiling all over his broad, red face when I was talking, which was very disconcerting, but when I told him that I was afraid my mother-in-law's illness was entirely my fault he looked delightfully sympathetic.

"If only I hadn't poised on a contraction it wouldn't have mattered so much, would it?" I said. "Or do you think everything matters, and she will shrink away to nothing, if I keep on seeing her like that, and how am I to prevent myself from doing so?"

MRS. HOBBS remarked it was a providential coincidence they hadn't sailed for New York last week, as they had intended doing.

"Look here, dear," said MR. HOBBS, "there's no good mincing matters. I guess you'd be happier to know the truth, which is the mainspring of this universe. I reckon you've been having a dip into my little book," he continued, laying his hand on a copy of *What are your Atoms?*

I nodded.

"Just so," he returned, "and by misapplying its directions you've got your mother-in-law revolving round such a small circle, so to speak, that it will take MRS. HOBBS and myself a very considerable time to get your relation fixed up to the right rate of vibration."

I looked at him aghast.

"A very considerable time," MR. HOBBS repeated. "No one can continually

imbibe a powerful suggestion without feeling its effects."

MRS. HOBBS was more encouraging.

"I don't say as how you haven't got things in a jumble," she said, "by pushing the old lady out of her course, and that it won't take time and money to get her back again, but there isn't any reason why she shouldn't be brought safe round to her original starting-point by me and MR. HOBBS. Why, it's just lovely to help them who can't help themselves, and it makes us just wild to be obliged to charge a small fee for so doing."

"I should think," I said, "that helping people to manage their thought powers must make you very busy, as they seem so dangerous."

"It's this way, dear," returned MR. HOBBS. "We begin here," and he pointed to the middle of his bald head, "and we end here," and he glanced down at his boots.

"It's real lovely," interposed MRS. HOBBS, "to hear them talk, and it's real lovely to help them to understand what does belong to them, that they've each got a great big consciousness that will vibrate and respond to any mood they like to suggest."

"Your consciousness is in such a sensitive condition," said MR. HOBBS, "that the thoughts it throws off are charged with a perfect battery of electric force. If it weren't so do you think your mother-in-law would have lost power at such a rate?"

"Why don't you warn people?" I groaned; "how was I to know that by trying to reduce my thought expansion by thinking of the object of its expansion in the form of a contraction, I should hurt it physically—no, her, I mean, or is it it?" I looked helplessly at MR. HOBBS.

He smiled encouragingly.

"Seems to me what you want is to have things put before you clear and simple," he said. "Why not take one or two preliminary lessons from me or MRS. HOBBS? Single lessons one guinea, five guineas for the course of six."

"I'd just love to have you coming around of a morning," said that lady, "and we'd have a real cosy talk, beginning with how to know your atoms, and working up gradual till you felt free and friendly with all your own, and any other thought currents around."

As it appeared that the fees were payable in advance, I thought I would put MR. HOBBS's system to a fresh test, and poise on a contraction, in the hope of seeing them at half-price. The failure of this test made me so suspicious of the whole methods that I left without paying, and must now reluctantly leave the restoration of my mother-in-law in the hands of Providence.



"THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH FOR THE STAR."

Mistress. "AND YOU DARE TO TELL ME, BELINDA, THAT YOU HAVE ACTUALLY ANSWERED A THEATRICAL ADVERTISEMENT? HOW COULD YOU BE SUCH A WICKED GIRL?"
 Belinda (whimpering). "WELL, MUM, — OTHER YOUNG LADIES — GOW ON THE — STAGE — WHY SHOULDN'T I GOW?"

RAILWAY REFRESHMENTS;

OR, NONE BUT THE BRAVE CAN
STAND THE FARE.

A CONFERENCE of Railway Refreshments was recently held at the Crystal Palace, and was attended by a large number of delegates who fairly represented a wide-spread community.

A VETERAN HAM SANDWICH

from Stafford, unanimously voted into the chair by reason of seniority, said he was proud to occupy this position, as he had seen many years' service, and although he was now doing duty as a foundation sandwich at the bottom of a pile, he had no reason to doubt that he had still a long and useful career before him, and might some day even reach the top again. He went on to say that the meeting was convened to discuss the important question, How is the travelling public to obtain reasonably decent refreshments at fair prices and at seasonable times? He would now invite the delegates to give their views, and would ask them not all to speak at once.

A BATH BUN

from Rugby, who said he was very tired, having been on night duty for three weeks, remarked that he thought the public were themselves to blame, and he would suggest a severe boycott on their part. He ventured to guarantee that such a course would soon induce a better state of things.

A MEAT PIE

from Norwich, looking rather battered, said he did not agree with that; the public was caught in a trap as it were. They struggled manfully against imposition. He himself had been refused three times during the last week by as many commercial travellers, but even they had been compelled by hunger to eat something at last—a sawdust biscuit. No, he thought that the better feelings of the Railway Companies should be appealed to. Here a general chorus broke in to the effect that Railway Companies had no better feelings; during which the Meat Pie sat down.

A BANBURY CAKE

on decoy duty at Liverpool Street, apologised for his youth, being only just turned a week old, and suggested that a little wholesome competition would be

useful. This juvenile, however, was called to order by the Chairman, who said that the time of the meeting could not be wasted by talking of impossibilities. Whereupon a

LUNCHEON BASKET

from Euston rose. After stating that he had travelled a great deal, he said that he had noticed that wherever the catering at the various stations was let out to private

out of his quality and laid him open to criminal charges he thought it time to open his mouth.

A GLASS OF BITTER

endorsed the last speaker's remarks, and said he was sorry to say that he also was sniffed and sneered at on account of his size.

AN ATTENUATED SAUSAGE,

looking rather lonely on his plate, notwithstanding a brave garnish of parsley, announced that he had heard several ungentlemanly remarks as to the apathy and indifference of the young ladies who ornamented the official side of the counters. He hoped, he sincerely hoped, that these were as a rule uncalled for. He himself was sufficiently well bred (*laughter*) not to make any comment, but he might say the matter required looking to.

A CUP OF BOVRIL

(Warrington), who looked very pale, and was so weak that he could scarcely stand, said with some difficulty that he must protest. He vowed that all the "countesses" with whom he had the honour to have dealings were most obliging; he could say of his own knowledge that, when a passenger required a cup of Bovril, they would immediately put the kettle on to boil, and serve him if possible in twenty minutes. He would mention that

A CUP OF TEA,

who was to have accompanied him, would have endorsed his remarks had he not been so strong that he stopped on the way to give some navvies a good tannin'.

A SEGMENT OF PORK PIE,

who had been travelling all night from Bristol, and looked

rather dishevelled in consequence, proposed, and a venerable grey-bearded SARDINE (Preston) seconded, that a report of this meeting be forwarded to the Railway Companies of the kingdom.

The resolution was carried unanimously, and a vote of thanks accorded to the Chairman, who, in dismissing the several delegates to their homes, impressed upon them the importance of conducting themselves soberly and staidly as befitting their age, and exhorted them to keep their freshness of appearance as long as possible.



Historian. "BOY, IS THIS THE FIELD UPON WHICH THE GREAT BATTLE WAS FOUGHT?"

Native Boy. "NO, ZUR, THAT BE IT AT THE TOP OF THAT HILL."

Historian. "DEAR, DEAR! THAT HILL MUST BE QUITE A MILE AWAY!"
(*Playfully*) "WHY EVER DIDN'T THEY FIGHT IT IN THIS FIELD?"

Boy. "I ZUPPOSE BECAUSE THIS HERE YIELD BELONGS TO VARMER JONSON. HE NEVER WILL LEND HIS FIELDS FOR ANYTHING, NOT EVEN FOR T' VILLAGE SPORTS!"

local concerns the refreshments were vastly superior to those provided by the Railway Companies, and he therefore suggested that the catering should be universally put out to tender.

He was followed by someone in the bottom of a tumbler who said he was
"SCOTCH."

This speaker declared that he had to suffer a great deal of contumely and abuse; in fact had actually been accused of poisoning people. It was bad enough to be scorned on account of meagre dimensions, but when the Companies sought to make unwarrantable profit

WAS OMAR KHAYYÁM A GOLFER?

[Space does not permit the publication of more than a selection from our Correspondent's lengthy letter.]

Mr. PUNCH,

Sir,—I was astounded at an article in a recent issue of your organ, evidently from the pen of a Scotsman, claiming OMAR KHAYYÁM as a devotee of golf.

Sir! O. K. was a cricketer, a professional who probably began his career as a groundsman. It would be his duty to erect the marquees, hence he is known as "OMAR the Tent-Maker."

It was contended even then that the distinction between amateur and professional was invidious; he

"Heard great argument About it, and about; but evermore Came out by the same door as I went."

Then, too, existed the slogger and the stonewaller. "Let Rustum lay about him as he will," is a distinct reference to the JESSOP of his time. As he philosophically observes, you can but get a blob at the worst:

"Thou shalt be nothing—Thou shalt not be less."

His mention of the potterer "thumping the wet clay" is a succinct allusion to the old Scotton type of player patting the worn patches on a sticky wicket while "time is slipping underneath our feet."

Your contributor cites for his golf argument the celebrated stanza beginning, "The ball no question makes —"

There could be no more convincing evidence of the blindness that comes of preconceived opinion. As well might one attempt to deduce from it OMAR's participation in football under the Rugby code. "The ball no question makes of Eyes and Nose," might indeed, on a cursory observation, seem to point to this conclusion.

But the real key to the quatrain is found when one looks at it as a record of OMAR's having been given "run out," much to his dissatisfaction.

"The ball no question makes of Ayes or Noes." Either OMAR or his partner had called "Yes" while the other had said "No."

The last line is said to be "a very mysterious line." It is only so in conjunction with the third line: "he that threw thee down into the field." If this be corrected to "he that threw thee out from the longfield," then "he

knows about it all, he knows, he knows!" becomes simply the expression of OMAR's opinion that, although he was given out, the fieldsman who, presumably, appealed must have known that OMAR was a yard past the wickets when the ball hit them.

OMAR's "benefit" would appear to have not been a success; he speaks of having "sold my reputation for a song." The last quatrain of the Rubaiyát alludes to his final innings in which he unfortunately failed. It would seem that the



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

The Ram (stentorously, just as Brown has missed a two-pounder at least). "Bau!"

match was played on the home ground, as he alludes to the visiting team ("The Guests") as being "scattered on the grass," no doubt while waiting for the next batsman. His score of one, probably one of a series of small scores, makes him conscious of failing powers, and he thus addresses one of the younger members of the team:

And then thyself with shining foot shalt pass
Among the guests star-scattered on the grass,
And in thy joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made one.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
SEEBEE PHIL.

HOW THEY GOT THERE.

[According to a correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*, SIR WILLIAM GRANTHAM attributes his elevation to the Bench to an amusing misunderstanding. It appears that the late QUEEN heard only the first part of the remark made by a high authority, who described Sir WILLIAM as "a good judge of a horse."]

DURING one of Mr. BALFOUR's visits to Windsor, the conversation turned on the beauty of our English cathedrals, and one of the company, referring to York, but chancing to point at that moment to Mr. BALFOUR, observed, "That's a prime minster." Her late MAJESTY, who had followed the speaker's gesture, seemed much impressed. The sequel we all know.

"My appointment as Poet Laureate," said Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, "was, I believe, entirely due to my early addiction to musical comedy. I had the benefit of close association with the Great VANCE, and he was good enough to say that I was 'the greatest singer of a comic song of any amateur he knew.' Some years afterwards, when the post of Poet Laureate was vacant, LORD SALISBURY made inquiries and the remark of VANCE was repeated to him. He only heard, however, the first three words, and supposed that I was described as a poet. That, I believe, is how I qualified for the annual butt of sherry."

LORD ROSEBERY's selection to succeed Mr. GLADSTONE as Leader of the Liberal Party is generally ascribed to the recommendation of his predecessor, but the details of the decision have never been made public before. It now transpires that Mr. GLADSTONE, alluding to the literary gifts of LORD ROSEBERY, once observed, "What a splendid leader writer he would make."

The remark was overheard by several influential members of the Party, who, however, failed to catch the fifth word in the sentence we have quoted, with results which are already ancient history.

Latest concerning the War.

WHAT is the difference between an English soldier and a Russian soldier? One is TOMMY ATKINS and the other KUROP-ATKIN'S.

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS' NEW ADDRESS:—Tooting Beck.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"HERE'S another Guy"—which his surname be BOOTHBY, novelist, who, in his latest work entitled *A Bride from the Sea* (JOHN LONG), gives us a tale of romantic adventure such as, it may be hoped, will be ever dear to the heart, and welcome to the intelligence, of the readily appreciative Baron. Is it a book for youth? Then is the Baron young enough to welcome it. Is it a book for boys? Let it be so; *maxima debetur pueris*, and, *pro hac vice*, the boyish Baron is all agog for the very best incidents of adventure and "deeds

of derring do." The older the boy the greater the treat, and the more fervently does he cherish his juvenescence. Here we have another "story of *Elizabeth*." But this *Elizabeth*, the charming heroine of GUY BOOTHBY'S tale, is a young, beautiful and fascinating Spanish maiden of noble family, wrecked, and left for dead upon the horrid rocks of a wild Devonian coast. She is christened *Elizabeth*, *faute de mieux*, in honour of the Bounding British Bess, who happened to be the occupant of the English throne when this lovely waif was cast upon the shores of our hospitable island. Fortunately this fair flotsam of Spanish extraction is found, all alive O, by *Master Gilbert Peniston*, son and heir of *Sir Matthew Peniston*, knight, lord of this particularly rocky manor. *Sir Gilbert*, in his very youthful days, had been a gallant at the court of Bluff King HAL, whence, having a curious instinct as to self-preservation, he had fled, while yet his head remained to him, in order to settle down quietly as a fine old country gentleman, with a considerable estate and a devoted tenantry. How this excellent old knight's son, *Master Gilbert*, falls in love with the Spanish waif; how the Spanish waif, about to become his wife, is rudely snatched from him; how he pursues the captors and the captured, and what comes of the pursuit,—all this, and more, in wholesale and detail, forms the plot of as varied a series of stirring adventures as any peaceful lover of genuine melodrama could possibly desire. Of course the narrative is given in the language of the Elizabethan gadzooks period, which has more or less to be adapted to the ease and comfort of a twentieth-century rapid reader. But, all due allowance having been made, the Baron feels sure that in recommending this story to the not too fastidious in literary matters, and generally to those who seek in a novel relaxation and recreation, he will earn the gratitude of the majority. It is not DUMAS, neither is it SCOTT, of the past, nor is it GILBERT PARKER, nor QUILLER-COUCH, nor ANTHONY HOPE of the present; nor is it GUY BOOTHBY at his best; but it is very nearly one of his best, and it may suffice for some hours' interest and amusement during the hard-worker's well-earned vacation.

The Last Hope (SMITH, ELDER) is the last work of HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, who, before Death came all too early, enriched literature with some notable novels. In his final effort he has done what a succession of sixty-six Kings of France failed to accomplish. He has created a Bourbon chivalrous, brave, unselfish, almost honest. The plot of the story is worked out with all Mr. MERRIMAN'S ingenuity, patience and skill. The scene is laid chiefly in Paris on the eve of the *coup d'état*. Here and there we get a glimpse of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and of his methods of underhand work. Mr. MERRIMAN, improving on more prosaic history, imagines that the little son of LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH escaped from the Temple after the guillotining of his parents, was conveyed to England, settled down in an obscure Suffolk hamlet, married into village life, and had a son—the Last Hope of Royalist France. How he was discovered by a legitimist Marquis, and how he re-visited France, instantly capturing the allegiance

of the Royalists, is told in some stirring chapters. Kidnapped by order of the PRINCE PRESIDENT, his escape from the French fishing lugger is one of the best told episodes my Baronite remembers in modern fiction. The adventures of *Loo Barebone* are embroidered with a double-edged love story, touching in its progress, tragic in its end.

With *Kenilworth* on his bookshelves, he is a bold man who would sit down to write a novel whose plot centres round QUEEN ELIZABETH and LEICESTER. SIR GILBERT PARKER, as becomes the Member for Gravesend, is a bold man, and is undefeated. In *A Ladder of Swords* (HEINEMANN) he brings both QUEEN and lover on the stage. My Baronite does not particularly care about LEICESTER, who is a little brown-papery. ELIZABETH is excellent. SIR GILBERT'S realisation of the historic character in her imperiousness, her vanity, her ugliness, her jealousy, her woman's heart beating true under manly mien, is satisfying. The opening of the eleventh chapter presents a masterly picture of the QUEEN that needs not shrink from comparison with the work of the great Master. Another excellent characterisation is that of the *Seigneur of Rozel*, a rugged, coarse-mannered, right-hearted Jersey man, who bears the proud title of Butler to the QUEEN, and under picturesque circumstances does his liege lady service. The book is a new departure for the author of *The Right of Way* and a dozen other popular novels. Here and there one fancies it was the work of earlier youth. Like good wine, it is none the worse for being kept to the last.

It surely must have occurred to the late Mr. JAMES MACLAREN COBBAN that he would have a fair chance of adding to his success as a novelist by taking up the Tommy Atkins line in dialogue, and so far enlisting under the Kipling flag. Inspired, probably, by this idea, he wrote *A Soldier and a Gentleman* (JOHN LONG), which is a story of adventures rather roughly sketched than described with anything like artistic finish. The root of the plot is the close resemblance in features of two individuals, utter strangers to one another. The simple-minded reader may probably observe that such a notion is neither absolutely new nor strikingly original, and he may remember certain popular stories and successful dramas dealing with a similar complication. In such romances and melodramas it is not unusual for the hero, who is a victim of circumstances over which he has no control, to lose his heart to the very lady with whom, of all others in the world, he ought not to fall in love. "Do you follow me, WATSON?" inquires the Baron in *Sherlock Holmes*-like fashion. Whereupon WATSON, representing the unsophisticated novel-reader, answers, "Ay!" Quoth the Baron, "That being the case, you know beforehand what you have to expect. So take and read this story, if you will. Yet, blame not the Baron, should—" But here comes a break, and the Baron departs for a drive.

EXCEPTIONAL FRANKNESS.—Notices have been posted in certain carriages on the Mersey Railway:—"Spaces are now available for transparent advertisements."

FROM A PUBLIC LIBRARY'S SUGGESTION BOOK.—"Please will you take the paper called the lady."





IN ANOTHER CAPACITY.

Lady Violet. "AND WHERE DO YOU GO WHEN YOU LEAVE HERE, PROFESSOR?"

The Professor. "I'M GOING TO JOIN A SHOOTING PARTY IN NORFOLK."

Lady V. "INDEED! I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE A SPORTSMAN!"

The Professor. "OH, I'M NOT A GUN, LADY VIOLET; I'M A KNIFE AND FORK!"

GILDED HUMOUR.

("You find the laughter: we'll do the rest."
Chorus of Millionaires.)

[In Montreal the Primate's party, including the American millionaire (Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN), visited a horticultural exhibition held in the Windsor Hall of that city, and in course of the inspection of exhibits the following dialogue was overheard and reported:

"Fine melon that," he (Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN) remarked, pointing to a remarkably large musk melon at hand. "Very fine melon. Ate a melon for breakfast this morning."

"Surely not a whole melon, Mr. MORGAN?" remarked Mrs. DAVIDSON with surprise.

"Oh, not the outside," replied the millionaire roguishly, "but I do eat one every morning."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

LATER in the day, Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, whose wit seems to be as inexhaustible as his resources, delivered himself of another delicious sally. The party, on its return to the ears, was regaled with tea. As the hissing urn was placed upon the table by a smiling coloured gentleman, Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN remarked, "What a life of contrasts we lead! Boiling water with our tea, iced

water with our lunch." No words could convey the extraordinarily *recherché* *diablerie* with which his eye glittered as he uttered this memorable *mot*.

As Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE and a party of friends were being shown over Bourneville, Mr. CADBURY's private New Republic in the environs of Birmingham, the genial literary knight was struck by the fact that their cicerone was the only member of the party who carried no walking-stick. In reply to an observation concerning this solecism, Mr. CADBURY replied with a look of infinite drollery, "I prefer a stick of chocolate."

During a recent visit paid to Skibo Castle by Archdeacon SINCLAIR, while the dignitary and millionaire were promenading the grounds, the former drew his host's attention to an elegant building near the ramparts and asked what it was. "That," replied the plutocrat, "is my new Roman Bath," adding, with a *monde* of adorable archness, "I take a bath every morning."

When the Rev. JOHN WATSON—"LAX MACLAREN"—was touring in the States

he lunched with Mr. ROCKEFELLER at his sumptuous residence in New York. Observing that his host was engaged in personally preparing the salad, "LAX MACLAREN" asked, "Have you any special recipe of your own?" The impassive face of the great millionaire relaxed for a moment, and with an *espègle* perfectly overwhelming in its rich and unctuous intensity, he replied, "You may be sure that I won't spare the oil." It is stated that Bishop POTTER, of New York, who was also present, broke into such uncontrolled convulsions of laughter that he has never been quite the same man since.

When the Rev. JOHN PAGE HOPPS last crossed the Atlantic, he made a point of breakfasting with Mr. JOHN WANAMAKER. The genial magnate pressed his guest to take a second boiled egg, and, when he declined, observed, "Oh, you needn't be afraid of it. I never poach my eggs." The sauciness which Mr. WANAMAKER threw into this marvellously witty impromptu is said to have been quite bewitching.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SALT OF THE SEA.

I.—“MERELY MARY ANN.”

THE instant success of Miss ELEANOR ROBSON must have been a severe shock to many enterprising managements. Not a drum had been heard, not a warning boom; no flaming poster had screamed from the hoarding, no preliminary portrait from the front page of the illustrated weeklies; no unctuous interviewer had been invited to come and report on *How I created the title-rôle in “Merely Mary Ann.”* Her previous triumphs in America may have given her a certain quiet confidence; but, for the rest, she had the modest courage to dispense, of her own choice, with the stage-thunder of rolling logs, and leave the judgment of her merits to the uninstructed intelligence of the house.

Those who assumed that the part of *Mary Ann* would be interpreted in the manner of Miss LOUIE FREEAR were doomed to disillusion. From her first entrance Miss ROBSON showed the nicest sense of artistic restraint. Here and there in the play were hints of low comedy, but in these she had no share. Her humour and, more important still, her pathos were never underlined. And so easily did she, in the tedious slang of the profession, “get her personality over the footlights,” that the audience, immediately in touch with her moods, escaped the hysterical misunderstandings which occurred in *O, Susannah!* and did not laugh lustily at passages which were designed to make them weep. This is no reflection on Miss FREEAR's methods; it is rather a tribute to Miss ROBSON's reserve, and also to the absence in Mr. ZANGWILL's work—at least in as far as this character and the first three Acts are concerned—of loud extremes.

Possibly Miss ROBSON's own genius, helped by familiarity with her rôle, made her task appear simpler than it was. Certainly on the first night the part assigned to Mr. AINLEY as *Lancelot*, the long-haired unappreciated composer, seemed vastly more difficult. Following upon the episodic performances of Mr. WILLIS, as the gay-hearted Irish journalist, and of Mr. MANSFIELD, as his fellow-lodger, a drunken medical student (it would seem that inebriation is just now in the dramatic air like the *Musketeers* and *Nell Gwynnes* of a few seasons ago), and strongly contrasted with the *bonhomie* and shallowness of *Peter* (Mr. GEORGE DU MAURIER), the exalted attitude, the romantic appearance, and the rather throaty enunciation of Mr. AINLEY appeared at first to belong to another and somewhat stagey order of things. In the character of *Lancelot*, a type with which but few of the audience could have been conversant in private life, there were many elements of antipathy that required to be lived down. There was his egoism, his affected pedantry, his superior aloofness, his divine and irritating discontent, and the damning fact that he was partially made in Germany and had a superb contempt for British tunes and British standards. But Mr. AINLEY set himself with a brave and very handsome face to conquer these disabilities and, at the same time, to overcome a natural prejudice on the part of the audience for seeing him in mediæval or other fancy costume.

His earnestness for his art found an admirable foil in the easy cynicism of his old fellow-student *Peter*, who had declined upon commerce in tea, and retained, of all his early musical promise, only the knack of making popular songs for drawing-room consumption. The spasmodic earnestness of *Lancelot's* passion, which ranked third in importance to his love of himself and of his art, had also its foil in the unselfish devotion of the girl, whose bitterest pang at parting was the thought of his loneliness.

I could have wished, by the way, that her *cri du cœur* at the ending of the Third Act had not been addressed to a canary in a cage. I willingly recognise the dramatic uses of a bird like that, regarded as a minor dramatic property. It affords an excuse, and a target, for soliloquy; it delights an audience

by the almost human intelligence with which it takes up its cue and warbles in the very nick of time; and it is always a strong domestic “note.” Yet it has its moments of detachment; and during one of these it makes a poor recipient of the larger kinds of confidence. I confess that I liked better the far less obvious pathos that preceded, and was lost in, this outburst of grief. As a last favour the girl had asked her lover to play to her the popular “Goodbye” song, whose banality, always nauseous to him, had become intolerable by much whistling. For once he allows his art to give way to love and pity, and sits down to play the detested air with a gentleness that only just conquers the physical revolt, while the girl listens in rapt adoration. In a play remarkable for its freshness this was the best-inspired touch of all.

Mr. DU MAURIER was admirably himself in his worldly and more prosaic phases; but when he was overtaken by romantic memories of his ambitious student-days I did not find that he conveyed any very penetrating suggestion of the musical atmosphere of Leipzig. Miss DWYER's lodging-house-keeper was a character-study above the common; and I hope that Miss MAUD WYNTER, who played the exiguous part of one of the *Sisters Trippet* with much vivacity and discernment, will soon have a better opportunity of proving her talent.

For three-quarters of its length the play deserves to be rechristened *Merum Sal*. But in the Fourth Act we are introduced to a fresh set of characters in a new world of stage-convention. Here *Mary Ann*, having sustained a windfall of half-a-million sterling, has turned into *Marian*, and lives expensively in a Moated *ange*. In the drawing-rooms of real life, as I understand, the after-dinner interval is seldom notable, as with the ruder sex, for its coruscations of wit; and the conversation at Mead Manor Hall is not much better for its improbability. Even Miss ROBSON can hardly cope with her change of *milieu*, and has become merely charming in the manner formerly established by Miss MAUD MILLETT. I can only suppose that Mr. ZANGWILL, the novelist of invention, had been writing so far to please his fastidious self, and that in the Fourth Act he is making contemptuous concessions to what was expected of him as a playwright. In any case, the existence of this *Finale*, like the existence of certain members of our peerage, is only to be tolerated on the strength of its antecedents. But they are easily strong enough to assure the deserved success of the play; and indeed I almost cherish the hope that our Actor-Managers, in observing yet another triumph secured by a profession which from time to time devotes its hours of relaxation to the by-play of stagecraft, may be induced to revise their estimate of literature as the “*Merely Mary Ann*” of Dramatic Art. Anyhow, we may congratulate the poor drudging handmaid on coming in for a fortune.

II.—“THE TEMPEST.”

Though I have no less an authority than the Dramatic Critic of a great Evening Paper for the view that “in no play bequeathed us by the Bard of Avon are the dramatic possibilities so great as in *The Tempest*,” I must still believe that SHAKESPEARE (for he it is to whom reference is made under this fresh and picturesque designation) produced better stuff in his time, and that the performance at His Majesty's will do smaller things for the poet's reputation than for that of his generous patron. The *Tempest* proper began at 8.35, and was over by about 8.40; after which a long silent pause ensued while the sea was being made into dry land. In several other cases the intervals required for spectacle-shifting were filled in with dialogue from the original text; and it is just possible that the actors, struggling bravely against the hurtling of carpentry and the importunity of the incidental music, were vaguely conscious of their mission as stop-gaps, or, at best, as a foreground to something of more value than themselves.



TOUCHED ON THE RAW-MATERIAL.

JONATHAN. "HELLO! STARTIN' OUT TO GROW COTTON, IS HE? GUESS I MUST HAVE 'CORNERED' HIM ONCE TOO OFTEN!"

[The recurrent shortage in the American cotton crops and the forcing-up of prices by American speculators have produced so serious a depression among Lancashire manufacturers and operatives that steps have been taken to secure a Royal Charter for an Association formed to extend and promote the cultivation of cotton in our Colonies and Protectorates.]



SCENE—Tenants' Ball.

Lady Patricia. "I MUST REST A LITTLE. I FEEL SO TIRED. I'M GETTING QUITE DANCED OUT."
Giles Junior (gallantly). "OH, NOT DARNED STOIC, M'LADY. ONLY PLEASANTLY SO!"

This may explain why Mr. HAVILAND, in the part of *Prospero*, was not seen at his best, and Mr. BASIL GILL, as *Ferdinand*, showed little of the charm that so distinguished him in *The Darling of the Gods*. It seemed indeed that the Drama, wearing an unwonted modesty, was, for once, the willing servant of another art, in which MESSRS. TELBIN, MCCLEARY, DOUGLAS and HEMSLEY more than vindicated the compliments showered upon their craft at the recent dinner given to the fraternity of scene-painters. Mr. DOUGLAS'S "A BARRER WASTE" was an exceptionally delicate harmony of subdued colours.

When one has paid due acknowledgments to the graceful *Miranda* of Miss NORAH KERIN, the vinous humours of Mr. CALVERT'S *Stephano*, the facile garrulity of *Gonzalo* (Mr. FISHER WHITE), the delightful antics of a most precocious *Cupid* (unnamed in the cast) and the charm and sweet singing of Miss VIOLA TREE as the longest and lithest *Ariel* on record, it remains to say that the one memorable feature of the play was "merely" *Caliban*. Even so, I think that Mr. TREE might have been yet more effective if his energies had been confined to dumb show and not dissipated over a deal of excellent blank verse far beyond the mental range of this half-witted monster.

Finally, I must urge all loyal friends of Mr. *Punch* to walk up and see the animated Pre-historic Peep-show in *Prospero's Cave*, if only to remark the poet's gift of intelligent anticipation. And let me warn Drury Lane and its suburban offspring to look to their laurels in case, as one may safely predict, the run of this revival should overlap the season of legitimate Pantomime.

O. S.

An Application for Indoor Relief.

MRS. — wishes to thoroughly recommend her Cook, Housekeeper, and Husband as Coachman.—Addt. in "Irish Times."
There seems to be something worse here than a split infinitive.

FROM "EMPLOYMENT FACTS" IN "HOME CHAT."—"There is a quick return of profit and a steady income, as cows yield their milk for eleven months in the year, and hens for eight months out of the twelve."

THE winner of Queen Anne's Welter Handicap at Windsor last week was Mr. W. F. Foy's *Tariff*, by *Undecided-Disruption*. Prime Minister please note.

"JEMMY" LOWTHER.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THE death of the Member for Thanet, who forty years ago came to Westminster *via* York, removes from the House of Commons a notable personality. Famed in story were the Last of the Mohicans and the Last of the Barons. "JEMMY" LOWTHER was the Last of the Tories, who lived, even flourished, in days when PALMERSTON was classed as a Liberal.

His very speech bewrayed him. In this twentieth century, Borough Members, catching the SPEAKER's eye, jump up and invest debate with the flavour of a Borough Council or a Vestry. "JEMMY" LOWTHER brought to the duty of speech-making a solemnity of manner that verged on ponderosity. His sentences were each a miniature sermon. His utterance of the common phrase, "The Right Hon. Gentleman," elevated the tone of the House to cathedral pitch.

With all the solemnity of manner, the almost reverential woodenness of countenance which ancient tradition required as appropriate to the function of Parliamentary speech, there lurked round "JEMMY's" lips a smile broadly reflected on the countenance of his audience. Even when speaking on such sacred themes as Property or the Church, there was visible in brief pauses in the slowly uttered speech a slight protuberance of the cheek as if the tongue had thither strayed.

In these later days it was most delightful to watch him on his legs by the corner bench below the Gangway, taking a fatherly interest in PRINCE ARTHUR. A ruggedly honest, straightforward man, he never liked the coalition of the Conservative party with a wing of the Liberals strongly tainted with Radicalism. He admitted it was worth the price—the defeat of GLADSTONE's Home Rule scheme. But he did not like the companionship. A Protectionist from boyhood, he was not to be drawn within DON JOSÉ's personal circle even when that statesman began to hammer into the foundations of Free Trade the wedge of Preferential Tariffs. He mistrusted the Greeks when they brought presents.

The exigencies of political strategy leading DON JOSÉ into close alliance with the Dissident Liberals, "JEMMY" looked on the Treasury Bench with unconcealed distaste. The stars in their courses at the polling booth fought against him at critical times. When in 1886 his party came in for what proved a long term of office, "JEMMY" found himself without a seat. When he won one in the Isle of Thanet it was too late. The loaves and fishes were divided, the larger proportion, as "JEMMY" growled, going to the gentlemen who had come to be known as Liberal Unionists.

Some men of meaner mould would

have seized the opportunity to turn against their old political friends. With his personal popularity, his long-established Parliamentary position, DIZZY's Chief Secretary for Ireland might have made things uncomfortable for a hybrid Ministry. On rare occasions, when circumstances thrust PRINCE ARTHUR into a position not consonant with the traditions of a Conservative Premier, "JEMMY" was constrained to utter rebuke. But he spoke more in sorrow than in anger, his emotion leading him into a rotundity of phrase that blunted what otherwise might have been a damagingly sharp point.

Of late years, feeling less and less inclined to take part in what he regarded as political controversy unworthy of old Parliamentary days, he devoted himself almost exclusively to the task of denouncing the Standing Order which forbids Peers of the realm to take part in Parliamentary elections. His soul, which hated humbug in any shape, was vexed by the farce enacted at the opening of every Session, prohibiting Peers from indulgence in practices to which some were notoriously addicted.

One of his annual excursions in this field is remembered by reason of the trotting out of what experts regard as one of the best "bulls" that have had birth at Westminster. By way of showing how utterly disregarded is the injunction of the Standing Order, "JEMMY" cited the case of the LORD CHANCELLOR, who had, during the Recess, prominently concerned himself on behalf of a Conservative candidate at a bye-election. Sir WILLIAM HART DYKE, who followed in debate with intention of pooh-poohing the whole business, was evidently struck by this example of indiscretion in high places.

"The Right Hon. Gentleman," he said, reflectively gazing on the back of "JEMMY's" head, on view two benches below, "has certainly made a telling point. He has gone to the top of the tree and has caught a very big fish."

Stricken in health but brave at heart, "JEMMY" came down at the beginning of last Session to reproduce his hardy annual. Old friends who had not seen him during the Recess were shocked at the alteration in his appearance. Even after he had passed his sixtieth year he retained an appearance of almost boyish jollity that belied, whilst it added charm to, the gravity of his ordered speech. Content with moving to rescind the Standing Order, he shrank from challenging a division, doubtful whether his wrecked frame could stand the stress of taking part in it.

That was his last appearance on a scene where, as long as his contemporaries live, his memory will be kept green.

IMPOSSIBLE OPENINGS.*For a Railway Novellette:—*

"SPRINGING lightly into the train at Charing Cross, to reach Cannon Street was the work of a moment."

For a Society Novel:—

"Then you insist on your revenge?"

"*Quoi, certainement,*" replied Count CZARNIKOW, negligently twirling his glossy moustache.

"So be it, then," rejoined Lord BULLINGHAM, and, hailing a passing hansom, he ushered his companion into the vehicle with his wonted courtesy, and cried to the driver, 'To the National Liberal Club!'

For a Sporting Novel:—

"It was a lovely morning on the Devonshire moors, and ROLAND MONTGOMERY, negligently reclining in his butt, awaited the onset of the driven grouse with his Mauser rifle at half cock."

For a Theological Romance:—

"The dawn was breaking coldly in the East ere the vigil of ROBERT CLAVERS came to an end. All night he had striven with the spectre of a dead Calvinism. Child of a new era, deeply read in the works of the greatest exponents of the *Zeitgeist*—RENAN, SCHOPENHAUER, BENJAMIN KIDD—he yet felt, stirring in the fibres of his being, the mysterious sap of an inherited antinomy. 'Save us,' he wrote in his diary, 'from the dualism of the relative!' The works of ANATOLE FRANCE and FEUERBACH lay scattered over the floor. Above, on the study walls, gleamed the calm proud faces of LUTHER, MAHOMET, CONFUCIUS and the BUDDH—men who each in his own way had fought the selfsame struggle, and ROBERT's face was turned often to them as if to interrogate them on their spiritual vicissitudes. At last he pushed his hair from his eyes, moved wearily to the window, and, pulling up the blind, looked out over the kailyard to the Eastern sky. A revelation seemed to come to him with the dawn. 'Predestination,' he cried suddenly, 'Free will—I see it. *O si sic omnes.*' A great light shone in his face. In the solemn silence the bells of the Wee Free Kirk began to ring for early Service."

EDITORIAL BURGLARS.—According to the *Times*, a journalist living at Teddington was burgled on the 27th ult., and lost several articles, together worth £4. This sounds less than a penny a line.

GOSSIP FROM THE HALLS.—It is reported that the Fat Girl of Bethnal Green is taking the keenest interest in the *Lena* incident.



PREHISTORIC SHAKESPEARE.—No. 2. "TWELFTH NIGHT."

MR. TREE MIGHT SURELY ALSO MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF A PRENEVAL "NALTOLIO." THE CROSS-GARTERING SCENE WOULD INFALLIBLY HAVE A WEIRD PARCATION OF ITS OWN.

MR. BROWN AT BREAKFAST.

III.—ON WRITING TO THE PAPERS.

So you see, my dear, that KUROPATKIN has had the wisdom to act precisely as I suggested. Now I will just give you a bird's-eye view of Manchuria, so to speak, and show you how the Japs will sweep . . . well, then, it *shouldn't* remind you of anything of the kind, and I do wish you wouldn't talk about the kitchen chimney when we are discussing these important matters. If you would only read the *Daily Wire*, as I've said before . . . nobody supposed you *did* take an interest in them, MARY; that's just my complaint. . . . What do you mean by saying, "It is indeed"? But even if you don't take an interest in politics—and I'm aware that it isn't everyone that has the head for them—there are plenty of other things in the *Wire* which you and ETHEL might read. For instance, there's a most interesting correspondence going on just now about "What Mars Marriages"—you might get some useful warnings out of *that*, my love. And all the letters are uncommonly well-written and to the point, mind you; nobody without brains can get printed in the *Daily Wire*; indeed, I've often thought of sending them a letter or two myself. . . . Very well, then, I shall just read them to you, to show you how sensible they are.

Let's see what the correspondents have to say this morning. Here is one signed by "A Bullied Wife." Makes one's blood boil—yes, boil, MARY, to know that there are such men in the world, and you may thank your stars that I'm not made on those lines. The next is by "A Worried Husband." . . . Ha! Perfectly true. He says . . . Oh, very well, I'll read you the wife's letter, if you want to hear it . . . the—er—gist of her complaints seems to be that her husband takes no interest in domestic matters. "He will talk about nothing except public affairs, of which he knows absolutely nothing" . . . which is very different, mark you, from the talk of an—ah—exceptionally well-informed man. Of course if a man knows nothing he had better *say* nothing. . . . What comes next? "Only two days ago, when we had fish for breakfast that was unfit to eat" . . . Tom, what are you choking like that for? Leave the room, Sir, if you can't behave yourself . . . but, MARY, this is really a rather remarkable coincidence . . . *we* had had fish—at least I think you complained about it—only a few days ago. Can these people deal at the same fishmonger's? . . . "when we had fish for breakfast that was unfit to eat, I asked him to call and complain at the shop on his way to the 'station.' A simple request, Mr.

Editor" . . . yes, reasonable enough, that. "But what did he say? Taking absolutely no notice of the wish of her whom once he promised to love, he went on with his gibberish about German imports" . . . the very thing I was studying quite lately. . . . "As for our simple home in Wandsworth" . . . hullo! Eh? . . . "new curtains wanted in the drawing-room" . . . it *is*! So you are the author of this outrageous nonsense! MARY, you cast vile aspersions on your husband in the public press, do you? You fritter away your hours in reading this gutter publication instead of attending to your domestic duties! Oh, perfidious viper that I have nourished . . . What? You've been looking at "A Worried Husband's" letter, and are positive that I wrote it? . . . I can't stay to discuss the matter. There's only just time to catch the train . . . You might as well—er—destroy to-day's *Daily Wire*, my love. There's—there's nothing in it worth keeping.

LINES TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

QUEER helpmeet, who so oft hast saved

A thankless comrade from perdition,
So many a toil and peril braved,

Yet never shared his joy's fruition,
From motives I can scarcely guess,

I must regret that now and then
Your conduct causes real distress

To—quite the kindest of men.

How oft as valet, porter, clerk,

The simpler tasks 'tis yours to ply
(You brush my hair, I may remark,

Quite as efficiently as I).

Nay, prompt decisions you affect

Sometimes where I should pause and
doubt

(Though often shrewdly I suspect

You scarcely know what you're about).

Small duties I should find a bore,

I note, you never seem to shirk,

Thus when I ope my bookcase door,

Get out some literary work,

Just lay it down, and stop to think—

What tidy instincts you retain!

Before a man has time to wink

You take and put it back again!

Last night, in spirit far away,

I bade you pack my Gladstone bag—

I had no notion, till to-day,

That you were such a festive wag.

You don't suppose that I can wear

Odd stockings and a single shoe?

White ties are useful, too—but there!

It is no use to swear at you.

Indeed the world will rarely see

(A paradox that sounds absurd)

Such intimate allies as we

Who never yet exchanged a word—

Or I perchance should have to own

(In case you took a captious line)

That while your gifts are yours alone
Your weaker points are largely mine!

For if, when all is said, your name
Some curiosity should rouse,
You're not my first and only flame,
You're not my fond and faithful spouse,
No mother, brother, servant, friend—
Ah! no, you simple artless elf,
You are and will be to the end
My only own *subconscious self*.

A NEW NUANCE.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Mirror* of September 16 "Scorched Onion" is among the latest brown tints for fashionable autumn hats and costumes. This is undeniably graphic, and suggests a world of possibilities, especially to those domesticated ladies who are in the habit of handling this emphatic edible. Is the hitherto humble onion at last about to come into its own, and to appear in various guises, scorched, baked, boiled, or deodorised, upon feminine head-gear? Where the *nuance* leads the way, we shall soon have the real thing, scent and all. The very prospect brings tears of qualified joy to each masculine admirer's eye. There will be rejoicings, too, among the adventurous Breton boys who circulate through our southern sea-port towns with *chapelets d'oignons* for sale.

The poetic person who is responsible for the introduction of this latest novelty in shades has evidently exhausted the ordinary tint-creator's gamut, and gone to Nature or to an East-End eating-house for inspiration. It is as well to have it in blunt Anglo-Saxon, as there are pitfalls in the French, whether of Paris or Bond Street. As *oignon* may mean a bunion or a "turnip" watch, there might be misunderstandings. We pause breathlessly for further developments of the modiste's colour-riot. Fashion does not stand still, and so an addition may shortly be expected to the menu in the shape of varying shades of steak, especially as we note that the high authority above quoted states that "coxcorn-red" will also be the vogue. A *chapeau biftek* would be very appetising. The expression, "I'll eat my hat," would then be resuscitated by reckless young women without fear of perjury, and the "no-hatters" would go empty away. Having thrown out this suggestion, we beg leave to retire from the fray. Tint-nomenclature needs a special education, and the common but not garden writer is speedily lost in its intricacies.

THE crown of King PETER of Servia is, after all, to be made of bronze and not of brass. It was felt that the latter metal would have been unpleasantly emblematic.

"LOVE, BEE-YUTIFUL LOVE."

THE NEW REVIEWING.

HOW LITERATURE TOUCHES LIFE.

THE retiring authoress of *Love, Bee-yutiful Love*, although prefacing to her new masterpiece an invocation to the reviewer, does not permit her publishers to send out review copies. We are therefore unable to print a review, but understanding that there are facts concerning the work the publication of which is not seriously deplored by the authoress, we have pleasure in putting several on record.

The Readers of the First Edition, although of extraordinary size, have been exhausted. A Second Edition is, however, in active preparation.

No copies being sent out for review, the offices of Messrs. M. were besieged by reviewers on the morning of publication, waiting to buy copies. Some had waited on camp stools all night, sustained only by spirits and previous works from the same hand.

No fewer than eighty tons of paper were used for this book.

The rags from which this paper was made would clothe the Japanese army.

The extraordinary fortitude displayed by Miss LOUIE FREEAR's dramatic company when weatherbound for thirty-one hours off the Isle of Man is explained by the fact that several copies of *Love, Bee-yutiful Love* had been laid in before starting. At one moment a panic was averted by the Captain reading portions of the great love scene from the bridge.

If the copies that have already been sold were placed end to end in a line they would reach from Stratford-on-Avon to the Isle of Man.

If the copies that may yet be sold were placed end to end in a line they would extend right round the earth.

If the copies of the First and Second Editions were placed flat, one upon the other, in the form of a column, its height would exceed that of the topmost pinnacle of fame.

Simultaneous translations of *Love, Bee-yutiful Love* were published in American, Arabian, Armenian, Pali, Romansch, High Dutch, Low Dutch, Volapük, Esperanto, Yiddish, and Manx. The Manx version was "languaged" (to use the author's word) by Mr. HALL CAINE.

Since *Love, Bee-yutiful Love* appeared, all the Crowned Heads of Europe have absolutely refused to attend to State affairs. The German EMPEROR is, we understand, engaged in preparing an operative version of the story, which is to be set to music by the composer of *Hiawatha*.



HOPEFUL.

Uncle Mark. "I'M CERTAIN, MAY, THAT BOY OF YOURS IS GOING TO BE A GENIUS."

Proud Mother. "OH, I SHOULD BE SO GLAD! BUT WHY DO YOU THINK SO?"

Uncle Mark. "WELL, HE'S EVIDENTLY GOT THE MAIN QUALIFICATION—AN INFINITE CAPACITY FOR TAKING PAINS!"

There is nothing like *Love, Bee-yutiful Love* in all the belauded works of the authoress's fellow townsman SHAKESPEARE.

The failure of General KUROKI's great turning movement at Liaoyang is attributed to the fact that the Japanese commander had received a set of advance sheets of *Love, Bee-yutiful Love* just before going into battle, and was so engrossed in the story that he could not give undivided attention to the military operations.

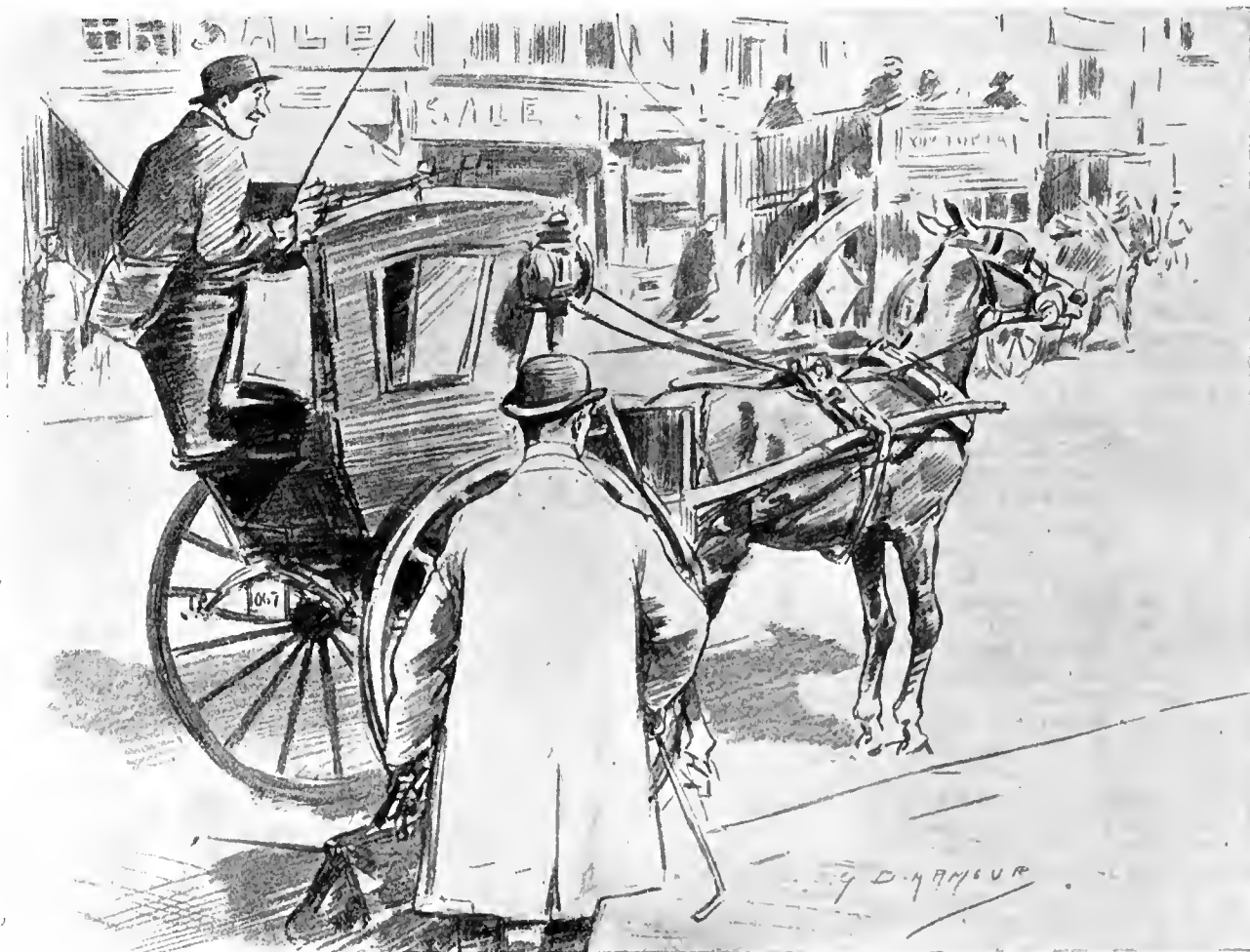
The true reason of the cigarette girls' strike in the East End is their determination to let no duties inter-

fere with the perusal of the new classic.

Not a single drawing-room ornament has been dusted in Balham since *Love, Bee-yutiful Love* appeared.

At the Athenæum Club, on the evening of the day on which six copies of *Love, Bee-yutiful Love* were delivered, three Bishops, a Judge, a Field-Marshal, and an R.A. entirely forgot their dinners, and had to be supplied with sandwiches in the library at 11 P.M.

Upon the morning after publication the authoress received 183 offers of marriage, or 182 in excess of her daily average.



"PER SALTUM."

Cabby (observing Fare looking at his old Screw). "ONE OF THE OLD SORT, HE IS. MANY'S THE TIME, AFORE HE TOOK TO CABBIN', 'E'S BIN OVER THE STICKS, I WARRANT."

Fare. "QUITE BELIEVE IT. HE'S OVER FOUR PRETTY CROOKED ONES NOW."

CHARIVARIA.

It is announced that the CZAR will personally say Good-bye to his Baltic Fleet. This pessimism in high quarters is considered a bad sign.

There is a report that the VICEROY of the Far East has resigned. Marshal OYAMA is mentioned as a likely successor.

A plea has been put forward for the establishment in this country of special Police Courts for the Young, as in America. It is hoped that a sufficient number of youthful criminals will be forthcoming to warrant the experiment being made.

Those who are continually crying out that the British Drama is in a state of stagnation have again been made to look foolish. A REAL PUDDING is now made in full view of the audience in the second edition of *The Earl and the Girl*.

Yet another new penny journal will shortly be issued. It will, it is announced, contain "Stories, Articles, Reviews, &c." This strikes us as a good idea.

The Canadian Minister of Militia states that arrangements are being made with the British War Office to exchange Imperial officers for Canadian officers. We understand that the only hitch is caused by the Canadians insisting on the matter being carried through on a business basis—two Imperial officers for one Canadian.

Those who held it to be mistaken policy to invite the foreign *Attachés* to view the landing operations in Essex will be relieved to hear that such as were present learnt nothing of any value.

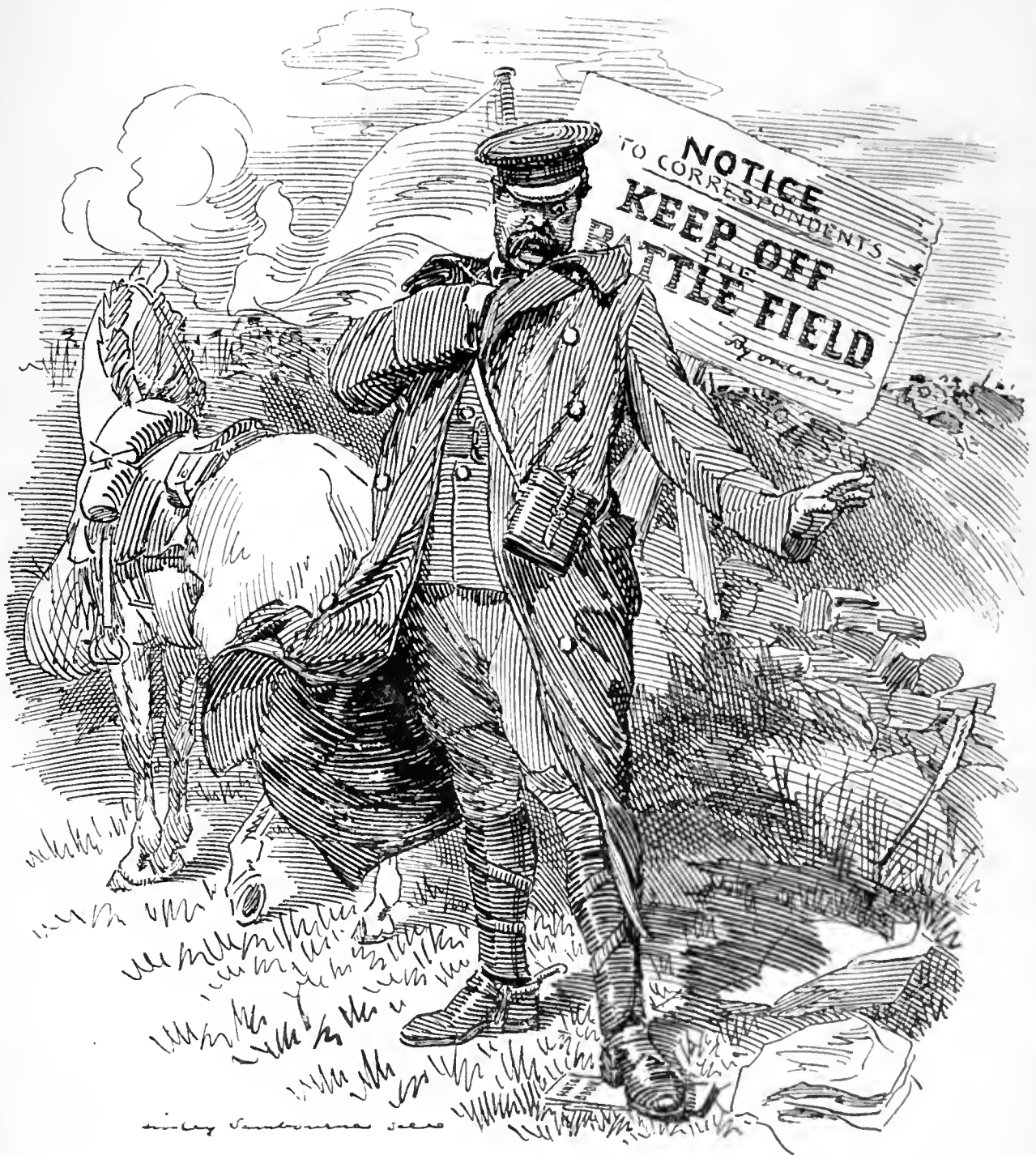
According to *Footwear*, spats are to be the correct thing this autumn and winter. There is even a rumour that, in order to be in the movement, the name of His Majesty's Regiment of Foot-

guards will be changed to that of His Majesty's Spats.

Sir JOHN MADDEN, Chief Justice of Victoria, who is famous for his prolixity, recently delivered a judgment of 105,000 words, the reading of which occupied him seven hours. Sir JOHN kept awake during the whole recital.

The burglars who broke into a publisher's warehouse last week were captured. They had filled two portmanteaux with novels, which then proved too heavy to get away with.

We read in an article entitled "The most interesting facts about Miss CORELLI's new book," that, when all the lines in the volume have been read, the reader's eyes will have travelled "125,000 miles, five times round the globe!" There is a horrible rumour abroad to the effect that several persons are only going round once.



ANOTHER RUINED INDUSTRY.

OTHELLO (*Special War Correspondent*)--

"FAREWELL THE NEIGHING STEED AND THE SHRILL TRUMP, . . .
PRIDE, POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE OF GLORIOUS WAR!
AND O YOU MORTAL ENGINES, WHOSE RUDE THROATS
THE IMMORTAL JOVE'S DREAD CLAMOURS COUNTERFEIT,
FAREWELL! OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION'S GONE!"--*Act III., Sc. 3.*

DRAMA BY INSTALMENTS.

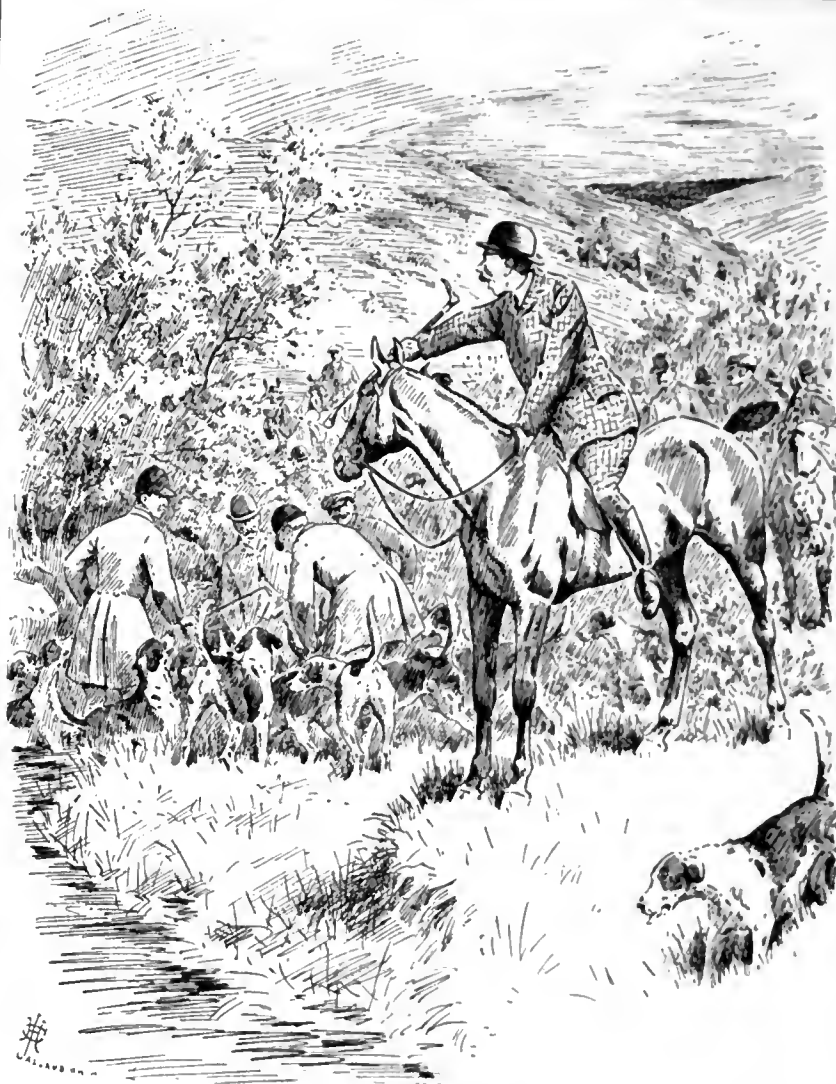
ENCOURAGED by the example of Messrs. R. N. STEPHENS and E. LYALL SWETE in adding a prologue to *Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner*, after that play had enjoyed a successful run of several months, we have reason to believe that a similar instalment-system is shortly to be applied to other pieces of established reputation. The following paragraphs are anticipated from a "Drama of the Day" article which has not yet appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*.

Additional interest was lent last evening to the superb revival of *Hamlet*, now occupying the stage of the Upper Tooting Theatre, by the fact that it was preceded, for the first time, by a new prologue, the scene of which is laid at Elsinore about three months before the commencement of the actual play, and which, as a medium for the display of some excellent acting, proved greatly to the taste of the audience. As *Hamlet, Sen.*, reigning King of Denmark, Mr. JONES fully confirmed the good impression he had already made when confined to the spectral appearances of that unfortunate monarch. His delivery of a fine passage, in which the crime of *Gertrude* and her accomplice is foreshadowed, beginning:

"Methought a spider pricked mine ear last night,
So sharp it ached i' the morning——"

reached a high level of dramatic suggestiveness. A further happy inspiration was the introduction of *Yorick*, who, it will be remembered, is unfortunately deceased at the date of the tragedy as usually performed, thus sacrificing some much needed comic relief. It is pleasant to record that Mr. D. LENO, as the "fellow of infinite jest," fully sustained his reputation for keeping his hearers "on a roar," and scored last night a pronounced success. It is a fairly safe prediction that its new prologue will give the play a fresh lease of life.

We are in a position to state that, when the latest of London's playhouses opens its hospitable doors with *Macbeth*, first-nighters will be called upon to pronounce judgment on an important addition to that familiar work. If report speaks truly the novelty should add greatly to the interest and value of the piece, as it promises to elucidate a point which has hitherto been wrapped in some obscurity, namely, how it was that an individual with the temperament of the timorous Thane came to marry such a fire-eating spouse. The diverting comedy episode which depicts his capture by that strong-minded lady has been entrusted to the pen of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, and the many admirers of *The Manœuvres of Jane* will not need to be reminded of the suitability of the choice.



ON EXMOOR.

Gent (very excited after his first gallop with Staghounds). "Hi, MISTER, DON'T LET THE DOGS MAUL 'IM, AND I'LL TAKE THE 'AUNCH AT A BOB A POUND!"

With reference to the forthcoming production of a play by Mr. HALL CAINE, which the management of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, announce amongst their arrangements for next season, we learn that the author is preparing a whole series of attachable prologues, by which, should popular support justify such a proceeding, the development of his characters can be traced backwards to their remote ancestors. ADAM and EVE, while it incidentally furnishes (in such episodes as the Fire of London, the Sack of Rome, and the Deluge) those spectacular opportunities of which the directors of the National Theatre will assuredly not be slow to take advantage. In order, however, to confine the action of the piece within the three hours' traffic of the stage, arrangements are also being made whereby, as each successive prologue is produced, the last Act of the

current version will simultaneously be dropped, an innovation in dramatic art to which the style of the author is fortunately well adapted. The piece will be awaited with considerable interest.

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

A HIGHLY virtuous woman is a crown to her husband. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever; but don't let them be it at your expense.

True nobility is invulnerable, and still worth something in the City.

Nothing wounds a feeling mind more than praise unjustly bestowed — on another.

Melodrama may be out of fashion; but touch the balance at the bank and everyone has his Surrey-side.

EVANESCIT!

Assigned by Fortune to a social sphere
Where luxury is not profoundly chronic;
Where men affect a taste for bottled beer,
And wine is taken merely as a tonic;
Though early taught that those who spend unduly are
Condemned in time to taste penurious woes,
I still observe, as something quite peculiar,
The fatuous ease with which one's money goes.

Not mine the pampered arrogance that robes
Its fleshly bulk in satin or in sable;
The licence that habitually probes
The fatted flesh-pots of Egyptian fable.
I do not as a practice hire vehicular
Conveyances, or keep my private car;
Nor do I favour any one particular
Brand of champagne, or ninepenny cigar.

I have no small but well-appointed niche
Adjoining Piccadilly or St. James's;
I shun the sports peculiar to the rich,
(Polo the first but costliest of games is).
In short, all tastes correctly deemed luxurious
Are foreign to my unpretentious sphere;
But still the money goes! It's really curious
How fast the lucre seems to disappear.

A summer suit, a new bandana tie,
A hansom (taken to avoid a wetting),
A mild debauch at "Simpson's" or the "Cri,"
A day at Ascot (undefiled by betting);
A round of golf; *Aïda* (from the gallery);
A short week-end beside the silver sea—
And lo! the balance of a quarter's salary
Is vanished like a dream of *faërie*.

You start the morning with a sovereign, say,
And buy some matches going to the station;
You get your hair cut later in the day,
And eat a cheap though well-deserved collation.
On going home you buy a periodical,
Or get some trifles at the chemist's store,
And then you count your change, if you're methodical,
And find the total sum is two-and-four.

O ye whose honorarium (or screw)
Is one of merely moderate dimensions;
Whose lives are cheered by looking forward to
The ultimate receipt of old-age pensions,
Ye too have noticed how extremely odd it is
That wages stand in an exact inverse
Proportion to the price of those commodities
That day by day deplete the toiler's purse.

Dress-ties, tobacco, papers, postage-stamps,
Umbrellas, soap—the cost of them is grievous,
And yet without them we would be as tramps;
Our friends would be unwilling to receive us;
So we proceed to tap our tenuous treasuries
For carnal trinkets of a worthless kind,
And some appear to like it, but the pleasure is
Not too apparent to the reasoning mind.

O for a land where milky pastures ooze,
Dispersed about with tranquil streams of honey,
Where men can do exactly as they choose,
Nor feel the base necessity of money.
Your pampered peers might languish in their Dukeries,
Were there some isle on whose alluring soil
A simple life unvexed by thoughts of lucre is
The lot of him who has no taste for toil.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mabel.

"*Bunbutter, Bunbutter, Bunbutter!*"

It was MABEL's voice, and she was shouting as she skipped along the gravel path leading to the White Rabbit's hutch. She had a juicy lettuce in one hand and a Japanese paper-fan in the other, and she was going to have a morning talk with her little furry friend. At her heels trotted *Rob*, the sedate and wary guardian of her footsteps, and not very far off the black-and-white Cat was pacing along in a disengaged sort of way, as though she didn't really belong to the party, but had little business of her own to attend to somewhere in the neighbourhood.

The White Rabbit heard his name shouted and his heart leapt within him for joy. In spite of his dashing words and all the stories of his gallantry with which he used to regale *Rob* and *Gamp* he was really rather a timid little fellow, especially in the presence of grown-up ladies. While they were talking to him he seemed *gauche* and embarrassed, but when they had gone his spirits rose and he began to imagine that he had scored a triumph and secured another victim by means of his cleverness and his beauty—that, in fact, he was a devil of a fellow against whom no girl that was ever born could possibly make any resistance. With MABEL, however, he always felt quite differently. To be sure the fact that she was only ten years old may have had something to do with it, but it was not altogether that either. There was something about MABEL that made all animals (and all human beings, too, for the matter of that) feel joyful and contented. If *Rob* had been splashing about on the reedy banks of the river, and, having got himself well plastered with mud, had then come in and laid himself down on the drawing-room carpet, and had been discovered in that sacred room and ignominiously thrashed, he knew that he had only got to find MABEL and she would forgive him directly and beg him back into the favour of the offended authorities. So he was her very faithful and devoted hench-dog, and attended her wherever she went. As to *Gamp*, the Cat, she had made a habit of bringing a first-offering of a kitten from every new family into MABEL's room as a proof of her loyal affection, and, whenever MABEL called her, she would give a short *tremolo* purr and dash off up the stairs or down the stairs or across the lawn to find her beloved little mistress. So, you see, *Bunbutter* was not singular in his love for MABEL.

"*Bunbutter*," she said reproachfully, as she reached the hutch, "you really are a naughty rabbit. Oh, it's not a bit of good looking so innocent and asking me what you've done. You know quite well, for I've told you a thousand times that I don't like you to scabble all your hay into one little corner of your hutch. What would you say if I treated my mattress like that? You wouldn't know it, you say, because you never come into my room? That doesn't matter; *Gamp* would know it, wouldn't you, *Gamp*, and so would *Rob*, and they'd be very severe with me. Now don't you dare to sulk, *Bunbutter*. Some day, if you are *very, very* good, you shall come into my room. It's a promise, a faithful solemn promise, so there. And now, here's your lunch, *Bunbutter*—a beautiful lettuce. Catch," and she threw it into the hutch.

The White Rabbit didn't require much urging: he set to work at once and nibbled away at the crisp leaves as if his life depended on it. "I know," he thought to himself, "that she realises well enough that I'm not an ordinary sort of animal like *Rob* and *Gamp*. She wants to try me, of course, but at least I know I shall be promoted to the front place in her favour, and then we shall see what we shall see."

"*Bunbutter*," continued MABEL, "I'm afraid you're a



CAUSE FOR CONGRATULATION.

Old Gentleman. "I'M CERTAINLY NOT SO DEAF AS PEOPLE MAKE OUT. I HEAR A LITTLE BEE HUMMING QUITE PLAINLY!"

greedy little Rabbit, too, but of course you can't help that. Still, you mustn't be too greedy, or I shall have to take some of your lunch away from you."

She shook her golden curls at him and pretended to frown in a most determined way, but *Bunbutter* knew it was a joke and went on nibbling at a furious rate.

"*Bunbutter*, do you see this fan? What? You dare to say it's only a common paper fan? I tell you it's a most beautiful fan, and it once belonged to a Prince. Do you see the picture on it? There's a big old man sitting on a cloud and he's pouring water from a garden can on to a young man and a girl down below. I don't know how he managed to get there or how he got the can, so it's no use asking me, but there he is, you see. It makes quite a lovely poem, Daddy says, and this is how it goes:—

There's a funny old fellow lives up in the sky,
Up in the sky, ever so high;
And he's pouring a can-full of very cold water
On the green man who married his beautiful daughter.
But the green man has put up his paper umbrella,
And he laughs 'I don't mind you, don't mind you, old fellah.'

There, *Bunbutter*, that's poetry. You're not a poet, I know, but you're very pretty, and some day, if you're good, I shall love you very much."

When the White Rabbit heard this he was so much over-

come that he actually left his lettuce and hopped to the front of his hutch, but at that moment somebody called out "MABEL," and his little mistress shouted "Coming," and disappeared.

An Arboreal Atavism.

A GARDENER at Hertford has been advertising himself as "well up in all branches, . . . three years in last situation, seven years previous." No definite statistics have been kept of the prehensile endurance of our remote ancestors, but we should say that seven years on one branch must be somewhere near the record.

At a meeting of the Cranleigh Cricket Club, Mr. BRODRICK "advocated the raising of the stumps one inch to give the bowlers a chance." But the enemies of Great Britain must not rashly conclude that a similar change will be recommended in the case of our Little Brodricks.

BITTER feeling has often been provoked by a misprint; and it will be interesting to see what they say at Chicago when they find, in the *Manchester Evening News*, that their chief industrial rival is referred to as Greater New Pork.

A LESSON IN GOLF.

"You won't dare!" said I.
 "There is nothing else for it," said AMANDA sternly. "You know perfectly well that we must practise every minute of the time, if we expect to have the least chance of winning. If she *will* come just now—well!" AMANDA cocked her pretty chin in the air, and looked defiant.

"But—Aunt SUSANNAH!" said I.

"It's quite time for you to go and meet her," said AMANDA, cutting short my remonstrances; and she rose with an air of finality.

My wife, within her limitations, is a very clever woman. She is prompt: she is resolute: she has the utmost confidence in her own generalship. Yet, looking at Aunt SUSANNAH, as she sat—gaunt, upright, and formidable—beside me in the dog-cart, I did not believe even AMANDA capable of the stupendous task which she had undertaken. She would never dare—

I misjudged her. Aunt SUSANNAH had barely sat down—was, in fact, only just embarking on her first scene—when AMANDA rushed incontinently in where I, for one, should have feared to tread.

"Dear Aunt SUSANNAH," she said, beaming hospitably, "I'm sure you will never guess how we mean to amuse you while you are here!"

"Nothing very formidable, I hope?" said Aunt SUSANNAH grimly.

"You'll never, never guess!" said AMANDA; and her manner was so unnaturally sprightly that I knew she was inwardly quaking. "We want to teach you—what do you think?"

"I think that I'm a trifle old to learn anything new, my dear," said Aunt SUSANNAH.

I should have been stricken dumb by such a snub. Not so, however, my courageous wife.

"Well—golf!" she cried, with overdone cheerfulness.

Aunt SUSANNAH started. Recovering herself, she eyed us with a stony glare which froze me where I sat.

"There is really nothing else to do in these wilds, you know," AMANDA pursued gallantly, though even she was beginning

to look frightened. "And it is such a lovely game. You'll like it immensely!"

"What do you say it is called?" asked Aunt SUSANNAH in awful tones.

"Golf," AMANDA repeated meekly; and for the first time her voice shook.

"Spell it!" commanded Aunt SUSANNAH.

AMANDA obeyed, with increasing meekness.

"Why do you call it 'goff' if there's an 'l' in it?" asked Aunt SUSANNAH.

"I—I'm afraid I don't know," said AMANDA faintly.

Aunt SUSANNAH sniffed disparagingly. She condescended, however, to inquire into the nature of the game, and AMANDA gave an elaborate explanation in faltering accents. She glanced imploringly at me; but I would not meet her eye.

SUSANNAH, however, was in good spirits, and deeply interested in our clubs.

"What in the world do you want so many sticks for, child?" she inquired of AMANDA.

"Oh, they are for—for different sorts of ground," AMANDA explained feebly; and she cast an agonised glance at our driver, who had obviously overheard, and was chuckling in an offensive manner.

We both looked hastily and furtively round us when we arrived. We were early, however, and fortune was kind to us; there was no one else there.

"Perhaps you would like to watch us a little first, just to see how the game goes?" AMANDA suggested sweetly.

"Not at all!" was Aunt SUSANNAH's brisk rejoinder. "I've come here to play, not to look on. Which stick—?"

"Club—they are called clubs," said AMANDA.

"Why?" inquired Aunt SUSANNAH.

"I—I don't know," faltered AMANDA. "Do you, LAURENCE?"

I did not know, and said so.

"Then I shall certainly call them sticks," said Aunt SUSANNAH decisively. "They are not in the least like clubs."

"Shall I drive off?" inquired desperately of AMANDA.

"Drive off? Where to? Why are you going away?" asked Aunt SUSANNAH. "Besides, you can't go—the carriage is out of sight."

"The way you begin is called driving off," I explained laboriously. "Like this." I drove nervously, because I felt her eye upon me. The ball went some dozen yards.

"That seems easy enough," said Aunt SUSANNAH. "Give me a stick, child."

"Not that end—the other end!" cried AMANDA, as our relative prepared to make her stroke with the butt-end.

"Dear me! Isn't that the handle?" she remarked cheerfully; and she reversed her club, swung it, and chopped a large piece out of the links. "Where is it gone? Where is it gone?" she exclaimed, looking wildly round.

"It—it isn't gone," said AMANDA nervously, and pointed to the ball still lying at her feet.

"What an extraordinary thing!" cried Aunt SUSANNAH; and she made another attempt, with a precisely similar result. "Give me another stick!" she



OUR NURSERY MELODRAMA.

Mildred (aged eight, aside). "AND TO THINK THAT THIS IS THE MAN THAT I HAVE GIVEN UP EVERYTHING FOR! IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR THE DEAR CHILD, I SHOULD HAVE GONE AWAY AND LEFT HIM YEARS AND YEARS AGO!"

"Then you just try to get a little ball into a little hole?" inquired my relative.

"In the fewest possible strokes," AMANDA reminded her, gasping.

"And—is that all?" asked Aunt SUSANNAH.

"Y—yes," said AMANDA.

"Oh!" said Aunt SUSANNAH.

A game described in cold blood sounds singularly insignificant. We both fell into sudden silence and depression.

"Well, it doesn't sound *difficult*," said Aunt SUSANNAH. "Oh, yes, I'll come and play at ball with you if you like, my dears."

"Dear Auntie!" said AMANDA affectionately. She did not seem so much overjoyed at her success, however, as might have been expected. As for me, I saw a whole sea of breakers ahead; but then I had seen them all the time.

We drove out to the Links next day. We were both very silent. Aunt

demanding. "Here, let me choose for myself—this one doesn't suit me. I'll have that flat thing."

"But that's a putter," AMANDA explained agonisedly.

"What's a putter? You said just now that they were all clubs," said Aunt SUSANNAH, pausing.

"They are all clubs," I explained patiently. "But each has a different name."

"You don't mean to say you give them names like a little girl with her dolls?" cried Aunt SUSANNAH. "Why, what a babyish game it is!" She laughed very heartily. "At any rate," she continued, with that determination which some of her friends call by another name, "I am sure that this will be easier to play with!" She grasped the putter, and in some miraculous way drove the ball to a considerable distance.

"Oh, splendid!" cried AMANDA. Her troubled brow cleared a little, and she followed suit, with mediocre success. Aunt SUSANNAH pointed out that her ball had gone farther than either of ours, and grasped her putter tenaciously.

"It's a better game than I expected from your description," she conceded. "Oh, I daresay I shall get tolike it. I must come and practise every day." We glanced at each other in a silent horror of despair; and Aunt SUSANNAH, after a few quite decent strokes, triumphantly holed out. "What next?" said she.

I hastily arranged her ball on the second tee: but the luck of golf is proverbially capricious. She swung her club, and hit nothing. She swung it again, and hit the ground.

"Why can't I do it?" she demanded, turning fiercely upon me.

"You keep losing your feet," I explained deferentially.

"Spare me your detestable slang terms, LAURENCE, at least!" she cried, turning on me again like a whirlwind. "If you think I have lost my temper—which is absurd!—you might have the courage to say so in plain English!"

"Oh, no, Aunt SUSANNAH!" I said. "You don't understand——"

"Or want to," she snapped. "Of all silly games——"

"I mean you misunderstood me," I pursued, trembling. "Your foot slipped, and that spoilt your stroke. You should have nails in your boots, as we have."

"Oh!" said Aunt SUSANNAH, only half pacified. But she succeeded in dislodging her ball at last, and driving it into a bunker. At the same moment, AMANDA suddenly clutched me by the arm. "Oh, LAURENCE!" she said in a blood-curdling whisper. "What shall we do? Here is Colonel BARTLEMY!"

The worst had happened. The hottest-tempered man in the Club, the oldest member, the best player, the greatest

stickler for etiquette, was hard upon our track; and Aunt SUSANNAH, with a red and determined countenance, was urging her ball up the bunker, and watching it roll back again.

"Dear Auntie," said AMANDA, in her sweetest voice, "you had much better take it out."

"Is that allowed?" inquired our relative suspiciously.

"Oh, you may always do that and lose a stroke!" I assured her eagerly.



"I shan't dream of losing a stroke!" said Aunt SUSANNAH, with decision. "I'll get it out of this ditch by fair means, if I have to spend all day over it!"

"Then do you mind waiting one moment?" I said, with the calmness of despair. "There is a player behind us——"

"Let him stay behind us! I was here first," said Aunt SUSANNAH; and she returned to her bunker.

The Links rose up in a hillock immediately behind us, so that our successor could not see us until he had reached the first hole. I stood with my eye glued to the spot where he might be expected to appear. I saw, as in a night-

mare, the scathing remarks that would find their way into the Suggestion Book. I longed for a sudden and easy death.

At the moment when Colonel BARTLEMY's rubicund face appeared over the horizon, Aunt SUSANNAH, flushed but unconquered, drew herself up for a moment's rest from toil. He had seen her. AMANDA shut her eyes. For myself, I would have run away shamelessly, if there had been any place to run to. The Colonel and Aunt SUSANNAH looked hard at each other. Then he began to hurry down the slope, while she started briskly up it.

"Miss CADWALADER!" said the Colonel.

"Colonel BARTLEMY!" cried Aunt SUSANNAH; and they met with effusion. I saw AMANDA's eyes open, and grow round with amazed interest. I knew perfectly well that she had scented a bygone love affair, and was already planning the most suitable wedding-garb for Aunt SUSANNAH. A frantic hope came to me that in that case the Colonel's affection might prove stronger than his zeal for golf. They were strolling down to us in a leisurely manner, and the subject of their conversation broke upon my astonished ears.

"I'm afraid you don't think much of these Links, after yours," Colonel BARTLEMY was saying anxiously. "They are rather new——"

"Oh, I've played on many worse!" said Aunt SUSANNAH, looking round her with a critical eye. "Let me see—I haven't seen you since your victory at Craigmory. Congratulations!"

"Approbation from Sir HUBERT STANLEY!" purred the Colonel, evidently much gratified. "You will be here for the twenty-seventh, I hope?"

"Exactly what I came for," said Aunt SUSANNAH calmly.

"Though I don't know what our ladies will say to playing against the Cranford Champion!" chuckled the Colonel; and then they condescended to become aware of our existence. We had never known before how exceedingly small it is possible to feel.

"Aunt SUSANNAH, what am I to say? What fools you must think us!" I murmured miserably to her, when the Colonel was out of earshot looking for his ball. "We are such raw players ourselves—and of course we never dream——"

Aunt SUSANNAH twinkled at me in a friendly manner. "There's an ancient proverb about eggs and grandmothers," she remarked cheerfully. "There should be a modern form for golf-balls and aunts—hey, LAURENCE?"

AMANDA did not win the prize brooch; but Aunt SUSANNAH did, in spite of an overwhelming handicap, and gave it to her. She does not often wear it—possibly because rubies are not becoming to her: possibly because its associations are too painful.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Double Harness* (HUTCHINSON) MR. ANTHONY HOPE breaks fresh ground and deals with the stern realities of riven households.



Whether the change be pleasant or otherwise the reader will judge for himself. My Baronite has no hesitation in expressing the opinion that this is the strongest work the author has yet accomplished. There is something courageous in the monotony of misadventure that attends the daily life of the several households whose roof ANTHONY HOPE

with magic wand uplifts. They are not what is described by that blessed word Respectable—no, not one. To mention three of the leading ladies: one in a fit of passion nearly murders her child by way of reprisal upon the husband, who consoles himself with other female society; number two admits a liaison with a man from whom her husband, though really annoyed with her, consents to borrow £15,000; number three loves her husband so passionately that she elopes with another man, who professes himself in sore need of being comforted. The husband stalks the guilty couple, and comes upon them whilst waiting for subsidence of storm to enable them to reach the Uncomforted One's yacht. Viewing the situation with well-bred imperturbability, he invites his wife to come back with him, threatening as an alternative to go home alone, where he will first kill their only child and then shoot himself. Under this gentle compulsion the wife consents to retrace her steps, to the undisguised relief of her fellow sinner, who does not see any prospect of being comforted by becoming an accessory before the fact to murder and suicide. Here be promising materials for a homely fireside book.

MR. HOPE, revelling in their exuberance, plays his puppets with the ease and skill of the conjurer who keeps four or six balls tossing in the air with regular rotation. When ANTHONY HOPE said he would die a bachelor he never thought he would live to be married, and within the term of two years write a book like *Double Harness*. Amid his reflections his experienced eye is not likely to miss the opportunity of making a stirring play out of the main episode of the novel—the story of *Grantly* and *Sybella*. There is more than one actor-manager would make a great hit with *Grantly*, a masterful character even in the printed page.

IN *An Impossible Husband* (JOHN LONG) FLORENCE WARDEN has wasted time and opportunity. Imagine an American *Dora Spenlow* determined to be fast and flattering herself upon being fearfully vicious; give her a physically strong husband, of a character as ordinary as a *David Copperfield*, with just a spice of *Mr. Murdstone* in his composition; then



let an ordinary sentimental passion for her be developed by a long-haired, musically-artistic adventurer, and there are the familiar materials of Mrs. WARDEN's novel. The best dramatic situation in the story somewhat reminds the Baron of the riverside hotel scene in *The Liars*. "Pity so much cleverness should be thrown away on such work by the author of *The House on the Marsh*," sighs the Baron; "for, truth to tell, 'tis a very irritating book."

A *Dictionary of the Drama* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is a guide to the Plays, Playwrights, Players and Playhouses of the United Kingdom and of America, from the earliest times to the present. Its compilation was evidently a labour of love with Mr. DAVENPORT ADAMS. He brought to it wide information and tireless industry. His avowed aim was to provide the student and the general reader with a handy means of

reference to leading facts in the history of the theatre at home and in the United States. This design is fully achieved. My Baronite, glancing over the closely-printed pages, finds information about playhouses and their designers, plays and the writers thereof, performers and their critics, scenic and musical illustrators, the aggregate being a comprehensive digest of stage literature. Indispensable to all professionally connected with the stage, the general reader will find in it abounding interest.

In one of his latest works that has reached its fifth edition, a clever French novelist of a certain acknowledged eminence among the freest and easiest of his contemporaries in this line contrasts the habits and manners of his compatriots, where strangers and foreigners are concerned, with those of "*le gentleman de Londres ou de Liverpool qui repugne donc à s'acquerir avec des inconnus.*" His summing up is decidedly in favour of the Londoner or Liverpoolian. But reserved as either of these types of our English gentry may be, yet when a stranger, being also a foreigner, shall have been once properly introduced to him, he, the Londoner or Liverpoolian, the type of course of all other Englishmen, will welcome him with open arms to his clubs and to the bosom of his family, and will with pleasure give him introductions wherever they may be serviceable to him. In short, according to this friendly and evidently very grateful Frenchman, there would appear to be no limit to the exercise of this true spirit of hospitality on the part of the "gentleman" of London or Liverpool. This is delightful. But is this change of tone a sign of the times, or is it quite exceptional and peculiar only to this author? He writes, "*Je reviens de Londres. Pour avoir été introduit dans un club de Piccadilly, sur la recommandation d'un peintre de portraits, j'ai été successivement l'invité des membres les mieux estimés dans ce club. Commensal de leurs familles j'ai été hébergé chez tout leur parentage, lequel m'a fait admettre par les cousins et amis de sa société.*" He then had such a good time of it with "*parties de tennis, de mail coach, de canotage, les excursions, les déjeuners aux innombrables cottages, et les diners priés à West End et à Chelsea,*" that to obtain a spare moment for the literary work he had in hand was quite impossible. Then he frankly and boldly asks, "*Quel Anglais, en France, recevrait un tel accueil dans notre aristocratie fermée, sauf aux millionnaires, Semites et Yankees, dans notre bourgeoisie avare et qui supprime en grognant ce que coûte la réception d'un vieil ami.*" Of course he has a set-off against this in the shape of "racial defects," but this burst of generosity, the Baron considers, may be worth recording, and so records it for what it may be worth.



THERE is said to be trouble between Lord KITCHENER and the Defence Committee. We understand that Lord KITCHENER wishes to place all the regular troops of India on the frontier so as to be ready for war, while the Defence Committee holds that recruits are now so difficult to get that the risk of their loss in war should not be incurred.

CLASSIC NOTE (from our Special Correspondent at Ping-Pong-ehukanoutan)—A "PAR" FOR MA.—Was not Goddess Ceres, *alias* Demeter, the "Universal Mother"?

Does it not seem that the title is once more revived by the Chinese in that of "General MA"?

THE POLITE PILFERER.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—If you have an eye to spare from the other affairs of the world, will you kindly run it over the following extract from the *Express*:

"A boy who wanted apples and stole them had an interesting theory propounded for him at Brentford. 'Why,' said the magistrate, 'didn't you go to the owner and say, "I have an idea of getting into your orchard during the night. I don't want to do so. I like the look of your apples. Give me two or three!" You would probably have been successful. Now you will have to pay 5s.'"

I see an opening here for a work I have long contemplated, "Every Criminal's Guide to Courtesy," with the sub-title, "Tips for Thieves and Deportment for Desperados." The book will be made up of specimen conversations to suit every occasion. The criminal who buys the volume need never fear those awkward pauses which so frequently occur when one is caught in the act of a burglary or murder.

I append a sample. We will suppose, for instance, that a burglar wishes to abstract some plate from a house. He enters the owner's bedroom-window and the following dialogue takes place:—

Burglar. (Coughs.)

Owner. Wha's matter? A' right. Leave it on the mat.

[Burglar coughs again. Owner sits up.]

Burglar (insinuatingly). A thousand apologies, my dear Sir, for having broken in upon that sleep which, as the poet happily remarks, knits up the ravelled sleeve of care. But business is business, and in these days of hustle and American competition it behoves a man to be first in the field. Thus, knowing that "BLINKY BILL" SMITH (a professional rival of mine) has his eye on your plate, I hastened to call on you before he could do so.

Owner. Help! Thieves! Murder!

Burglar. I hate to talk shop, but I feel it my duty to tell you that this revolver is loaded. Shall we allow it to remain so? Precisely. To proceed, then. The fame of your plate, my dear Sir, has rung through London. Every burglar in the profession is after it. When I tell you that I have had to bring myself to enter the bedroom of a perfect stranger through the window, I need scarcely add further evidence of my eagerness to possess the treasure I have mentioned. You can spare a little of it? A silver spoon? A fork, perhaps? A salver, maybe? Come, this is niggardly, my dear Sir. I need it far more than you. To you it is a luxury. To me it is a necessity. I have my living to earn. How do you suppose I could keep my wife in the style to which she has been accustomed, if everybody were as unreasonable as you? Now, some people keep their plate-basket under the— No?



"A SOFT ANSWER" &C.

Mrs. Buaybody. "GOOD-BYE, DEAR MRS. WINSOM. BEFORE I GO, I THINK IT IS MY DUTY TO TELL YOU THAT YOUR HUSBAND WAS SEEN IN A VERY QUESTIONABLE PLACE OF ENTERTAINMENT LAST NIGHT."

Mrs. Winsom. "REALLY! SORRY TO HEAR THAT! I SUPPOSE THAT IS WHERE THEY WENT WHEN YOUR HUSBAND CALLED FOR HIM!"

In the chest of drawers? Foiled again. Now, my very dear Sir, joking apart, where *is* it? Did I mention that this revolver was loaded? Thank you. Thank you. Under the dressing-table? A thousand thanks. May I trouble you to make a small selection for me and put it up in a neat parcel? One million thanks. Good-night, Sir, good-night, good-night. *[Exit through window.]*

This is but one specimen. The rest of the book will be of equal merit, for I shall spare no pains. If after next publishing season there remains one criminal who is not the Perfect Gentleman, it will be because he is too impecunious or too stingy to spend two and sixpence (net) on the work prepared for his benefit by

Yours, &c.,
HENRY WILLIAM-JONES.

The White Slave Traffic once more.

A HERTFORD lady advertises "APARTMENTS TO LET, also Two Young Gentlemen boarders, terms moderate."

It is reported that, in view of the success of the *Daily Mirror* Fête at the Crystal Palace, the Management has arranged with the Proprietors of that Journal to repeat daily, during the autumn season, their remarkable entertainment known as "Circling the Circulation."

It is officially announced that, until further notice, the Russian Baltic Squadron will continue to sail to the Far East thrice weekly, weather and other circumstances permitting.

A SURPLUS STOCK OF OLD CARTRIDGES.

(Being a protest politely offered to Lord Rosebery.)

WHILE the Earth a little slumbers
 Ere she dons her dædal dress,
 And the coloured Christmas Numbers
 Seize the hour to go to Press;
 While, as on the mit of NEWTON,
 Still the mellowing apples fall,
 And the fiscalites of Luton
 Raise aloft their ducal hall

To accommodate the myriads who will come at JOSEPH's call;—

While the last of lingering wopses
 Whets his devastating foil,
 And alone the ampelopsis,
 First of Autumn's leafy spoil,
 Wears the nuance of the *Pink 'Un*,
 Like a chaste and conscious bride—
 Must you needs have gone to Lincoln
 And disturbed the country-side,

Ere the harvest-moon was rounded and the roses all had died?

While the matutinal horseman
 Tracks afield the furtive cub,
 And the hardier kind of Norseman
 In the open takes his tub;
 While on wood and wold and champaign
 Lingers yet the Summer's spell—
 Were you bound to start the campaign
 Ere the proper season fell,

When the middle of November would have suited just as well?

While the bird whose earthly cycle
 Closes with the quarter's bills
 Mocked the menace of St. Michael,
 Plumed her undefeated quills;
 While at large the lordly pheasant
 Moved about his bosky maze,
 Would you go and wing the peasant
 In his dykes and water-ways

Long before the other sportsmen set the big preserves ablaze?

Seething in your cerebellum
 Was there some prophetic word,
 Something really new to tell 'em,
 Something not to be deferred?
 Did you want to warn the nation
 Where the Moorish peril lurks,
 Or that Radical salvation

Comes by faith, in lieu of works,
 Or that England's hope (and Lincoln's) rests upon the local
 PERKS?

No! We caught the old old wheezes
 Worn by custom, conned by rote,
 Which lament the State's diseases
 And suppress the antidote;
 We had looked to see you pendent
 Like a god inside his car,
 Clothed with promise and resplendent
 As a newly-furbished star,

And you never even told us who the Liberal Leaders are!

No, my Lord! by your permission
 Let me put the case in short:
 Yours was last year's ammunition,
 Only good for groundling sport;
 And it seems a growing habit
 Not to go for higher game,
 But to plug the obvious rabbit
 And prefer it fat and tame,

All to spare a little effort in the art of taking aim. O. S.

QUID PRO QUO!

(Being the remarkable experience of an Art Collector.)

It was the afternoon of my arrival at Domstadt—how many days ago, I really forget. I only intended to stay a night there, on my way to take the waters at Bad Schoppenegg—but I am still at Domstadt. Why, will appear later on. I was strolling through one of the narrow and winding thoroughfares of this ancient city, which (though I am beginning to know it fairly well by this time) I had never visited before, when I chanced to see a small antiquity shop. I went in, of course. No *bric-à-brac* hunter ever can resist entering an Antiquity Shop. It is not an expensive amusement: you go in, and potter about for a few minutes, asking the prices of various objects you have no intention of purchasing. Then you say "Adieu" or "*Guten Tag*" politely, and walk out. The proprietor is perfectly contented—he never expects any other result. After all, it is the way in which he makes his living.

So I walked in. It was quite the usual sort of shop, with the usual bald, bearded, and spectacled proprietor inside it. Simply to play the game, I asked the price of something which I should have been sorry to take as a gift. He said it was twenty marks, and, having satisfied my curiosity, I was preparing to go—when, rather to cover my retreat than with any genuine desire for information, I asked if he had any really old pieces of stained glass. He said he had one in the back shop, if I would care to see it, and I said I would.

He was so evidently shy about showing it that I felt convinced it would turn out to be some amusingly audacious "fake." I followed him into his back parlour, disregarding his entreaties that I should stay where I was, and then he reluctantly fished out a panel in a wooden frame, which he handed me with a grunt.

The first sight of it almost took away my breath. Old stained glass has a peculiar fascination for me, and this was absolutely as fine an example as I ever remember having seen of sixteenth-century Swiss work—heraldic in character, bold in design, and rich in colouring. I examined it carefully. I happen to have some knowledge of glass, and I could discover no new pieces—it was in perfect condition, with scarcely a crack. "How much do you want for this?" I said, with the sad foreknowledge that the lowest sum he was likely to ask would be far beyond my limited means. He was silent for a moment, as if he were speculating how much I could stand, and then he said "Twenty mark."

Considering that this particular panel would easily fetch £150, if not more, in any saleroom, I did not think a sovereign was at all out of the way for it. "I'll have that panel," I said, with all the calm I could command, and he said, "Very well," and seemed anxious to get me back into the front shop again.

But I had begun to look about me, and I speedily discovered that this back shop contained a variety of objects of sufficient beauty and rarity to delight the heart of any connoisseur. There was a Limoges enamel *plaque*, for instance, by the younger PENICAUD, which was almost priceless; a boxwood medallion, about the size of a draught, with a carved and painted relief of a female in a Holbein headdress, similar, though far superior, to one I had been offered at Frankfurt for sixty pounds; an engraved goblet of rock crystal; a tiny fifteenth-century group (German, I think) of St. Hubert and the miraculous stag, exquisitely carved in pearwood; a small ivory cabinet, inlaid with lapis lazuli; and a seventeenth-century portrait in coloured wax with miniature jewellery, which was equal to the best specimens of the kind in the Wallace Collection.

And not a single one of all these things could by any possibility be other than genuine; no person with the slightest experience and judgment could have doubted that for a moment!



A BENEVOLENT CURIOSITY.

MR. FRANCHISE. "NOW I WANT TO KNOW THE FACTS. THIS FELLOW JOSEPH GOES ABOUT TELLING EVERYBODY THAT YOU'VE PROPOSED TO HIM."
MISS CONSTANCE. "OH, WHAT A STORY! WHY, HE'S BEEN MAKING UP TO ME ALL THE TIME, AND I'VE GIVEN HIM NO ENCOURAGEMENT!"





URBS IN RURE.

Huntsman (to young Snobley, who has got on his new "Tops," and means to make the most of them). "NOW THEN, SIR, DO YOU MIND TURNING IN YOUR FEET, AND LETTING ME GO BY?"

I inquired the price of each, and I invariably got the same answer—"Twenty mark." I bought them all. I felt it was a justifiable piece of extravagance under the circumstances. When one does come across a dealer whose prices are so extremely reasonable, he deserves to be encouraged. I scorned to haggle or beat him down—and yet, although in the short time I was there I must have laid out at least as much as fifty pounds (which was considerably more than I anticipated when I first went in), if he felt any gratification at the briskness of the business he was doing, he certainly suppressed it.

And I must confess that, without pretending to any higher code of ethics than my brother collectors, I was not wholly free from misgivings. Why was he selling these things so much under ordinary trade prices? He must know their value—and if he did not, it was not *my* business to teach him—I couldn't be buyer and seller, too! But had he some pressing reason for wanting to get rid of them at any cost? They hadn't the sinister look of objects to which a curse was attached—and even in that case I thought I would risk it. But suppose they were stolen goods—should I not be exposing myself to rather awkward consequences? Might not my proceedings be capable of misconstruction?

My expression must have betrayed something of my mental state, for this paragon of dealers hastened to reassure me.

"Don't be sorry," he said (meaning, I think, "Don't be uneasy"). "I haf not robbed dese tings. I led you haf dem so cheap, because—ach, I gannot dell it to you in English"—and he proceeded to explain in his own tongue.

I did not follow him as perfectly as I could wish—but I gathered that, either as a penance for something he had done, or in gratitude for some danger he had escaped, he had made a solemn vow that, between sunrise and sunset on a certain anniversary, he would ask no more than twenty marks for any article, no matter what its intrinsic value might be. I had happened to look in on that particular day—that was all.

I now began to understand his desire to keep me in the front shop, where the rubbish was.

While applauding his piety, I felt (for even a collector may have a conscience) that I oughtn't to take too great an advantage of it.

"Perhaps," I said, "I could manage to do without one or two of the things."

I felt it would be a hard matter to decide which. But he said a vow was a vow, and he must hold himself bound by it; though he considered it lucky that I had not looked in till the sun was so near setting.

I never interfere between a man and his conscience, so I let him have his way. It only remained to pay, and it was a convenience to me when he said he would take a cheque—for to part with fifty pounds in hard cash would have obliged me to remain at Domstadt till I could obtain fresh supplies. That being settled, I left him to pack up my purchases, while, in a state of excitement and exultation that will perhaps be only comprehensible to a fellow-collector, I hurried back to my hotel to get out my cheque-book. I tore out a cheque without waiting to fill it in—indeed I did not

yet know to whom to make it payable, but I should soon find that out from the man himself.

I had no difficulty in regaining the little street—but what rather puzzled me was that there didn't seem to be any antiquity shop in it. The trade was entirely restricted to boots, sausages, and pictorial post-cards. Evidently, since antiquity shops are not in the habit of disappearing in so abrupt a manner, I must have struck the wrong street—the right one could not be *very* far off.

And eventually, after a few failures, I found it, to my unspeakable relief. There was the board with "Antiquitäten" painted on it in red letters, and there was the stout, bald, bearded and spectacled proprietor inside. I entered and told him, laughingly, that I had begun to fear he had vanished. He appeared puzzled. I produced my cheque; and he imagined (or affected to imagine) that I was asking him to cash it. I have such a wretched memory for faces that I could not be positive he was *my* man. If he *was*, he pretended to have no recollection whatever of any business transaction between us. He allowed me to look into his back-parlour, and I am bound to say it contained no treasures of any sort, packed or unpacked.

At last I staggered out, feeling that I must have made a mistake. The real shop must be farther from my hotel than I had fancied—but I was bound to come upon it sooner or later. The annoying thing was that I had absolutely nothing to identify it by. I had scarcely glanced at the window—and, if I had, I have never practised memorising the contents of shop windows, as Houdin did. I only wish I had. It had the kind of articles in it that most antiquity shops do exhibit—that was all I knew. I did not know the name of the street (does anyone ever look at the name of any street he is strolling through?—I don't)—it might be a "strasse," or a "gasse," or a "gässchen," or even "unter"—something, or "am"—something else, for anything I could tell. After a time I completely lost my bearings, and began to feel really worried. . . . Still I persevered. I went into one Antiquitäten shop after another—and every proprietor looked more like the man I wanted than the last—but I never could convince him that he was. Our interviews began by being ridiculous, and ended in scenes that almost approached violence.

Not till long past my dinner-hour, when every curiosity dealer in Domstadt had put his shutters up, did I crawl back to my hotel, more dead than alive. But I was not going to be beaten. I got a Domstadt directory, made out a complete list of every *Alterthümershandlung* in the city, and marked them down with red crosses on a big map, and early next morning I began all over again. I worked through most of those establishments, likely or not, more than once. Some of the dealers were unknown at their registered addresses, some of their addresses did not seem to exist at all—but, whether I found them in or not, it was all the same—they were unanimous in repudiating all knowledge of me and my purchases. In fact, they ended by threatening to have me taken off to the *Polizeiwache*, if I would not go away quietly. So I gave up calling on them at last. But I am still at Domstadt. I haven't abandoned all hope, even yet. There may still be a street somewhere in the city which I haven't searched—though I doubt it. I have also inserted guarded advertisements in the local papers, imploring my dealer to communicate with me. So far as I can remember, he hardly gave me the impression of a man who was likely to take in *Punch*—but if this *should* meet his eye, he can have his money the moment he delivers the goods to me at the Hotel Domhof, No. 707. I feel quite sure there has merely been some unfortunate misunderstanding. Meanwhile, I warn all rival collectors that if they should purchase any of the articles above described they will do so at their peril. Morally, if not legally, they are *mine*—and I intend to have them.

F. A.

AN INSURANCE POLICY.

My dear and only love, before
The very solemn hour arrives
When we must join for evermore
Our tastes, our tempers, and our lives,
Let us insure a constant flow
Of rapture at its highest pitch
By settling down, through weal or woe,
To win the Dumnow Flitch.

Let that romantic trophy be
A shining beacon and a star
To keep us going strong, and free
From all demoralising jar,
And with benign, effulgent ray,
Set clear our cordial intent
From clouds on either side—we'll say,
On yours, for argument.

If ever, through the coming year,
You feel a mood of dull distress,
The cause whereof may not appear
(Maybe the cook, or cussedness);
If there should come the moment when
You seem to lose your self-control,
And counting slowly up to ten
Fails to relieve your soul;

If you should feel insanely prone
To controversial debate
Till reason totters on her throne
From pure desire to aggravate;
If you would madly say, you *will*,
Merely because I hope you *won't*,
Dear, though it almost makes you ill,
Think of the Flitch, and don't.

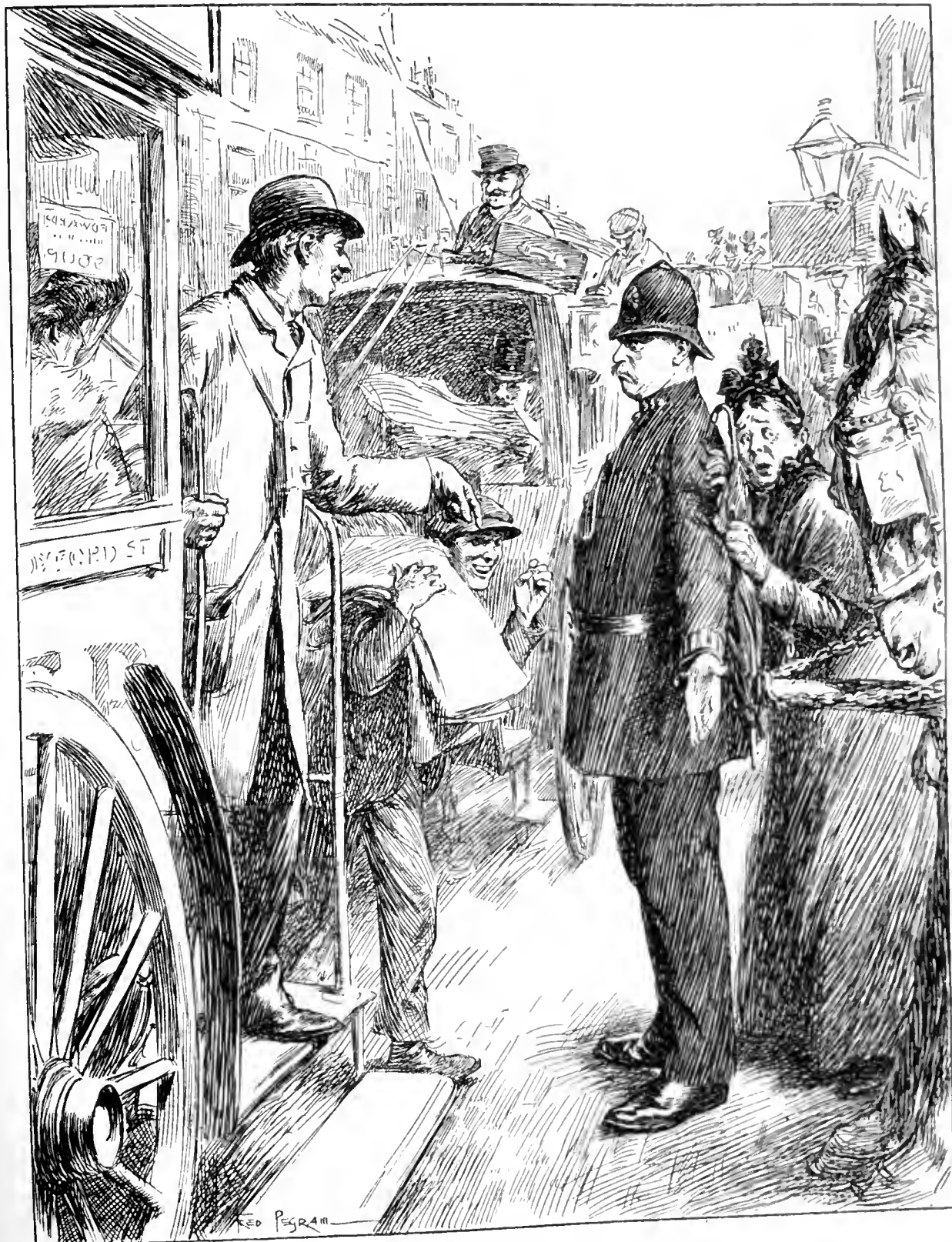
Think of the prize which none can win
Save they can take their solemn oath
(And stick to it through thick and thin)
That, from the hour that sealed their troth,
Their life has passed serenely by
Without a pang in either heart—
A word disqualifies; a sigh
Upsets the apple-cart.

Let never discord pass our doors,
Nor temper mar our perfect bliss
By fault of mine—or, maybe, yours—
(Yours, darling, by hypothesis!)
Let the bright Flitch dissolve your heat,
And keep you, by our early vow,
Always as nice as—oh, my sweet,
As nice as you are now.

So shall our days be wholly fair;
And, when the year is safely through,
Down we will go to Dumnow's Mayor,
And take our oaths till all is blue;
Then will our praise be fitly psalmed
By men and maidens, far and nigh,
And we will have the Flitch embalmed,
To witness if we lie. DUM-DUM.

Enthusiastic Motorist (to Perfect Stranger). I swear by petrol, Sir; always use it myself. Now what, may I ask, do you use?
Perfect Stranger. Oats!

WE understand that MESSRS. ADOLF BECK and G. R. SIMS are preparing a stage version of *The Farvest Love*.



SANCTUARY.

Conductor. "D'YER WANT A REFUGE, LIDY? STAND ON 'IS FEET!"

THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHAPTER IX.

The Boredom of Rob.

"THIS going away to the seaside is a mistake," said *Rob* one August evening to the Cat. "What's the use of it? They all lose their tempers over their packing before they start, and they don't seem to have recovered them when they get back. And besides, what do they do there? I've heard them talk about sea-bathing and that sort of thing, but I can't think it's much of a game. Anyhow, they never take me—just leave me to bore myself to death here."

"Thanks," said the Cat. "I'm much obliged for the compliment. Your politeness is extraordinary."

"My dear *Gamp*," protested *Rob*, "you really mustn't take everything as personal to yourself. I assure you I wasn't thinking of you at all."

"Thanks again," said the Cat. "Oh, pray go on. Don't mind me."

"Hang it all, *Gamp*," said *Rob*, fairly losing his temper, "you are most unreasonable. You know perfectly well that your society is about the only alleviation I have. It's even more charming when the family is away than it is at other times, and that's saying a good deal."

The Cat was mollified. "I think I know what you mean. I sometimes feel it myself, though, of course, I have resources within me which are not within the reach of everybody."

"You have," said *Rob*, anxious to repair his failure in tact, "you certainly have. Many's the time I've looked at you making circles after your own tail or scampering after leaves or bits of paper, and envied you."

"I was not alluding," said the Cat coldly, "to these slight relaxations in which I confess I occasionally indulge, but rather to those internal resources which are—ahem—the result of a good education and a wide experience of affairs. I'm never bored, my poor *Rob*; I'm not bored *now*, strange as it may appear."

She blinked blandly, but not without malice, at her companion.

"Look here, *Gamp*," said he. "I'm tired of talking rot."

"I hoped you would be, sooner or later," put in the Cat.

"I vote," he continued, "we look up young *Bunbutter*, and make him tell us a story."

The Cat acquiesced, and they proceeded together to the Rabbit's hutch. They found him in a morose and most unrabbitry temper. He too was suffering from the absence of the family, and was not at all inclined to be silent about his grievances. The Cat felt there was need of all her *savoir faire*. She motioned *Rob* to be silent, and herself began the conversation:—

"Your Royal Highness," she said.

The Rabbit dropped a dry cabbage leaf on which he was pretending to feed, loped to the front of the hutch, and actually smirked.

"Your Royal Highness," she proceeded, "will no doubt agree with us when we observe that we are meeting with but small consideration at the hands of those whose duty it is to protect our interests."

"My sentiments to a T," said the Rabbit sharply. "Here am I left to myself day after day. SYBIL's gone, MABEL's gone, and only a coarse and unsympathetic gardener is left to look after me. I detest gardeners."

"Hear, hear!" said the Cat and *Rob* very heartily.

"I shall die," continued the Rabbit, "I know I shall; and then they'll realise what they've lost; but it will be too late then."

"And serve them right too," said the Cat. "If you die I shall die too."

"You're too fat," said the Cat.

"I may be," said *Rob*, "but I'm not going to die just before the partridge season begins—not much; and as for being fat—"

"That'll do, *Rob*," said the Cat, "you forget we were going to ask H.R.H. to relieve our tedium with a story."

"Yes," said *Rob*, "give us one of your best, something about the old days at the Court of Sablonia."

The Rabbit was obviously pleased, but he pretended to be reluctant, and scratched his head with his hind-foot. "You take me rather suddenly," he said, "and, besides, you revive my sorrow, my unspeakable sorrow, when you bid me discourse to you about the days of my glory now vanished, as it seems, for ever. Still, you mean kindly, and it shall never be said that the Prince of Sablonia was deaf to a polite request, even when it was urged by persons of humble station."

"He's fairly off now," whispered *Rob*.

"Hush!" said the Cat, "or you'll spoil everything."

"I will relate to you," said the Rabbit in a pompous voice, "the moving tale of my adventure with the Duchess of BANDUSIA."

"What's a Duchess?" asked *Rob*.

"A Duchess, my good friend, is a lady of the highest rank next to a Princess."

"Good lord!" said *Rob*. "I thought it was something to eat."

"*Rob*," said the Cat, "you'll pardon me for saying that you're a fool."

But at this moment a step was heard crunching on the gravel path.

"There!" said the Rabbit. "I knew it. It's the gardener. I can't tell the story when he's about. Come back to-morrow morning, and I'll begin."

"He'll lie awake all to-night inventing it," said the Cat, as she and *Rob* moved off together.

MR. BROWN AT BREAKFAST.

IV.—ON ATHLETICS.

So you're going back to school to-day, Tom, are you? Well, you can't say that you've not had long enough holidays *this* time. And at the end of the term I hope you'll have a prize or some sort of distinction to show . . . good chance of getting your *what*? Your *cap*? Why, of course you will, and your tall hat, too—absurd nonsense for a boy of your age, I call it, but all necessary articles of clothing required by the school rules I'm most careful to—what's that you say? Ah, they *give* it to you, do they? A sort of prize, I take it, like the laurel-wreath they used to give the ancient—er—Trojans. And for what do you hope to earn this distinction? Well, it won't be if you go on eating jam like that. But I never heard before of a prize given for a good digestion . . . Eh? then perhaps you'll have the goodness to explain what you mean by "inside right," instead of grinning like an owl . . . And *that's* what you call a prize—to be chosen to play in a miserable game of football! This modern craze for athletics is simply the curse of the age . . . I play it by doctor's orders, Sir, and golf is an *entirely* different thing. Never have I given anyone the right to include me among your "muddy elves," as Mr. KIPLING calls them. There have been several letters in the papers lately, showing plainly the degrading effects of football. Thousands of loafers congregate, I'm told, to see young men, who ought to be shooting air-guns for the good of their country, kick a wretched football over a bar . . . why not? . . . call it "soccer" or whatever other silly name you like, you said just now it was football . . . ah, a paltry quibble, as I thought. Just let

... yes, this is the part applying to you: "a rabble of schoolboys, each striving with brutalised vigour against his fellows" . . . very likely, as you say, you wouldn't win a *foreign* match in that way, but I'm talking about England . . . but I thought that was a grown-up men's club. You don't mean to say you play them? . . . *Beat 'em to smithereens last year?* . . . Tell us about it . . . *Did he?* . . . Splendid, by gad! . . . three seconds before time, was it? . . . Capital, capit—ahem. Ahem. You must *not* think that I approve of football, Tom. Far from it. Quite far from it . . . Well, I must be off to town, so goodbye, my boy . . . and you might just let me know the date of that match. I shall run down to see you in the course of the term, and that day might suit as well as another . . . and, Tom . . . there's what you call . . . er, a "quid" waiting for you if you get made a . . . a right inside. You needn't mention it to your mother. Good-bye.

CHARIVARIA.

BOTH the Russians and the Japanese have given promises that no fighting shall take place at the Royal tombs at Mukden. The Chinese Government [is stated to have furnished each belligerent, in return, with a list of alternative sites for battles.

Mr. BALFOUR has gallantly helped to save some boys from drowning at Craigielaw. It will be interesting to see what the Liberal counter-stroke to this will be. It is rumoured that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN has been seen intently watching the bathers at Brighton.

It is announced that there is every prospect of this being a plentiful champagne year. This is gratifying news for lovers of gooseberry wine, who have lately had to pay enhanced prices for their favourite drink.

A correspondent to the *Express* asks that the monkeys at the Zoo shall wear clothing. The writer of the letter has to be dressed. Why not the monkeys?

The City Corporation now issues certificates of excellence to such restaurants as comply with certain sanitary requirements, and it is said that one eating-house, anxious to qualify for the diploma, is advertising a sale of old chops and steaks at ridiculous prices for immediate clearance.

The Trades Unions have pronounced against the premium bonus system as pernicious and degrading, and calculated



"THE PETTY DONE, THE UNDONE VAST."

Wife (quoting). "A MAN'S WORK'S FINISHED WITH THE SETTING SUN;
A WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE."

Husband (brute). "QUITE RIGHT, MY DEAR. I'VE OFTEN REMARKED THE OMISSION."

to place the British Workman on the same level as the Dirty Foreigner who filches the contracts from him.

Messrs. PUTNAM have published *A Defence of Bridge*. MACAULAY, it will be remembered, dealt with a similar subject in the *Lay of Ancient Rome* referring to one HORATIUS COCLUS.

The iron discipline of the German Army shows no signs of relaxing. In the recent manoeuvres, whichever side the EMPEROR commanded was invariably successful.

For cool impertinence, commend us to the Chinese Government. It is stated

that missions are to be sent to St. Petersburg and Tokio to ask for Manchuria!

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

TRUTH is more of a stranger than fiction.

White lies may be charming when they are new, but they soon get black in London.

A friend's frown is better than a fool's smile, but the friend is often a fool; then where are you?

Very Frank and Accommodating.

COUNTRY Rector's son desires EMPLOYMENT: just left public school; fond of outdoor life and work (but this not essential).

Advt. in "Field."



GUILDERSTEIN IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Guilderstein. "MISSED AGAIN! AND DAT FELLOW, HOOOENHEIMER, COMIN' ON MONDAY, TOO! WHY DID NOT I WIRE TO LEADENHALL FOR AN 'AUNCH, AS BETTY TOLD ME!"

TO THE MEMORY OF CHLOE.

[CHLOE, the young gorilla, late of the Zoo, has fallen a victim to our inhospitable climate. Readers will remember that her companion, VENUS, died only a few weeks ago.]

DEAR CHLOE, when I muse apart
On my delight in thee,
'Twas not thy looks that won my heart,
Thy matchless symmetrie;
These earned the just acclaims of Art,
But they were nought to me.

Perchance the rude exterior rind
Retained the public eye;
Such antics as the monkey kind
Consistently supply;
For me the beauties of the mind
Alone could signify.

To me thy small pathetic face,
Thy meditative air,
Revealed a soul replete with grace
And innocently fair;
And ah! methinks I marked a trace
Of prescient sorrow there!

And thou art dead! and gone, alas,
Where good gorillas go;

Fate (which removed young LYCIDAS)
Has likewise laid thee low:
He must possess a heart of brass
Who does not feel the blow.

Thee too disease's fatal scourge
Enveloped like a flame,
And I, who once had hoped to urge
Thy private claims to fame,
Now pen a melancholy dirge
Beneath thy luckless name.

Farewell, poor beast! no more thou 'lt
win
The popular applause
By snatching bonnets placed within
The reach of agile paws,
And making off amid the din
Of underbred guffaws.

No more the errant flea thou 'lt seek
Amid the alien fur,
Or pouch within the ample cheek
Such foodstuffs as occur,
Or grab at some young babe and tweak
The nose of him (or her).

Thee matrons shall no more insult
With hard umbrella ends;

No more shall thy dear face exult
In nuts of various blends,
As once, before the sixteenth ult.
Dawned on thy stricken friends.

For thou hast sought the shadow land
Where no chill airs assail;
Dost gambol with a brother-band
About some ghostly vale;
And VENUS holds thee by the hand;
(She cannot hold thy tail!)

And thou, like others of thy race,
Dost sadly question why
Thy captors haled thee to a place
Where thou wast doomed to die;
And thou dost deem their conduct base,
And, CHLOE, so do I!

THE coming theatrical season at Harbin is expected to be a brilliant success. Meanwhile, the Russians are rather tired of playing K'ROKI.

THE THANET ELECTION.—To those in doubt, *vide re-Marks in The Times.*



ONE WHO KNOWS.

HEIR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS (to HEIR OF ITALY). "I SAY, YOUNG PIEDMONT. IF YOU'LL TAKE AN OLDER MAN'S ADVICE, KEEP CLEAR OF THESE NASTY JUMPY TOYS. THEY GET ON YOUR NERVES."



PAT AND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THE Ancient Order of Hibernians at Paterson, New Jersey, having unanimously resolved "to boycott all theatres, concerts, and music-halls where the Irishman is caricatured," a mass Meeting of eminent Irishmen was convened in London to determine whether or not to follow suit.

The Meeting was held in the Rotunda, Turnham Green, the chair being taken by the Drum-Major of the Kilties (height 7 feet, weight 275 lbs.). Among those present were Col. SAUNDERSON, M.P., Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, M.P., Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, M.P., Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW, Mr. I. ZANGWILL, Mr. A. W. PINERO, Mr. GEORGE MOORE, and Mr. W. B. YEATS.

The CHAIRMAN, before making his introductory speech, proceeded to read in rich Canadian Doric several letters from absent sympathisers.

Mr. KIPLING, writing from the Canary Islands, said that *Terence Mulroney* was drawn faithfully from life. Rather than hear him called a caricature, the writer was prepared to listen to the music of OFFENBACH. He did not know who it was who said that he preferred BACH often to OFFENBACH, but, whoever it was, he deserved a statue.

Lord ROSEBERY wrote as follows:—"I am entirely of opinion that the most delicate consideration should be shown by the predominant partner to the racial susceptibilities of the Celtic fringe. This I hope I have made sufficiently clear in my brief history of the Epsom Celts. I trust, however, that in view of the deplorable possibilities in Morocco opened up by the Anglo-French Agreement our dramatists will do their utmost to enlighten the public as to the true character of our neighbours across the Channel."

Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES wrote to say that in spite of all that had happened he did not despair of the British stage. If a National Theatre were established he was prepared to write a play in which every portion of the United Kingdom should be represented in the *dramatis personæ*. He was all for the *entente cordiale*, but he would never deviate from the vernacular in his dialogue. Though a Buckinghamshire man, he was proud of his Welsh descent, while his second name linked him with the hero of Tintagel and Camelot.

Mr. DOOLEY cabled: "Glad I cannot be with you to-night."

The CHAIRMAN (height 7 feet 3, weight 280 lbs.) then addressed the Meeting. They were assembled, he said, to ask themselves whether or not (1) the Irishman on the English stage was a caricature; and (2), whether or not they would stay away if he were. He might point out he had been invited to the chair as the



THE MILITARY PERIL.

Old Lady (to member of Signaling Section, who has just commenced to reply to a message).
"YOUNG MAN, IF YOU THINK TO ALARM ME BY WAGGING THOSE FLAGS ABOUT, YOU ARE VERY MUCH MISTAKEN!"

most impartial person available, being a Scotch Canadian of unimpeachable longitude and avoirdupois. (*Loud cheers.*) With these words the Drum-Major resumed the chair and broke it.

Sensation.

Mr. PINERO said that the Irishmen in his plays were invariably drawn from life. He had been to Ireland for the purpose; indeed, he was himself of Irish extraction (*Hear, hear!*), his name being really O'PINER, but the O had in the course of years rolled round to the other end. (*Shame!*) He had serious thoughts of restoring it to its right place. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, M.P., said that he was not surprised that Irishmen were unfairly treated on the stage. They

were unfairly treated everywhere. In the whole pageant of time there was nothing to compare with the brutalities of the Saxon to the Celt. Personally he never entered a theatre, for he knew that he would set foot there only to receive another stab in the heart, and lose his head in the struggle. But his advice to the Meeting was, whenever they saw a head to hit it, irrespective of age, quality, or condition.

The CHAIRMAN (height, 7 feet 6, weight, 285 lbs.) interpolated the remark that the Meeting was intended to be of a peaceable non-polemical character. If, however, on a show of hands a majority declared itself for fun, he was prepared to take his part. (*Furore.*)

Mr. GEORGE MOORE at this point rose to make a few remarks in Erse, which were translated by Dr. DOUGLAS HYDE amid the enthusiastic silence of the company.

A return to business was made by Mr. W. B. YEATS, who said that, speaking as the modern St. Patrick, he would ask the Meeting to be lenient towards stage representatives of Irishmen. His own plays were full of them. If they seemed exaggerated to the audience it was the fault of the actors. No Irishman would caricature a brother. The actors, however, were often Saxons, incapable of the finer feelings. Yet, happy the man, no matter of what nationality, who had the privilege now and then of impersonating an Irishman. [Cheers.]

The CHAIRMAN remarked that it was not only the representation of Irishmen that conferred distinction on an actor. What about Scotch-Canadians? Eh? But no actor had dared to attempt to impersonate the speaker. [A voice, "LITTLE TICH!"]

Mr. GEORGE MOORE again spoke at this point, during his remarks the refreshment interval being taken.

Mr. I. ZANGWILL said that the Jews had some right to complain of their treatment on the stage. From *Shylock* downwards they had been depicted as conscienceless vampires. But the stage Irishman was a jovial person, whose only fault—if he had one—was exuberance. If he demanded new treatment he would be bound to suffer. Take away his brogue, his dhudeen and his shillelagh, and you would leave him as eligible for villainy as any other man. Leave him these insignia and he would remain genial and comic.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW said that no one had a better right than he to speak of stage Irishmen, for he was one himself. (*Sensation.*) It was necessary for dramatists to be caricaturists, otherwise the British public would never pay any attention. His own plays consisted always of two versions, one for England with all the stupid exaggerations left in, and one for Ireland with everything unnecessary taken out. If an Irishman did not say "Begorra!" no English audience would stand him.

Col. SAUNDERSON, M.P., said that he was not aware that Irishmen were unfairly treated on the stage. His own belief was that it was impossible to caricature an Irishman. You could not caricature a caricature. [Riot lasting for ten minutes, necessitating the interference of the Chairman (height 8 feet, weight 300 lbs.).]

During these proceedings Mr. GEORGE MOORE again addressed the company in Erse, assisted by pantomime. Dr. DOUGLAS HYDE again translated.

On the return of the Chairman to the platform Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, M.P. rose to

make what he called a sporting offer. If Ireland, he said, was aggrieved he would make the playwright a present of Wales. Wales wanted advertisement. Let comic Welshmen, or wicked Welshmen, he did not mind which, be the new popular character. Let the Irishman have a rest. (*Chorus of audience:* "Never. We would rather be caricatured than be ignored.")

Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW, rising again, pointed out that here, as elsewhere, SHAKESPEARE had been the arch offender, heaping ridicule impartially on Welshmen, Jews, and Italians. He, the speaker, had done what he could to redress the balance, but many old scores still remained to be wiped out. He intended to go on until the scandal was removed.

[Great enthusiasm.]

The Meeting ended with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, who under its influence was observed to increase his height to 8 feet 6, and his weight to 310 lbs.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF YESTERDAY.

BEING THE REVELATIONS OF AN INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE.

(With grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Allen Upward.)

No. I.—WHY MR. CHAMBERLAIN TAKES NO EXERCISE.

By way of preliminary I may briefly state that I am a citizen of the Argentine Republic, the son of a Russian Buriat and a Mæso-Gothic dolichocephalic Princess, that I was born in Tipperusaleam on the same day of the same month—though not the same year—as Prince BISMARCK, and that after successively and successfully embracing the callings of cowboy, hairdresser, pianotuner, artificial eye-maker, and calves'-foot-jelly-manufacturer, I entered the service of the International Detective Agency at the age of twenty-eight with an equipment of seventeen languages, an iron constitution, and a Brasenose fellowship. I may add that from early childhood I had been consumed with a passion for criminal investigation, and that my favourite authors are Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX and Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

* * * *

No one who has seen Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN and noticed the extraordinary elasticity—if I may say so, the corkiness—of his gait can have failed to wonder at the strange but notorious fact that he is a total abstainer from every form of active or athletic exercise.

The true reason of this unusual but not life-long abstinence is only known to three persons. One of them perished in an attempt to cross the Channel in a bath-chair on the anniversary of the

battle of Waterloo; the second is the Right Hon. JESSE COLLINGS, M.P.; the third is the present writer.

Some thirty years ago, when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was already a leader of the municipal life of Birmingham, and was occupying the mayoral office with unparalleled lustre, the athletic world was greatly excited by the wonderful achievements of a mysterious runner known as "the masked sprinter." He could give the best amateurs ten yards in a hundred, and invariably swept the board at the Midland handicap meetings. A slim spare man, with rather sloping shoulders, he had a turn of speed that was simply miraculous. But what lent their chief mystery to his performances was the fact that he ran in a mask and anonymously. No one knew what his name was or where he lived. He had no trainer, and always smoked a large cigar as he went to the starting-post. After the race was over he seemed to vanish away, leaving behind him an exquisite aroma of the finest *magnifico Pomposos* mingled with the fragrance of the rarest orchids.

Simultaneously with the excitement aroused by this astounding athlete, great anxiety was created amongst the friends of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN by his frequent and inexplicable disappearances from Birmingham. Political opponents ascribed them to dealings with Nihilists; rumour was rife; and at last Mr. JESSE COLLINGS could bear the strain no longer, and telegraphed to the International Detective Agency, "Send Best Man immediately." In half-an-hour from the receipt of the telegram I was speeding from Euston in a faultless frock-coat and lavender kid gloves. My powers of prescience have seldom been at fault, but here it was impossible for me to anticipate the actual nature of the task that awaited me.

On reaching Birmingham I chartered a private brougham, bought two pounds of rice at the nearest grocer's, provided the driver with a wreath of orange blossoms, and tore off to Edgbaston. But the moment I set eyes on Mr. COLLINGS I was convinced that the business I had come about was of no matrimonial kind. He was greatly distressed, his eyes were red with weeping, and his whiskers so dishevelled as to make the resemblance to Dr. ISEN—another of my clients—more striking than ever.

"Do not sit down," he gasped. "Time presses." And then he told me of the strange disappearances of his beloved friend, and the growth of a powerful cabal to deprive him of the insignia of office and hurl him from public life. "It will kill me," moaned Mr. COLLINGS, "unless we can find some way out."

Keeping my eye fixed on him I observed nonchalantly, "I suppose you would like to know where he goes and what he does

The bait took at once.

"Yes," cried the eminent statesman, "you must follow him, track him down at all hazards and all costs, and save him from danger, possibly disgrace."

He blew his nose noisily to hide his emotion, thrust a great *rouleau* of notes into my hand, lit a choice Borneo cigar, and rushed hastily from the breakfast parlour.

At 11 P.M. that night, disguised in the corduroys of the assistant gardener, whom I had drugged and safely deposited in the melon frame, I was ensconced in the inner orchid house at Highbury, waiting for the dawn. There was a great athletic meeting at Wolverhampton the next day, and I had drawn my own deductions.

Two and then three chimed from the neighbouring church tower before I heard the sound of a key grating in the lock, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN stole into the orchid house. He was simply clad in a suit of purple pyjamas, with the mayoral chain gracefully slung round his neck. In one hand he carried a suit-case, and in the other a dark lantern. He had come to take a glimpse at his beloved flowers before starting for Wolverhampton.

"What are you doing in my orchid house?" he asked, with a dangerous gleam in his eye.

Before I had time to reply he suddenly uttered a smothered ejaculation, fell on his knees, and, seizing my right hand, respectfully kissed a ring on my little finger.

The ornament which excited this extraordinary demonstration was one given me thirteen years previously by a Georgian Countess at Tiflis, whom I had saved from the *bastinado* at some personal inconvenience. She begged me never to remove it from my finger, as it was a talisman which would one day save my life. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, like the KAISER, is a great connoisseur of gems, and the lustre of the stone—a splendid Trebizond sapphire—drove all homicidal thoughts out of his head.

Without paying any further attention to his question I observed quietly, "That was a fine finish of yours at Hanley last Friday in the open 100 yards, when you smothered TREPPIN on the tape."

He staggered like a man who had been stung by a centipede, and sat down heavily on a large flower-pot.

"How did you find me out?" he queried in a sharp, pained voice.

"I am TOSCHER—TOSCHER the detective," I answered simply.

"Well," he rejoined, "it is at least some consolation to me to have been discovered by you and you alone. But what would you of me?"

The strong man was as wax in my hands.

"Drop the running path," I said, in a low, thrilling whisper. "I know the



PREHISTORIC SHAKSPEARE.—No. 3. "MACBETH."

"INFIRM OF PURPOSE!
GIVE ME THE DAGGERS."—Act II., Sc. 2.

fascination, the sense of triumph as you breast the tape a winner. But you are cut out for greater things. *Majora canamus. Hic labor, hoc opus est. Quousque tandem?*"

He wavered; then, with a sudden gesture of acquiescence, hissed out, "Then it must be all or nothing. If I give up running, I must give up dancing, lawn-tennis, water-polo—everything. Oh, 'tis hard," he broke out with a sudden flash of prophetic instinct, "that I of all people should live to lead a Seddontory existence."

"Give them up," I insisted. "Go the whole hog. Cement the Empire, and save JESSE COLLINGS's life."

That last appeal went home. He clutched my hand, and murmuring brokenly, "I promise," handed me the suit-case, which contained his running kit, shoes and mask, and set out with me then and there, in the chill grey dawn, to enlighten and reassure his lifelong and devoted friend.

So much fuss about *Hans*, the learned horse, is quite disproportionate. Have we so soon forgotten the Spelling Bee?

"ANOTHER PAIR OF SLEEVES."

TIME WAS, not very long ago,
When MABEL's walking-skirt
Trailed half-a-yard behind to show
How well she swept the dirt.
But "short and sweet" are in again;
No more the grievance rankles,
For MABEL's now curtailed her train
And shows her dainty ankles.

But MABEL has a thrifty mind.
To supplement her charms,
The frills that once she wore behind
She fastens on her arms.
Her sleeves are made in open bags
Like trousers in the Navy;
No more she sweeps the streets, but drags
Her sleeve across the gravy.

At Lincoln Lord ROSEBURY said:—
"Had the Government manfully chosen
to declare themselves either Free-traders
or Protectionists they might have fallen,
but they would have fallen with honour.
But now, how will they fall?"

On inquiry at the offices of the Tariff Reform League. Our Representative was informed that the correct answer to this riddle is, "On their feet."

A DIFFERENCE OF CLASS.

I AM glad to get up on deck once more after a combined tea and supper, of which I could have partaken quite heartily had not each of its items (except the water-cress, which claimed attention for other reasons) been so obtrusive a memento of the engine-room. I thread my way across the crowded deck past where the gentleman in the grey yachting-cap, whose party joined the boat on the way down at Gravesend, still stands with his eyes half shut and a glass of whiskey in one hand, addressing to the passengers in general the same song about his mother. Not without some difficulty I secure a seat by the rail, a young lady of a highly scented presence accommodat-ingly squeezing a little closer to her escort in order to make room for me.

Southend has been left far behind, and level banks have closed in upon us on either side. Singularly desolate looks the long black line of the Essex shore, with a small round sun hanging low over it and casting a narrow red pathway across the water. Lighting a cigarette I sit and idly watch the shining pathway sliding obliquely along in pace with the boat as we steam on towards Gravesend. Behind me our friend of the grey yachting-cap continues to assure us of his love for his grey-haired mother.

"I say, old man——"

I look up. Standing before me is a large young man with a very flabby white face and a very spiky black moustache. He is dressed in a double-breasted serge suit, white boots, a brown hat of the variety known as "Trilby," and an immense white satin Ascot tie splashed with red and pierced by a large pin, which gives the whole affair the look of a surgical operation. With a much-bejewelled hand he points in the direction of the seated figure of the scented young lady.

"I say, old man, you might just keep an eye on *that* while I go an' get a tiddley, will you?"

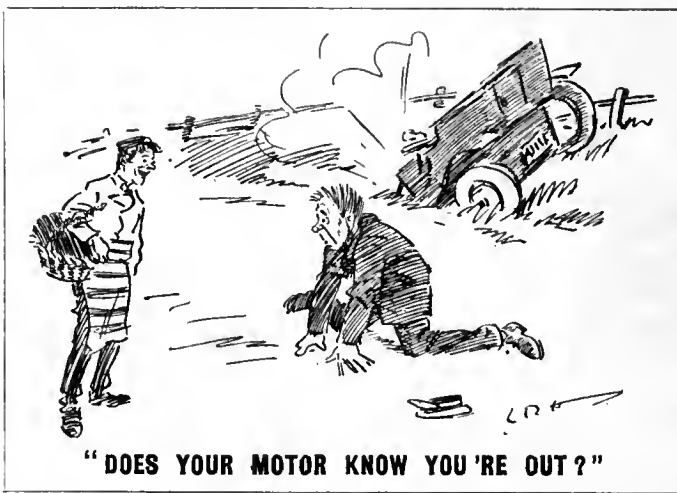
I must confess to showing some confusion at this embarrassing invitation, whereupon the young lady, glancing from me to her escort, murmurs deprecatingly, "What a check!" adding that the seat won't run away. Awaking to my mistake I hasten to assure him of my good offices, and he retires towards the saloon-stairs with a jocose injunction to the young lady to "Be good," which leaves me the prey of a renewed embarrassment.

The gentleman in the grey yachting-cap has been joined from below by the

rest of his party, and has deserted the theme of his mother in favour of a more congenial chorus about a lodger who, we are given to understand, is a fair caution at mopping up the sherbet. I turn my attention to the river once more and watch a little fleet of red-sailed barges drift one by one across the shining pathway, the figures upon their decks blurred and mysterious against the setting sun. As the last of them disappears in our wake, the young lady by my side gives presage of original powers of conversation by observing that it is getting mild.

I admit this and at the same time notice our friend of the grey yachting-cap approaching us, glass in hand, plainly with a design upon the vacant seat. True to my trust I explain to him the situation.

"Seat engaged?" he repeats.—"Just squeeze a little nearer your young lady. Room for a little one."



"DOES YOUR MOTOR KNOW YOU'RE OUT?"

Fortunately I am here relieved of an arduous task by the return of the flabby young man, who seats himself in his old place and, addressing me as "old boy," remarks that there are a queer lot of outsiders on board to-day.

"Common lot," assents the lady. "They used to be so select too, these boats."

"I really don't know what things are coming to nowadays——" begins the young man, but is here suddenly interrupted by the gentleman in the yachting-cap, who for the past moment or two has been standing contemplating him with an expression of hazy meditation.

"Wodder you reckon your weight is?" he inquires irrelevantly.

The young man looks up and regards him with indignant astonishment.

"Wodder you reckon your weight is?" repeats Yachting Cap. "Where do I come in on that there seat, eh?"

"There's no room here," returns the young man shortly.

Yachting Cap regards him for a moment or two contemplatively.

"Keep ter the point," he says slowly. "The point is—wodder you reckon your weight is?"

The young man makes no reply.

"There's the sorterfeller," muses Yachting Cap, addressing nobody in particular, "wot takes up all the room an' don't leave none fer respectable people."

Meanwhile the rest of the convivial party have ceased a shuffling sort of dance and gathered round, mopping the perspiration from their faces.

"Sorterfeller," continues Yachting Cap, supplying fuel to his grievance, "oughter pay extra. I ask 'im civil question wot 'is weight is. Why don't the authorities do somethin'? Becos they don't want to. Lookatheweightofim. They connive at it. Sorterfeller oughtn't ter be allowed take seats."

Here one of his party, a shaggy-looking personage with a bottle sticking out of his pocket, is moved to put in his word.

"There 'e is in the seat though, ain't 'e?" he remarks thoughtfully. "You couldn't put 'im out of it, ole man."

By this time conversation has been hushed all round, and the indignant young man is the focus of everybody's attention. Yachting Cap surveys him with a calculating eye. After a moment or two he speaks.

"Praps not," he replies guardedly. "But my ole woman could."

"You couldn't," repeats the shaggy man triumphantly.

Again Yachting Cap slowly appraises the uncomfortable young man with his eye.

"Look at the muscle on 'im," he remarks hesitatingly.

"Go orn!" exclaims the shaggy man. "That ain't muscle. It's fat."

"It's muscle, I tell yer," returns Yachting Cap. "Look at it on 'is calves there. Like whipcord."

The young man, who has just crossed his legs with an assumption of ease, uncrosses them hastily—then, thinking better of it, crosses them again with an attempt at nonchalance.

"Like whipcord," repeats Yachting Cap. "You feel it."

By a sudden involuntary movement the young man uncrosses his legs again, and draws the white boots uneasily under the seat.

"It's fat, I tell yer," repeats the shaggy man. "Just look at it on 'is cheeks!"

The outraged young man has begun a sickly pretence of a conversation with his companion, thus drawing upon her a good deal of attention, for which she

does not seem to be at all grateful. Yachting Cap turns to the shaggy man with a change of front.

"Look 'ere," he observes, "you say I won't put 'im out of 'is seat?"

"I say yer *can't*," replies the other.

"Woddyer *bet* I can't?" demands Yachting Cap.

The young man suddenly stops short in some disconnected remarks, and regards the shaggy man apprehensively.

"I'll 'ave a tanner on it," says the shaggy man with enthusiasm.

"Let's see yer money," says Yachting Cap cautiously.

Here a cadaverous-looking man in cracked patent leather boots obligingly offers to act as stake-holder, and the two sixpences are deposited in his keeping. Yachting Cap drains his glass and places it carefully upon the deck. The young man gazes wildly about him.

"Fair an' square now," observes the shaggy man. "You've got ter put 'im out of 'is seat proper. No persuading of 'im ter come quiet. It's got ter be done by *force*. Otherwise it don't count. That's right enough, CHARLIE, ain't it?"

The cadaverous man nods resourcefully.

Yachting Cap is engaged with much deliberation in removing his coat and waistcoat.

"WILL!" exclaims the scented young lady, rising and addressing her escort in a hurried whisper. "WILL! Come away!"

The young man rises and looks round him.

"If I hadn't got a lady with me——" he remarks.

"Come away, WILL!" repeats his companion.

"If you'd care to wait for me up the other end——" he begins, but the lady is already walking off forward.

The young man turns promptly and follows her, pausing to inform a little group of strangers that it is a difficult thing to know what to do when you've got a girl with you. Yachting Cap has paused, with his waistcoat half off, and is watching his opponent's retreat in a bewildered sort of way. Suddenly he turns to the shaggy man.

"E's left 'is seat!" he exclaims triumphantly.

"Yes, but you didn't *put* 'im out of it," returns the other punctiliously. "That was the bet. You 'ad ter put 'im out of it. Ask ole CHARLIE."

The stake-holder supports this view.

For a moment Yachting Cap regards his friends lazily. Then, snatching the sleeve of his coat from the deck, he lurches off after the retreating figure of the young man, the coat trailing on the deck behind him.

"Ere, 'ere!" he cries, every feature expressing aggrieved protest. "Wait a minute!"

His party hasten after him, a little group of interested observers bringing up the rear. At the top of the saloon-stairs Yachting Cap overtakes his prey.

"I stiek ter my bet," observes the shaggy man resolutely. "'E's got ter put 'im out of 'is seat ter win the bet."

The young man and his companion have doubled and are walking off aft again. Once more Yachting Cap starts off in pursuit with his coat, the rest following in his train. As he goes he waxes more and more indignant with his quarry.

"Why can't yer sit down?" he cries. "There's *money* on this. D'yer want ter prevent a pore man makin' sixpence?"

The young man and his companion at the head of the procession continue their march down the deck, the cynosure of all eyes. Yachting Cap seems to find the way that he is being treated quite intolerable.

"Sixpence may be nothink ter you," he shouts bitterly, "but it's somethink ter me. I 'ave ter work for my livin'!"

"ANY MORE FOR GRAVER-END?" shouts an unexpected stentorian voice.

Yachting Cap's party suddenly awake to their position, and, turning, stampede towards the gangboard.

"Come on, 'ARREE!" shouts the fair-minded man over his shoulder. "The boat's going off!"

"D'yer call yerself a *sportsman*?" demands Yachting Cap of the young man. For a moment he awaits an answer, then turns and walks off towards the gangboard, still dragging his coat after him.

"Come on, if you're comin'," exclaims the disgusted official. "Want a private launch, some of yer."

Yachting Cap reaches the gangboard, and, pausing with one foot on it, turns towards the boat.

"You're a spoil-sport!" he shouts. "That's wot you are. A sp——"

But at this moment the official suddenly tilts the gangboard towards the pier, with the result that the speaker takes an involuntary run down it, and makes a violent arrival among a little group of friends. The gangboard is pulled in, the paddle-wheel revolves, and the space between the boat and the pier widens.

"A spoil-sport!" shouts Yachting Cap, recovering his balance, and shielding his mouth with his hands. "A *spoil-sport*!"

Gradually the steamer draws away. The party on the pier have broken out into song once more. Yachting Cap,



POP! POP!

(SCENE—Restaurant in Switzerland.)

Tourist (to Manager, who knows English). "THERE ARE TWO BOTTLES OF WINE IN OUR BILL. WE HAD ONLY ONE BOTTLE."

Manager. "ACH, HE IS A NEW WAITER, AND ZEE CONFOUNDED ECHO OF ZEE MOUNTAIN MUST HAVE DECEIVED ZEE GARÇON."

"Ere, wait a minute!" he protests in injured terms. "There's *money* on this!"

"WILL!" cries the scented young lady.

"Why don't you speak to the Captain?"

Yachting Cap has turned to the shaggy man.

"Woddyer bet I don't put 'im down the saloon-stairs?" he suggests.

"That wasn't the bet," returns the other, firmly. "I betted you wouldn't put 'im out of 'is seat. An' you ain't done it."

"Make it the saloon-stairs, ole man," here puts in a fair-minded member of the party. "You ain't giving 'im a chance. Be a sportsman. Fair's fair any day."

still holding his coat by the sleeve, has turned his back on the boat, and is swelling the chorus. I turn from the rail and find the flabby young man beside me.

"What would you have done, old boy?" he inquires. "Suppose I'd punched the chap, he'd probably have given me in charge for assault. I felt inclined to, you know, but it's not good enough. I've been had that way before. I remember one night I'd been up West with some of the boys—round the town on the fair ran-dan—you know what I mean—an' a feller came up to me . . ."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE BARON can recommend *At the Sign of the Barber's Pole*, by WILLIAM ANDREWS, published by J. R. TUTIN, of Cottingham, Yorkshire, as an instructive book of entertainment for man and barber. *Eccc signum!* It is a history of shaving and hairdressing generally, from the most barberous times up to the present day. What was the origin of the pole in front of the barber's shop? Was it because the eminent Cardinal of that name was a patron of the craft? On the visit of Cardinal POLE to Rome was this red and white flagstaff, with a crown atop, erected over the Barberini Palace where his

Eminence was wont to take up his abode? Did ever a barber stand for Parliament and come in atop of his own pole? Mr. ANDREWS tells us how HENRY THE EIGHTH was as good a patron of the barber's block as he was of the headsman's, and he reproduces HOLBEIN'S picture of Bluffing King HAL receiving the Barber-Surgeons, all kneeling, and giving them a charter. The Hairdressers did not do much for HENRY in return, who—being of a very violent temper—couldn't keep his hair on, and was bald while yet in the prime of life. Mr. ANDREWS acknowledges his obligation to *Notes and Queries* and a variety of other learned works. He enlivens his erudition with quips, cranks, light and hairy jests, and his many stories of old and young shavers are illustrated with cuts. Among his many apt quotations he does not record the couplet in one of somebody's burlesques—was it H. J. BYRON'S?—which runs thus:—

Lady. Aha! you are the hairdresser, I see.

Stranger. Beg pardon, Mum, hair you hairdressing me?

Perhaps the author might like to add this and many another pun on LAMB'S prize pun to his second edition.

The letters written to his wife by WILBUR CHAMBERLIN during his expedition to China on behalf of the *New York Sun* have been collected, and are published on this side of the Atlantic by Messrs. METHUEN. The occasion of the journey was the Boxer uprising of 1900. My Baronite had not the opportunity of seeing the newspaper work. But if it was as brightly written as are these letters, meant for the home circle, the standard of American journalism was well maintained. Whether in Japan, Shanghai, Tientsin, Peking, London, or Carlsbad, the newspaper-man's quick eye saw everything, his pen with graphic touches recording his observations. It is just possible that one gets a more vivid impression of daily life in China from these informal letters than might be derived from others predestined for print. The journey ends in tragedy. Mr. CHAMBERLIN, homeward

bound, yearning for sight of wife and children, was taken ill in London and ordered to Carlsbad. There, cheerful and courageous to the last, he, after brief stay, died. On board the steamer that carried him from the scene of his completed labours he wrote, "I am coming home, and that's the important point." His last home was found in the little Austrian town.

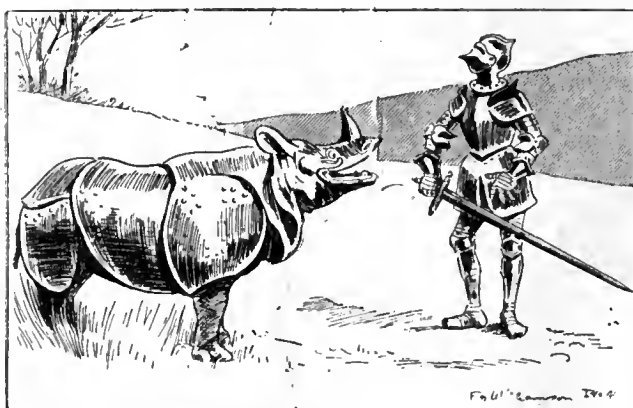
It is not easy to suspect so sedate and responsible an institution as the house of BLACKWOOD of indulgence in a practical joke. Nevertheless, conscientiously reading through *Jan Van Dyek*, my Baronite has been haunted by the idea. The scene of the story is laid in Holland. There is no printed testimony as to whether J. MORGAN-DE-GROOT indulged his fancy in his native tongue or whether the English reader profits by a translation. However that be, the reason for the existence of the book is inscrutable. Its literary style is reminiscent of *Sandford and Merton*, whilst in point of dramatic interest it is only a shade less interesting than that classic. Here is a specimen of whole pages. The hero whilst yet a boy comes into a fortune, and is taken by his guardian to be clothed as becomes his new estate. They enter a tailor's shop: "Measure!" shouted the shopman,

and a man came forward from some dark recess and bowed. "No. 3 is vacant," he said. "Please follow us," said the tailor to Mr. Bentick. "I suppose you mean me, too?" asked Jan timidly. "If you please," said the tailor, and Jan followed the others into a little room with a large mirror, where the tailor passed his measuring tape all over him and called out figures which the other man jotted down in a big book." In turn Jan is conducted to a hatter's, a shoemaker's, and a hairdresser's, where the process of purchase is described in similar detail. If this is the

way novels are written in Holland, the sooner the dykes break or the conquering Spaniards return the better.

For a novel of excellent humour, shrewd insight and admirable characterisation, commend me, says my Assistant Reader, to *The Town's Verdict*, by ETHEL F. HEDDLE (BLACKIE AND SON). The scene is laid in St. Andrews, that grey delightful old town of the north with which Miss HEDDLE has previously shown an intimate acquaintance. To be sure, Miss HEDDLE prefers in the book to call it St. Rule's, but the disguise is slight and can deceive no one. From beginning to end the interest of the story is most skilfully maintained. Mrs. Balgarnie is a character worthy to rank with the best in recent fiction, and there are others, as for instance Major Brewster and Col. Seton, drawn with a hand equally sure. Altogether a most refreshing novel.

REVOLT OF "THE DAUGHTERS OF ERIN."—The following advertisement, which recently appeared in the *Freeman's Journal*, has caused widespread dismay among the Dublin garrison:—"Six young Generals wanted. Meet ladies Freeman Registry."



DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.



ALL ALIVE O!

THE triumph of old-fashioned farce, farce pure and simple—farce thoroughly English, owing nothing to any French or German original—has been re-established by the genuine success of Mr. JACOBS' *Beauty and the Barge*, put into dramatic form by LOUIS N. PARKER, and played at the New Theatre for all it is worth (and this will amount to a tidy sum at the end of the long run that may with safety be predicted for it) by Mr. CYRIL MAUDE and the first-rate company he has got together for this particular work. Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, admirably made up, impersonates the elderly, gay, seductive, ready-witted *Captain James Barley*, of the *Barge Heart in Hand*, to perfection: that is, taking for granted the absolute correctness of Mr. JACOBS' portraiture of a class, with which it is unlikely that one in a hundred among the audience is so thoroughly acquainted as to be able to claim the right of special and particular criticism. Never having met a *Captain James Barley*, I can only express my confidence in Mr. JACOBS' description and CYRIL MAUDE's impersonation of him as together constituting a faithful picture of a real existing type, just as much as were *Cap'n Cuttle* and *Jack Bunby*, whom we accept on the authority of CHARLES DICKENS. In representing this superior Bargee Mr. CYRIL MAUDE has added another excellent portrait to his already well-stocked gallery of dramatic characters.

In this farcical piece the dialogue is of minor importance as long as it is characteristic and as long as the bustling action is never for one single instant allowed to flag. Were pretty and lively Miss JESSIE BATEMAN, as the ingénue *Ethel Smedley*, and her lover *Lieutenant Seton Boyne, R.N.* (a difficult part extremely well played by Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS), to allow themselves to drop into sentiment for one single moment, the change of tone, and of the *tempo* at which dialogue and action have to be taken, would be fatal to a piece that must be played lightly and at high pressure from first to last. This is also true of the second pair of lovers, *Herbert Manners* and *Lucy Dallis*, rendered in the same lively manner by Mr. MARSH ALLEN and Miss RITA JOLIVET, with just as much reality put into their love-making as the exigencies of the go-ahead business of the stage will allow.

Mr. E. M. ROBSON as the diminutive *George Porter*, the plucky little landlord of the "Old Ship," and husband of its fascinating landlady (delightfully impersonated by clever Miss MARY BROUGH) is immense. Then the way in which Miss MARY BROUGH, in a temper, bangs down on the bar counter *Captain Barley's* pint of stout, splashing him all over as if by the merest accident, is something to see. The fights, the hustling, the accordion playing, the dancing, the amusing assumption of the outward physical signs of some mysteriously sudden illness by *Tom Codd* (Mr. LENNOX PAWLEY), send the Second Act along amid continuous outbursts of laughter, testifying to the thorough enjoyment of a crammed and enthusiastic house.

Mr. EDMUND MAURICE as the irascible *Major Smedley*, a character not by any means new to farce, starts the fast and furious fun in the opening scene of the First Act; and all the others, in their degree, including Miss ADELA MEASOR representing *Mrs. Smedley*, the one absolutely quiet person in the piece, keep the game alive without a moment's pause. Solidly absurd is Mr. FREDERICK VOLPÉ as *John Dibbs*, the Major's gardener; while Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT as the woe-begone love-lorn housekeeper, *Mrs. Baldwin*, has only to look the part in order to set the merriment going. All the minor characters stand out distinctly and find excellent representatives in Messrs. LITTLEDALE POWER, A. G. ONSLOW, J. B. FOX, J. H. BREWER, and R. EYRE.

The rehearsals of this ultra-farcical piece, with but a very slight plot, have evidently been admirably managed, as they will always be where so thorough an artist as Mr. CYRIL



AT A WET CROSSING;

OR, "IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY."

MAUDE is in command of the stage, and, consequently, its run, as quite an exceptional success, is secured for a long time to come.

HONEST RELUCTANCE.

My dear, when I met you a summer ago,

I found you so dainty, so pretty and sweet,
That long I debated on whether or no

To lay down my hand and my heart at your feet;
But I had got used to a bachelor life,

And you were as lively as lively could be,
So I didn't—I thought you might prove, as a wife,

A trifle too jumpy for me.

And now that I've watched you and seen what you are

I know that your heart is as true as your eyes,
Your spirit as lofty and clear as a star,

And gladly, oh, gladly I'd try for the prize;
But my youth has left me alone in a groove,

And yours is so fresh and deliciously new

That I dare not—I fear that, for life, I should prove

A trifle too stodgy for you. DUM-DUM.

APPROPRIATE SHAKSPEARIAN QUOTATION FOR M. ADOLF BECK.—
"Double, double, to't and trouble."

THE GROWING HANDICAP OF MARRIAGE."

[In these lines, which do not necessarily reflect his own views, the author ventures to assume the attitude of a certain correspondent to the *Times*, who, in a recent letter under the above heading, passed some severe strictures upon the Modern Wife. His diatribe included the following remarks:—"The rapid insipidities, the idle tittle-tattle that too often do duty for conversation, disgust, if they do not bore, the man whose business life is something more serious than a round of frivol and drivel. . . . The clever man may no more make a clever remark than the cricketer may bowl right-handed to the lady cricketer. Oh for an hour of the ancient *Salons!*"']

'Tis not her love of gaudy gear,
Her hopeless vanity of heart,
Her passion, vulgar but sincere,
To earn the epithet of "smart;"
These foibles—fatuous, I admit—
Might pass as relatively venial,
If only in the sphere of Wit
She proved a shade less uncongenial.

Her damnable expensive taste
In frills and feathers, fronts and toques,
Could, by a sacrifice, be faced
Had she the sense to see my jokes;
But as for any answering sign
When I throw off a scintillation—
I might be casting pearls to swine,
They'd show as much appreciation.

Could Woman grasp the views of men
Upon the rôle of perfect wife,
What hopes a husband nurses when
He launches out on married life,
She might contrive to get her brain
Equipped with intellectual tackle,
And spare her lord the constant strain
Of driveling, friveling, hen-roost cackle.

When I return, at four or so,
Engrossed with Duty's strenuous grind,
I wish to bandy *jeux-de-mots*
In converse with a kindred mind;
Hit by a slump in "Dover A.,"
A wild *canard*, a wanton rumour,
I'd like to wash my cares away
With jets of swift responsive humour.

"Oh *salon*-days! O golden times
When Wit would wed with *femmes d'esprit*,
And armed with neat impromptu rhymes
Always came home to repartee;
When women sat by Humour's throne,
And, all alert to wrest his laurels,
In each department held their own,
Even including that of morals.

Those days are over. Life has shed
Its Attic salt, its vernal sap
(As all will gather who have read
Me on the "Marriage Handicap");
And, therefore, when to wife and home
I hear a husband murmur *Vale!*
I know just why he wants to roam:
I sympathise with poor "*Bill Bailey*"! O. S.

More Infact Prodigies.

The Chapel-en-le-Frith Horticultural Society recently offered 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. for an exhibit which the Prize Catalogue specifies as follows: "Best Loaf of Bread, baked by a Cottager (three days old)."

THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHAPTER X.

The Adventure of the Prince with the Duchess of Bandusia.

WHEN his audience had been assembled on the following morning the White Rabbit began his story:—

"I will not weary you," he said in his loftiest and most condescending tone, "with all the details of my life in my father's splendid Court. Let it suffice that at the age of fifteen I was noted not merely for the beauty of my person and my strength but also for the mental powers that I was able to bring to bear on every subject submitted to me."

"Did they submit many?" asked the Cat.

"That question," said the Rabbit, "shows how ignorant you are of the usages of Courts."

"I daresay," said the Cat. "I only thought fifteen was a bit young, you know. But no doubt I'm wrong."

"You are," said the Rabbit. "Very wrong. In Sablonia we develope rapidly. A man of fifteen there is fully the equal of any man of twenty-five in these retarded latitudes. However, if you don't care to hear my story I'm sure I don't want to tell it."

"Sorry," said the Cat, and the Rabbit resumed:—

"Many were the lovely ladies who adorned with their presence the Court of Sablonia; but amongst these the loveliest, by common consent, was the Duchess of BANDUSIA, with whom my tale is concerned. Certainly she was no mere girl. In her the passage of the years, while it took nothing from the charm of her incomparable beauty, had added that wisdom and grace of mind which so many of your insipid fair ones lack. To be sure, she was not without her enemies, some of whom, indeed, went so far as to accuse her of being an emissary in the pay of the King of PLAGIOROSA, my father's brother and the determined foe of our House. So soon, however, as it became known that I was ready on the slightest provocation to constitute myself the champion of the lady, these malignant whispers died out. I only mention them in order to avow my total disbelief in any rumour that reflected on this beautiful lady's character. It is true that she was married to a wicked old rake of twice her age, but this fault, if fault it could be called, was due to the poverty and the heartless schemes of her parents, who had led her practically from the nursery to the altar in order to mate her with a man she had scarcely seen. So much then for the earlier history of the Duchess. At the time I speak of she was, as I have said, in the full flush of her beauty. She cast upon me the eyes of kindness; her sad fate as the wife of the villainous Duke appealed to all my sympathy, and I vowed to defend her with all my strength."

"Naturally her evident preference for my society could not fail to raise up for me many enemies. In Courts, where life for the most part is all idleness and pleasure, spiteful gossip too often takes the place of conversation, and jealousy and pique are the petty motives that direct the actions of men. I was not unaware of the rumours and innuendoes that were in the air, but with the heedlessness of youth I had made up my mind to disregard them. Well would it have been for me and for the object of my chivalrous devotion had I paid a closer attention to the envious schemes of some of those who were my daily companions. But 'tis the nature of Princes to be noble, and *bon sang ne peut mentir*."

"I say!" interrupted Rob, "that's not the right quotation, is it?"

"How would you correct it?" asked the Rabbit. "It's French, you know. Possibly you don't understand French."

"Rot. I understand quite enough to know what I'm talking about. It ought to be, *bon chien chasse de race*."

"That only shows your silliness," said the Rabbit. "You think everything must be about dogs. I know my quotation



HIS BITTER HALF.

John. "I DRINK 'ARTY, MARIA. I DRINK V BRY NIGH 'ARTY



is right, for," he added proudly, "it is the motto of our House, and it is to be found carved on all the public buildings of Sablonia."

"Let him go on, Rob," said the Cat. "If it's carved on all the public houses of Sablonia he's bound to know about it."

"I said public *buildings*," said the Rabbit majestically, "not public houses. And now, perhaps, you'll let me proceed:—"

"One morning I was walking in the gardens of the Palace. It was early summer, and the birds were singing in the trees and everything looked bright and fair. Yet somehow or other, in spite of the beauty of the day, I could not rid myself of melancholy forebodings. What am I, I thought to myself, that without any special merit of my own I should in the course of time become the master of all this scene of loveliness? Are there not possibly some as worthy as I who now languish in obscurity merely because the chances of their birth have not been propitious? Thus musing I became aware of a certain inexplicable strangeness in my surroundings. The familiar avenues, the grottoes, the undulating sweep of the great deer-park were in their ancient situations; but for some reason they hardly seemed the same. A glamour had fallen from them and, though the sun streamed upon them, they looked cold and bleak. Suddenly I saw my father advancing from the Royal Hunting Lodge to meet me. Although the morning was warm he was closely wrapped up, and the lower part of his face was concealed by a woollen muffler."

"Sir," said I, as he approached, 'you suffer. Is there aught I can do to relieve you?'

"'Tis a mere nothing,' he replied, 'a touch of cold caught at the laying of the foundation-stone of the Oddfellows' Hall yesterday. I am not so young as I was. Nay, do not protest, for I know, I feel, that I am not.'

"Something in the tone of his voice surprised me. Was this indeed my father? There could be no doubt: no other man could imitate a majesty of bearing and a nobility of aspect which not even a woollen muffler could conceal. And, as to the voice, it was, of course, affected by the cold."

"Will you oblige me," continued the King, after a pause necessitated by a severe fit of sneezing, 'by taking this note to the chief librarian of the Palace? In return he will give you a book which I desire you to bring to me. And, by the way,' he added, seemingly as an afterthought, 'you may as well take with you the Duchess of BANDUSIA. She has expressed a desire to see the Royal library, and she cannot visit it under better auspices than yours.'



A DIFFICULT TASK.

"JACK, DEAR, I DO WISH YOU WOULD GET ANOTHER PHOTO TAKEN."

"HOW OFTEN HAVE I TOLD YOU I WILL NOT?"

"BUT WHY NOT?" (Then, thoughtfully, after a pause.) "ARE YOU AFRAID OF BEING ASKED TO LOOK PLEASANT?"

"Need I say that I gave a joyful assent, seized the note, and sprang off to perform my pleasant commission. In five minutes I had found the Duchess, and together we proceeded to that part of the Palace in which the library is situated."

Here the Rabbit paused and took breath.

"No more to-day," he said. "*La suite au prochain numéro*. Do you understand that, Rob? It's French."

Sermons in Stones.

FROM a review of *The Letters of Bishop Stubbs* in the Literary Supplement of the Times:—

"He had searched the archives of Knaresborough Castle and was deeply versed in the geological (*sic*) history of his forefathers."

VEGETABLE Man Cook wanted for Club.—Apply to Steward, &c. *Morning Post*. Evidently not the Beef-Steak Club.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF YESTERDAY.

BEING THE REVELATIONS OF AN INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE.

(With grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Allen Upward.)

NO. II.—WHY MARCELINE NEVER SPEAKS ABOVE A WHISTLE.

VISITORS to the Hippodrome, who have been convulsed by the merry antics of the famous droll, reckon little of the world of tragedy that lies concealed underneath that quaint exterior. Yet a little reflection would serve to remind them that some of the saddest hearts have worn the motley—RIGOLETTO, GRIMALDI, and MR. GIBSON BOWLES, to mention no others.

It is one of the strangest facts connected with our civilisation, sophisticated and suspicious though it is, that its real mysteries seldom excite curiosity.

MARCELINE, perhaps the most perplexing figure of our times, has hitherto been accepted simply and solely for what he appears to be—a clown in a circus. Yet the most cursory inspection makes it clear that he positively teems with romance.

His name, to begin with, irresistibly suggests a princely origin to anyone acquainted with the famous passage in VIRGIL: *Tu Marcellus eris*. His nose, again, is fraught with portentous significance as of one not only born but bred in the purple. Most sinister and mysterious of all, however, is his resolute and uncanny refusal to adopt the ordinary methods of communication. For I believe it is an open secret that Mr. OTHO TWIGG—mark again the Imperial association of the name OTHO—his most intimate friend, has never heard his illustrious colleague speak in his natural voice.

To me personally MARCELINE has always been an object of the liveliest interest. For years the task of fathoming the secret of his identity and antecedents baffled my most persistent endeavours. Night after night I used to attend the Hippodrome in the hope that some unguarded gesture, some peculiar *timbre* of his whistle might furnish me with a clue, and at last I was rewarded for my patience.

I was sitting in the front row of the arena with my friend Count SCHALKENBACH, the Russian diplomatist, and just as MARCELINE was turning a somersault the Count observed, "The news from the Balkans is rather serious." I noticed that MARCELINE seemed to totter as he regained his feet, and following up the clue that flashed into my brain I softly whistled the opening bars of the Bulgarian national anthem. MARCELINE instantly burst into tears and rushed from the arena, followed disconsolately by Mr. OTHO TWIGG, and refused to appear again that evening.

The next night I took up my stand outside the stage door of the Hippodrome at 10 o'clock. MARCELINE's private brougham was waiting for him, and the coachman was nodding on the box. The night was rather foggy, and, stealing noiselessly up from behind—here as elsewhere my experience in stalking elk in Oklahoma stood me in admirable stead—I opened the door of the brougham on the side farthest from the pavement and slipped inside. A quarter of an hour elapsed before MARCELINE appeared, clad in a faultless dress-suit, and entered the brougham. I should explain that, as the result of a long training under Japanese gymnasts, I have acquired the art of so shrinking into myself that he sat down beside me without being conscious of my presence. We drove off and had got as far as Piccadilly Circus before I broke the silence.

"Prince," I observed, "we have not met since the battle of Slivnitsa."

MARCELINE started violently, and in a low and agonized whistle plainly indicated his desire that I should respect his incognito.

"Yes," I replied, "on condition that you explain how it is that from being a man of six feet high and broad in proportion, you have dwindled to your present dimensions."

MARCELINE, or Prince ALEXANDER of Bulgaria, to call him by his true name, began to whistle his answer, but he soon broke down. The effort was too great even for his powers, and, secure of my confidence, he actually broke into speech for the first time for many years. To reveal all that he told me would be to imperil the stability of more than one crowned head. Suffice it to say that, when he was kidnapped by the Russians, the cruel treatment and starvation to which he was subjected by his captors reduced his weight from 13 to 8 stone, and his height from 6 ft. 2 in. to 5 ft. 1 in. On his release he was so absolutely unrecognisable as to be unable to establish his identity to the satisfaction of his subjects, and the Russians readily availing themselves of the advantage procured a venal substitute who bore an extraordinary resemblance to Prince ALEXANDER as he appeared before his removal. This substitute, in consideration of a handsome allowance, lived quietly in Austria—where he died a few years later as Count HARTENAU—and the real Prince, the hero of Slivnitsa, was obliged to eke out a subsistence as a circus droll, under the self-imposed ban of perpetual silence, relieved by pathetically eloquent sibilations! But if MARCELINE was thus betrayed into speech by my extraordinary acumen he has shown no further sign of self-revelation, relapsing into that impenetrable silence which is at once the admiration and despair of his devoted colleague, Mr. OTHO TWIGG.

PARISIAN GOSSIP.

MR. PUNCH, who never goes abroad without his manual of French conversation lessons on the famous GOUIN method, has felt inspired to add a few simple exercises of his own, intended—while adhering closely to the methods familiarized by recent publications—to apply this admirable system still farther to the homely details of modern life. Samples follow:—

I.—*L'Allumette française.*

La nuit arrive.
Il fait sombre dans ma chambre.
Je prends une boîte d'allumettes.
Je l'ouvre.
J'y prends une allumette.
Je referme la boîte.
Je frotte l'allumette contre la boîte.
Je la frotte encore.
Je continue à la frotter.
L'allumette décharge une odeur horrible.
Ma chambre est remplie d'un nuage épais.
Je ne puis pas voir ni la boîte ni l'allumette.
Je m'étouffe.

XII.—*Le retour de la Burette.*

Je marche sur le trottoir.
Je descends sur la chaussée.
Je traverse la chaussée.
Je remonte sur l'autre trottoir.
Je m'assieds sur le trottoir.
Je descends une autre fois sur la chaussée.
Je m'assieds dans la chaussée.
Je m'étends vers le trottoir.
Il y a trop de passants sur le trottoir.
Il y a trop de voitures sur la chaussée.
J'avance la jambe droite.
J'avance la jambe gauche.
Je fais un, deux, trois, quatre pas—et demi.
J'avance toutes les deux jambes à la fois.
Je tombe.

XX.—*La Glissade.*

Je suis au sommet de l'escalier.
Je m'incline sur la rampe.
Je glisse.
Une, deux, trois, quatre, cinq, six, sept, huit, neuf, dix marches.
J'arrive au troisième étage.
Je glisse encore.
J'arrive au deuxième (étage).
Je glisse encore.
J'arrive au premier (étage).
Je continue à glisser.

Entendez-vous? C'est le cauchemar.
J'ai mangé hier quelque chose qui me fait mal.
Je souffre horriblement.
Mais je ne suis pas au fond de l'escalier.
Je suis dans mon lit.



Brown. "I SAY, OLD MAN, WHO'S THAT VERY PLAIN ELDERLY LADY YOU WERE WALKING WITH—NOW SITTING HERE?"

Smith (the impecunious, who has married money). "OH, THAT'S MY WIFE."

Brown. "YOUR WIFE! BUT"—(lowering his voice)—"SHE HAS ONLY ONE EYE—AND SO AWFULLY—I BEG YOUR PARDON—BUT—"

Smith (pleasantly). "YOU NEEDN'T WHISPER, OLD MAN. SHE'S DEAF!"

THE ATOMIC WAIT OF LOVE.

[With reference to Sir OLIVER LODGE's theory that each atom of matter consists of many electrons revolving endlessly and *without contact* within its bounds, the *Athenæum* recently remarked that "the hard of the new day may croon the loves of the electrons."]

DISDAINFUL DAPHNE turned to flee,
Young EDWIN rose from bended knee;
No wight before, no other heart,
Had ever felt so keen a smart;
His riven frame could scarce contain
The pent emotions of his brain,
Which, straying as emotions must,
Haply embraced a speck of dust;
And since, however hearts may bleed,
A nice regard for trousers' need
Can batter at the gates of grief,
He flicked it with his handkerchief.

Straightway there smote upon his ears
Mysterious music of the spheres,
Born of vibrations far above
Perceptions not attuned by love.
It rose, it fell, it rose again,
It throbbled with a delicious pain,
Grew shrill with rapture, hoarse with
hate,
And at the last articulate,

"Mortal," it sang, "thou think'st to
The uttermost abyss of woe, [know
Who yet this blissful instant could
Touch thy fair lady where she stood.
How slow are molecules in mass
To grasp their privilege! Alas!
List to the tragedy involved
In matter finally resolved,
Condemned to bear this primal curse,
An atom for its universe.

Æons ago, when time was not,
Ere worlds were born, ere suns were hot,
When Space by Form was unalloyed,
Ere even Chaos stained the void,
I loved ELECTRA. Oh the pace
That I developed in the chase,
As round our tiny bounds we flew
Whilst planetary systems grew.
Ages of incandescent gas—
We felt them come, we watched them
pass.

Ages of shrinking nebulae—
They saw me follow, left her free.
Stardust and clusters, Milky Ways,
The birth of suns, the dawn of days,
That miracle, by time evoked,
Atom to atom sweetly yoked,
Found me pursuing rapture missed,
And coy ELECTRA still unmissed.

Cursed be the Scientist who set
Gulfs 'twixt the two who else had
met;

And blest be he who yet shall come
To bridge the sundering medium.
Till then—O pity!—wedded bliss
Must wait a fresh hypothesis,
And ceaselessly ELECTRA dodge
Till Roland OLIVER disLODGE."

The music ceased. Young EDWIN turned,
Remorse in DAPHNE's eye discerned;
One step, one clasp—The wise assert
That Matter, in itself Inert,
Possesses, whatsoe'er it be,
This too—Compressibility.

De Minimis.

THE *Daily Telegraph* advertises the following disaster:

"LOST, a Canvas Travelling Bag, containing Suit of Clothes, Japanese Cart, and Diary."

In case the mislaid vehicle is recovered we can recommend a pony that should exactly fit it. The animal in question belongs to the breeding establishment for Shetland ponies at Great Hollenden Farm, and according to the *Onlooker* is "only thirteen inches high."

LIVING HISTORY.

NEWS FROM THE PROVINCES.

By means of a large crowd of people carefully grouped and attired in costumes of the period, a reconstitution of the Court life of LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH at Versailles is being effected for exhibition by the cinematograph in French music-halls.

A number of *tableaux* of English historical episodes are now being arranged for the biograph on similar lines, for production at one of our halls of variety.

From the "Athelney Advertiser."

Last Wednesday King ALFRED THE GREAT burning the cakes formed a realistic scene. The biograph operator having stationed his instrument in a swineherd's kitchen at Athelney, Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, the Poet Laureate, whose interest in the great Saxon lawgiver is so well known, entered, attired faultlessly in the garb of the period, and proceeded with infectious gusto to enact the historic catastrophe. Indeed so enthusiastic did our premier warbler become in the excitement of the moment that he began to improvise a lyric, and a gramophone was at once ordered to be sent by special train from Bristol to record the inspiration. He subsequently danced a burnt-cake-walk, in which he was joined by the swineherd's wife (Miss MIMI ST. CYR).

The cakes were furnished by friendly buzzards.

The fire by the Gas Light & Coke Co.

From the "Berkshire Barker."

Runnymede Island, near Staines, is



Alfred the Great plays a (burnt) cake-walk.



Master Willy Shakspeare (Mr. Hall Caine) bringeth a deere unto Mistress Ann Hathaway (Miss Marie Corelli).

(Our artist regrets that owing to a sudden return of that unconquerable aversion to publicity from which Miss Corelli chronically suffers, he has been once more foiled, at the last moment, in obtaining a likeness of England's greatest authoress.)

for the most part deserted; but it presented a very gay sight last week, when some scores of gentlemen visited it for the purpose of grouping themselves as King JOHN and Barons in order that cinematoscope records of the signing of Magna Charta might be secured. At a little table sat the reluctant King, admirably impersonated by Mr. BALFOUR. Behind and beside him pressed the Barons, amongst whom Lords BURTON, HINDLIFF, and other prominent representatives of the brewing interest were easily recognised, threatening him with glowering looks. Meanwhile the cinematoscope ticked on, making a most impressive scene.

Magna Charta supplied by the proprietor of the Great Liver Pills.

Inexhaustible fountain-pen lent by Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE.

From the "Warwickshire War Cry."

On an afternoon last week the villagers in the neighbourhood of Charlcoate Park, near Stratford-on-Avon, were thrown into a state of the liveliest excitement by the visit of the biograph operator, intent upon reconstructing a famous incident in the life of our great dramatist. A number of deer, which had been carefully trained by Mr. HENGLER, were stationed picturesquely among trees, and these Mr. HALL CAINE (kindly lent by the House of Keys) who made, we need hardly say, a perfect SHAKSPEARE, proceeded to steal, conveying the succulent quadrupeds one by one with the most dexterous surreptitiousness to the

Ann Hathaway of the moment (Miss MARIE CORELLI). As portraits of the last mentioned lady, who sheds new lustre on SHAKSPEARE'S town, are very rare, great popularity is expected for this series of views.

The deer lent by the Master of the Buckhounds.

Costumes designed by Mr. SIDNEY LEE.

From the "Boston (Lincolnshire) Eagle."

Considerable interest has been aroused in the neighbourhood by the announcement that an enterprising firm of London photographers have chartered a sailing-vessel in order to reconstruct, by the aid of the cinematograph, the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock. Dr. CLIFFORD and other leading Passive Resisters have been offered the principal rôles amongst the emigrants, and it is stated that, if his engagements permit, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will arrange to meet the Colonials on disembarkation with a view to securing their first offer of a preference to the mother country.

An adequate supply of life-belts has been furnished by the Royal Humane Society, and Mr. CADBURY has generously presented the Pilgrim Fathers with a complete outfit accurately copied from contemporary Puritan fashion plates.

From the "Hastings Clarion."

Thanks to the enterprise of a leading firm of London Bioscopists the inhabitants of this town and its environs were enabled on Friday last to witness an extraordinarily vivid representation of

the Battle of Senlac, as modern historians have taught us to call it. The climax of the engagement was the final onset on the English stockade by Duke WILLIAM of Normandy, splendidly represented by Mr. BRODRICK in a superb suit of khaki, wearing the Order of the Red Eagle on the crest of his famous cap, and crying with infinite zest, "Haro! Haro! Peper Harow!" The Duke's bowmen were gallantly led by Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, to whom was deputed the painful duty of discharging the fatal shaft that pierced the eye of King HAROLD, tastefully impersonated by a gentleman whose extraordinary likeness to Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER excited general comment. The part of the minstrel TAILLEFER, who rode into battle tossing his sword and catching it while he sang, was ably filled by Signor CINQUEVALLI.

The helmets designed by Mr. BRODRICK himself.

Bows and arrows supplied by the War Office.

From the "Conway Clarion."

The cinematoscoping of the scene of the Bards cursing EDWARD THE FIRST was successfully carried out at Conway last Monday. Prominent among the representatives of the Welsh patriots were Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, "MADON," and Mr. WILKIE BAIRD. By way of lending further significance to the proceedings an effigy of the English tyrant, made up to represent Sir WILLIAM ANSON, was burnt amid the acclamations of the populace.

Welsh expletives supplied by Mr. BRYN ROBERTS.

CHARIVARIA.

GENERAL LATTELTON has declared the lesson of the recent manœuvres to be that we need not worry over the danger of foreign invasion. We are glad to hear from one in high authority that the Navy alone is strong enough to protect our shores.

"The proudest feather in the caps of the 'Kilties' is the fact that they created a *furor* among the most unmusical people on the face of the earth—namely, the people of the United States," says a writer in a contemporary, and now he is wondering why he has not pleased either the Kilties or the United States.

Some surprise has been expressed because Captain HAMILTON has rejected a candidate for the Fire Brigade on the ground of stoutness. We should have thought the danger of fat in the fire was recognised long ago.

A correspondent complains, in the columns of a contemporary, of the loss

of pictorial post-cards in transit. There is an ugly rumour abroad to the effect that some of the most carefully selected collections in the kingdom are owned by postmasters.

A prize of £150 has been offered for a safety lamp suitable for the British Workman's home. One condition is that it should be possible for the owner, when drunk, to throw it from one end of the room to the other without danger of fire. With such a convenience, home will be home indeed.

A Silent Woman has been discovered by the Maidenhead magistrates. It is said that she has already received more offers of marriage than she knows what to do with.

The secret of photographing in colours has again been discovered. We were getting afraid that this year was going to be an exceptional one.

Among the novelties shown by Canada at the Grocers' Exhibition were canned eggs. These are guaranteed to keep good for a year. The orgie of badness in which the baffled egg indulges on the 366th day can just be imagined.

Another blow has been struck at Church attendance. The Dean of Norwich has caused great indignation among a certain section of worshippers by preaching against the practice of flirting in church.

Mr. W. T. STEAD has paid a visit to the performance at His Majesty's Theatre, and we are pleased to hear that, for once, he was not a pro-Booer.

It is stated that, at the first rehearsal of *The Tempest*, a super who took part in it was sea-sick. We must be grateful, we suppose, in an age of realism on the stage, that the management did not insist on this happening every evening.

Messrs. PEARSON have published their first sixpenny song. Suggested motto for the series: "Sing a Song of Sixpence."

We think, by-the-by, that too much is being made of this "Musical Revolution." It should not be forgotten that for a long time past certain firms have been publishing twopenny-halfpenny songs.

Sir H. H. JOHNSTON is back from Liberia, and reports that the country has reached a high state of civilisation, nearly every native possessing a gramophone.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

"UNCLE," said my niece BIJOU, who rarely patronises any but the lady's column of my paper, "what's 'being engineered in the interests of the monopolists' mean? What is a monopolist, Uncle?"

"A monopolist," I said patiently, "is one who has an exclusive right to trade in some particular article. It is derived from the Greek *μόνος*, meaning 'alone,' and *πωλῶν*—"

"But why shouldn't they?" said BIJOU. "I don't see any harm in that."

I laid aside my book. I knew that the best method of imparting knowledge was by illustration. BIJOU put the paper down and came and sat upon the arm of my chair, where there was not room for her.

"Suppose, BIJOU," I said, "that you went to KAY's for a blouse—"

"I always go to MANTALINI's," put in BIJOU.

"Well, MANTALINI's, then. Any one you like. And suppose MANTALINI's had a monopoly of blouses—nobody else was allowed to sell them, you know. Then MANTALINI's could charge you anything they liked—a guinea or even more—and you would have to pay."

BIJOU burst out laughing, and began patting my cheek.

"You dear old Uncle!" she said. "Why, that's nothing at all! One of mine cost—"

"Oh, never mind!" I said rather irritably. "Ten guineas—twenty—a hundred, if you like. I don't know what these things cost. I'm only supposing."

"You might as well suppose something sensible," remarked BIJOU. "But go on, Uncle, about the monopolists."

"Suppose, then," I continued, "that they not only charged a preposterous price, but made very poor blouses into the bargain without insertions," I hazarded. "You couldn't go to another shop, you see."

"You could get them to alter it somehow, I suppose," said BIJOU. "I remember when I was in there a few days ago I heard a woman ask—"

"But if they wouldn't alter it?" I interposed. "If they said you must pay their price and take it as it was, or go without a blouse at all—because you couldn't go anywhere else? What then, BIJOU?"

"Oh, but they wouldn't," said BIJOU. "There's such a nice man at MANTALINI's."

There was a slight pause. "Oh, BIJOU," I said sadly, "I suppose you really can't understand."

BIJOU looked hurt. "Well, anyhow, I understand as much about monopolists as you do about blouses," she said.



QUID PRO QUO.

Brown (staying at a farm-house for his summer holidays). "I LIKE YOUR EGGS, MRS. CHERITON; BUT FISH IN THE COUNTRY OFTEN HAS SUCH A STRONG FLAVOUR."

Farmer's Wife. "YES, SIR. BUT IN LONDON WHAT YOU LOSE ON THE FISH YOU GAIN ON THE EGGS."

A SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD.

(After Walt Whitman's poem of the same name.)

SEARTING eagerly, I come to the Open Road.

(Viens, ma chère! it is an important public thoroughfare.)

Before me is a formidable barricade of planks and rope, and a steeply escarped mound.

Beyond lies a gaping fosse, deeply dug out.

(No! this is not Port Arthur; it is London, and a chief artery of traffic.)

Brawny delvers heave shovelfuls of dark brown earth from below, at slow and measured intervals, between lengthy pulls at cans of some white metal.

(Give me your hand, camarado, you are evidently working by the hour, and not at piecework.)

Which way goes London's congested traffic? Have you no buses running east and west? no motors? no bicycles? Are there no heavy vans to block progress in the busiest time of the day?

Ah! they have gone round some half mile, by way of the Embankment and small side streets.

Other roads have I also seen in passing, roped in with cords and iron rods—their turn will come after.

Viens, ma chère,

(Can you leap a ten-foot chasm, or walk an eighteen-inch plank bridge?)

We will cross the road.

Election Intelligence.

Lady (after doing a little canvassing). You know you are entitled to a vote. Are you on the register?

Yokel. I'm sure I don't know, Miss.

Lady. Well, have you ever given your name in?

Yokel. No, Miss. I ain't never give my name to no one; 'cept to schoolmaster, time o' the Coronation feed.

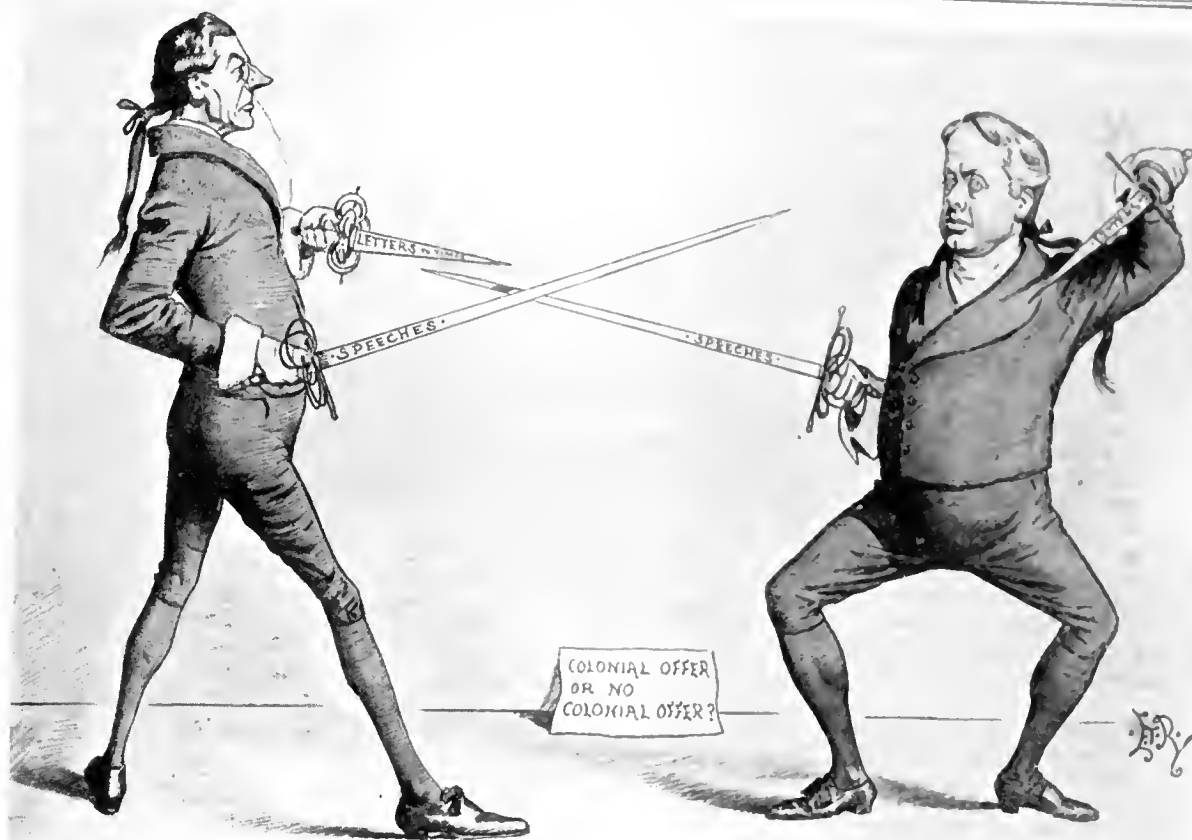
A ONE POUND NOTE.—The LORD MAYOR has been frequently described as "a King within his own dominions east of ancient Temple Bar." Now, as has been shown by the cordially unanimous vote last week, the LORD MAYOR elect, who enters on his duties next month, is a brand-new Sovereign, being One Pound, sterling, uncommonly sterling. This Sovereign, once invested with the Mayoralty, won't be changed for a whole year, and there is no doubt that the City and Corporation of London will receive full value for the Pound that must last them for the next twelve months.



“THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.”

LLAMA. “HAS HE GONE? THAT’S ODD; I DON’T REMEMBER SIGNING ANYTHING. WELL, ANYHOW, I’M GOING BACK HOME.”





MASTERS OF FENCE.

THE AUTUMN POLITICAL TOURNAMENT OPENS WITH A GREAT SWORD AND DAGGER FIGHT BETWEEN TWO FENCERS OF DISTINCTION.

THE COMPLETE JOURNALIST.

[At the conference of the Institute of Journalists recently held in Glasgow, Mr. A. F. ROBBINS warned the public against illusory advertisements designed to attract unwary aspirants to journalistic fame, and referred in particular to one which announces that for a fee of £5 anyone who can read and write can at once become not merely a Journalist but a brilliant Journalist, capable of taking the most exalted position in the profession.]

In the realms of gold I've wandered,
Culling pearls and precious stones—
Thus in pleasing fashion pondered
VERA SOPHONISBA JONES.—
Prizes I have won past telling;
Teacher always thought me quick
At the arts of writing, spelling,
Reading and arithmetic.

Thus my early steps meandered
Round the sweet Pierian pool;
First I passed the highest standard
At the Ballham Public School;
Then, with ardour undiminished,
Higher glories still I won
Till the Tooting Poly. finished
What the Board School had begun.

Then a mighty point was mooted:
Which, I wondered, was the line
Most particularly suited
To the talents which were mine?

Duties coarse and low and menial
Filled with loathing all my soul,
Nor were counters more congenial
Than the vile domestic rôle.

Other girls in ruthless fetters
Might be doomed to pass the day
Typing sordid business letters
With a pittance for their pay;
My aspiring soul revolted
From this slavish sort of thing;
Pegasus had not yet moulted
Every feather from his wing.

While I wondered, darkly troubled,
Which profession would be best,
On a sudden joy-springs bubbled
Gurgling gaily in my breast;
Fast my pulses beat and faster
Till the heart within me laughed—
For a fiver I could master
All the journalistic craft.

Just the life my soul had pined for!
Clearly I began to see
I was certainly designed for
Journalism, fair and free.
Thus my gifts should not be wasted,
Nor my life be turned to gall
Straightway to the School I hasted
And deposited my all.

There with diligence I studied
For a busy month or more,

Till my very soul was flooded
Deep with journalistic lore.
Pitman was my ruling passion,
And my fingers learnt the trick
As they flew in nimble fashion
O'er the keyboard of my Blick.

Now I'm ready for my readers,
And I sigh for pen and ink;
O! to dash off brilliant leaders
Teaching millions what to think!
Matchless services I proffer,
And I think it only fair
To expect the speedy offer
Of an editorial chair.

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

FACTS are stubborn things, but nothing
in comparison to a woman's fancies.
There are those who do ill for wealth
and blush to find it false.

The man who is "a good fellow in his
way" is often in our way too.

It is better to be born lucky than
rich; but, perhaps, on the whole, it is
best to avoid being born at all.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom
—but he must be content to be happy
alone.

Trilles matter; a sorrow's crown of
sorrow is remembering tuppenny things.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

THE riding-lights of a hundred yachts twinkled in a long line across the bay. The waiting boats' crews on the jetty were making furtive excursions into the Marine Hotel, for it was getting near closing time. Outside the bar a yellow-haired damsel with a mandolin and a well-worn voice recited some lines on the futility of unrequited affection:

"Wot is the yewse—of luvvin'—a gel—if the gel don't luv yew tew? . . ."

The dinghy was alongside the steps, and I was only waiting for GEORGE. I was getting anxious about him. He had insisted upon coming ashore to do some shopping, though with a want of candour quite rare in him he had refused to reveal the nature of his requirements. In fact he had not been himself all day. By the morning's post had arrived a letter from the only girl in the world, and his face had fallen as he read it. He had even, to my amazement, made a remark uncomplimentary to the writer of it.

I had not had the pleasure of meeting this lady, but during GEORGE'S sojourn with me in the *Nepenthe* I had heard a good deal about her. I knew, for instance, that she was very beautiful, and that her intellect was far above the average; that though endowed with a sense of humour unusual in her sex she was uncommonly serious for her age; that she was severely domesticated, besides being a thorough sportswoman; and that in every one of the fine arts, but especially in music, she had attained a level of accomplishment much above that of the mere amateur. If, as I believed, the letter foreboded the blighting of GEORGE'S hopes with regard to so extraordinary a creature, I was surely justified in feeling anxious as to the consequences.

"Wot if she's fair beyond all compare, and wot if her eyes are blew,
Wot is the yewse—of luvvin'—a gel—if the gel do—on't—luv yew?"

I paced up and down the jetty, trying to formulate a satisfactory answer to this exasperating query. I had indeed partly succeeded, when I caught sight of GEORGE hurrying down to meet me. I devoutly hoped he might not catch the drift of the ditty as he passed: but his heart was evidently responsive to an echo of its own pain. He paused, and waited underneath a gas-lamp until the damsel repeated the refrain. Then he gave her money. My worst fears were confirmed. Her eyes, I suddenly remembered, were blue. Poor GEORGE! He had told me so only a day or two before.

"GEORGE, my boy," I began gravely, holding out my hand, ostensibly to pull him into the boat, but really to assure

him of my sympathy, "GEORGE, my boy, 'tis better——"

"'Better late than never.' I know!" said GEORGE, as he sat down in the stern.

This blatant optimism was, I felt sure, a mere blind. He then proceeded to account for his lateness by saying he had had great difficulty in finding the shop he wanted.

"Not a chemist's shop, GEORGE?" I blurted out, as a dreadful thought struck me.

"Try again," said GEORGE; "whatever made you think of that?"

"I hardly supposed," I replied evasively, "that other shops would be open at this hour."

"They mostly live over their shops here," said GEORGE. "I've got what I wanted right enough."

His determination had clearly been equal to rousing some tradesman from the retirement of his back parlour. I plied the sculls in silence, and was trying to think of an innocent motive that might drive a man to so desperate a remedy, when we arrived alongside the *Nepenthe*. GEORGE stood up. By the light that came through the cabin scuttle I descried half-an-inch of a shining metal tube sticking out of his breast-pocket.

"GEORGE," I said severely, "you've been buying a pistol!"

"Wrong again!" he said, with a mocking laugh, as he sprang on board. We soon turned in, and never before had GEORGE'S snoring given me such a sense of relief.

I was awakened in the early morning by a sound as of birds twittering just overhead. I thought I must be dreaming, as we were lying a good half mile from the shore. Sitting up to listen, my eyes fell upon GEORGE'S bunk. It was unoccupied. With the thoughts of the previous evening crowding upon my returning consciousness, I rushed up the ladder and looked out on deck. There was no one there. The blush of dawn still lingered over sea and sky, and ashore the houses, smokeless and silent, presented to the eye only a monotony of drawn blinds. Not a living thing was to be seen. A quick glance at the dinghy still fastened astern assured me that GEORGE had not landed. Alas! there was but one other alternative. GEORGE had jumped overboard!

"Wot is the yewse—of luvvin'—a gel—if the gel . . ."

Surely my mind was becoming unhinged—else why should that mysterious whistling as of birds overhead resolve itself into an attempt to reproduce the notes of the yellow-haired damsel's song—truly, a very sorry, jerky attempt, but still—— I looked up. Seated comfortably on the crosstrees was GEORGE,

thoughtfully practising on the penny whistle. "GEORGE!" I gasped.

"Hallo!" he said. "Toy symphony—great rot—next week—She-who-must-be-obeyed—so musical, you know. Thought I could work it without disturbing you—awfully sorry, old man!"

A SNAPPED TIE.

I NEVER woo'd thee, love of mine,

Nor ever called thee fair;

These ardent lips ne'er quested thine

To seek love's guerdon there;

And yet I felt, with sudden thrill

Of mingled joy and fear,

That we were linked, for good or ill,

That morning on the pier.

Alas! my heart, with sorrow racked,

Must evermore bewail

The stern and melancholy fact

That fishing-lines are frail.

With me remains a broken heart,

With thee, as souvenir,

The broken hook I saw depart,

That morning, on the pier.

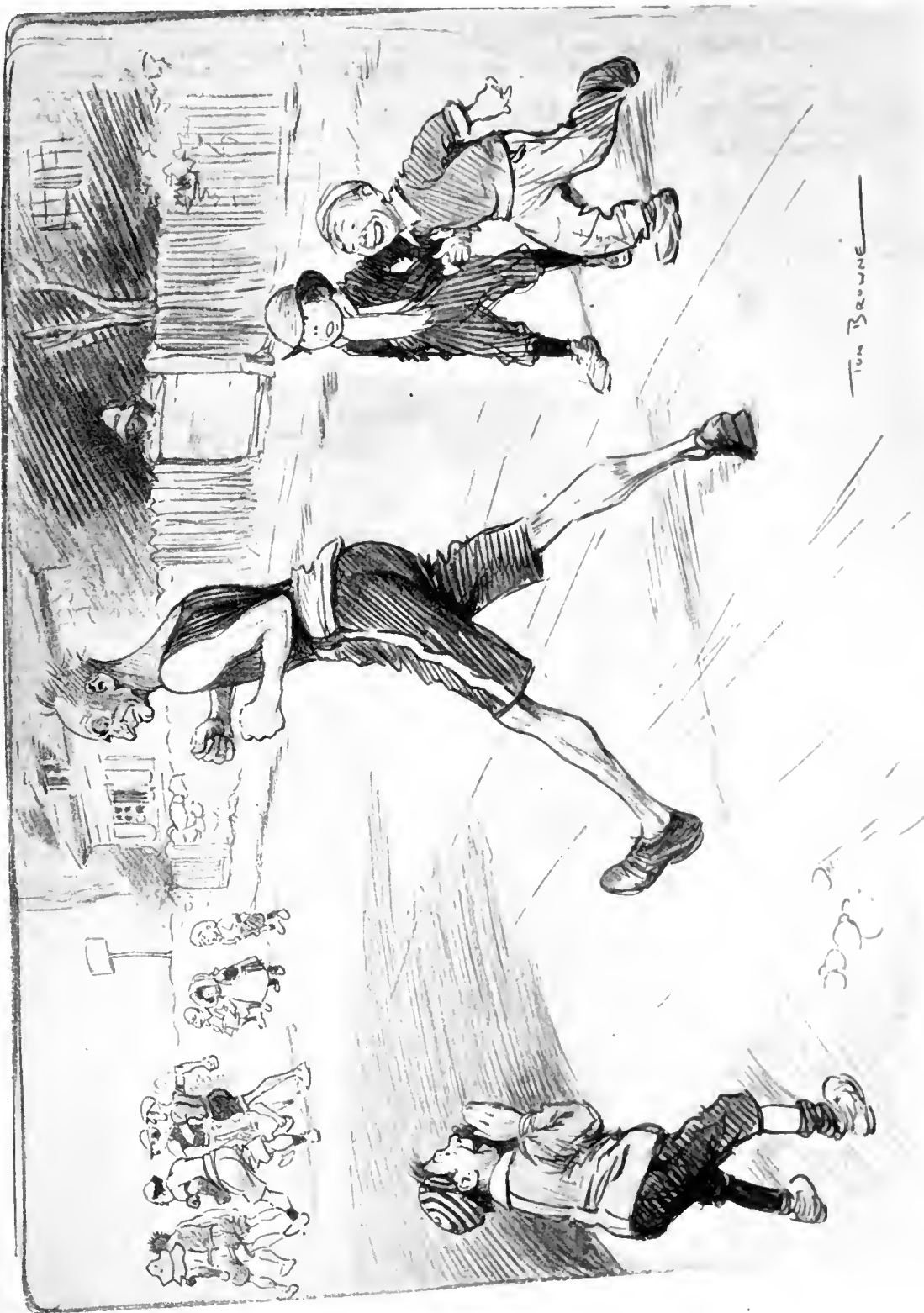
SHAKSPEARE ON THE LIVE WIRE.

SIR,—Though it must not be supposed from the above title that SHAKSPEARE was a precursor of BLONDIN, yet nowhere is his intelligent anticipation more displayed than in those allusions which prove him to have been keenly sensible to the dangers lurking in the live wire.

In *Hamlet*, for instance, he refers to "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," and adds, "'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished." There is here evidence of dyspeptic melancholy, as if the prospect of contact with the live wire were eminently desirable. Again (*ibid.*), "When we have shuffled off this mortal coil." This is a facetious reference to the falling of overhead trolley wires.

In another part of the soliloquy we read, "'Their currents turn awry,'" which is an obvious allusion, somewhat clumsily expressed, to the necessity of making the wire harmless.

Students of LANDOR will remember a passage in which the poet refers to himself as a solid bar of metal, and complains of imitators who draw it out into a thin wire and dissipate its force: "I am the bar from which they draw their wire." By an ingenious correction of the printer this line was made to run, "I am the bar from which they draw their wine." A converse error seems to have crept into a passage in *Othello*, where *Cassio* says, "O thou invisible spirit of wine . . . let us call thee devil." "Wine" is of course a printer's error; "wire" was evidently in the Bard's mind, "spirit of wire" being a euphonious periphrasis for electricity.—Yours, ONCE SHOCKED, TWICE SHY.



RUSTIC ECHOES OF THE WALKING CRAZE.

Sympathetic Boy. "BUCK UP, MISTER. YOU'LL WIN YET."
 Disgusted Competitor. "GO AWAY! I CAN'T BELONG TO THAT LOT IN FRONT. I'M THE FIRST YAN OF ANOTHER LOT BEHIND!"

A MATTER OF DIET.

"You're looking pale," said Miss MENTOR sharply.

"Yes," I replied, "I've been working too hard."

"Pooh!" said Miss MENTOR; "you've been eating too much!"

Of course if anyone else said that to me it would be the end of everything, but I am as much under Miss MENTOR's thumb now as I was at school when she made me her butt in class and her favourite out of it. Miss MENTOR leaned forward in her chair, and fixing me with her eye said dramatically—

"Live on sixpence a day, and live liberally."

"I couldn't do it!" I cried.

"You could—without monotony and without stint. I've done it myself. One merely has to discover the point where normal appetite ends and gluttony begins. Having discovered that, I have improved my health, halved my expenses and doubled my banking account. Of course," she said, tossing her gaunt chin, "looks have no weight with me."

"Of course," I assented.

"Looks," she repeated with evident annoyance, "I have always risen superior to—but I have yet to be told mine are impaired."

"Improved!" I exclaimed heartily.

"So I am led to suppose," she remarked more genially.

"You will remember, from my lectures on Proteids and Carbohydrates, which foodstuffs are essential to repair the wear and tear of the body?"

I looked down and fiddled with my rings.

"What!" she cried sternly, "have you forgotten my special classes on Fibrin, Gluten, and Albumen?"

"Oh no, Miss MENTOR," I replied, "I remember them well!" And indeed I did, and the fun we used to have at them.

"Captain's biscuits at 3d. a pound," she said, "steamed and eaten with pepper and lettuce, form an ample and satisfying meal. Pickled eggs, containing many flesh-forming qualities, may be purchased at 6d. a dozen. Brains, fried or fricasseed, are wonderfully nutritious at a cost of 2d. a set."

"How cheap!" I cried.

"Not necessarily," she replied; "it depends on the quality. Some would be dear at the price." Was it fancy, or did she look in the direction of my head?

Gradually, step by step, she unfolded

the scheme, and my cheeks burned and my eyes sparkled as the full magnificence of the simpler life dawned upon me. With my food at 6d. a day, the world was at my feet, and that tantalising sheet of plate-glass need no longer separate me from the set of moleskin furs I brooded daily over in "Wearing's" window.

"Promise me you will give it a week's trial?" said Miss MENTOR, and I promised with a full heart and tried to thank her for giving me the great opportunity of my life. She also was much moved, and pecked my cheek with unusual fondness, and then she left me—so wrought up and excited I hardly knew how to wait

doubt get to like them). Sweet omelette (omelette a little queer, egg not quite pickled enough). Sat up rather late, in case sample man should return. Total cost, 6d.

TUESDAY. *Breakfast.*—Glass of water, captain's biscuit toasted, poached pickled egg. During morning remembered satisfying qualities of raw cocoanut. Bought one for 3d., a bargain, cost man 3½d. in market. Threw it about room for upwards of an hour; found shell unbreakable but wonderful bouncer; nearly broke front tooth and smashed clock. Neighbors knocked on wall. Gave it up and had early lunch.

Lunch.—Glass of milk. Kipper sauté.

Captain's biscuit baked. Hunted up old adventure book dealing with privations of braves on prairie. Found they eased pangs with tobacco and tightening their belts. Tightened mine two holes. Have done this before on dressy occasions, but never with such increased feelings of comfort. Bought cigarettes (three a penny), smoked two, and felt decidedly less hungry. Four o'clock, tea and shrimp (found it in fish-boy's basket when he brought kipper). Intercepted sample man in next street, accepted small packet, which on return home proved to be Globe Polish. Smashed cocoanut with dumb-bell; found the inside a greenish brown and most unpleasant. Fear man was swindled at market. Cried a little.

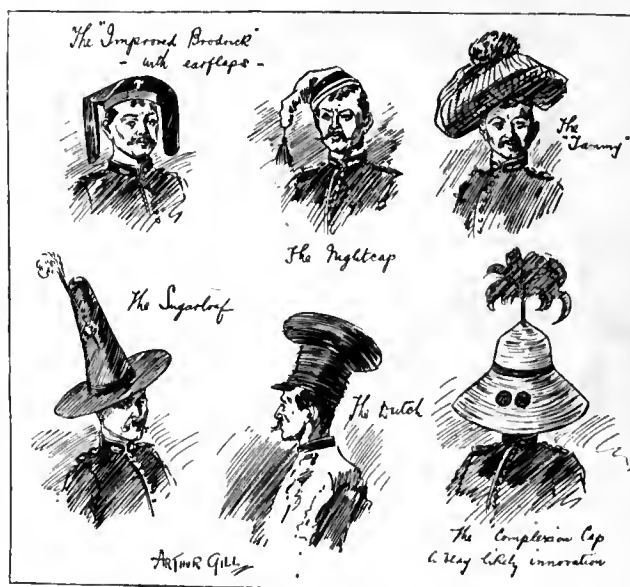
Dinner.—Thick oxtail, cod-fish and oyster sauce, beef-steak and kidney pudding, roast chicken and sausages, apple pie, banana cream, maraschino jelly, coffee.

Wanted beefsteak and kidney pudding back after coffee, but feared waiter—made up with chocolates and preserved fruits.

WEDNESDAY.—Heard Miss MENTOR's knock and slipped out at back door.

SCENE—Barrack Square, after inspection of arms, at which the Company's Commander has been examining his men's rifle-bores with the aid of the little reflector which is commonly dropped into the breech for this purpose.

Private Atkins (who has been checked for a dirty rifle). 'Ere, it's all bally fine! The Officer 'e comes an' looks down the barrel with a bloomin' mikroscope, and the privit soljer 'e 'as to clean 'is rifle with 'is naked heye!



["The 'Brodriek' Cap is to be replaced."—Daily Paper.]

TOMMY ATKINS, HOWEVER, MUST NOT BE UNDULY ELATED BY THE NEWS. THE ABOVE DESIGNS BY VARIOUS PROMINENT OFFICIALS ARE, WE BELIEVE, SAFELY PIGEON-HOLED AT THE WAR OFFICE, AWAITING THE CHANCE TO EARN UNDYING FAME FOR THEIR INGENIOUS INVENTORS.

for the morrow and the dawn of the simpler life.

An extract from my diary will suffice to describe subsequent events:—

MONDAY. *Breakfast.*—Glass of water, steamed captain's biscuit, pepper and lettuce. (Forgot top of pepper-pot was loose.) Enjoyed meal with exception of captain's biscuit. Started out for long country walk, took wrong turning and found myself opposite "Wearing's" window. Must have pelerine taken up on shoulders.

Lunch.—Captain's biscuit (tried it dry), glass of milk, compôte of watercress and bloater paste. Watched sample man distributing packets of cocoa on opposite side of road, but he went off with friend before he reached here. Think his employer should be told.

Dinner.—Fricasseed brains (shall no

SHOULD MOTORISTS WEAR MASKS?

["Plus de lunettes spéciales pour MM. les chauffeurs. Ils devront conduire comme les cochers ordinaires à yeux nus ou avec les lunettes ordinaires de myopes ou de presbytes. Nos sportsmen déclarent que ces lunettes de motoristes favorisent l'anonymat. Ces lunettes sont de véritables masques. On fait sous ce masque ce qu'on n'oserait pas faire à visage découvert. En France il est défendu de se masquer en dehors du temps de carnaval... si le masque tombe, la vitesse des moteurs deviendra fatalement normale."—M. N. de Noduez in the "Times" of September 20.]

Mr. PUNCH has collected a few brief opinions upon the subject of the above-quoted letter.

Mr. KIPLING writes: "Through dirt, sweat, burns, bursts, smells, bumps, breakdowns, and explosions I have attained to the perfect joy of the scorcher. I have suffered much on the southern British highways. My Tibetan devil-mask shall therefore add to their terrors. Besides, I wore gig-lumps at school. What do they know of Sussex who only Burwash know?"

Mr. BEERBOHM TREE telephones: "The most beautiful of all arts is that of make-up. We cannot all resemble *Caliban*, but why should not the motorist aspire in that direction? Life is but a masque, and all roads lead to His Majesty's."

Miss MARIE CORELLI telegraphs: "I am all for anonymity and everything that tends to the avoidance of advertisement. If people must ride in motors, let them have the decency to disguise themselves as effectually as possible, and shun all contact with their kind."

Mr. JEM SMITH, cabdriver, in the course of an interview, said:—"Masks? Not 'arf! Let 'em out on the Fifth of November, and throw a match in their oil-tanks—that's what I'd do! I'd anonymous the lot of 'em!"

"A Middle-aged Lady of Quality" (who does not otherwise sign her letter) writes:—"As my nose goes blue and my face gets generally all the colours of the rainbow during a smart spin on my motor, I would rather not have my personal appearance described by any lady journalist on the prowl, and therefore prefer to render myself unidentifiable."

Mr. DAN LENO gives his opinion thus:—"My word! When I drove a

motor-car in the Drury Lane panto, I found I wanted not only goggles, but knee-pads, chest-protectors, bustles, and funny-bone guards as well. I should think a false face *was* necessary! My word!"

Mr. CHARLES JARROTT replies:—"Of course motorists should wear masks, but let's be fair to the humblest pedestrian or cyclist—these should all go masked as well. We should then never know

Shereefian Majesty inside the "bonnet" of an armoured car. The accompanying inscription, translated, runs:—"To the Honoured *Sidi Punch*! Be it known from this Our letter (may Allah exalt its validity and render it luminous as the sun and moon!) that the cart of Shaitan forms a very efficient protection for the whole of Our Imperial person, and not Our countenance only, during the present troubles in Our city of Marrakesh. Are you well, equal to heaven and earth? Peace."

General STOSSEL sends a wireless message from Port Arthur via Chifu: "Have masked all my batteries, and am reduced to firing *balles masquées*. Please send us some road-hogs. They would be eaten thankfully, as we are running very short of *zakuska*. So long—*do svidaniya*!"

Policeman XX. (in the rôle of a labourer behind a hedge on the Brighton Road): "'Oo are you a-gettin' at? Do you see any mote in my eye? If you want to know the time, I've a stop-watch!"

AN ANTICIPATION.

[It has been suggested that the law recently passed in America forbidding the wearing of hideous masks should be introduced into this country.]



P.-C. A. I. "NOW THEN, OFF WITH THAT HORRIBLE MASK!"
Motorist, "THIS ISN'T A MASK!"

whom we were running down, and could not be accused of animus in the matter of singling out any special individual for our attentions."

King ALFONSO favours us with the following gracious and autograph response:—"As I have just paid £5000 for two Paris cars I mean to use them, in spite of what old MAURA, the Premier, says. He is a rotter, and is jolly well mistaken if he thinks I am going to hide my Bourbon nose from any Barcelona anarchist. No masks for me!"

"YO EL REY."

The Sultan of Morocco forwards a picture post-card, representing his

letter from Mr. GUY BOOTHBY, who expresses his appreciation of the personal compliment implied by the inclusion of NIKOLA among the infant Prince's christian names.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON announce "a new novel by the pen of RITA, with the title of *The Silent Woman: A Romance of the Peak Country*"; and make the further interesting disclosure that "the scene of the story is laid in Derbyshire."

THE 'ORDEAL BY FIRE. "Wanted, Kitchen Porter, with good experience boiled."—Advt. in the "Irish Times."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

It is rumoured that Dr. RUXY is about to publish a story partly derived from Mr. CROCKETT'S *A Stickit Ministry* and partly from Mr. BOMAT'S *The Little Minister*. It will be called *The Wee Meenistry*.

A great demand is anticipated for General KILPATRICK'S new volume, which is to be entitled, *How to beat Jappy though harried*.

Considerable success has attended Admiral Togo's *début* in the field of dramatic literature. His hair-raiser, entitled *Port d'Arthur*, is having an unexpectedly long run in the East End.

The King of ITALY is said to have received a gracious

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

COMING back from a week in Surrey, whose leafy lanes and ancient highways he has surveyed from the point of vantage of the box-seat on a 40-h.p. Mercedes, my Baronite finds on his table *The Complete Motorist* (METUEN). The title is audacious, but Mr. FILSON YOUNG justifies its use. Not since the motor-car became a part of daily life in this country has there been produced so thorough and comprehensive an account of its evolution, construction, and use. Thorough master of the subject, Mr. YOUNG has the gift



of dealing with its intricacies in luminous manner suitable to the minor intelligence of the layman. In successive chapters he deals with the petrol car, the steam car, and eke the electric car. He gives valuable hints on the selection of a car, on its care, and on the art of driving. In brief, up to date he leaves nothing more to be said on a subject whose social and business interest spreads from week to week. Among a packet of letters written to the author by various experts and enthusiasts is one from RUDYARD KIPLING, which happily defines the real joy of motoring as "the exploration of this amazing England. To me it is a land full of stupefying marvels and mysteries, and a day in the car in an English county is a day in some fairy museum where all the exhibits are alive and real." So says my Baronite, fresh from Surrey in rare September summer weather.

L. T. MEADE dedicates *Love Triumphant* (FISHER UNWIN) to G. F. WATTS, R.A., whose "well-known picture inspired the name," though it has not quite succeeded in successfully inspiring the novelist, who acknowledges a certain indebtedness for "the primary idea of this story, and for much that is best in its subsequent development, to my friend PHILIP HOPE." It is therefore the author himself who directs us to Hope for the best. But it must be confessed that, if the foregoing frank acknowledgment does not seem to leave much of L. T. MEADE's work open to criticism, yet the Baron is of opinion that the writer, nominally responsible for the story as a whole, is entitled to a mead of praise. So interesting is the prologue that the reader expects great things from the story; but in this expectation, although the latter is founded upon a good if not particularly original basis, the reader is doomed to disappointment. The characters soon become tiresome, and the meagre plot is tediously, because discursively, worked out. Call in the Chief Baron's friends, Master Skipper and Mate Skimmer, to assist the unpractised novel-reader, and these two eminent experts will appreciate *Love Triumphant* at its just value.

The British Isles, as depicted by two artists, each eminent in his own particular line, namely Messrs. Pen and Camera, is the title of a volume, handsomely bound and most effectively got up, published by Messrs. CASSELL & Co. It is very fully illustrated, not only with engravings of all degrees of excellence and every variety of size, but this feast for the eye is also furnished with a choice service of daintily coloured plates, the sight of which whets the appetite for excellent pabulum provided in the letterpress. As a book of reference it will be most welcome to the experienced traveller, and ought to act as an incentive to the British tourist who has yet to make the acquaintance of the land he lives in.

My Nautical Retainer offers the heartiest congratulations to Mr. ST. JOHN HANKIN on his brilliant little volume, *Lost Masterpieces and other Verses* (CONSTABLE). As almost all these parodies and some of the "other Verses" have appeared in his own pages, it would savour too much of self-praise if Mr. *Punch* were to say all that he thought about their merits. He will therefore avail himself of the testimony of an unbiassed

observer, who seems to have paid to Mr. HANKIN's work the same involuntary compliment that ZEUXIS paid to the curtain in the picture by PARRHASIUS. To give a greater plausibility to his title, Mr. HANKIN represents these Lost Masterpieces of Verse as part of the collection of a certain CYRUS P. TUCKETT, millionaire of Chicago; and so close are the imitations that they would appear to have imposed upon no less astute a connoisseur than the critic of the *Daily Graphic*. "Mr. HANKIN," says he, "or rather Mr. CYRUS P. TUCKETT, has got hold of some remarkable gems of hitherto unpublished poetry, and in most cases there seems to be no reason to doubt their authenticity . . . Of the two fragments from the pen of Mr. KIPLING, one of them, 'Marching Orders,' we think we have heard before." Eulogy can no further go.

The other verses, though some of them are based on themes that have lost their immediate poignancy, were well worth preserving for their gaiety and scholarly technique. If this little book does not pretend to cover a very wide range of humanity, or make a very catholic appeal to general experience, its virtues of craftsmanship are still strong enough to earn for Mr. HANKIN a place among the very best writers of light verse.

Politics for the Pocket (a good honest poacher's pocket) is an anonymous brochure, published by G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS. It provides instruction, by Two Who Know, for the incipient statesman. It abounds in strenuous fun, directed with admirable impartiality at both sides, and therefore likely to give annoyance to neither. Labouring in a rather well-worn field, and in an age when most good things have been said long ago, the authors have achieved a more than decent measure of originality. Among the best of many happy ideas is the announcement of a work by Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, catalogued as, "*John Bull as he really is* (Limp calf)."

Australia sends us a real good novel in *Sisters* (HUTCHINSON). It is a study of divers types of womanhood, and ADA CAMBRIDGE proves to be a mistress of the art. The story opens in Australia, making us acquainted with the manner of life of varied classes of colonists, from the aristocratic *Pennyquiks* to the *Breem* family of drapers. Between the two rolls a sea of prejudice wider and deeper than that which exists in this country between a belted Earl and a wholesale tea-dealer. *Deborah Pennyquik* is a fine character, standing out in magnificent contrast with the littlenesses of her sisters. On the whole a fresh breezy book, which my Baronite recommends to any in search of a novel with some novelty.

If it's a good title you want, here it is in *The League of the Leopard* (JOHN LONG), by HAROLD BINDLOSS. The story commences well, and then, owing to the author's evident anxiety to work out his plot by development of character, it becomes wearisome. The title suggests powerful dramatic action and sensation, but 'tis "not there, not there, my child." Should the reader summon to his aid the ever nimble Master Skipper, he may arrive with some satisfaction at the finish.

TELLING HITS, BUT NOT FROM MARKS-MEN.—The Ramsgate and Margate fishermen, hitherto considered by Mr. MARKS as net gains for his candidature, are, it seems, likely to regard him as a queer fish and as not promising to be a great catch for them. Some telling hits, made in speeches by one of the most influential of the Ramsgate electors, must be to Mr. MARKS as Wei-gall and Wornwood.



FASHION NOTES FROM WHITE-CHAPEL.

(Delayed in publication.)

DEAR ELIZA,—Whitechapel is beginning to fill up again, and several parties are already back from the hop-picking. One of the first to arrive was Mr. HENRY HAWKINS, whom I saw in the New Cut yesterday, looking very well and brown. He told me that hops have been very plentiful this year, and that his party got several excellent bags.

I also ran across Mr. "BILL" SYKES in the neighbourhood of Bow Street a day or two ago, but we were not able to speak to one another. He was fresh back from a hurried visit to Lady VERE DE VERE'S mansion, where he had been inspecting some old silver. You know he has a perfect passion for it. It seems, however, that he was only passing through town, and left that same evening for Pantonville, where he expects to make a protracted stay. By the way, they tell me that hair is being worn rather short there just now.

Saturday last was a very busy day. In the afternoon there were the usual Hampstead Races, which were attended by an exceptionally brilliant crowd. Mr. "PET" HOGGINS tooled down a large party in his smart turn-out, and subsequently his gallant steed carried him to victory in the Hampstead Cup amid scenes of immense enthusiasm. After a *recherché* tea at a neighbouring winkle stall, his whole party hurried back to a delightful *al fresco* dance in Hopper's Court. When I tell you that the music was supplied by Signor BARRELLI ORGANO and the supper arrangements were made by the "Dun Cow," you will understand that the dance was quite one of the successes of the season.

At about this period of the year our husbands and brothers leave us for the Autumn Manœuvres. Rumour says that the Clerkenwell Brigade is unusually strong this year, and has shaped exceedingly well in two or three engagements in the Euston Road. But they will have to be strong indeed if they are to stand up against our stalwart forces from the Mile End Road, who have been completely re-armed this year with a new pattern in buckle belts.

M. GALOWSKI has just come over, and is staying at his shooting booth not a hundred miles from Epping Forest for the shooting. He has the reputation of being one of the best shots in Russia, and he gave evidence of his skill the other night by bringing down a high glass bottle and a rocketing celluloid ball with a right and left.

"What is SAMUEL SOLOMONS making this year?" is the question one is almost tired of hearing asked by the large and daily increasing number of *élégantes*

who pin their faith to the good taste and modistie knowledge of the *deus ex machina* behind the doors of that temple of fashion, 796, Old Kent Road. As a matter of fact, what SAMUEL SOLOMONS says to-day the world of fashion will say to-morrow, and at present he is saying most decidedly purple with just a splash of orange. He showed me the sweetest little creation in these tones when I visited his *salon* the other day. Pre-eminently graceful is the cut of the *jupe*, which is rather short in front to allow a

tantalising glimpse of dainty *bottines*, which, by the way, are now being worn with elastic sides. The semi-fitting coat had a rather deep *basque*, and was adorned with a thousand dainty *fan-freluches* such as mother-o'-pearl buttons. Worn with a Gainsborough hat and a *châle-de-laine* it should look ineffably *chic*. Yours ever, HARRIET.

"THE BEST WILL IN THE WORLD."—SHAKESPEARE.



"SLEEP, GENTLE SLEEP!"

2 A.M. PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN WHO ATTENDED THE BRASS BAND CONTEST AND FESTIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE PEOPLE'S SPORT.

"LUDUM INSOLENTIEM LUDERE PERTINAX."

[There seems to be a great opening for a new daily paper which will refuse to report professional football.]

THAT man has surely something wrong inside—

A fractious liver or a frigid heart—

Who in the people's pleasure takes no pride,

But stands in lofty attitudes apart,

Quite unimpressed

By what immediately concerns the general breast.

Myself, whenever, walking down the street,

I ask what moves him most, the Man therein,

I feel my pulses bounding, beat for beat,

In strictest time with those that toil and spin ;

I could not bear

To think that in their joys and griefs I had no share.

On opening nights, among the gallery-folk,

I like to echo every thrill and throb,

To laugh in tune with such as see a joke

And souse my handkerchief with such as sob ;

And, when it's through,

Rise up in god-like wrath and boo with those that boo.

In time of war I maffick with the crowd,

And boast of good old England's fighting breed ;

In peace I play the like, and mock aloud

At cranks that croak about the country's need ;

I take the line

Of Freedom's sons, who, being asked to serve, decline.

And, less from economic motives than

Because my heart goes out to all that mete

Strong wine of words to melt the Average Man,

Being themselves a sort of *plébiscite*,

Over my mess

Of matin porridge, I peruse the *½d.* Press.

But there are limits. I have bravely borne

The shock of cricket jargon, reams on reams,

That spoilt with punctual blast each summer morn,

And now—how petty that infliction seems

Compared with these

Five serried columns stuffed with football pleasantries.

Yet in a hundred scenes, all much the same,

I know that weekly half a million men

(Who never actually played the game)

Hustling like cattle herded in a pen,

Look on and shout

While two-and-twenty hirelings hack a ball about.

I know it ; yet I hardly care at all

Whether the Wolves break up the Throstles' wings,

Or Sheffield Friday gives the Saints a fall,

Or Pompey round the Reds is making rings,

Or in the Spurs,

Once firmly fixed in front, a falling-off occurs.

Against my *Chronicle* I bring no charge ;

It but reflects the proletariat's views,

And I must either mentally enlarge,

Or float a nobler brand of *Daily News*,

And bar its page

To soccer as the social curse that blights the Age.

O. S.

THE *Liverpool Courier* states that Mr. SAMUEL SMITH, M.P., has been an Elder of the Trinity Presbyterian Church "for over 302 years." "Elder" seems a comparatively mild term for such a very old non-stager.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHAPTER XI.

Conclusion of the Adventure with the Duchess of Bandusia.

"I MUST tell you," said the Rabbit, continuing his story next day, "that the Royal Library, to which I had been despatched, is situated in a remote part of the Palace and is not very easily accessible. It is approached by a maze of passages and intricate staircases, of which the last leads to a broad corridor. At the end of this are two heavy oaken doors side by side. One of these (I was not sure which) is the entrance to the library ; I had no idea whither the other door would take me, though, to be sure, I had heard stories of vaults and dungeons and torture chambers to which possibly it might give access."

"You make me shudder," said the Cat. "If there's to be anything about tortures in this story tell me at once and let me go away. I simply couldn't stand it."

"Rats," said *Rob*.

"Oh, as to rats," said the Cat with some confusion, "that's what they're there for, isn't it? Rats and mice are mere vermin, you know, and I'm bound to say it's extremely bad taste introducing them into H.R.H.'s story. But, of course, some people were born without tact and they never acquire it afterwards."

She sat very stiffly erect as she said this, and assumed a stony distant expression.

"Oh go on," said *Rob* to the Rabbit, "let's have the story. If we listen to her much longer we shall all go wrong in the gear-box."

"As the Duchess and I walked along the corridor," resumed the Rabbit, "we were chatting and laughing in the cheeriest and most unconcerned manner. We were together, and therefore we were happy. The world was before us—"

"I thought you said two oaken doors were before you," snapped the Cat.

"One more interruption of that sort and I stop for good. The world was all before us, for we were young and strong. My recent apprehensions had all vanished, and no cloud seemed to dim our horizon. In this gay spirit we reached the great doors at the end of the corridor. One of these, I noticed, stood slightly ajar, while the other was closed. I tried the closed one first, but it resisted all my efforts :—

"Dearest," said the Duchess, 'it is not likely that the door to the library would be barred and bolted, as that door evidently is. A library is meant for use. Let us rather enter at the door which stands partly open. I am sure that must be the right one.'

"Her words carried conviction to my mind. I pressed my hand against the door ; it yielded readily to my effort, and together we passed through the entrance."

"No sooner had we done so than a cold blast of air beat violently in our faces, and the door, swinging swiftly behind us, closed with a clang and a clash."

"Reminds me of the twopenny tube," said the Cat, who had at one time been something of a traveller.

"At that moment," continued the Rabbit breathlessly, paying no heed to the interruption, "I felt my throat seized in a violent grasp. I heard my beloved companion scream, and all was darkness. How long I lay in unconsciousness I know not. At last I began to come to myself :

"Hang her head from the hook, BILL ; chuck her body on the heap. That's it. Now then, let's make haste with the young 'un."

"These were the first words I heard when my senses had returned to me. I opened my eyes. The dreadful sight I then saw can never be effaced from my memory."

"Of course the Duchess had been killed," said the Cat. "I guessed that all along. You'd been decoyed into the torture chamber by somebody who pretended to be your



CONSULTATIONS INVITED.

MR. PUNCH. "WON'T YOU STEP IN HERE? THERE'S AN OLD LADY WHO'S VERY ANXIOUS TO TELL YOUR FORTUNE."

LORD R-S-B-RY. "YES, I KNOW. BUT—ER—I NEVER SHOW MY HAND!"



A GENUINE SPORTSWOMAN.

Mrs. Shodditon (to Captain Forrard, on a Cub-hunting morning). "I DO HOPE YOU'LL HAVE GOOD SPORT, AND FIND PLENTY OF FOXES."

Captain Forrard. "HOPE SO. BY THE WAY, HOW IS THAT BEAUTIFUL COLLIE OF YOURS THAT I ADMIRERD SO MUCH?"

Mrs. Shodditon. "OH! FANNY! POOR DEAR! OUR KEEPER SHOT IT BY MISTAKE FOR A FOX!"

father—some enemy of yours and the Duchess's it must have been—and the torturers were just going to get to work on you after polishing off the Duchess when you woke up. I'll bet a bowl of milk to a biscuit that's it."

"You're too clever, *Gamp*," said the Rabbit with genuine sadness; "you've guessed right. That's exactly what had happened."

The Cat smirked pleasantly. "I can't help being clever," she said, half to herself. "I was born so, and must take no credit for it."

"But you haven't told us how you got out," said the Labrador indignantly.

"Oh, as to that," said the Rabbit, "it was really quite simple. As I did not appear at lunch the family became alarmed, and messengers were despatched far and wide to seek for me. It was my father who eventually discovered where I was, by means of some of the white feathers that had dropped out of my plumed hat as the Duchess and I went on our way. These served to indicate the direction we had taken. My father arrived only just in time to save me."

"How [did he get in at the door which had clanged and clashed?" asked the Cat.

"By opening it with a key," said the Rabbit sharply.

"You didn't suppose he crept through the keyhole, did you?"

"I want to tell you a secret, *Rob*," said the Cat mysteriously, as they moved away from the hutch, "I didn't like to mention it to young *Bunbutter* for fear of exciting him."

"Tell away," said *Rob*. "What is it?"

"Well, the fact is the Duchess wasn't really killed that time in the torture-chamber."

"Nonsense," said *Rob*. "Why, they cut her head off."

"That doesn't matter; and, besides, it wasn't quite cut off."

"You surprise me," said *Rob*. "But how do you know?"

"I ought to know," said the Cat, "because"—here her voice sank to a deep whisper, and she looked round apprehensively—"because I am, or rather I was, the Duchess of BANDUSIA!"

"Gracious goodness!" said the Labrador, "you don't say so. Then *Bunbutter* really is a Prince, and you knew it all the time when you told me he was born in the Seven Dials?"

"I'm not talking about *Bunbutter*," said the Cat loftily, "I said I was the Duchess of BANDUSIA."

"Yes, I know," said *Rob*. "But I'm wondering who I shall turn out to be."

THE SECRET HISTORY OF YESTERDAY.

BEING THE REVELATIONS OF AN INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE.

(With grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Allen Upward.)

NO. III.—WHY MR. BALFOUR WEARS NO BEARD.

[BUT can one wear no beard?—EDITOR. Why not?—ALLUP DOWNWARD.

How can you wear no beard? You can wear a beard; you cannot wear no beard.—EDITOR.

But according to the notice boards you can "stick no bills."—ALLUP DOWNWARD.

Not here, any way. What you mean is: why Mr. BALFOUR does not wear a beard."—EDITOR.

Very well then; but this wretched argument has probably spoilt the story.—A. D.]

It may not be generally known or believed that in his youth Mr. BALFOUR was a hot-headed reader of the newspapers. Yet so it was. Few men tore open the *Times* with more energy than he; none so flung themselves upon the *Standard*. He could hardly sleep on Friday night for thinking of the morrow's *Spectator*: while on the eve of the *Guardian* he was a martyr to drugs. All this has changed.

But not only was Mr. BALFOUR a reader of the papers; in those distant days he was also adventurous and daring: nothing deterred him. Give him but the least hint of a perilous State secret and he was hot upon the scent.

It was this passion for high politics that in May in the year 18— took him posthaste to X—, and as it turned out was the means of averting a serious complication.

To entrust a State paper of the highest importance to a young English politician is of course a dangerous proceeding, especially when there are trained detectives to whom the care of such things is child's play. But the sequel showed that Mr. BALFOUR was well chosen.

His instructions came to him in an anonymous summons in cypher, which a veiled woman, speaking with a marked Russian accent, flung one night into his brougham as it sped on its way to the Opera.

None knew at the time whence or how came the missive, but with my customary good fortune I chanced at the moment to be watching at the theatre doors disguised as a traveller in artificial eyes, and I saw the whole transaction.

To pursue the woman was, I knew, idle: she was but a tool, and I already had the names and addresses of her employers—some of them of the highest

—in my note-book. But to mark the effect of the communication upon our future Premier was far more interesting.

More than interesting, necessary: for he was young and impetuous, and if ever a man needed the guiding hand of the great TOSCHER it was he. And had I not been engaged by the Government at ruinous expense to protect this young Hopeful on any of his wild enterprises? I would do my duty.

Quickly changing my disguise I presented myself at the meeting in the uniform of one of the Montenegrin secret police, and as such I was accorded every facility—such is the freemasonry obtaining among the sleuth hounds of the Powers.

Mr. BALFOUR was visibly excited. He puffed cigarettes nervously, lighting them and throwing them away with the speed of thought. This I have noticed is always a bad sign. I observed him closely. His pupils were much dilated, his mouth twitched, he pulled his beard continually.

For in those days our Premier, whose smooth chin is now so famous, wore a long silky beard slightly inclined to a chestnut tinge.

To approach him and inquire if he were not in need of a capable servant, silent as the grave and faithful as a spaniel, was the work of an instant.

He told me that he was, having on hand an enterprise needing all his resource and cool-headedness.

"When you reach home this evening, such a man will be there," I said.

He seemed thunderstruck at my confidence. "But I am going home now," he added.

"Very well," I said. "The man would still be there, though you were to fly."

"Nothing," said he, with admirable and characteristic readiness, "nothing is farther from my thoughts than to fly."

He left almost immediately, but I was before him. I changed my clothes with the rapidity of lightning in my private cab, in which was always an extensive wardrobe, prepared for every emergency, and was in time to welcome the young diplomatist on his own doorstep.

He had no notion it was I.

We started at daybreak the next morning and, try as I would on the long journey, I could not get a sight of the letter which had projected Mr. BALFOUR on this course. Either he had destroyed it, or he guarded it with amazing dexterity.

No sooner were his eyes closed night after night than I set to work to extract the paper from its hiding place among his trunks or papers. But all in vain. I could not find it. I had never been baffled before; I have never been baffled since.

We took a small lodging near the

Palace, and I gave it out that my master was a philosopher bent upon the study of the foundations of belief. It was on the face a poor story, but it sufficed. I am never at a loss.

On the third day a stranger heavily muffled made his way to our rooms. I showed him in, and thick as was his shawl, I saw in a moment who it was, and had only just presence of mind to refrain from calling him "Your Majesty."

Mr. BALFOUR received him with perfect ease and bade me leave the room.

I did so; but you may feel sure got no farther than the keyhole.

The conversation was carried on wholly in the language of diplomacy, or now and then, for greater secrecy, in the deaf and dumb alphabet, but I missed nothing.

At last the Illustrious Unknown demanded the paper.

"There," said Mr. BALFOUR, and my heart stood still as I realised that I was about to penetrate the mystery of its hiding-place. "There," he said, and drew it from his beard.

His beard! You could have knocked me down with a little bit of fluff. Dolt, ass, poltroon, I called myself, and kicked myself in my rage. To have been thus duped!

The stranger took the paper and wept as he read it. Then he flung himself upon the potential Premier in an ecstasy of gratitude.

"You have saved me! You have saved me!" he cried, on his eloquent fingers.

How to dispose of the fatal document was now the question. To burn it? But even ashes can tell tales. After many anxious moments it was decided to swallow it, and this the Stranger and my master did in alternate mouthfuls.

That night we packed up and returned. Mr. BALFOUR was in the highest spirits. His embassy had succeeded; he had averted a great catastrophe. In his excitement he took my hand. He saw his error almost at once, but I quickly spared him any embarrassment by disclosing my identity.

"You!" he cried. "O my most excellent TOSCHER, how can I thank you for your solicitude, your devotion?"

I saw my opportunity and took it, for the temporary defeat still rankled.

"Promise me," I said, "promise me you will cut off your beard and never wear one again."

He was stunned. He reeled under the shock.

But he promised.

And that is why Mr. BALFOUR wears no beard.

[ALLUP DOWNWARD means—does not wear any beard.—EDITOR.]

LOVE GAMES..

[Two suitors for the hand of a well-to-do widow of Guttenburg, New Jersey, are, says the *New York American*, to play a game of cards, the winner of which will marry the lady with her consent.]

THE idea of winning a wife as the prize for success in games—the kind of game need not matter—although not exactly “new and original,” since it has occurred in more than one drama, yet has it endless possibilities, and particularly so at the present time, when it is being suggested that the duration of marriages should be limited to a short and stated period.

From the “Football Star of My Soul,”
April 1, 1905.

The final tie of the English Couple Competition was played at the Crystal Palace on Saturday before 50,000 spectators.

Both teams were in excellent condition and most amorously inclined. Sheffield—about-to-be-United, who had been training at Maidenhead, where they had been kept walking hard and reading books picturing the joys of home life, were the favourites, but Nuptial-Notts County offered a stout resistance before being—as they ultimately were—defeated by the narrow margin of one goal.

Both sides were remarkable for their forward play, but of course excellence in this department is not enough to win wives. The winners had, needless to say, the better halves.

At the conclusion of the match the President of the Football Association presented wives to members of the winning team, and expressed his sympathy with the defeated. He added, however, that he was able to offer to the latter one word of consolation—a word which, though it had done duty before, was yet ever new. He was sure that during the ensuing year—for which period the wives won that day would remain the possession of the winning team—he was sure, he said, that the ladies would not forget a courtesy due from time immemorial to the defeated in such contests—the courtesy, namely, of promising to fill the position of sisters to the losing side (*loud applause*).

From the “Daily Bridesmaid,”
April, 1907.

An Australian eleven may be expected in this country next year, provided that there is a sufficient guarantee regarding the quality of the brides to be offered by the M.C.C. to the Australian team in the event of the latter winning the rubber. The committee at Sydney are now considering a number of photographs which have been sent out from England.



QUICK WORK.

Guttersnipe. “PLEASE MUYVER WANTS SIXPENCE ON THIS ‘ERE FRYIN’ PAN.”

Pancbroker. “HALLO! IT’S HOT!”

Guttersnipe. “YUS, MUYVER’S JUST COOKED THE SOSSHIGES, AN’ WANTS THE MONEY FOR THE BEER!”

From the “Sporting Married Life,”
May, 1915.

The Battersea Bachelors’ Golf Club held a meeting yesterday, when the annual competition for a lady, offered by herself, took place.

Piquaney was lent to the contest by the fact that the identity of the lady had not been disclosed to competitors. The Secretary, however, as afterwards transpired, had managed to view the prize, and to this circumstance may possibly be attributed the fact that, though a scratch man, he took 253 to go round. Notwithstanding the play of the

Secretary, however, the competition was very keen, the prize being ultimately won by the popular Captain of the Club, who, it was stated, had not won a wife for ten years. Our representative was afterwards permitted a view of the trophy, whom he describes as most massive and striking, and as likely to add to the effectiveness of any room in which she is placed.

NOTICE TO CANNIBALS.—“A thorough experienced Cook requires cooking.”
Adet. in “Southern Daily Echo.”

AN AFTERNOON AT THE ZOO.

IN THE MONKEY HOUSE.

A large Mandrill, having deprived a small monkey of a Gentleman Doll, the offering of a Child Admirer, has retired to a perch with his capture, which he methodically proceeds to undress. As the trousers present unexpected difficulties, he removes them with his teeth, thereby overwhelming himself with sawdust, to his own disgusted surprise and the intense delight of the spectators. The Mandrill loses all further interest in the doll, and its remains fall to an inferior monkey, who examines it carefully in the faint hope of pickings.

An Old-fashioned Godfather (to a very modern God-daughter, concerning whom he has awakened to a belated responsibility). Ah well, HERMIONE my dear, you can hardly expect a monkey to appreciate a doll, can you?

Hermione (aged eleven). I always loathed dolls, myself—but it does seem rather a pity that monkeys shouldn't be taught to amuse themselves more sensibly.

Old-fashioned Godf. Oh, I don't know, HERMIONE. They seem to enjoy life fairly well as it is.

Hermione. But what a difference it would make if some of the older ones could only learn Bridge!

A Polite Child (to an importunate Baboon, with whom he has contracted a temporary intimacy). I'm so sorry, Monkey, but I can't give you any more nuts, because this is my last, and I'm saving it for the poor Hippopotamus.

[The Baboon accepts this apology with a weary scepticism.]

IN THE NEW APE HOUSE.

Humphrey (introducing the new Governess to a Chimpanzee). This is JIMMY, Miss DOBSON, and he's a very great friend of ours. Really and truly I'm not boasting—but he's been for a ride once in Baby's mail-cart!

[Miss DOBSON is duly impressed by the condescension.]

'Erb (to ALF, as they inspect JIMMY's neighbour, who protrudes a cynically twisted mouth at them through the wire netting). Looks a'most yuman, don't he, ALF? Wonder what he's thinking about.

ALF (promptly seizing his opportunity). Why, 'e's thinkin': "If 'ere ain't my brother 'ERB come to see me at last!"

'Erb (as the Chimpanzee suddenly turns his back on them, and scratches his thigh with an almost offensive unconcern). "That ain't no brother o' mine!" 'e's saying. "All my family was more partickler 'bout the comp'ny they kept."

[ALF admits that this is one to 'ERB by knocking his hat over his eyes.]

IN THE LION HOUSE—AT FEEDING TIME.

Dorothy. Mummy, there's such a kind tiger inside that cage!

Mother. Is there, darling?—what is he doing?

Dorothy. Why, he's kissing his dinner instead of eating it!

Vivien (indignantly). Auntie, I do think it's a shame to put up "Beware of Pickpockets" outside the Lion's cage. Does he look as if he would ever do anything so undignified?

IN THE REPTILE HOUSE.

A Person with an inquiring mind (after examining an Electric Eel). I wonder what would 'appen if they was to fry 'im.

Small Child. Farver, will the cirkodile come 'ere and let me pat 'is 'ed?

Father. 'E'd soon 'ave yer 'and off if he did, my boy!

Small Child. But, farver, the gazelles didn't 'ave my 'and off!

Another Father (to infant on his shoulder). See, MAUDIE—that's a Puff Adder in there.

Maudie (determined to be pleased with everything). Oh, what a nice ickle one!

Dysy (examining a large Iguana). Well, 'e's 'a fair corshun, 'e is. I never see the likes of 'im afore!

Mybel. They do 'ave some novelties 'ere, I must say!

IN THE TORTOISE HOUSE.

Governess. Just fancy, HAROLD, that big tortoise there is over a hundred years old!

Harold. Is he? How jolly his birthday cake must look with all those candles on it!

NEAR THE BANDSTAND.

The Old-fashioned Godfather. Like to have a ride on the Elephant, HERMIONE?

Hermione. Thanks—I'm afraid I should find it rather slow—after a motor, you know.

The O. G. Well, shall we go and have some tea?

Hermione. I think I'll wait till I get home, thanks—but I shouldn't mind a strawberry ice and a chocolate éclair, if they've got such a thing.

IN THE RHINOCEROS HOUSE.

Well-preserved Grandfather. I daresay, MILLIE, you'll hardly believe that these beasts were quite common in England in the old days, but it's a fact.

Millie (who goes in for tact). Oh, I quite believe it, Grandfather—but I should hardly have thought you were old enough to remember so long ago as that.

Censorious Matron (on beholding the Rhinoceros for the first time). My! what a awful 'orrid-lookin' beast, to be sure. 'Ere, come along, we ain't got no time to waste over 'im!

[She hurries out.]

A Young Lady (as the great brute opens his mouth and waggles a peaked and purple upper lip at her persuasively). Well, I should think it was scarcely possible for any creature to be more hideous than that!

[She passes on; the pachyderm, who must long ago have abandoned all illusions regarding his personal appearance, seems content with having produced his customary effect.]

AT THE HIPPOPOTAMUS'S POND.

Hermione (gazing languidly down the huge pink cavern, as the Hippopotamus opens her mouth at the Keeper's command). How I should simply hate being that thing's dentist!

[The Keeper, who was about to offer her a biscuit to give the Hippopotamus, decides to reserve the privilege for some child more likely to appreciate it.]

OUTSIDE THE GIRAFFE YARD.

Critical Visitor. Why, they ain't 'ardly got no bodies at all! His Companion (reasonably). What else could you expect, with them necks and legs—they can't 'ave it all ways!

Dysy. Look at that one, lickin' the top of his door.

Mybel. Well, they 'ave to do some of the cleanin' for themselves.

BY THE BEAR PIT.

A Generous Aunt. Now, JOCK, I'm going to buy just one more bun for the poor bears.

Jock. Couldn't I be a poor bear this time, Auntie?

NEAR THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

♫ Father. Getting near closing time. I think we've seen most of the animals now, eh?

Small Boy. Oh, shan't we have time for any of the Pre-historical ones, Daddy?

The Old-fashioned Godfather (anxiously). Sure you've enjoyed it, HERMIONE? No other place you'd rather have gone to?

Hermione. I think not, thanks. It isn't as if there were any Matinées on to-day, and the Zoo is quite a thing to have seen.



SYNNING-KING

THE RULING PASSION.

Young Squire. "WELL, YOU CAN'T COMPLAIN OF THE WEATHER THIS YEAR. YOU'VE HAD SLENDID CROPS."
Farmer. "THAT'S TRUE, SIR. THE CROPS BE ALL RIGHT. BUT—THEY'VE TAKEN A TERRIBLE LOT OUT O' THE LAND!"

The O. G. Well, you'll have plenty to tell your Nurse when you get back, won't you?

Hermione. I expect you mean my Maid—it's no good telling her things, she's too much of a goose. Ah, they have sent the motor for me, so you needn't trouble to see me home. Goodbye, and thanks most awfully for taking me. I've enjoyed it immensely—we really must have another afternoon together, some day!

[She is whirled off by the Chauffeur, leaving her Godfather with a growing conviction that the expedition has not been altogether a success.]

F. A.

Police Amenities.

As a result of the BECK scandal, we understand that urgent instructions have been issued to the Force, reminding it that every man, and especially every woman, is guiltless till the contrary has been proved, and among other fresh rules for the encouragement of pleasant relations between the police and presumptive innocents we are gratified to hear that the following Order, of which the grammar has the right official ring, has been recently promulgated:—

When taking females into custody, the helmet should be removed (always supposing that it is still on the head).

MR. PUNCH'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

MELANCHOLY is charming; but it need not be cultivated while we have English cookery.

Be kind to all sentient creatures; you never know when you may need bail.

Neither cause, nor take, offence; but, if you must do one or the other, remember that it is always better to give than to receive.

Have a care for the first step in a love affair; an indiscretion with the *hors d'œuvre* has spoilt many a fine appetite.

There's many an untrue word spoken in earnest.

Beware of applause; it is usually given by someone who wants exercise—or something.

Say what they will in Harley Street, high living and plain thinking remain very popular in the neighbouring Squares.

Even the most dogmatic are not always wrong.

The race would generally be to the swift and the battle to the strong if those who ran horses and arranged the wrestling matches played the game.

It is better to be off with the new love before you are on with the old again.



KINDLY MEANT.

Young Noodle. "OH, DO HAVE ANOTHER SANDWICH, MISS SWAN. YOU HAVE SUCH A LONG WAY TO EAT—I MEAN SUCH A LONG WAY TO GO!"

THE GREAT KNEE-BREECHES QUESTION.

(A Young Blood, in trouble about his legs, soliloquises before his pier-glass.)

WELL now, this is a doosid nuisance, what? . . . S'pose I've got to face the question, now that all the rest of our set have made up their minds . . . Hate havin' to make up my mind! It's rotten, simply rotten—I don't mean my mind, but havin' to worry over things like this—I never was so dreadfully worried, except perhaps over the shape of that tie last season, what? . . . Why can't they put it off a little while longer? But no, they're all goin' to wear them next Friday at that supper at the Carlton, and STELLA PARDEDEW's comin' too—wish I hadn't asked her, she *can* be so cuttin',

when she likes . . . I'm sure, if I've measured myself once, I've measured myself fifty times, and I can't make 'em more than ten and three-eighths round the calf. . . . I know she'll ask whether it's three calves or one, when she sees me comin' along . . . rotten joke, too! . . .

Here, let me try once more—where's that tape? . . . No, I don't seem to spring to ten and a-half inches, anyhow, and I walked the whole length of Bond Street this afternoon, what? . . . They don't look so bad in gaiters and ridin'-breeches, or under a motor-coat, and when I'm golfin', too, I can double the thick top ends of my stockings down and make quite a decent show, but these silk things, what! . . . They'll be sayin' somethin' about advertisements for Antifat—that rotter BERTIE will, I know, just because his are fifteteen inches round. . . .

It's too bad, just as I've thought out a new kind of trouser-crease, and trained my man to do it properly! I was going to show it off to *her*, too, and let her know that I have *some* brains after all! . . . And now they've all decided to follow that rotter Hicks in that rotten Vaudeville piece! . . . Here, I must have a bromide and vermouth—I'm gettin' quite a head with all this worry! I'll never be able to get round to the Hilarity to-night, and I've only three more days of trouserdom, unless— . . . There, I feel better now! . . .

I have it—I've an idea! I'll ask 'em at the Carlton if they've cut their trousers short, and are doin' it on the cheap to save baggy knees, what! . . . That'll tickle 'em up! . . . They may all dress like flunkies, if they like, but "Protection for the Lower Limbs" shall be my motto, even if I'm in a minority of one, don't you know! . . . Yes, I'll buck up, and we shall see *who* looks distinguished! . . . And STELLA shall see my new crease in spite of everything. . . . Heavens! what a crisis I've been through! And yet they say the age of martyrs is over, what? . . .

[Rings for his Man and Continuations.]

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

Oh never, never, surely
Were eyes observed to shine
So softly and demurely
As yours did into mine,
The while you led me, love, to where
In blushing beauty lay a pair
Of fancy slippers wrought in rare
And delicate design.

There, in such hues invested
As tongue hath seldom told,
My four initials rested
Upon a ground of gold;
And frail forgetmenots of blue
A fairy ring around them drew
Of brighter flowers than ever grew
Upon terrestrial mould.

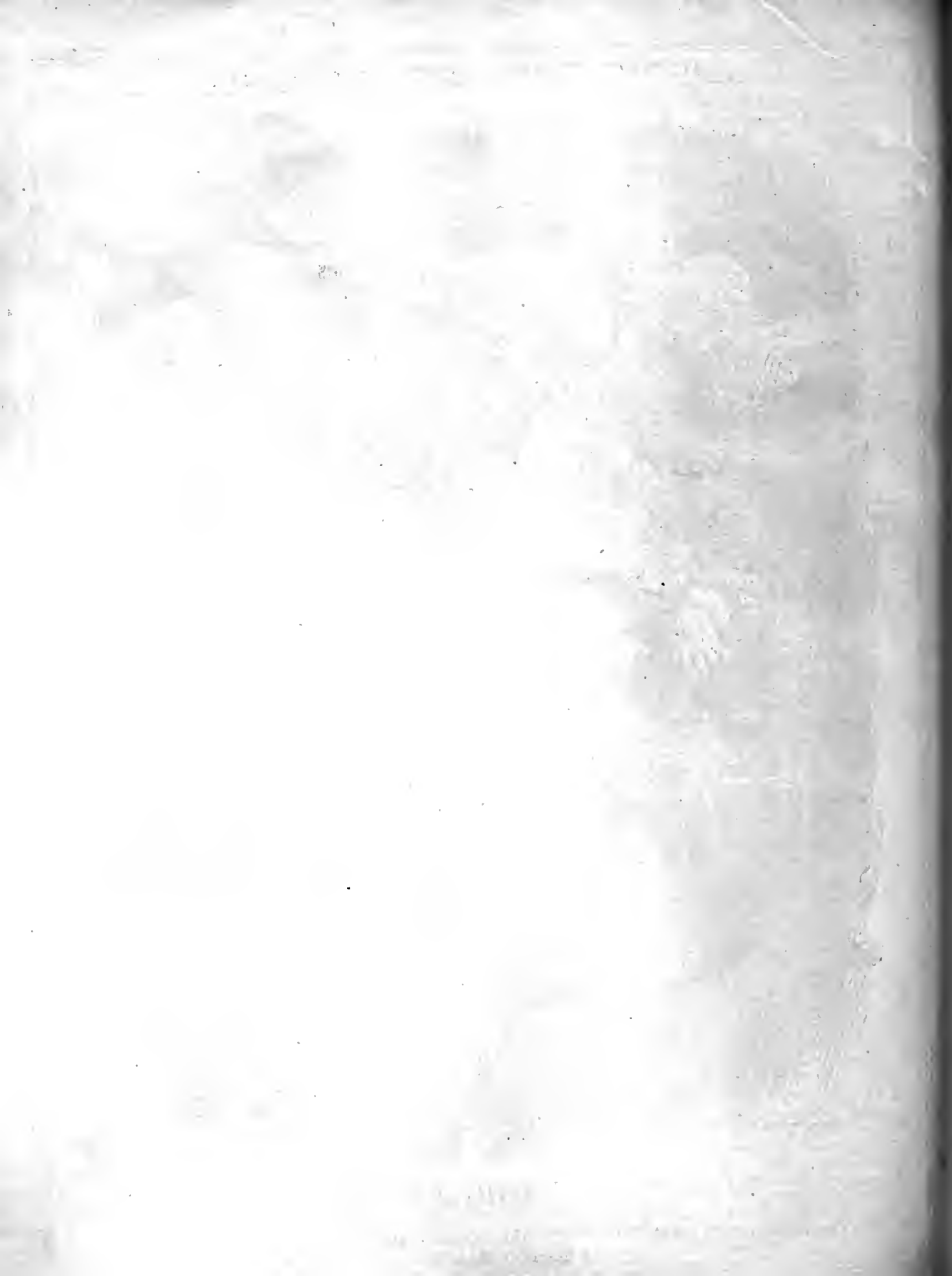
Alas, for love's devotion,
And hope foredoomed to fall!
With undisguised emotion
The sequel I recall;
For in the velvet depths of those
Twin slippers my expansive toes
Could find no haven of repose—
They were a size too small.

In a recent article concerning the influence of influenza in the House of Commons the *Westminster Gazette* dwelt on the great utility of the "aspirating apparatus" in sampling specimens of Bacteria. This same apparatus might probably prove of considerable advantage to those who have high aspirations but are deficient in aspirates. We drop the "h" in giving this 'int.



"THE MAGIC KETTLE."

THE OPERATOR. "GENTLEMEN, NOTWITHSTANDING THE APPARENT FROST, THE KETTLE IS GOING TO BOIL ALL THE SAME."





IT IS THE UNEXPECTED THAT HAPPENS.

Deaf Old Gent (to himself). "I'VE NOT HAD A RISE ALL DAY; BUT NOW——"

LINES WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA.

RACKED by destroying thirst and tearing spasm,
Packed insecurely on a heaving shelf,
Nothing to do but mourn my inner chasin,
And lie and hate myself,—

The sounding rusk too fugitive a diet,
The placid tea a beverage too shy
To stay the vacuum (*will you be quiet?*
Couldn't you even try?)—

Torn by the nauseating "corkscrew motion,"
Groaning anew with every heave and dip,
After three days and nights, I ask you, OCEAN,
Is this a pleasure trip?

Give me a bay as flat as tepid gravy,
A boat to loaf in, and a decent pipe,
And I could almost wish I'd joined the Navy;
I feel I'm just that type.

Give me a pier, and let explosive bandsmen
Bray "*Rule, Britannia*" to the twinkling stars,
I think, how petty are the lives of landmen,
How jovial those of tars!

Let me ascend a cliff where I can smell you,
And watch your wild waves beating down below,
And (oh, good gracious! Woa, oh, woa, I tell you!
Confound it, *will you woa?*)

But now—I came for rest and recreation,
To breathe the ozone and admire the view;
Is *this* refreshment, *this* recuperation?
Go to, I say, go to!

How can I take a pleasure in the scenery,
How can I reap a profit from the brine,
If you start interfering with machinery
As delicate as mine?

Yet there are men whom nothing seems to flummox,
Men that can ride a gale without a care,
Absorb their viands with triumphant stomachs,
And never turn a hair.

I hate them. Their exasperating *bonhomie*
Gives me offence. They have a haughty trick
Of praising their interior economy,
Which stings me to the quick.

Then, OCEAN, hear me. Deeply though I suffer,
Though I have borne enough to drive one mad,
If you could bring them down by getting rougher,
I wish you would, begad.

Their groans would fall upon mine ears like music,
'Twould be the next best thing to being cured
If I could cry, "Ha, ha, my friends, are *you* sick?"
It would, I feel assured.

For "by *another's* anguish," says the poet,
"One pain is lessened." Mine would surely be
Lightened and—(there you go again! Oh, go it!
Oh, go it! Don't mind me!).

DUM-DUM.

FROM THE "STAR" (STOP PRESS NEWS).

The War.

PARIS message says ALEXEIEFF and KUROPATKIN met at Mukden. No further bloodshed is reported.

THE SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THE passing of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was a beautiful rounding off of a strenuous life. A fighter in every fibre, never so happy as when with back to the wall he faced overwhelming odds, he died in his sleep.

Say not Good night, but in some brighter
clime

Bid me Goo! morning.

This habit of tussling for the right, combined with occasional utterance of irascible remark, is responsible for the House of Commons tradition that Sir WILLIAM was cantankerous. Some years ago there was current a fable about a dinner-party jointly given by six men. In fantastic mood it was resolved that each should invite the most disagreeable man he knew. When they foregathered at the table it was found that the party consisted of seven. Each of the hosts had asked HARCOURT.

It is true he was impatient with mediocrity, scornful of pretension, even turbulently angry with meanness, baselessness, or anything that fell short of his lofty ideal of gentlemanhood. But in the social circle, assuming it to be peopled with desirable persons, he was invariably charming. His long experience of men and affairs, his wide range of reading, his tenacious memory, and his sparkling wit, made him delightful company. Had the spiteful story turned upon the point that each of the hosts was pledged to invite the most popular diner-out of the day, the consequence reported would have been more reasonable.

A masterful Radical leavened by Whig culture, no political fence circumscribed his social relations. He was one of the few men who, after the split in the Liberal Party following on the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, preserved intact ancient friendships. There was nothing small about Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, corporeally, intellectually, or morally. "Humour, above all good humour," he privately wrote to one of *Mr. Punch's* young men, "is the salt of life, and you have set the example in applying to politics this excellent antiseptic."

The habit generously extolled Sir WILLIAM instinctively observed in all his relations with life, public or private. Of late years complaint was made that he handicapped his running in debate by the avoirdupois weight of his notes. He certainly wrote out in the seclusion of his study his more important speeches. As his eyesight weakened, the awkwardness of reading his manuscript became more oppressive to the audience. He was aware of the disadvantage, and was ready to defend it. All orations that

have lived through the ages were, he insisted with copious circumstance, prepared in manuscript. He held it to be a just tribute to the dignity and importance of the House of Commons that a man addressing it should give it his very best, prepared without stint of time or toil.

His orations were certainly not written out for lack of ability to deliver extemporaneous speech. He was at his best when some sudden turn of debate called him to his feet. At such times, in sonorous voice, accompanied by gestures elephantine in their force, he with scathing tongue shortly said the right thing in the most perfect phrase. Biographical notices that filled the papers during the week following the Great Commoner's death reiterated the more familiar stories illustrative of his wit and humour in the House of Commons. One escaped the recollection of the chroniclers. It was in the Session of 1893, when, the Home Rule Bill having been shouldered through the Commons, Sir WILLIAM, by dint of much adroitness, managed to carry his Parish Councils Bill. A General Election imminent, leaders on both sides were anxious to show that, in this matter, *Short not Coddin* was the true friend of the agricultural voter. Mr. GOSCHEN, still with us in the Commons, claimed to be the real father of the Bill, since in an earlier Session he had made the first move towards the establishment of Parish Councils. This said, he proceeded to urge the Government to destroy their bantling, by leaving out the essential portion dealing with the Poor Law.

"The House," said Sir WILLIAM, "bearing in mind the judgment of SOLOMON, will perceive who truly is the parent of this Bill. It certainly is not the Right Hon. Gentleman, who more than assents, who actually proposes to cut it in twain."

For thirty years Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT played a prominent part in home politics. He was more than a fighter, though when occasion arose he could swashbuckle it with the best of them. He was a consummate General, as was shown by his carrying of the Parish Councils Bill, and his defeat of the Tithes Bill. He was a master of finance, as testified by the imperishable monument of his Death Duties Budget. He carried into public life and party action the purest creed of honour. He was, as PRINCE ARTHUR said to a friend, talking at a time when almost personal animosity was evoked in discussion on the Education Bill, "the last and one of the greatest of the old school of Parliamentarians."

CRAVAT MOST SUITABLE FOR BRIDEGROOM
AT HIS OWN WEDDING.—The Marriage Tie.

A TRAGEDY.

"Ssh! quiet, 'ere 'e comes. I tow'd yer 'e come by this 'ere lonly spot late of a afternoon pretty reg'lar—know'd it from the gard'ner's boy. Git close up under the bit o' wall by me. Is she loaded orl right?"

"Yus! Don't 'e walk slow though?"

"Orl the better fer us, Mate. Steady now; aim careful—wait till 'e gets in range, and mind and cover 'im well."

"Don't 'arf like the job, BILL—"

"Ssh! No names—"

"—and that's the truth; s'posin' someone's awatchin' of us—maybe there's a keeper about."

"No there ain't, keep cool now or we're done—"

"Look 'ere, Mate! I can't do it, that's truth. I'm not used enough to the job—I'm a-shakin' like a leaf."

"'Ere, giv' it me, yer 'll miss 'im sure as fate, then we're dunners!"

"Take it then an' do it—I can't, that's straight."

"'And it 'ere quick then. I've got yer, me beuty—jest a little nearer. 'Ullo! wot's 'e stoppin' for?"

"Think 'e's seen us?"

"Not 'im! Jes look at 'is chain; I 'eard it and 'is watch alone's worth a mint o' splosh—"

"Ssh! 'E's a comin' on now."

"'Ere goes then! Now or never—"
Click!

"Phew! That's settled 'im anyway. Now all we've got ter do is to lie close fer a arf hour, till it's a bit dusk; then we can 'ook out o' hidin' safe, and see wot we've got. Wouldn't do to move yet, might be someone lurkin' about the preserves, an' if we was spotted now it ud more than like mean trouble for us."

* * *

"Got 'is chain?"

"Yus, got that orl right, an' 'is stick too, with the gold top on 't."

"Steady with 'is 'ead now—large size, ain't it? It was a good shot, though I didn't arf like the job, but *you'd* never a done it."

"No, I couldn't a done it, and that's truth."

"Anyway it's over now, and it's the best bit o' work we done for many a day."

"Or the worst. S'posin' someone 'as seen us uddled up be'ind the wall on privit ground?"

"Well, no one didn't, I'll take me Alfred David on that. It was a good shot though, and it took 'im jus right. Any'ow it's done now, and 'e's come out a treat."

"And now we've developed 'im we've on'y got to print 'im orl, and take 'im to the Club. And if we don't knife the prize for bein' the first to snap the American millionaire wot objects to 'avin' 'is phiz took—well!"



THE CHARM OF PROSPERO.

THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CALIBAN FINDS IT IMPOSSIBLE TO BREAK AWAY FROM THE SPELL OF THE RIGHT HON. PROSPERO BALFOUR.

THE WOMAN BEAUTIFUL.

BY LADY LAVINIA LARKSPUR.

(With acknowledgments to the Ladies' Papers.)

Despair.—You certainly don't sound attractive if your description is accurate, and I can only recommend you to get a new face altogether. Madame ELISE, of 172, Hanover Square, will do this for you; a thorough steaming, a touch of electricity and a course of "Jabberwocky Face Food" (7s. 6d. per bottle) will work wonders. As to the enlarged toe-joint, paint thoroughly with three coats of "Red Oxide," and varnish with best "Copal." When quite dry, use Dr. KURALPAYNE'S special plated toe-saw, and I don't think the toe will bother you again. So glad you like my advice; let me hear from you again.

La Duchesse.—The Beauty Outfit you speak of will cost you 9 guineas, but it will last some time. This is the way to use the preparations. Take a pint of rain-water and carefully remove the blacks. When tepid pour it over a sachet into a basin containing twenty drops of "Crème de Joie." Now wash in the ordinary way, and instead of using a towel polish the face and neck with a chamois leather sprinkled with "Poudre d'Illiver." You will find all this fully described in Madame PAMELA SMYTHE'S little brochure "The Complete Complexion," which she will give you with much pleasure if you write to her and enclose 15s. 9d. Please say you are a correspondent of mine, as otherwise she will charge you 16s.

Fluffy.—I think it is very probable

that you were bitten by something, and that the sub-cutaneous tissues want feeding up. Have you ever tried "Green's Greaseless Gloss" for your scalp (17s. 6d. per bottle)? This would, I am sure, stop the shedding of epithelium which you find so irritating. Let your maid make as many partings in your hair as possible on alternate nights every other week, and into every second parting let her rub in with a piece of fine canvas (or emery paper) Dr. DANDRUFF'S "White Wax Benzocated Hair Nourisher" (19s. 6d. per bottle). At the end of a fortnight the hair must be washed with Madame ALICE SADLER'S "Eau de Nil Poudre," which costs (with the proper brush to apply it) only 22s. 6d. per bottle. Your letters are always delightful, and no trouble at all.

ESSAYS IN UNCTION.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Harold Begbie).

I.—LONDON'S PILGRIM HEROES.

THE days of pilgrimage are past and over. No more, urged by an irresistible impulse, do noble and simple, from the stately halls of England, from the sweet Surrey home-steads, fare forth to the Holy Land, to shrive their souls and win salvation. Yet the pilgrim spirit is still with us. Only cultivate the seeing eye and you shall discover in our very midst, in the heart of this dear old eternal city of ours, lineal descendants of the gallant wights who, on horse or on foot, in coat of mail or simple jerkin, rode and marched across Europe to rescue Jerusalem from the sway of MAHOUND.

I know it is the fashion to be cynical, to sneer at enthusiasm, but what have the cynics done for this beloved England of ours? Was it cynicism that enabled OLIVER LODGE—that paladin of modern science—or J. J. THOMSON, the modern ARCHIMEDES as I have called him elsewhere, to climb to the dizzy pinnacle of fame on which they now stand transfigured? Let us have no more of this degrading convention. Better a thousand times be effusive in fulfilment of the sacred duty of panegyric than allow your attitude towards your brother man to be governed by the sinister and paralysing watchword of *nil admirari*.

Come with me, then, gentle and tender-hearted reader, on this golden autumn morning, and I will show you a sight that will grip your heart-strings and blur your keen vision with the divine dew of sympathy. Come with me down Oxford Street or along the Embankment and you shall see them, the pilgrim heroes of London, "ever delicately marching through the pellucid air," imprisoned like Chinese prisoners in the cumbrous apparatus which is the livery of their despised calling, yet by their splendid patience, their superb resignation, their matchless devotion to duty, preaching more eloquently against the materialism of the age than the deans and chapters of all the cathedrals within the four seas!

Hitherto, in the arrogance of your class prejudice, you have regarded them simply as the submissive instruments of a crass utilitarianism, the helots of commerce, the galley-slaves of *réclame*. O the wonder and the pity of this London of ours, where unobtrusive worth, in spite of the indomitable enterprise of the Press, is still occasionally able to escape recognition and to baffle the trumpet-toned searcher after truth, beauty, and goodness! You, gentle reader—for I know you are gentle by the kindling light in your humid eye and the tremulous quivering of your pendulous nether lip—have lived all these years in the belief that these "sandwichmen"—to use the brutal and ferocious word that almost blisters my tongue when I write it—were merely human refuse from the lowest dregs of the residuum, whose sole qualifications for employment were the power of locomotion and the ability to bear a burden. You thought so, but you were wrong. The life of reflection and contemplation is infinitely superior to the life of action, and the opportunities for pure and uninterrupted thought afforded to the Pilgrim Heroes of London are at least equal to those enjoyed by the dons of Magdalen, the monks of Athos, or the beatific Buriats of the Lop-nor. Look at yonder old man with the Michelangelesque profile and the brow of a Yogi! What though his bowler hat be shamefully battered, his throat innocent of collar or of tie, and his broken boots lamentably inadequate to cope with the slush of the gutter in which he habitually trudges, that man—mark you, I speak of what I know—is steeped in the spirit of ascetic resignation which supported SIMEON STYLITES on his pillar. That quiet-faced soldierly-looking man a few yards in front of him, had fortune so willed it, might have achieved eminence either at the Bar or in the stricken field. Dress him in a well-fitting frock-coat and silk hat, with a slender umbrella and a gold-tipped cigarette, and he would hold his own in the very

mid-current of fashion. But the fascination of the meditative life was irresistible, and he too joined the band of obscure but ineffably contented pilgrims who, "unshaken, unseduced, unterrified," indifferent to the raucous challenge of the police, the cruel taunts of the omnibus driver, the jeers of the *gamin*, and the reckless accusations of the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, pace onward, unhasting, unresting, at once the most lovable and perplexing figures in this amazingly juicy old world of ours.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

[In the *Cornhill Magazine* Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK has been discussing the relative expenses of English and German households, and explains how the German *Hausfrau* contrives to live more cheaply by economising in food, furniture and dress.]

O, WHY did I marry my DOLLY?

Just look at the quarterly bills
From butchers and bakers and mantua-makers
And vendors of feminine frills!

Her wildly extravagant folly

All reason refuses to learn—

O, why am I fated to find myself mated
With such an expensive concern?

Now GRISEL, I hear, is as saving

As DOLLY is just the reverse;

She's thrifty and prudent, a diligent student

Of all that pertains to the purse;

She's blessed with a positive craving

For shrewd economical plans;

No tradesman can beat her, no milliner cheat her—

O, what would I give to be HANS!

Still DOLLY has points in her favour,

Mere justice compels me to state:

I like to be able to dine at a table

That glitters with plenty of plate.

I bar a conglomerate flavour

Of sausage and chicken and pork—

I loathe eating dishes of flesh, fowl, and fishes

With one and the same knife and fork.

Then GRISEL's bare chambers distress me;

Her dingy black stove makes me sigh

For the fire that burns ruddy and bright in my study

As soon as the summer is by;

Linoleums always depress me;

I crave to be cosy and snug,

And long for a sight of the Turkish delight

Of my own most particular rug.

I can't—to be perfectly candid—

Bear GRISEL in evening costume:

With her sad flannel blouses I find that she rouses

A sense of ineffable gloom;

Her woollen stuff frocks may be branded

As shoddy, and—dare I confess?—

I miss all the traces of chiffons and laces

That ought to be part of a dress.

When duns are incessantly calling,

When balances fly like a dream,

When credit is dying, I find myself sighing

For GRISEL's close-handed *régime*.

Still, her feet look a trifle appalling

In coarse clumping boots—do they not?—

And when she has got on her gloves of white cotton

I vow that economy's rot.

Self-depreciation.

FROM the *Daily Mail*:—"If you want NEWS, you will find it in to-morrow's *Weekly Dispatch*."

CHARIVARIA.

CHINA was greatly relieved to learn from the *Européen*, last week, that Russia and Japan are merely fighting with the object of deciding which of them is to have the pleasure of restoring Manchuria to her.

The outspoken criticism of the appointment of the aged General GRIPENBERG has not been without effect upon the CZAR, and we have it on good authority that, as a remedy, the CZAREVITCH, as soon as he is short-coated, will receive a command of even greater importance.

The garrison at Port Arthur is now reduced to slaughtering thirty donkeys a day for fresh meat. Admiral ALEXEIEFF must be glad he did not stay there.

With reference to the visit which the King of SERBIA will shortly pay to Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria, it is announced that King PETER will go *incognito*, and not as the powerful head of a powerful nation.

The allegation in the *National Review* that the British workman is drunken, lazy, unthrift, improvident, foul-mouthed, and untruthful has been denied by the men's leaders, and it is thought that many of the men will give up subscribing to Mr. MAXSE's organ.

Dr. CLIFFORD has been protesting against the heavy costs in connection with distraints for small sums, which he calls outrageous. But surely the greater the injustice, the greater the Martyr?

The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A., is now editing *The Young Man*—a paper which has for its object the inculcation of modesty and other desirable qualities into the rising generation. The new Editor is offering as an unique attraction to subscribers a platinotype photo of the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A.

We believe we are right in saying that, with the exception, perhaps, of Miss MARIE STUDHOLME, no one of our English Beauties has been photographed so many times as the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL.

Mr. and Mrs. HARRY LEHR's banquet to dogs, as to the success of which so much

anxiety was felt in the New York Smart Set, has taken place, and proved to be one of the most brilliant functions of the season. Last year, it will be remembered, Mr. and Mrs. LEHR gave a Monkey Dinner, but this year it was decided to have something quite different to the ordinary social function.

Those critics who pronounced *The Golden Light* a failure are looking rather

a result, there is now a widespread feeling of insecurity among our officers, who point out that, if they are to be responsible for their mistakes, a substantial increase in their pay will become necessary.

There are signs that motorists are growing tired of killing their own species. A French motorist ran into a circus last week, and killed a tiger.

The durability of the new pattern of London Road Car Motor Omnibus has been satisfactorily tested. One of these vehicles has been driven right through a fruiterer's shop, and though the whole of the shop front was carried away the car itself received practically no damage, and the owners are no doubt entitled to a non-stop prize.

A bear in a motor-car attracted much attention in the City last week. It had four legs this time.

Great disappointment was caused by the announcement that the St. Louis air-ship race would not be held, owing to the want of entries. Many persons were of the opinion that it should have taken place none the less.

Thirty-five Rhodes scholars, described as the pick of the American Universities, have arrived in England, and an alarmist report is afloat to the effect that America is now relapsing into barbarism.

The Corporation has resolved not to abolish the office of City Marshal. It is even rumoured that he is to have an assistant, who is to be known as the City Snelgrove.



ANOTHER PRODIGY.

Proud Sister. "Now, GEORGE, LET 'EM 'EAR YER SING 'BILL BAILEY.'"

foolish to-day. All the emotional frocks which Mrs. BROWN POTTER wore in the piece have found purchasers.

With a view to overcoming the reluctance of many to enter workhouses, it is proposed that the names of these institutions shall be changed to "Homes for the Poor." The word "work" is said to frighten many persons who would otherwise become inmates.

A man having been wrongfully arrested as a military deserter, the Army Council announces that the officer responsible for the blunder will give compensation. As

By-the-by, talking of civic reforms, it seems to us that, seeing the admirable characters which the more recent Lord Mayors have borne, the Mayor's police escort might now very well be done away with.

A PREDICTION.—The occupation of the Special Black and White Artist as a necessary element in war correspondence will soon be gone. He will be superseded on the battlefield by the Snap-shooter. The corps of Snap-shooters will advance to the inspiring strain of "The March of the Camera Men."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



["Bradshaw's Railway Guide is in future to be much simpler. Even a child may understand it."]

Daily Paper.]

Baby. "DEAR ME! NO TRAIN FOR TWO HOURS! HORRID NUISANCE! NURSE WILL THINK I'M LOST!"

It is years since Mr. Punch published a special puzzle page arranged on the model of one in *Bradshaw's Guide*. *Bradshaw* the evergreen and ever knowing has brought out, dated for this October, a "new, revised, and improved edition," with "Key to arrangement and place," with "Index to Principal Railways," and with "Pears' Blank Pages for Memoranda," which last are intended for complaints and queries to be noted and posted by the puzzled purchaser to the polite proprietors. "Excellent!" quoth the Baron, "*Bradshaw*, with all thy faults I love thee still!" So with a few minutes to spare, *et pour mettre l'affaire en train*, the Baron sets himself to catch the Guide of all the Trippers tripping. At haphazard he selects "*Ramsgate (Harbour) (Pop. 27,693).*" Pretty full this for only a harbour. Here is the information:—"Via *Chatham from Victoria, Holborn Viaduct, or St. Paul's, S. E. & C. 5.10 aft.*" Now undoubtedly there is a "5.10 aft." According to *Bradshaw* the intending traveller can start by this train at this hour from Victoria, Viaduct, or St. Paul's. This single train then starts from three different stations at the same time! Possible of course, because the three could meet and unite at, say, Herne Hill. "*Tria juncta in uno.*" But as a matter of fact they don't do anything of the sort. This "5.10 aft." does not start from Victoria, and any traveller acting upon this particular information, and arriving at Victoria in order to catch the 5.10 to Ramsgate, will find himself the victim of one of *Bradshaw's* excellent practical jokes. Again, as the Baron might wish to visit Oban, he would like to know by which line he can most easily and most speedily reach his destination. So, having his finger now on some very clearly printed and well-arranged tables in the book, headed "*Routes from London,*" he searches for the initial letter "O." But, in this very select portion of the Guide, *Bradshaw* has determined that "O" shall be Only represented by Oldham and Oxford. O why should Oban, which is for rail, river, lake and sea a central point, with its mild climate, be, so to speak, left out in the cold, while Oldham and Oxford are comfortably bedded in among the Routes? An explanation is Owed us. The maps illustrating the different lines, being well placed and legibly printed, are a most serviceable addition to a work which is bound (in red, and looking very smart) to have the largest circulation in the three kingdoms.

There is a famous passage in one of DISRAELI'S novels wherein, passing in rapid review the capitals of Europe, he shows how a Jew is everywhere found in dominant position. The accomplishment of an analogous task with intent to establish the supremacy of Irishmen would be easy, the aggregate result more imposing, since the United States would come into view. My Baronite notes that in the case of both nationalities, transplantation is an essential condition of successful growth. We don't hear of ROTHSCHILDS in Jericho, or of millionaire Irishmen in Galway. Fifty-two years ago JUSTIN MCCARTHY was transplanted from Cork to London, and by sheer merit, unassisted by even desirable touch of pushfulness, has since done very well. Now, spending the autumn of his days in a Kentish watering-place, resting but still working, he puts

forth *The Story of an Irishman* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). The story, being his own, is told with characteristic modesty. The young Irish reporter settling first in Liverpool, drifting to London, sojourning for a while in the United States, steadily got on till, as a man of letters, he won world-wide renown. Genuinely surprised that such things should be, he more than hints it is all due to the exceeding, inexplicable, undeserved kindness of men in both hemispheres. His range of acquaintance and friendship, reaching back half a century, is picturesquely diversified. He knew KENEALY when he was a turbulent young barrister in Cork. He has spoken with SMITH O'BRIEN, and was acquainted with JOHN MITCHELL. He stayed with BRYANT in his home, and wrote for HORACE GREELEY when he was still making the *New York Tribune*. As Editor of the defunct *Morning Star* he was on intimate terms with JOHN BRIGHT. At Chester he more than once saw WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE "in red jacket and hunting-cap, mounted on a horse he knew so well how to ride, going to or returning from some sporting expedition"—probably, though Mr. MCCARTHY does not mention it, humming his favourite song, "*Camptown Races.*" In the House of Commons, from the Press Gallery to begin with, seated below the Gangway, Leader of the Irish National Party by way of finish, Mr. MCCARTHY came in contact with the principal men who have been making history during the last thirty years. About this rich and rare experience he pleasantly chats through 400 pages, unconsciously revealing a nature and a tendency of mind almost provoking in their impregnable serenity.

A work such as that which Mr. EDWARD DILLON has completed requires the collaboration of a sympathetic publisher and a first-class printing establishment. *Porcelain* has found this combination in Messrs. METHUEN. The portly volume continuing the Connoisseur's Library is beautifully printed in black letter on broad-margined rough white paper. My Baronite knows nothing of the porcelain art on which Mr. DILLON lovingly and learnedly discourses. But the illustrations, most of them in colours, are things of beauty, joys for ever. For the most part they have been taken from prized specimens in national collections. But the author has been further privileged to reproduce examples of the porcelain in the possession of millionaire collectors, including Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, who does not—at least did not when the selection was made—seem to have anything touching, however remotely, upon the interesting personality of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. Few of us could hope to possess a stray specimen of this lost art. Here in form and colour they are reproduced with ravishing effect.

If doughty deeds my readers please, then will they thoroughly enjoy Mr. H. RIDER HAGGARD'S stirring romance entitled *The Brethren* (CASSELL & Co.). Its sole fault is its length, of which maybe the majority, enthralled by the cinematographic pictures crowded with battles, duels, assassinations, murders, hairbreadth escapes of heroic knights and high-born ladies, will not complain. Almost to the very end the solution of the puzzle which the author has set himself to work out remains unsolved; and there are surprises up to the last. The title, the Baron is of opinion, is misleading; for surely *The Brethren* indicates a band of brothers: whereas these leaders of men to whom the term applies are twins. *The Brothers* would have been correct, or *The Twin Brethren*.



CRIPPLED CRAFTSMEN.



MR. PUNCH BEGS—TO DRAW YOUR ATTENTION.

THE Potteries and Newcastle Cripples Guild, under the energetic presidency of the Duchess of SUTHERLAND, exists for the purpose of providing crippled children with such employment as shall enable them, when properly instructed, to take intelligent delight in various kinds of craftsmanship, and so to lead happy and useful lives. Thus it comes about that printing is among the crafts in which these hopeful toilers have been able to perfect themselves. *Wayfarer's Love* is a volume of their recent production. The poetry, the paper, the printing, and the publishing of this book being all free gifts, the purchaser's money, almost intact, will directly benefit the children so sadly handicapped. Send then your orders to Messrs. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, 16, James Street, Haymarket, and you will be doing your share towards preventing these crippled children from being additionally crippled for lack of means.

FAREWELL!

HONEST JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD! Straightforward, spry theatrical Manager, liberal in his dealings, radical in his sentiments. He was for ever running a tilt at all abuses, and won some battles for the benefit of the public. His was the dauntless hand that, under *Mr. Punch's* banner, attacked "Mud-salad Market" many years ago. From time to time did he renew the onslaught. But stands Mud-salad Market where it did? Alas, yes. Still the same block to the traffic, still the same muck, still everything very much as it was when first doughty JOHN did battle against it on behalf of his fellow-citizens. Up to the last, as long as he could think and put pen to paper, he was strenuously working. Farewell, Practical JOHN. *Requiescat.*

FROM the *Berwick Advertiser*:—

A LADY would like to meet a Christian near London, on high dry ground, bracing air, for occasional change.

Can "Lady" be an *erratum* for "Tiger"? The two have been confused before now.

CHAT-EN-POCHE.

A Sonnet.

Ah! would but that these glass-entrenched walls
Might melt and fade before my emerald glare!
Would I could find some dim nocturnal stair
And win the summit whence my loved one calls!
All dulcet sounds—all sweet memorials
Of midnight meetings in the moonlit air—
All seemliness of all the days that were—
Mix in the music of her eatewauls!

Ah, this wan weary waste wherein I dwell,
Prison'd and pent, doom'd here to peak and pine!
Would I not choose the nether depths of Hell—
So she were by to make my pain divine—
Rather than this forsaken garden's smell,
And inexpressible garments on the line!

FROM AMERICA.—Archbishop DAVIDSON's newly conferred title—*Pierpontifex Maximus*.

New rendering of *Panem et Circenses*—Lunch and Lyons'.

A MODERN MOLOCH.

[Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE has conceived the inspired idea of closing all the elementary schools in Wales as a protest against the Education Act. This will mean that, unless a very large sum of money is subscribed by certain sectarian bodies that have never been conspicuous by the generosity of their private contributions to education, the children will be left to their own devices, without any training, spiritual or secular. —*The Outlooker.*

MERE simple babes that barely know
The way to write or read—
Why should they care one paltry blow
For "Liberty of Creed"!

* * * *

I met a little Cymric lad;
Among his mates at play
He tossed with halfpennies and had
An air of holiday.

His clothes were soiled, his face was black,
His speech—it hurt me sore
To mark its almost total lack
Of elemental lore.

"My boy, inform me why," I said,
"You waste the shining hours,
When you should be at school instead,
Training your youthful powers?"

"You do yourself a grievous wrong
To gamble thus outside!"
"They've shut 'em up; it's all along
O' LLOYD," the youth replied.

"Tell me," I said, "my little man,
Who might this fellow be,
That sets an arbitrary ban
Upon your A. B. C.?"

"In other words I want to know
Who is this Mr. LLOYD
Who lets your little talents go
To swell the unemployed."

His voice with sudden laughter rang:
"Well, you're a bit behind!
It's him as says the clergy gang
Corrup's the infant mind!"

"Not heard o' GEORGE? Well, you're a treat!
Why, he's the bloomin' boss;
He turns us loose about the street
A-playing pitch an' toss.

"He'd have the Bible taught his way,
Or show 'em what was what;
That's how there ain't no schools to-day;
He s been an' shut the lot!"

"Dear babe," I cried, "your Mr. LLOYD
Who takes this lofty line—
Is his behaviour wholly void
Of partisan design?"

"Considering well what things are done
To influence the polls,
Think you his aim was pure and one—
To save your little souls?"

No answer came. I could not tell
Whether the boy deplored
My doubts respecting Mr. L.,
Or just was feeling bored.

In any case I saw with pain
That boy of Celtic blood
Rejoin his mates and turn again
To wallowing in the mud.

I left them. I was much annoyed;
Yea, something in my gorge
Rose up against this person, LLOYD,
Whose other name was GEORGE.

What have they done to him, I thought,
Him and his Christian friends,
That they should go unwatched, untaught,
To suit his party's ends.

And like a horrid furnace-blast
The hideous memory came
Of heathen rites, and children "passed
To Moloch through the flame."

I thought: "The self-same sacrifice
Still serves the monster's greed;
The blood of babes is still his price,
Only he takes the new device
Of 'Liberty of Creed.'" O. S.

MY FIRST PANTO.

(With acknowledgments to the "Review of Reviews.")

THERE! I told you I'd do it, and now I've done it. I've really been at last. I've been to the Panto.

I will first very simply tell you what it is.

The Panto is a Remarkable Rehabilitation of Current Political Events. At least, that is what it seemed to me. Every little incident suggested some enormous problem of the day. I really have got an extraordinary brain.

I will now tell you all about it.

Remember, I went with the simple virgin mind of a man of eighty-five. Beneath my right arm I carried one of my "Books for the Bairns," containing the whole delightful story; beneath the other a white woollen comforter in case it was cold when coming out.

Outside the Pit door stood a long row of people. A constable was employed in keeping them very close together, which they seemed to resent. It was the desire for Home Rule over again. I took my place. A man stood on one side of me, and on the other side stood another man. I had never experienced anything like it before.

Presently a negro who had been singing came down the row collecting money. A scandalous imposition which immediately recalled AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN and the Income-tax. Halting before me the individual put a very curious question: "Does your mother," he said, "know that you are out?" I at once gave him a halfpenny, which, rather to my surprise, he said he would invest in Consols. A remarkable sign of the national spirit of Thrift, engendered, doubtless, by fear that Jingo Joe's tariff may come into force.

At that moment the doors opened. They opened on hinges very like ordinary doors. At the place set apart for that purpose I handed in two separate shillings, a threepenny-bit and three coppers, and asked for a front seat. The man at once desired to know who I was getting at. I said I was getting up my circulation by going into the Pit. Like a flash he put the question: "Does your mother know you're out?" This is evidently some secret sign. Socialism and the Hard Winter came vividly to my mind, and, puzzling over it, I passed into the Pit.

The Pit contained benches stretching from one end to the other end. I was given a programme with the characters of the play printed on it in print. From an attendant I purchased for one penny a packet of acid tablets. I could, had



A LONG SIGHT BETTER.

JOHN BULL. "HULLO! NEW CHEF, EH? GOOD! I KNOW HIM. NO MORE GUNNERY HASH NOW!"

[The appointment of Sir JOHN FISHER as First Sea Lord is a guarantee that such scandals as that of the *Centurion* gun-sights will not be repeated.]

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.



"CUBBING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS."

Half-awakened un-enthusiastic Sportsman (who wished to go out cub-hunting, but has entirely changed his mind, drowsily addressing rather astonished burglar). "AWRIGHT, OLD BOY. CAN'T COME WITH YOU THIS MORNING. TOO SLEEPY."

[Turns round and resumes deep sleep where he left off.]

I so wished, have purchased lime-juice tablets, chocolate, or an orange. There was a man on one side of me, a woman on the other, and a distinct draught behind me. It was a remarkable experience.

Before me stretched several rows of cushioned seats called Stalls; beyond these hung a curtain, and behind that (though I did not, of course, know this at the time) was the stage.

Presently, the curtain ascended. This was accomplished, I think, by the roller on which it hung being made to revolve. Anyway, it went up, and, following the example of other people, I gave a quite loud clap by striking one hand against the other hand.

The story was that of *Beauty and the Beast*, and I immediately saw the true meaning of it. The *Beauty* was Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, the *Beast* JINGO JOE, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE the dashing *Prince*, and the *Beast's* servant Mr. BALFOUR. I enjoyed it immensely. To me it was all so real. When the two Beasts sang that finely ironical song commencing:

We are two villains of the deepest dye,
Yes, we're sly (ah, so sly!)

I could with difficulty restrain myself. The *Beauty* was a most handsome girl with hair of a glorious golden shade, a beautiful complexion, and wearing closely-fitting (but strictly decent) garments of the same pinkish tinge. When she stood boldly forth and sang:

Keep your eye on me, boys,
Follow little me, boys,

she seemed to me the dauntless figure of CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN to the manner born.

After her song the curtain went down, and I had a glass of lemonade brought to me for fivepence (i.e., a penny change out of sixpence), which I have written to the management about. During this interval an iron curtain was lowered. A hush fell on the audience, and I trembled violently—what was it but a symbol of the cruel iron hand closing down on South Africa?

In what was called the Harlequinade all pretence was thrown boldly aside, and the rascally, thieving, plotting clown was openly called JOE. Not a single member of the enormous audience, gathered from all classes of the community, took exception to this!

On the conclusion of the performance the audience rose from their seats and made their way out through doors marked "Exit." In front of me an individual in the stalls drew on his coat, hesitated, and took it off again. Another symbol! JOE, JOE the turn-coat! A man near me noticed my emotion and remarked, "Does your mother know you're out?" Mystery! Mystery!

Of the whole remarkable performance I have only one complaint to make. As the people filed out a little rowdiness was noticeable. The band played an air which I seem to have heard before, and somebody knocked my hat off.

"GRAND THEATRE, LEEDS."—So it ought to when HENRY IRVING's playing there.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF YESTERDAY.

BEING THE REVELATIONS OF AN INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE.

(With grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Allen Upward.)

NO. IV.—THE FALL OF THE LEBERWURST PARTY.

It is, of course, a commoner thing than the ordinary uninstructed reader supposes for a Crowned Head to absent himself from his Palace; and in these cases precautions are taken to prevent the fact of such absence being known.

There lives in an obscure street in the Faubourg St. Antoine, in Paris, on the fourth floor, an artificer of genius who spends his time in fashioning with extraordinary skill moving wax models of the world's monarchs. I often visit him, partly out of curiosity, partly to help him to some minute realistic detail, the omission of which might lead to the frustration of the harmless deception. For every now and then, as Time works his ravages upon the sons of monarchs (as of ourselves), the models have to be returned to the artist, in order that such milestones on the road of life as grey hairs and wrinkles may be added.

It is often my privilege to convey the precious effigies from the secret chambers of the Courts where they are preserved to the Faubourg St. Antoine. Only to a trusted agent could such an office be given.

You may wonder why the artificer does not visit the Palace in person. But, for one thing, he is too busy, and for another his presence might excite suspicion.

Yet now and then he must leave home. At the present moment, for example, he is in America, studying Judge PARKER, in case of an order for a duplicate of that great Democrat.

But to my story.

A few months ago the readers of the Berlin correspondence in the *Times* may have noted a brief telegram stating that public attention was greatly excited by the opening of a new *Bierhaus* at the corner of the Prager Strasse in the German capital, which, it was stated, had at once become the head-quarters of the wire-pullers of the Leberwurst party. A few details as to the novelty of the decorations, and the efficiency of Herr PANZERFAUST, the restaurateur, followed.

Two weeks later the correspondent telegraphed that the Party had suddenly lost its leaders, and the *Bierhaus* had been as suddenly closed.

Events crowd upon one another so rapidly in these days that the incident was quickly forgotten, and yet in those two weeks, between its opening and its close, much history had been made, or

rather had been stifled at birth. But you shall hear.

I remember the affair as though it were yesterday. I was sitting in my study at Chertsey preparing, as one may do in the intervals of greater business, a few harmless quips for use in the coming election in that quiet riverside borough, when a horseman galloped *ventre à terre* up the street and thundered at my door.

I saw at once that it was Colonel DONNERSCHLAG, the most trusted of the private messengers of the German EMPEROR, and that his business must be important indeed, for his horse was in a white foam, like the chin of a barber's client.

My servant brought me instantly a sealed packet, which I tore open, first however ordering wine and meat to be placed before the Colonel. The missive summoned me post-haste to Potsdam.

I was, it said, if necessary to take the Colonel's motor-car (for the august writer could not know that the car had broken down at Richmond—and hence the sweating steed); and a special turbine steamer was waiting for me at Dover.

I lost no time. My travelling bag with a dozen disguises is always packed, and in five minutes I was on my way in my own 80 h.p. Panhard, dressed quietly and decently as a one-legged bicyclist.

I will pass over the incidents of my journey; the attempts on my life; and so forth. Suffice it that in an incredibly short space of time I was closeted with the KAISER in his study.

"My brave TOSCHER," he said, "look at this," and he handed me the report of a recent secret meeting of the Leberwurst party, at which his kidnapping and detention in a Bavarian fortress had been decided upon. All that was waiting to be settled was the date and the means, and these had perforce to be postponed until a suitable new meeting-place could be found, the old *Bierhaus* where they had been used to meet having been foolishly closed by the police.

"And now, my brave TOSCHER," said the KAISER nervously, "what is to be done? If you cannot advise me, who can?"

"It is the simplest thing in the world," I said. "We must provide the party with a new habitat. As I drove through Berlin I noticed a vacant building on the Prager Strasse; let it be there. Leave the rest to me."

"You have hit it," he replied. "Do as you will."

I left him instantaneously and set to work. By nine that night an army of decorators and carpenters had occupied the building; by the evening of the next day it was furnished; on the day following it was opened.

And then came the surprise, even for me. For the KAISER insisted upon himself acting as the patron of the house.

Leaving his wax model in his Palace, carefully wound up, a trusted official alone being in the secret, he perfectly disguised his features (I could not induce him to sacrifice his moustache), and threw himself with amazing zest into his new duties.

He was everywhere at once, talking, laughing, chaffing with his customers, recommending this dish, deprecating that (for the clever restaurateur affects to despise a few tastes), and ordering me, his *maitre d'hôtel*, about with an almost too realistic severity. But an occasional smile from those august eyes would reassure me.

I had of course taken care that a suitable lure was laid before the Leberwurst party, and they fell into it. One by one they dropped in to spy out the land, and at length arranged for the hire of the salon over the restaurant.

It was just what we had desired; the walls were honeycombed with secret openings; a regiment of soldiers could be hidden behind the wainscoting, so well had my cabinet-makers (who were led in blindfolded, and taken away in closed carriages) worked.

The new restaurant became the rage. Everyone wanted to chat with the patron, everyone desired to be attended to by the *maitre d'hôtel*.

So we went merrily on for ten days, and then came the great night of the conspiracy. By a secret passage we conveyed forty picked soldiers to the wainscot and waited events.

Never was the patron so cheery, so witty, so expansive, as on that wonderful evening. Almost, I thought, his beard would come off. Had it done so how different would be this truthful narrative!

But all went well. The meeting time drew near, the Leberwurst leaders one by one drifted upstairs, the consultation began.

I need not elaborate here. All I need say is that my plans had been perfectly laid.

No sooner was the treasonable plot complete and signed, than the wainscot opened, the Imperial Guard stepped forth, and the arrest of the whole meeting was quietly effected.

By the next morning the Party was dead and the restaurant closed.

It never re-opened. A few weeks later the premises were, I believe, taken by a draper, but long before that time the upper room had been again in the hands of my secret corps of carpenters and builders.

The KAISER had not been missed from the Court, and to this day the identity of the famous patron and *maitre d'hôtel* of the mysterious restaurant is unknown. But we often laugh together over that interesting fortnight.

EVERY PRODIGY HIS OWN PUBLISHER.

[FLORIZEL VON REUTER, the boy musician, publishes a periodical entitled "Reuter's Express." It deals mainly with his career and exploits.]

SOME features of the November Magazines:—

Reuter's Express. "Master Workers."

1. MR. LAFFAN.

"Notes." By the Editor.

"Instruments I have never played."

1. The Jews Harp.

"Too old at eight." By the Editor.

The Trundley Times. (ODDER AND STOUT'UN.)

"MR. EUSTACE H. MILES as Feeder and Thinker."

"Books that have influenced me." By the Editor.

1. Lt.-Col. NEWNHAM-DAVIS' "Dinners and Diners."

2. SMITH'S "What to do with the cold mutton."

3. H. G. WELLS' "Food of the Gods."

"Publishers I have met and appreciated." 1. Tuck. By the Editor.

"Master Workers." 1. Dr. RUSSELL. *Veezey's Penn'orth.*

"Fifteen handy ways of pronouncing my name." By the Editor.

"Master Vocalists." 2. The Prince of PIEDMONT.

Czarevitch's Magazine.

"Fashion Notes: Bibs."

"Court Gossip." By the Editor.

Winston's Wobbler.

"Parties I have belonged to." By the Editor.

A GRATEFUL MEMORY.

Do you think of that hour in the twilight,
When Hesper was beaming above?
When I needed no Hesper for my light,
Being lit with illusory love?
But little did I or did you say,
As I fed with delight on the view
Of your chin that was slightly *retroussé*,
And now has developed to two.

I recall with what passion I pleaded,
I cherish the answer you gave,
When I told you my love only needed
To live or to die as your slave.
Small, small was the mercy assigned me,
But I see now it might have been less:
I remember you flatly declined me—
I remember you might have said *Yes*.

It is startling to read in an advertisement, "*The Girl who lost her Character*," by WALTER MELVILLE." True, Mr. MELVILLE does not give the lady's name, and no doubt she will be entirely rehabilitated after she has been brought out at the Standard Theatre, where she is by this time probably showing herself to advantage with a good run in store.



A DECLARATION.

"LOUISA, YOU'VE STOLEN SOMETHING."

"GO ON!"

"YOU 'AVE."

"YOU'RE A —! WHAT 'AVE I STOLE?"

"MY 'EART!"

À LA SUITE.—Mr. and Mrs. FRED TERRY, i.e., FRED and JULIA, are to join Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON at the Haymarket Theatre with, on dit, a romantic play by Mr. P. KESTER (who, if it is to be musical, will be assisted by O. R. KESTER) entitled *Sweet Dorothy o' the Hall*. Now it should be remembered that the sweet person's last success was as *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*, and that "sweets to the sweet are superfluous." Why "*o' the Hall*,"?

True that it is "*Hall*" in the singular, and not in the plural, which would have made it "*o' the Halls*." Moreover the place intended is not any music-hall, but Haddon Hall, where the heroine is *Dorothy Vernon*, a name that might yet serve as a sufficiently taking title for the piece.

"PRETTY POLLY."—Evidently upset by the voyage and suffered (as did her backers severely) from *mal de mare*.

CLEARING OUT.

A shop in a busy London thoroughfare has been converted into a temporary Auction Room, for a sale of "Unredeemed Pawnbrokers' Pledges," "Bankrupt" or "Salvage Stock," according to the taste and fancy of the Auctioneer. If the Reader happens to have attended similar auctions elsewhere, he will, on entering these premises, recognise more than one Highly Respectable Person present as the individuals who secured some remarkable bargains on previous occasions—which renders their presence on this the more intelligible. There is a rather problematical Curate in a black straw hat, who imparts tone to the proceedings by preserving a dreamy silence in the background, and the rest of the crowd are male and female clerks and office-boys, who remain as near as they can to the door, which they are repeatedly entreated not to block. The Highly Respectable Persons do all the bidding. There are, it is needless to say, no catalogues, and the Auctioneer's commendations, like those of his Partner, seem lacking in conviction.

Auctioneer. Now then, what's next?—well, I'll take that lot.

[As the Assistant places a showy imitation Sèvres clock and pair of vases on a tray,

Auctioneer's Partner (in a stage-whisper of remonstrance). What is the good of putting 'em up at this time o' night?—They'll only go for nothing!

Auct. (with a gallant recklessness that imposes on no one). I know that, my boy—I know that, but I don't care. I'm here to sell all I can. (He examines the clock.) Ah, this is a pretty thing—a very pretty thing. Why, it's marked five guineas! (Sadly) I'm afraid I shan't get anything like that to-night, though. Still, you never know! What shall I start it at? Anyone give me a couple of pound for this very handsome clock and pair of side-ornaments? (The crowd make no response.) I don't think, Gentlemen, you quite realise the class of goods—just look at them for yourselves—enamelled old Royal Blue porcelain, signed, and hand-painted. (The clock and vases are handed round by the Assistant; the Highly Respectable Persons handle them secretively, as persons who are far too wily to betray enthusiasm; the rest avoid temptation by gazing steadfastly in any other direction than at the clock.) Just fancy how that clock and vases would look on your mantelpiece or sideboard! (Nobody seems to be even attempting so wild a flight of his imagination.) Thirty shillings—come now! (Silence.) I see what it is—you don't believe the clock is in going order. Very well, as you doubt my word, I'll wind it up and set it going before you all.

[He does so—but without producing any perceptible sensation; the bidding is started at ten shillings, and crawls up to twenty-three—where it halts.

One of the Highly Respectable Persons (with a creditable assumption of anxiety). Will you take a deposit?

Auct. Certainly, Sir. Leave a deposit of one shilling and pay the remainder any time between this and Saturday, whenever you like to call for the articles. (This encourages the H. R. P. to bid one more shilling, and he is rewarded for his enterprise by being declared the possessor of the clock and vases.) I congratulate you, Sir—you've got a marvellously cheap lot there!

[The H. R. P. does not appear unduly elated by his good fortune; the goods are shifted to another part of the shop, and the deposit is waived.

The Partner. Just put up some of those bronzes on that upper shelf next, will you?

Auct. I will, if you'll get 'em down—and while the ladder is being fetched, Ladies and Gentlemen, I will take advantage of the opportunity to drink your good healths—all your good healths!

[Here he refreshes himself from a tall tumbler of ale at his side.

His Partner (up the ladder, and inspecting one of the bronzes with a sigh). I see these are marked a lot of money!

Auct. Ah well, it can't be helped. I said I'd put 'em up for what they'll fetch, and I'll be as good as my word. I know I shall get into trouble with my employers—never mind! (He takes a female figure representing "Industry" leaning on a piece of machinery, and gazes at it with a somewhat perfunctory admiration.) That is a lovely face—I don't know when I've seen a lovelier face—one of a pair, Gentlemen, representing "Industry" and "Commerce." Just look at the finish in the hands and feet—nothing more difficult in Art than hands and feet—indeed many artists avoid them altogether. Look at the flow of the drapery! And the modelling of the machinery! They cost fifteen guineas the pair. Let me have a bid for them—come!

["Industry" is carried round for inspection, after which the bidding languidly advances to seventeen and sixpence for the pair.

His Partner. Seventeen-and-six each figure, you mean, of course?

Auct. No—for the pair. It was my mistake in putting them up together, and I must abide by it. (The pair are ultimately knocked down at twenty-seven shillings to another H. R. P., who apparently forgets all about these works of Art the moment afterwards.) If anyone here has been waiting for a particular lot, just let him point it out to me and I'll put it up at once. (None of the crowd takes advantage of this obliging offer.) Very well, then, I'll try you with this handsome Sheffield tea and coffee service, richly chased throughout, will wear equal to silver. I'm going to start the bidding at a shilling, though some of you will think me an ass for doing it.

Partner (with candour). You are.

Auct. I've got to get my commission somehow—not that it will amount to much to-night, I can see! (A tea and coffee service is handed round; the H. R. Ps. open and bang the lids conscientiously, but the rest of the crowd become almost cataleptic at the mere approach of the glittering splendours, which are finally knocked down to a H. R. P. for a mere trifle.) Well, you are a hard lot here to-night! I don't know what's come to you all! Is there anything you'll buy? Here I have a lady's real silver chain purse. I suppose you'll faint if I ask you to give as much as a shilling for it? (As his audience maintains a stony calm) Sixpence, then? I see what it is—it isn't the courage you want, it's the money! (Even this taunt leaves the crowd unmoved.) I've a good mind to chuck it over your heads into the street, if I wasn't afraid of hurting somebody outside. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll throw in this small gold lady's watch, compensation balance, jewelled in ten holes—now then, who'll bid a shilling for the two? (The gold watch and silver purse are handed round on a tray, and eyed with languid mistrust by the crowd, several of whom take their departure at this stage.) If that isn't good enough for you—here's a double albert gold-cased chain, which none of you need be ashamed to wear—I wouldn't mind wearing it myself—I'll throw that in. . . . Now—anyone give me a shilling for the three?

[The double albert only has the effect of still further reducing the attendance; the Auctioneer piles up the tray with various tempting articles, one by one—a case containing amber cigar and cigarette holders with gold mounts, a pair of opera-glasses, a meerschaum pipe, a gold bangle set with turquoises, and a brilliant scarf-pin. Whereupon the last remaining onlooker loses all further interest and drifts out into the street, leaving the H. R. Ps. to bid against one another for the heap of treasure, under the sardonic auspices of the Auctioneer and his Partner,

pending the arrival of some unsophisticated stranger who will set his heart on securing the tea and coffee service or the bronzes in the teeth of all competition. It would be some satisfaction to know that this touching and beautiful faith in human nature is occasionally rewarded as it deserves. Otherwise the existence of these Barmecide Bidders would be a too insoluble mystery. F. A.

ESSAYS IN UNCTION.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Harold Begbie.)

II.—THE GOSPEL OF BIGNESS.

I WONDER how many of the myriads who have been convulsed by the rich humour of the opening chapters of Mr. H. G. WELLS's romance have penetrated the true inwardness of the soul-shaking parable of its final phases—how many, I mean, have realised the deep spiritual fervour that underlies the saucy exuberance of the Sage of Sandgate! To me there are few things more ineffably pitiful than that HERBERT WELLS, mystic and magician, whose austere lineaments recall the aureoled saints of FRA ANGELICO, while his tangled elf-locks proclaim his affinity to ROGER BACON, IAMBELICHUS and CASABIANCA, should be regarded by the heedless Philistine as a harlequin of pseudo-science, and not as the SAVONAROLA of our day!

For let us ponder the real meaning of his new romance, and it will become painfully clear to all but the veriest dullards that HERBERT WELLS proclaims to all men in trumpet tones that it is their duty to become great as well as good. In this unique *pronunciamento* he reveals himself not only as the superb moral teacher but as the true son of an age which at all points seeks to obliterate and annihilate littleness, and to emphasise the virtue of mammoth dimensions.

Wherever we turn we are confronted by evidences of this cult of bigness. In literature we see the band of patient sleepless eremites under their heroic chief Dr. MURRAY, slowly rearing the colossal fabric of the New Oxford Dictionary. In music there is the drum-major of the Kilties, to say nothing of RICHARD STRAUSS, piling Pelion upon Ossa in Titanic pyramids of inexhaustible harmony. In architecture the blinding loveliness of Queen Anne's Mansions and the New York sky-scraper. In science the gigantic brain of OLIVER LODGE working with such marvellous rapidity, such dæmonic energy, that when you are admitted to his sanctum you can actually hear it humming inside that strong forceful cerebellum with the note of a 24-h.p. Panhard. In locomotion the Great Wheel, that grand emblem of immortal progress. In natural history Professor RAY LANKESTER, another noble example of the *mens magna in corpore magno*. Is it necessary for me to go further, and point to our increasing dependence on great thoughts and great coats, or to the ever-abiding and imperishable influence of *Junbo*, over whose premature demise the stateliest dames of this self-contained England of ours shed their tenderest tears by the magnum?

Be great and you will be happy—that is the pith of HERBERT WELLS's electrifying sermon. Not only morally great, mark you, though something—thank Heaven!—can still be said for morality in this cynical age, but physically huge. *Non multa sed multum*, as the Roman poet so touchingly crystallises it. Mr. GLADSTONE wore a number 8 hat, BISMARCK's foot measured 13 inches, and OLIVER LODGE's size in collars is 18. Remember that there is always room for growth, if not vertically, at least horizontally. Think of the expansion of England, and reflect that, while the less you eat the hungrier you are, the hungrier you are the more you eat, a profound truth which sustained and comforted MICHAEL FOSTER through months of obscure investigation into the malnutrition of elasmobranchs.

Yet another luminous and refreshing thought that surges to the mind after a perusal of HERBERT WELLS's *magnum opus*.



QUITE ANOTHER THING.

"YOU MUST REMEMBER HER. I INTRODUCED YOU AT MY 'AT HOME.'"

"YOU INTRODUCED ME TO SO MANY PEOPLE, HOW CAN I REMEMBER?"

"BUT SHE WAS WEARING——" (*Describes the costume minutely.*)

"OH, WAS THAT SHE? OF COURSE I REMEMBER HER PERFECTLY!"

Height is a potent factor in personality, but, unless recourse be had to patent elevators, it is difficult for anyone after reaching the age of thirty to make any substantial increase in his stature. But, as NORDAU and LOMROSO have conclusively established, any well-educated adult, by continuously concentrating his attention on the bump of self-esteem, and resolutely determining to disregard the opinion of others, can produce a bulbous tumefaction of the cranium sufficient to attract the notice of the observant public. And this is surely a vital consolation in an age when detraction is ever on the watch to repress the generous ebullitions of conscious merit.

One word in conclusion. If we cannot all achieve the blessing of Brobdingnagian luck, let us at least set our faces like flint against the paralysing influence of dwarfishness. Giants are always kindly folk; dwarfs too often disguise their insignificance with the cloak of malignity. Above all, if we can compass great bodies, let us cultivate great souls, and model our lives on the exemplar of HERBERT WELLS—may I say BERTIE?—whose massive intellect and limpid style are verily and indeed amongst the most precious assets of this wonderful century.



DIGNITY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Puffe's Lady (retiring from the public gaze for the 150th time). "HOME, JOHN!"

THE BUS TEST

For the Discovery of Character.

LADY CURRIE, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for October, lays down as a criterion for Remarkable Men that they should look remarkable even when seen in plain clothes carrying a small black handbag and getting into an Omnibus in the Strand. This has been duly noted by the Civil Service Commissioners and other examining bodies in their anxiety to secure men of ability and character. We hear, there-

fore, without surprise that the following Regulations for admission into the forthcoming volume of "*Who's That?*" are under consideration:—

PRELIMINARY INSPECTION.

1. Preliminary Inspections will be held impromptu on fine week-day mornings by the Conductors and Bus-jumpers of the Omnibus Companies plying between Trafalgar Square and Fleet Street.

2. Candidates will be required to satisfy the Examiners in the following *vis à vis* subjects:—

- (a) Possession of a sum of money equivalent to the fare.
- (b) Production of a Birth Certificate or other reasonable evidence of having been born at some period anterior to the date of the examination.
- (c) Ability to express, in the English or American language, the destination of the Candidate in his capacity as passenger.

FURTHER EXAMINATION.

3. Candidates who pass the above Preliminary Inspection will be entitled to enter for the Further Examination to be held on the return journey, and will be tested in the under-mentioned branches:

(a) *Department.*—Method of hailing Metropolitan Stage Carriage; Mode of entry into, and exit from, the same (dignified, saltatory, flat-footed or opportunist); Demeanour towards fellow-occupants of the vehicle, whether conciliatory, aggressive, sit-offish or conversational; Treatment of Small Black Hand-bag, (i) by tendering to Conductor, (ii) by depositing on Passengers' toes, (iii) by ostentatious display, (iv) by furtive concealment.

(b) *Costume and Appearance.*—Amount of Polish on Elbows and other exposed cloth surfaces; Condition and Antiquity of Shirt-cuffs, Collars, and Headgear; Blueness of Chin, Redness of Nose, and other facial blemishes; General Hang of clothes, and Estimated Date of last Visit to Tailor.

N.B.—All marks gained for smartness in this section will count against the Competitor.

NOTICES.

1. No Candidate may quit the Examination Bus until he has paid his Fare.

2. Any Candidate detected in the possession of a monocle, medal, ribbon, false moustache, wig, or other article brought with him for the purpose of enhancing his personal attractions, and unduly influencing the Conductor or Bus-jumper, or copying the appearance of any other Candidate, will be thereby disqualified, will be reported to the Editors of *Who's That?*, and will not be admitted to any subsequent Examination held under the direction of the Omnibus Companies.

3. Candidates are expected to avoid the prevailing fashions; to indulge in no autobiographical talk with the Conductor; and in general to act like unobtrusive and peaceable citizens.

4. The Small Black Handbags must be of the ordinary business variety, and must not be decorated with any crest, monogram, or other device whatsoever.

5. The Result (if any) of the Examination will be published in the next ensuing volume of *Who's That?*

MARK FREKE,

Secretary to the Board of Examiners.



THE PHANTOM FLEET.

[“Port Arthur anxiously awaits news of the Baltic Fleet.”—*Daily Paper*.]

CHARIVARIA.

THE new Member for Thanet is undoubtedly a valuable addition to the Fiscal Reformatory.

Fashion authorities predict a great revival in the wearing of lace this season. Even men, it is said, will wear lace boots.

The dearth of recruits for the Church continues to engage the anxious attention of those concerned, and the experiment of a smarter uniform has been suggested.

The revelations as to Bank clerks' pay continue. Many of these young gentlemen receive only £100 a year, which, after they have dressed themselves, leaves nothing over for board and lodging.

"Distinguished persons," says Mr. BENN, "go to the Mansion House for their luncheon, and to Spring Gardens for their figures." Our experience is that they go to the Carlton for their luncheon and to Carlsbad for their figures.

In their report which is just issued, the Prison Commissioners propose to establish an Habitual Offenders Division. Suites of rooms, we understand, will in future be reserved for all our leading criminals, who have hitherto received only the same attention as their less regular brethren.

Mr. JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE is said to be constructing an airship at Zion City. If the report be true we may yet see an apostle up a gum tree.

The author of *The Worst Woman in London* has only been able to follow it up with *The Girl who lost her Character*. A sad anticlimax.

News of the heir to the Russian throne is so scarce that we were interested to read, the other day, on a placard:—

CESAREWITCH
IMPORTANT
SCRATCHINGS

We trust that the usual Tartar was not forthcoming.

Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE has published, under the heading "A Night with a Comic," an account of some hours spent in the company of Mr. GEORGE ROBEY. There is an interesting rumour afloat to the effect that Mr. GEORGE ROBEY is also writing his impressions of Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE, and regrets that he should have been forestalled in the matter of the title.

A revising barrister has allowed the name of a voter at present in a lunatic asylum to stand on the register, on the ground that he may recover. The local



TRUE POLITENESS.

(Another incident at a Tenants' Ball.)

Daughter of the house (dishevelled and torn after one turn round the room with clumsy partner). "DO YOU MIND VERY MUCH, MR. QUICKSTEP, IF WE SIT OUT THE REST OF IT?"

Mr. Quickstep. "JUST AS YOU LIKE, MISS. I'M ONLY A-DANCIN' FOR YOUR PLEASURE!"

Liberals have, we hear, decided not to wait, but to canvass the man at once.

"Trade returns" was announced on several newspaper placards last week. We are glad to hear it.

The Diet of Lippe has decided to stand none of the KAISER'S.

There is now on view at New York a Tammany Man who has applied to have his salary as President of the Board of Aldermen reduced by half, on the ground that that will be sufficient for him.

The newspaper which announced the other day:—

POLICE MISTAKE
INNOCENT MAN RELEASED FROM PRISON
was unintentionally sarcastic.

Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER has been criticising Lord ABERURY's selection of the

Hundred Best Authors, and has prepared a rival catalogue in which he includes a number of living writers. The list, however, is by no means beyond criticism, and at least one popular lady novelist has discovered a serious omission in it.

By the by, Mr. SHORTER described his list as comprising works he would take with him for a sojourn on a desert island, and the lady in question, it is rumoured, is so annoyed that she has offered to present Mr. SHORTER with the whole hundred books if he will promise to go to the desert island.

There is only one other news item of importance. Siam has now agreed to receive picture-postcards with communications in the nature of a letter, as well as the address, written on the face. Civilisation may have temporary set-backs, but she is always gaining new footholds.

LANDED AND LOST.

A FISH TALE.

It was DICKY TODD who carried the tale first; who flung himself down on the hearth-rug, breathless with running, and rocking with hopeless laughter.

"Lord! Lord!" he gasped. "She's landed a fish at last."

Miss FINNIGAN's fishing was a standing joke in that shooting lodge up in the North; and the women, tired of themselves, with two or three sportsmen back from the hills, gathered round the wide hearth to listen.

"What has she got?" asked somebody. "An eel?"

DICKY was rocking himself more violently than ever.

"She's got BELLAMY."

"What?"

"Fact. Fished him out by the hair of his head. I saw it. Oh, you people, what you've missed! You all saw her setting out after him this morning in her ridiculous wading rig; and poor old BELLAMY clung to my arm and begged me not to leave him—he knew she'd propose if she ever had him alone."

"So that's why he's been walking about attended by a regular string of gillies?"

"Ah, it's all up with him now," said DICKY. "He planted himself on a real St. Helena of a place, a bit of a slippery rock in the middle of the stream; and Miss FINNIGAN, who can't swim, started whacking the bushes lower down. I was chaperoning him from the hill top. Well, after a bit BELLAMY turned his head—to see if he was safe, you know; and slipped off his rock. Caught himself a crack on the side of the head that knocked him silly, and was hurled along like a log. The gillie ran and I ran, but the water runs too, like blazes."

"Oh, go on." He had got breathless attention now.

"Miss FINNIGAN," said DICKY solemnly, "plunged into it like a Trojan. As luck had it she'd posted herself at the shallow place, just above the Falls."

There was a shudder in the audience. The young daughter of the house had dropped her silver tea-caddy and was pale to the lips.

"Well, she plunged in to her knees and grabbed him. It was a fine performance; and the triumph with which she hooked him was the finest part of all."

"How romantic!" cried the women.

"Romantic? Ah!" said DICKY, grinning round at them in the firelight. "That's how it strikes poor BELLAMY. I believe he'd have thanked her to let him go over the Falls. They're bringing him in—can't you hear 'em shouting?—with his rescuer clinging to him, and a nasty cut on his head."

"He'll have to marry her after this."

"Oh, bound to, poor chap! She saved his life," said DICKY, rocking helplessly on the rug.

Indeed a noise of cheering announced the approach of Miss FINNIGAN and her fish. DICKY flung the doors open with a dramatic flourish and let them in.

"Behold the heroine!" said he.

Miss FINNIGAN took their congratulations with an air of deserving them. She was a big woman, with fair hair pushed under a deer-stalker cap; her eyes were bold, and she had a loud laugh like a man's. The other women had not liked her; and though she had rescued Lord BELLAMY, the nicest man there,—in the hour of her triumph they liked her less. Still they kissed her. One had to.

But CARRY, the young daughter of the house, was standing by the hearth, holding on to the chimney-piece, her eyes on BELLAMY, her cheeks as white as her frock.

BELLAMY made his way unconsciously to her side, breaking through the rest. His walk was not steady; perhaps the cut on his head, roughly bandaged, made him dizzy still. The girl laid her hand on his dripping sleeve.

"Oh, you're safe!" she said.

"Safe!" cried BELLAMY. His tone was curiously bitter; it was the tone of a man condemned.

* * * * *

"He'll have to marry her after this."

That was the world's opinion, Miss FINNIGAN's opinion, and alas! BELLAMY's opinion too. DICKY had got him up to his room and was looking after him, chuckling hard.

"Romantic Wedding in High Life," he giggled. "There's a row in the passage, BELLAMY—I believe your preserver wants to come in and nurse you."

"For the Lord's sake keep her out!" cried BELLAMY in alarm.

"Can't. Rights of Property and so on," proclaimed DICKY. "You're her property now, you know. Oh, you wait till you're stuck side by side at dinner!"

"Oh, confound you! shut up," said BELLAMY, getting into his shirt. "You're a good little chap, DICKY, but I can't stand chaff. Look here, I owe that woman my life, and—it's a debt of honour. Don't rag a poor devil who's got to ask one woman to marry him the very night he—wanted—to ask another."

DICKY was confounded. He sat down suddenly on BELLAMY's pillow, and stared up at him with his mouth open. This was worse than a joke; worse than the rich Miss FINNIGAN landing her fish and wading into the peerage. There was nothing to laugh at here.

"It's—it's—is it CARRY?" he said at last.

BELLAMY turned away sharply.

"Then, by George," cried DICKY, "it shan't be done!"

"It's got to be done," said BELLAMY. "I said it's a debt of honour. She saved my life, though I wish to Heaven she'd let me drown—and I suppose I belong to her by all laws already."

"But CARRY," objected DICKY, who was a cousin, "poor little CARRY—"

"Oh, Lord!" sighed BELLAMY, with his head in his hands.

"Pity you couldn't save *her* life in exchange," said DICKY suddenly. "I suppose that would cancel the obligation?"

"No such luck," said BELLAMY sadly.

"Oh, I don't know. House might go on fire or something. I say, don't propose to-night. It's hardly decent. Like chucking a sovereign at a fellow who stops your horse. Sit out the dinner, if you can" (BELLAMY groaned), "and then say your head's bad and cut away to bed; we'll look out for Providence in the morning."

"It's got to be done," said BELLAMY with the quietness of despair.

* * * * *

Morning laughed over the loch and the fatal river, and the birches dripped their yellow rain to the water's rim. BELLAMY took out Miss FINNIGAN in a boat.

He was solemnly handing her in when DICKY TODD (whether possessed by a devil, or moved with an impulse of vain compassion, history does not say) seized CARRY by the arm and lugged her on to the pier.

"Hi, you two," he shouted, "ferry us across, will you?"

"Don't, DICKY, *don't!*" said the daughter of the house in an imploring whisper; but DICKY clutched her relentlessly. BELLAMY was not likely to hold on for him.

"You're making it beastly hard for me," said BELLAMY under his breath, while Miss FINNIGAN made ungracious room for CARRY. DICKY grinned.

"If I'd got to be hanged," he retorted, "I'd be uncommonly grateful to anybody who postponed the noose. No—no oar for me, thanks. I'm a passenger."

BELLAMY took off his coat, and with two or three angry strokes drove the boat out into the loch. DICKY sat by Miss FINNIGAN's side and pondered.

Poor old BELLAMY was a fine chap, straight all through. He looked awfully down, and no wonder, sitting between the girl he wanted and the woman who wanted him. And poor little CARRY, who sat behind him where they could not see each other—how hard she had fought not to betray herself when they were all chaffing him last night at dinner. Only DICKY saw! That was a plucky little thing, if you like. How



'THE CART WITHOUT THE HORSE.'

SCENE—Cub-hounding. Time—About one o'clock.

Lady. "WELL, COUNT, WHAT HAVE YOU LOST? YOUR LUNCH?"
The Count (who breakfasted some time before six o'clock, A.M.). "No, no! DONNER UND WEITER! I HAVE HIM, BUT I HAVE LOST MY TEETH!"

brave she was, with her little white face fixed reproachfully on himself. It was an awkward situation; he must land her, poor child, and abandon BELLAMY to his fate.

He turned repentantly to Miss FINNIGAN, who was steering, to ask her to run ashore. By George, he could not stand that woman's vulgar triumph! With his wrath and disgust came a sudden idea that struck him dumb; for half a second he sat quite silent. Then he jumped up.

"I say, Miss FINNIGAN, see that fish?—Look!"

His excitement affected her; she jumped up clumsily too.

"Steady, DICKY," growled BELLAMY, trimming the boat.

Nobody saw how it was, but the boat was rocking, and to his dying day DICKY would never publicly admit a shove. Anyhow, Miss FINNIGAN disappeared in the water, bobbing up yards away. Her shriek wakened the hills, and BELLAMY, dropping his oars, went in after her.

The girl was wringing her hands, white as death, in the bows. DICKY picked up the oars and waited.

Already knowing that BELLAMY (when not fool enough to get himself knocked stupid) was a swimmer, DICKY saw him landing his floundering burden. Saw him, an altered BELLAMY, with a light in his eye and a laugh on his lip, breaking into Miss FINNIGAN's protestations handsomely with the one lucky thing to be said: "Oh, it's all right, Miss FINNIGAN. Call it quits."

DICKY came back to reality with a grin. Yes, he had got her! She wouldn't be any the worse for her ducking.

"Oh, DICKY, why don't you *do* something?" cried CARRY desperately. His terrible coolness made her wild.

"*Do* something?" repeated DICKY in injured tones. He turned to look at her, grinning darkly. "What do you call something? I've just this very moment saved poor BELLAMY's life—and yours too!"

NAPOLEON'S HAT.—Some difficulty appears to have arisen as to the genuineness of this relic. The evidence is of a somewhat negative character, as the only nap that could have identified it has long since disappeared.

THE BUNDLEBY BAZAAR.

Now that I can sit down in personal security and think it all over, I am glad that I opened the Bundleby Bazaar instead of Mamma, whose nerves are highly susceptible to sudden shock; but there were petrifying moments on that platform when I would have changed places with my nearest and dearest—but circumstances make cowards of us all. I was chosen to act as deputy by the Bazaar Committee because Mamma's sudden indisposition had given them no time to get anybody more important, and it is only fair to say that no one, to judge from my long flowing skirts, would guess how young I am, and my manners are quite mature until somebody

occasion promised to be unique—as indeed it was.

The streets of Bundleby were decorated with flags, and strings of them crossed the road at the Assembly Rooms, and there was quite a little crowd as I drew up to the door. I was rather annoyed to find that Mr. BOLTER had sent his father, a worn, broken-looking person, to escort me from the carriage, for I was beginning to feel a little nervous—besides which I was conscious of a curious sensation of physical fear, an apprehensive hush in the air, as soon as I laid my fingers on the tremulous arm of my escort.

"You must tell me everything I have got to do," I said; "I am quite inexperienced, as I told your son yesterday."

He drew in his breath with a sudden shudder at my words.

"My son!" he said; "that was *me*!"

"Oh, dear," I faltered, "I'm so sorry—you are not well, I'm afraid."

"Nerves—nerves," he replied hurriedly, with a furtive glance round as he spoke; "and we have had some trouble with the queer pets—the locks on their cages are apparently ineffective, and there has been a little difficulty in controlling them. You will excuse any little—little—irregularities in that direction, I hope?"

"Oh of course," I said heartily. "I love queer pets!" and I was going to tell him about my pink-eyed

shrew mouse, only at that moment we entered the hall.

The stained windows and old carving had been successfully hidden by festoons of art muslin and artificial roses, and a group of gaily-dressed ladies and a few men stood near the door. They were speaking in excited whispers, and two or three were trying to subdue the loud crying of a little girl. Unheeded at her feet lay a lovely bouquet of roses, which I felt sure was intended for me, but everyone seemed to have forgotten it and couldn't very well remind them.

The ladies and clergymen who were presented to me seemed each to have caught Mr. BOLTER's furtive expression, and one and all evidently tried to draw my attention from the hangings and decorations which I was endeavouring to admire in my best manner.

Mr. BOLTER escorted me to the platform, the others following in a solid body—indeed there seemed a marked disinclination



RUGBY AT THE ZOO.

IN ORDER TO DEFRAY THE COST OF BUILDING THE NEW SMALL MAMMAL HOUSE, JUST OPENED, IT IS PROPOSED TO HAVE A FOOTBALL MATCH. THIS IS A REHEARSAL.

makes me giggle. Anyhow, the hon. secretary, a fine, hearty, energetic person called Mr. BOLTER, seemed satisfied when he called to instruct me in matters of procedure.

My amber voile arrived from town in the nick of time, and I felt quite excited when I drove into Bundleby to make my first plunge into public life. REGGIE, my young brother, was to have come with me, but he left word to say he had gone on earlier, to help to get things ready for my reception, and as REGGIE frequently fails to treat me with proper respect I thought it quite sweet of him. He had shown a keen interest in the Bazaar from the first, and had begged a week's extra holiday in order to help in the good cause. It was to be a very grand affair, modelled as far as possible on London Charity Fêtes, with a "nook of necromancy" and a "ménagerie of queer pets," all complete; in fact, as Mr. BOLTER triumphantly announced, the

nation amongst the small assemblage to move singly or even in couples.

It was while the opening hymn was in progress that I noticed a curious undulatory movement in—the long draperies which divided the side-shows from the central hall. I glanced at Mr. BOLTER for an explanation, and was surprised to see that the perspiration was rolling down his face—which had assumed a greenish hue—in great beads. I heard queer scuffling noises all round, a squeak or two, and Mr. PARSONS, the muscular curate, with his spectacles on and his coat off, appeared at an opening beckoning two gentlemen, who hastened behind the hangings. The hymn trailed weakly to its conclusion. I pronounced the Bazaar open to a singularly inattentive audience, and prepared to make the orthodox tour of the stalls. But somehow or other my lavish purchases fell flat; the stall-holders seemed more interested in the draperies round their stalls than the pretty display on the top, and one lady to my surprise insisted on standing on a chair. REGGIE was nowhere to be seen, and this disturbed me, for it is always best to keep REGGIE in sight.

It was while I was buying an ugly headwork table-centre that I felt something nibbling at my patent leather toe-cap.

"Ah!" I cried sharply, "what's that!" My ejaculation was like a match to gunpowder, and the assembled ladies shrieked to a woman. "Courage, ladies—courage!" cried Mr. BOLTER in a trembling voice; "it is nothing, I assure you—nothing at all." He approached the stall to verify his words, lifted the hangings with a determined expression, and out, with an equally determined expression, walked an alligator.

How I got to the platform I don't know, but I found myself there in less time than it takes to write it, clinging desperately to three other women who had made the journey with equal celerity.

"PARSONS! PARSONS!" shouted Mr. BOLTER hoarsely, "where are you? Come and catch this brute, or there'll be a panic!" and he made a wild dash under the side-show hangings in search of his colleague.

Then everything happened at once. Mr. BOLTER reappeared as if by magic, smartly pursued by a small shaggy brown bear with a merry face, who followed him and the rest of his flying flock half across the hall, and finally brought up short before the refreshment stall, where he shared honours with two or three monkeys—two or three!—dozens of them, of all shapes and sizes, began to crop up everywhere like a hideous night-mare. At the same moment Mr. PARSONS appeared in the gallery, with a stick in one hand and a mutton chop in the other, evidently trying to dislodge a



"AND WHO DOES THE VIOLIN BELONG TO, MRS. BROWN?"

"OH, THAT'S ME 'USBAND'S, SIR. 'E WOULDN'T BE 'APPY TILL 'E GOT ONE."

"BUT I DIDN'T KNOW HE COULD PLAY IT."

"OH, NO, SIR, 'E CAN'T. WHY, 'E DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW 'OW TO WIND IT UP YET!"

young jaguar, who was lying among the palms on the rail of the balcony under the impression he was back in the tropics. But the final touch of horror was added by the fact that suspended from the big clock above the door hung a magnificent specimen of the reticulated cobra, whose hanging head and darting tongue effectually stopped those who preferred the street, in spite of the fact that REGGIE—who, flushed with success, had suddenly appeared behind the scenes—was taking unsteady shots at it with his catapult.

Then something cleared the flowers in front of the platform, and alighted with a rattle of claws by my side—it may only have been a kangaroo, but it was the last straw, and leaping to REGGIE'S side I flung my arms about him.

"Save me!" I gasped.

"This is a bit of sport, if you like!" he cried, and shaking me off he was about to take aim at the jaguar, which

at that moment rose and stretched itself. But in stepping back he trod on the alligator's tail, and the next moment we were both running for it, hand in hand, as we had never run before, urged by a rattle of scales in our rear. We stopped before a little window in the back part of the hall, REGGIE wriggled through first and pulled me after him, and though I left fragments of flesh and frills behind me it was with a thankful heart I found myself once more in the security of the outer air. I turned on my brother.

"Did you let them out?" I demanded.

"What do you think?" he replied with a wink. "But don't tell the Mater, Sis, for I did save your life."

"Very well," I replied, "I'll consider it—but I think you'll be wise to go back to school to-morrow."

And he did, while a large notice—**POSTPONED**—was pasted across the placards of the Bundley Bazaar.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

John Chilcote, M.P. (BLACKWOOD) will advance by leap and bound the movement towards the front rank of women novelists achieved by Mrs. THURSTON in *The Circle*. The book is marked by originality and power. There is, of course, nothing new in the idea of a man having a double. Oddly enough, whilst the concluding chapters were passing through *Blackwood*, the nation was stirred by disclosure of the BECK story. A closer parallel to the resemblance established by Mrs. THURSTON will be found in *Jekyll and Hyde*. But it is here, among other departures from the beaten track, that originality asserts itself. Mrs. THURSTON's creature is not one man but twain: a helpless slave of morphia, and a man of rare capacity who assumes his name and lives his life. In skilful hands, following the ordinary lines of daily life, this device offers opportunity of interesting adventure. Mrs. THURSTON, greatly daring, essays the House of Commons, and my Baronite, who knows something of the place, observes that in the matter of local incident and atmosphere she treads its intricate pathways with marvellous accuracy. *John Chilcote's* double, in fulfilment of his bargain, not only performs the social and business duties of his employer. He takes his place in the House of Commons, which he electrifies by a great speech leading to the defeat of the Ministry and an offer by the incoming Premier of the Under-Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs. Greatest difficulty of all, in Mrs. THURSTON's hand the crowning triumph, is *John Chilcote's* wife. The risky episode in which she figures is dealt with in manner equally daring and delicate. Since this note was written announcement is made that Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER has purchased for stage use the dramatised rendering of the novel. It is safe to predict that the ex-*Prisoner of Zenda* will make a hit with the two *John Chilcotes*.

In *Some Loves and a Life* (F. V. WHITE & Co.) Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED professes to give "A Study of a Neurotic Woman." It is a powerfully-written story. Now, although the clever authoress has successfully achieved the difficult task she had undertaken, namely that of giving a careful analytic study of a Neurotic Woman in the person of *Jean*, wife of a South African exploiter of diamond mines, yet it is the character of the *Reverend Hugh St. Million*, proposed as a type of an English clergyman of the advanced Ritualistic school, that will mainly interest the reader as being a close and life-like representation of a vacillating emotional man, whose intermittent struggles against temptation only intensify his human gratification in ultimately yielding. He hands over a gentle maiden, who devotedly loves him, to be the wife of his invalid cousin; and then, straightway, he conceives a violent overpowering passion for a fascinating married woman, voluptuous and pagan. He will constitute himself her director; he will be of spiritual benefit to her; and so the neurotic woman follows the clergyman's lead and plays at penitence. The *dénouement* is comparatively commonplace. All the characters are carefully individualised, and that of the sculptor *David Boyde*, another of the heroine's conquests, is drawn with a masterly hand.

The Food of the Gods (MACMILLAN) suggests to my Baronite the dream of an otherwise able gentleman who has supped off sausages. The narrative has all the minute details of a well-remembered dream, and much of its incoherence. Mr. WELLS has imagined the discovery of a miraculous food, which, taken in accordance with instructions, leads to the growth of a young man to the height of sixty feet. Children in proportion. Not alone with man does the nutriment work these wonders. Hens, wasps or rats getting a taste grow to gigantic proportions. Admitting the fun of the fancy, Mr. WELLS plays with it admirably. Bubbling with high

spirits, rich in quaint resources, he keeps the thing going for over 300 pages. Whether it is worth doing is a question the reader will decide according to his tastes. Of this form of humour SWIFT's *Brobdignag* is enough for my Baronite.

I have read *Lindley Kays*, by BARRY PAIN (METHUEN), with a very deep interest, due mainly to its own admirable qualities, but also in part to the recollection of Mr. BARRY PAIN's previous writings. Those who remember the humour, the fancy, and the insight shown by his early work in a Cambridge undergraduates' magazine, and who have subsequently watched his rapid progress through the pages of many London papers, will be the first to congratulate him on the success of the present book. In this he describes with a sympathy that lends eloquence to his style, and a humour that makes it brilliant, the struggles and vexations and disappointments, and the final triumph of his hero. *Lindley Kays* is the son of a prosperous, conventional, religious father, carrying on a hardware business in a provincial town. The son has genius; the father has respectability and its attendant phrases. The atmosphere of the home, its pursuits, and its total lack of ideas, are described with a power and a force of conviction that are almost startling in their intensity. From these deadly surroundings *Lindley* ultimately escapes, but after his escape he becomes less attractive. It is, indeed, the first part of the book that gives it its striking value.

If but a ray of sunlight be welcome to a fog-depressed Londoner on a tepid murky morning in October, with what delight will he not hail the radiant apparition of a most sweet *Sun-Child*, coming to him through the BRADBURY AND AGNEW Bowers of Bouverie Street, presenting himself as the dainty elf of RUDOLPH C. LEHMANN's creation, and showing his portrait as drawn by THOMAS MAYBANK who has succeeded to a certain department of *Queen Mab's* Royal Academy, over which entire institution, "once upon a time," DICKY DOYLE held undisputed sway. Among the best things in this little book is the Sterne-like episode of the death of old grey Dapple, and the most natural scene, represented as having occurred at Peckwater Towers, when the Marquis and Marchioness condescended to dance in the Servants' Hall. The Baron congratulates both author and artist.

In *The Children's Annual* for next year (GRANT RICHARDS), the coloured illustrations by PATTEN WILSON, especially when representing such sporting subjects as *The Meet* and *The Run*, in which men and horses all come out of a box of wooden toys, are genuinely funny; as also is *A Motor Race* by the same artist. These are the gems of the book, and *The Cruise of the Snowdrop* and *Forest Friends* by Mr. AMES take the next prize. Miss JESSIE POPE has some pretty quaint and amusing stories and verses, and a figure in the illustration, signed illegibly, to her *Fine Feathers* is evidently a not very distant relation of one of the late PHIL MAY's inimitable gutter-snipes. It is a good show for the modest sum which Mr. Pecksniff professed his decided unwillingness to advance Mr. Chevy Slyme by the agency of Mr. Montague Tigg.

The Tale of Benjamin Bunny (F. WARNE & Co.), by BEATRIX POTTER, with daintily coloured illustrations, presumably also by the authoress, is a pretty booklet. Suitable as a present. Christmas is coming.

THE BARON



DE

B.W.

BLUE BOOKS FOR THE MILLION.

THE firm of publishers who are the new agents for the sale of Government publications, state that they are convinced that there is really a greater demand for these throughout the country than has hitherto been suspected. They propose, therefore, to push the sale of Blue Books and kindred literature by advertising. We may probably expect to see some such announcements as these in the columns devoted to publishers:—

What shall we read in the winter evenings? is the question which is being asked in every home just now. Our

BIG BLUE LIBRARY

contains bright and amusing literature for everyone. Its pages include, among other admirable features, chatty articles by eminent experts on matters of such everyday interest as Bi-metallism, the Housing of the Poor, the Hall-marking of Foreign Plate, the Income Tax, and the Death Duties, which will delight young and old alike.

Every Young Housewife

should study Mr. EUSTACE MILES's fascinating article on How to live on two Plasmon biscuits and one lentil a day, which appears in the Report of the Royal Commission on Physical Deterioration.

The same book also contains a closely-reasoned article on Nicotine as a Factor in physical development, with an excursus on the educational value of cigarette pictures, by Messrs. WOODBINE AND TABBS.

No Boy's Library

can be complete without Mr. G. R. SIMS's thrilling new story, *The Detective's Detective*, which runs through the pages of the Report of the Beek Commission. This story attracted the widest attention when it appeared as a serial in the halfpenny press.

The Fact that no less an Authority than

Mr. STEPHEN ADAMS has spoken in the warmest terms of Mr. CALDWELL's views on Musical Copyright gives an additional interest to the forthcoming issue of that well-known politician's evidence before the recent Royal Commission (3000 pp., 16 x 12, 6d.) This monumental work is prefaced by a short biographical note on Mr. CALDWELL, written by Mr. WILLIAM BOOSEY, with special reference to his influence on music publishing at the present day.

Every Mountaineer will doubtless Enjoy

that charming book of travels, *Round the Piccadilly Alps in a Hansom*, being a reprint of the Report of the Congested Traffic Commission. Draymen, cab-



STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.

A Cubbing Morning, 6 A.M.

Keen Sportsman (baffled). "WHERE THE DOOSE——"

drivers, and omnibus conductors have all contributed to its pages, which afford, it need hardly be said, particularly bright and spicy reading.

A specially expurgated edition has been prepared for the home circle by Mr. SAMUEL SMITH, M.P.

Just Published.

Devolution, being a new and revised edition of that epoch-making work, *Home Rule for Ireland*. This edition has been specially prepared by Lord DUNRAVEN, and two of its principal attractions are an introduction by Sir ANTHONY MACDONALD, and explanatory notes by Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM.

How shall we Decorate the Spare Bedroom?

is a question which vexes every young

couple. They will find the answer in Sir EDWARD POYNTER's contribution to *Pictures, how and when to Buy them*. This admirable little handbook, which is the Report of the Royal Commission on the Chantry Bequest, may be considered the Art Connoisseur's *rade mecum*.

FOOTBALL EXTRAORDINARY.—Everybody being assumed to be now interested in the deeds of footballers, the following extract from the *Birmingham Argus* should be read. The match was between Preston North End and Notts County, each of which seems to be better than the other, for, says the report, "as the interval drew near both teams tried to further increase their lead, but failed to do so."

THE NEW DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

MESSRS. A. B. WALKLEY and WILLIAM ARCHER are re-discovered in the former's chambers just after the conclusion of an Epicurean banquet.

Mr. Walkley. Try one of those cigars—a relic of Spanish rule, and still preserving something of the aristocratic aroma of decadent Dondom. *Et comme liqueur?*

Mr. Archer. I thank you, I will take a Curaçao.

Mr. Walkley. But, my dear ARCHER, that is blank verse! Can it possibly have escaped your notice that you are a poet?

Mr. Archer. I assure you it was unpremeditated, like the lark's trill. And yet I have thought a good deal lately about what the Laureate says in his lecture on the decline of interest in the higher poetry. Has it ever struck you that men like ourselves, who exercise authority in our special department of knowledge, owe a kind of duty to the public in respect of the form in which we dress our thoughts? I speak, of course, of the intelligent public; not of those who assist at musical comedies and are therefore past hope.

Mr. Walkley. *Quem Deus vult perdere—*

Mr. Archer. —*plectuntur Achivi*. Precisely. But my point is that we perhaps owe it to the thinking public to address them in some higher form of speech than even the most erudite prose.

Mr. Walkley. *Mais, mon ami, que vous êtes impayable!* For myself I confess that I find prose a sufficiently handy medium for my polyglottic methods.

Mr. Archer. Ah! but you have never yet attempted the nobler way. How would it be if in one of our "real conversations" we rehearsed a few flights of verse? Later on, if all went well, we might give a public performance in our respective organs.

Mr. Walkley. I am not convinced that the Times are ripe for this daring experiment. Still there can be no harm in a private rehearsal. Would you like to begin at once? You have the air of an *improvisatore*, and it might infect me.

Mr. Archer. I am certainly feeling rather spontaneous.

[After a decent pause, drops into poetry.]

"Tis not—and you, I trust, will bear me out,—

"Tis not that I look back from middle age

Upon an ill-spent life, nor must lament

A bitter aftermath of wild, wild oats.

No; technically speaking, I may say

I have no "past"; my blameless record shows

How both as critic and interpreter

I have achieved respectable results

In point of quality as well as mass,

And won my WALKLEY's praise. And yet, and yet—

Mr. Walkley. What are you driving at?

Mr. Archer.

And yet, as I

Intended saying when you interposed,

I would that I could have my youth again,

And to the task of criticising plays

Could bring the unspoilt wonder of a child,

The dewy innocence of Mr. STEAD!

What say you, WALKLEY?

Mr. Walkley. If one might only put the dial back—

Mr. Archer. Excuse me; you have got the metre wrong!

You should complete the line I left undone

Before you start another; and, besides,

Dials are fixed; it is the shadow moves.

So—to revert to my above remark—

What say you, WALKLEY?

Mr. Walkley.

What I say is this:

Like you, I would I might approach the stage

In total ignorance of antique lore,

Released from that divine but fatal gift

Of knowledge sucked from out the rolling centuries—

Mr. Archer. A foot too long! Omit the epithet!

Mr. Walkley. Of knowledge sucked from out the centuries, From ÆSCHYLUS to HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

I would the hardened tablets of my mind

Might have their old consistency of wax

Plastic to first impressions. Think, my friend,

If you and I could go and see *The Tempest*,

In all the ecstasy of childhood's years,

Twin babes that never learned in Drury Lane

The possibilities of pantomime!

If we could view PINERO's latest play,

And that erotometric marionette,

While still untutored in the peerless wit

That stamps *A Doll's House*; knowing nought about

The Master's energising puppets!

Mr. Archer.

Ah!

Mr. Walkley. And is there not a peril lurks for us

In this same portent of perpetual youth,

This wisdom issuing out of infants' mouths

Whose eyes had seen the world ere we were born,

And practise now on their new toy, the drama,

That balanced judgment which belongs to age?

For how can we, who long ago have lost

The early rapture of the unweaned state,

And come to know our drama upside down,

How can we well expect to hold our own

With babes like W. TITHONUS STEAD?

Shall we not find our occupation gone?

How shall we fill the yawning interval

Till second childhood—

[Left discussing this appalling problem.
O. S.]

THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHAPTER XII.

He Disappears.

"WHERE'S MABEL? I haven't seen her about for two days."

The Rabbit was addressing the black-and-white Cat, who was going through the acrobatic performances usually associated with a feline toilet.

"MABEL," said the Cat, readjusting her off hind leg to the ground, "is unwell. I heard them talk about a high temperature or something of that sort. They put a spike of glass in her mouth and kept it there for a long time."

"How dared they?" said the indignant Rabbit. "It's a cruel cowardly thing to do to a little girl. You shouldn't have allowed it, *Gamp*, really you shouldn't."

"Oh, as to that," said the Cat complacently, "I make it a point never to interfere with humans unless they interfere with me. They think they know such a blessed lot about everything. So I just let them go on in their own silly way. Besides, I'm told that a spike of glass in the mouth is a first-rate remedy for a feverish cold—that's what's the matter with MABEL, I fancy—and you don't suppose I'm going to do anything to prevent her getting cured, do you?"

"No, no," said the Rabbit eagerly, "of course not. That's not to be thought of for a moment. But tell me, when did you see MABEL?"

"I was with her," answered the Cat, "the greater part of yesterday and the whole of this morning. She seemed to want to have me close to her, poor little thing, so I gave up all my other engagements."

"Has *Rob* been to see her?" asked the Rabbit in a tremulous voice.

"Rather," said the Cat. "He's with her now. Of course old *Rob* isn't much of a comfort in a sick room—he's such an upsetter—but I suppose he's better than nothing at all. Anyhow MABEL sent for him, and he's there."

Now all this was gall and wormwood to poor *Bunbutter*.

MABEL, his dear little mistress, was ill. That was bad enough, but it grieved him to the heart and made him rage with jealousy to know that *Gamp* and *Rob* had been admitted to her sacred room, nay more, had been actually sent for, while he, with all his love and devotion, was kept outside in his solitary hutch.

"Did she—ah—mention my name at all?" he asked after a pause.

"Oh dear no," said the Cat very decisively. "She didn't even hint at it. We were talking about all sorts of interesting things, you see, and somehow your name didn't crop up. But perhaps I might manage to lead the conversation that way when I see her again."

"You needn't trouble yourself," said the Rabbit. "She'll send for me of her own accord if she wants me."

At this moment the gardener's boy appeared, and *Gamp*, who had for him a rooted objection based on the throwing of stones, disappeared into the bushes.

"Come along, Red-eyes," said the boy as he opened the hutch and seized the Rabbit by the ears, "I've got to take you into the house. Miss MABEL's asked for you."

"At last!" whispered *Bunbutter* in triumph to himself. At last he was to be admitted to MABEL's own room. She had asked for him. Wouldn't he swagger over *Gamp* and *Rob* when he saw them again! Even as he was carried along he began to concoct the most marvellous accounts of his forthcoming visit for their edification.

"And now, *Bunbutter*," said MABEL, "I'm afraid you must go. It's getting quite dark and I shall have to go to sleep. But I love you very much, very much indeed, *Bunbutter*, and you've been such a dear good sweet rabbit that I'll have you in here again tomorrow for a long long time."

So the Rabbit was carried off and handed back to the gardener's boy, who was waiting for him:—

"You're to take great care of him," said the old nurse, "and put him back safe in his hutch."

"Right you are," said the boy, and off he went.

What happened after that nobody, except, perhaps, the boy, ever knew for certain. The boy said the Rabbit seemed suddenly to swell up so in his hands that he had to let go of him, and the Rabbit scurried into the bushes and disappeared. His story about *Bunbutter*'s increase in size was derided, but he affirmed it even with tears. What is certain is that the White Rabbit vanished and was never seen again.

My own idea is that he turned back again into the Prince of SABLOXIA and that he is now living in state and luxury



A TRIFLE MIXED.

"WHY, PRUDENCE, WHERE'S DICKIE? IS THIS A NEW SWEETHEART?"—"NOT SO VERY NEW, NEITHER, MISS. IT BE THIS WAT. I BE COURTING SAMUEL, BUT DICK BE COURTING I."

in that distant and mysterious country. You see MABEL had assured him of her love, and that was all that was wanted to make the spell work.

When MABEL, her health being restored, visited the hutch a day or two afterwards to mourn over the disappearance of her fluffy little favourite, she picked a large white feather from the ground:—

"It's just the colour of *Bunbutter*," she said. "I shall keep it in memory of him."

For my part I believe it was one of the plumes from the PRINCE's hat.

THE END.

A MATTER OF 'PINION.—The members of the London County Council, having been described by their Chairman as our Guardian Angels, may perhaps come to think themselves entitled to wings. It is to be hoped, writes a correspondent, that they will not charge them to the rates.

WELL MEANT, NO DOUBT.—The *Jersey Weekly News*, in its article upon the departure of the Lieutenant-Governor, says, "The departure . . . calls for more than ordinary comment. We say unhesitatingly that the departure of General ——— is an incalculable loss for the Island. We trust that Major-General ——— [his successor] will follow in his footsteps."

WHO WOULD WANT TO COOK HER?—"Girl (respectable, strong) Wanted . . . Must be lean . . . no cooking."—*Daily Chronicle*.

An Equivocal Advertisement.

BLANK'S BREAD
NONE LIKE IT.

"HAIRY Congratulations" to Sir ROBERT on his receiving the first-class Japanese decoration of the Rising Sun.

THE AMAZING VISCOUNT.

MEETING OF PROTEST.

A PUBLIC meeting convened under the auspices of the Old Age Defence Society was held last Friday, to protest against the unwarrantable incursions of immature talent, and to invoke Parliamentary interference to safeguard the interests of middle-aged and elderly authors and artists.

Mr. MAX BEERBOHM, who presided, stated that no time was to be lost if headway was to be made against the pernicious cult of youth. With great emotion he read from the *Daily Mail* of the 19th inst. a long account of a boy artist, the Viscount DE SOISSONS, of only sixteen, who was exhibiting a collection of pictures at the Doré Gallery, who was also a prolific writer in the Magazines, and had just completed an epic prose-poem of extraordinary length. Personally, he (the speaker) always thought that Doré was a tailor, but let that pass. No one valued the *entente cordiale* more than he, but it was a first principle of modern life that nations must consume their own prodigies.

In conclusion, the Chairman read letters from several eminent Nestors who had been unable to attend the meeting.

LORD GOSCHEN wrote to say he couldn't think what Viscounts were coming to. He himself did not become one until he was nearly sixty-nine. At the age when Viscount DE SOISSONS was painting impressionistic pictures without any artistic training he (the writer) was a healthy Philistine at Rugby.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who had been invited to support the meeting, telegraphed from Venice, "Consider myself perennially young—repudiate invitation."

M. MANUEL GARCIA wrote with feeling on the nuisance of the infant prodigy. He personally did not visit America until he was twenty, in the year 1825.

SIR OLIVER LODGE wrote that if the meeting could do anything, however small, to check the alarms and incursions of the youthful interviewer, they might count on his whole-hearted support.

Mr. FREDERIO HARRISON said that since the refusal of the British Government to give back the Elgin marbles, no event had affected him more deeply than this momentous announcement. Youth had its charms, its rights, its privileges, but that was no reason why it should claim a monopoly of public attention. Youth was the time for study, for preparation, not for production or competition with artists and authors of mature years. He did not wish to intrude a personal note, but he could not refrain from saying that he had waited until he was seventy before he wrote his first novel (*Loud cheers*).

Sir LEWIS MORRIS said that he was

proud to associate himself with the weighty words that had fallen from his distinguished *confrère*. The best place for the composition of epics was on the Underground, as he had conclusively proved in his own case, and nobody of tender years could stand the strain of prolonged subterranean composition. It stood to reason that anyone who composed poetry in his minority must be a minor poet. He would not, however, go so far as to endorse the revolutionary suggestion that no poet should be allowed to be published until he had joined the majority.

Sir JAMES KNOWLES here rose and stated, amid loud cheers, that he had recently declined an article entitled "Reminiscences of a Virtuoso," which had been submitted to him by FRANZ VECSEY.

Sir WILLIAM GRANTHAM stated with much emotion that, in spite of many pressing invitations, he had not contributed to the *Daily Mail* until he was sixty-nine.

Sir EDWARD POYNTER, the President of the Royal Academy, said that he had no doubt that the usual attacks on the Academy would shortly begin on account of their cruel treatment of the Viscount Phenomenon in not having elected him to their body. He would not deny that an infusion of youth might be useful, but it needed to be very judiciously obtained. In his view youth, like wine, was useless until it was well matured.

Mr. A. P. WATT created a painful sensation by revealing some of the inevitable results of the growing craze for youthful authors. It had been rashly stated that the Employers' Liability Act had made the British workman the largest purchaser of hair-dye in the world. He could assure the audience that the consumption of artificial pigment among the literary classes was astounding. And he could name publishers who required a more searching test than juvenile appearance; who would consider no manuscript unless the author himself brought it (in the speaker's company) and was prepared to leap-frog over the junior partner, or to exhibit a chest measurement at least ten inches in excess of his waist, which was, of course, a very exacting requirement from a man of letters.

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, the next speaker, was objected to on the ground that his immature age disqualified him from being present. He rapidly, however, demonstrated that age and youth are interchangeable terms, and that it is the youngest who are really the oldest. Is not, he asked, the child the father of the man? As for himself, he was, he said, merely masquerading as a stripling; his real age was eighty-two, but he had been marvellously made up.

A resolution was passed deprecating youthful geniuses.

As the meeting broke up the news was received that the Viscount had been appointed to the Art Editorship of the *Daily Mirror*.

PUZZLES AND PARADOXES.

THE lines of the aspiring bard
Much toil and trouble cost,
And yet, alas! like many a rime,
They oft turn out a frost.

The magistrate is called a beak,
I really wonder why.
Is it because he often has
A piercing eagle eye?

They say the swan divinely sings
With its expiring breath,
The humble oyster too may be
A PATTI after death.

A tail you'll find is fitted with
A wag, which seldom fails,
Yet many so-called wags I know
Have most unfitting tales.

One gathers nuts in autumn months
From off horse-chestnut trees,
Is it because a chestnut's hoarse
It's sometimes called a wheeze?

SHOULD A WIFE OPEN HER HUSBAND'S LETTERS?

BELOW will be found a few answers which we have obtained to this vital question.

Mr. HENN-PEKT says: "I should prefer that she didn't... but she does. Please don't mention my name."

A Famous Politician says: "I hope to send you an answer after I have had an opportunity of consulting with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN."

Miss OHLDE MAYDE writes: "Only give me the chance."

Mrs. SMITH-SMITH says: "I have received your letter addressed to Mr. SMITH-SMITH.—That is his answer."

The Postmistress at Little Puddleton writes: "If she lives in Puddleton she need not trouble. I can tell her the contents of any letter coming into the village."

BILL BAILEY says: "If she does, I can't go home at all."

A Poster Contrast.

The Standard.

3000 RUSSIANS
ANNIHILATED.

The Daily Express (same morning).

REVISION OF ANGLICAN
HYMN BOOK.

100 NEW HYMNS.

SYMBOLIC BOOTS.

WE have heard much of late years concerning the Degeneracy of the Drama. Careful research has been made for a remedy, and now recent events have encouraged the belief in aid from the outside. Where our dramatists have failed to express emotion and the development of character, our modistes have stepped in and supplied a long-felt want. And why not our boot-makers too?

Appended are a few ideas for the construction of a Four-Act play, in which the desired symbolism is furnished by the foot-gear of the protagonist.

ACT I.

The hero wears a pair of flamboyant yellow boots, expressive of youthfulness and hopefulness. A neat and happy combination of red buttons is symbolical of his dawning passion for a charming lady possessed of a husband addicted to heart disease. But *the top inside lining of the boots is of black leather!* This subtle touch (it will be easy for the dramatist to write in a few lines enabling the hero to exhibit the inside lining of one boot at least during the course of the Act) is intended to convey to the audience that the hero is suffering from a temptation to stage-manage for the heart-diseased husband a "short sharp shock," which shall at once carry him off and enable the hero to do the same by the lady.

ACT II.

The hero wears dead black leather boots, with all the polish rubbed off. He is about to assist at the husband's demise, and therefore wears mourning in anticipation. A bright red tag hanging out from each boot indicates that the victim's death is to be accompanied with violence.

ACT III.

The hero wears a pair of obfuse carpet slippers, somewhat down-trodden in the sole and embroidered with mauve pansies (that's for thought), which are naturally painful, seeing that he is filled with remorse (as is suggested further by the mauve which stands for half mourning). He has accomplished his fell purpose, but the lady has rejected him with immediate scorn. The slippers are, of course, indicative of a bootless passion.

ACT IV.

After an interval long enough to allow some characters with no particular foot-gear to acquaint the audience with the fact that "a year has now elapsed," the hero makes his entrance, wearing the white shoes of a blameless life. The audience will be struck with the *black toe-caps*, which are of *shining patent*



Cockney Sportsman. "Haw—young woman, whose whiskies do you keep here?"
 Highland Lassie. "We only keep McPherson's, Sir."
 C. S. "McPherson? Haw—who the deuce is McPherson?"
 H. L. "My Brother, Sir."

leather, as distinct from the dull, unglossy leather of Act II. They will at once understand that the year has been spent in expiation (shown by the white shoes), mingled with penitence (symbolized by the black toe-caps), tinged with hope (indicated by the "shine"). A closer observation will disclose rubber soles and bronze heels, the former expressive of a buoyant and ever upspringing faith in the future, the latter preparing the audience for his eventual

union with the auburn-haired widow, who has at length learned to forgive and forget the past. Then all that is required to bring down the house and the curtain on a big success is a first-rate "tag."

Cox-Fussex.—The *Evening Standard* contents bill recently ran thus:—

FOOTBALL RESULTS
 RUSSIAN WOUNDED
 POURING INTO MURKIN.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION ;

Or, Harlequin Bunsby and Something Wrong in the Upper Storey at Wyndham's Theatre.

THE title of Mr. PINERO's latest production, *A Wife without a Smile*, is unfortunately suggestive of an audience without a laugh. Not that this description would exactly fit such an audience as assisted at the entertainment on the night of my visit, for undoubtedly they, that is, a considerable majority of them, did laugh, and there were also heard faint spasmodic attempts at applause which, being injudiciously timed, met with no response.

There is not a dramatist whose humour I appreciate and whose work on the stage I enjoy more than I do Mr. PINERO's. Yet with all the will in the world to be amused to any extent, I found myself during the greater part of the First Act, and for a considerable portion of the Second, in most unwilling sympathy with Miss LETTICE FAIRFAX, the charming representative of *Mrs. Rippingill*, the "wife without a smile."

Mr. DION BOUCICAULT, with his well-simulated bursts of idiotic cackination, as *Mr. Seymour Rippingill*, the conceited, feeble-minded chuckler, became to me a sample of that worst of all nuisances in a house-party, an oppressively irrepressible amateur humourist. Mr. LOWNE as *Wettmarsh*, a sort of amateur who, having once been a society clown, has, by marrying an amateur poetess (cleverly played by Miss DOROTHY GIMSTON), been sobered down into an amateur journalist with amateur dramatic aspirations, is another portentous species of the genus bore. In fact, except *Mrs. Lovette*, perfectly rendered, for all the character is worth, by artistic Miss MARIE ILLINGTON (how does *Killicrankie* get on without her ?), and except *John Pullinger* as represented by Mr. HENRY KEMBLE, there seemed to me to be no single character among the *dramatis personæ* whose sayings or doings, however well said or well done, could be of the slightest interest to anyone.

Of course the play is a mere farce, an extravagant farce of the old Palais-Royal type, and the adaptation of electric bells to the same use as that to which Mr. PINERO puts his wire-hung doll I certainly remember in a very broad piece entitled *Fiaere No. 117*. Also I call to mind a device closely resembling it in *Le Dindon*, as likewise in another French play of a similarly outrageous character. I cannot help thinking that had any author, other than Mr. PINERO, succeeded in getting this piece placed on the stage, its run would have come to a very abrupt conclusion. As the effort of a novice it would have been "returned with thanks" by even the most speculative Manager who might have had the patience to read it.

The sole touch of true comedy in the farce is of Dickensian origin, and no student of *Dombey* can fail to refer the reverence exhibited by *Rippingill* for the words of *Jack Pullinger* to that of honest *Cap'n Cuttle* for the oracles of *Jack Bunsby*. What a *Jack Bunsby* Mr. KEMBLE would make were the *Florence* and *Walter* episode in *Dombey* and *Son* treated, apart from the novel, in a brief dramatic sketch!

Mr. PINERO seems to have worked back from a situation that tickled his fancy, namely that of a strung-up doll whose movements, when in a state of suspended animation, would indicate the action of certain persons above who are invisible to those below and to the audience. Suppose, for example, that any individual were taking exercise on the sofa in the second-floor room in order to reduce his weight, the doll, suspended by a wire from the ceiling of the first-floor apartment, would be violently agitated. The idea is scarcely worthy of our leading dramatist. Perhaps, if the laugh had been turned against *Jack Bunsby Pullinger*, there would have been no room (on any floor) for objection; but when the doll's lively movements accompany a duet, then that is quite another story.

NO GRATUITIES ?

(By a Conservative Weakling.)

FOLLOWING upon the success of a recently-opened restaurant, and the "tipping" revelations in a recent County Court case, the idea of "non-tipping" hotels has been mooted. It was inevitable that the *Sortes Shaksperianæ* should be consulted, with the result that some new readings of an all too familiar passage (given hereunder) have been discovered.

To tip, or not to tip ; that is the question :—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous Fashion ;
Or to take arms against a host of hirelings,
And by opposing, end them ?—To dine,—to sup,—
No more ;—and, having supped, to say we end
The heartburn, and the thousand natural qualms
That guests are heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To dine ;—to sup ;—
To sup ! perchance to sleep ; ay, there 's the rub ;
For in that sleep what nightmares may arise
When we have shuffled with a varlet's fee,
Must give us pause. There is the disrespect
That makes calamity of many a life :
For who would bear the scorn of chambermaids,
The porter's flout, the henchman's contumely,
The pangs of proffered but contemned coin,
The insolence of office-jacks, the spurns
That patient gentles from the clownish take,
When he himself might a quietus give
With bare-faced guerdon ? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a hateful toll,
But that the dread of someone left untipped—
The late-discovered menial from whose clutch
No traveller escapes—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those inns we have,
Than fly to hostels that we know not of ?
Thus custom does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the no-tip hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and daring,
To husband hard-earned monies, turn awry
And fail of execution.

Just So.

Cheerful Sitter (showing his own portrait, a crayon drawing, recently finished, to a friend). He hasn't made me look particularly cheerful, eh ?

Friend. Why, what could you expect but a drawn expression ?

YOUNG DORDLER, who doesn't "do much in a literary way, don'tcherknow," heard two friends talking about a recent publication mentioned by the Baron last week, entitled *The Sun-Child*. "What the doose, eh ?" asks the severely critical DORDLER, "why didn't he call it 'The Boy' at once ? You don't call a girl a 'Daughter-child,' do you ? It's reg'lar affectation. Hey, what ?"

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Saturday Review* recently remarked that to him personally the phrase "someone has a great future before him" sounds ridiculous, because it is not possible to "have a future behind him." Isn't it ? How about the Greek grammatical tense recognised as the Paulo-Post-Futurum ?

"NINE tailors make a man" is an ancient proverbial saying. When this old saw was new, what must one man's tailors' bills have amounted to ?

CHARIVARIA.

ONE of the leading Russian newspapers is now suggesting that the Japanese shall no longer be called monkeys. We doubt, however, whether this proposal, even if carried out, would be sufficient to induce the Japanese to withdraw.

It seems queer that Civilisation should add to instead of decrease the horrors of war. The Poet Laureate has just published a long poem on the Russo-Japanese conflict.

More reckless motor-driving! "The coroner for North-east Essex," says a contemporary, "was enabled by the aid of his motor-car to hold three inquests in widely-distant parts of the country within a few hours."

Each lady patron of the *matinée* performances at the Court Theatre now receives a printed notice to the following effect:—"The enclosed tickets are sold on the understanding that ladies will remove hats, bonnets, or any kind of head-dress." It is as well that it should be known that this refers to the ticket-holders', and not to other ladies', head-dress.

The title of Mrs. BROWN-POTTER'S latest theatrical production, *Forget-Me-Not*, is not being obeyed.

Some clergymen have no sense of shame. Several of them have been bragging, in the columns of the *Daily Mail*, as to the number of sermons they have preached.

With reference to the statement published last week to the effect that a post-card posted in North Shields in May, 1900, was delivered at Newcastle on the

13th of the present month, the General Post Office officials would like it to be known that they have often delivered post-cards even more quickly than that.

Now that a magistrate has decided that a lady has no right to make a lunge at a cabman with a sword-stick, the bus conductors, it is rumoured, intend to

Mingling among the football players in the vicinity, they failed to attract attention.

"When a dog belonging to a signalman at Yatesville (U.S.), on the Lehigh Valley Railway, found that his master had dropped dead, he seized a red flag, rushed into the centre of the railway track, and stopped an oncoming express, which might otherwise have met with a serious disaster."—So says the *Daily Express*. "Do we believe?" asks the *Daily Telegraph*.

A certain section of the Art World has been thrown into a paroxysm of delight, and the airs certain painters are now giving themselves are amusing to behold. The German Emperor, in discussing pictures with an eminent expert, is reported to have said, "Perhaps, after all, those impressionist fellows are right."

The Japanese, who were saying only the other day that they did not need an advance from outside, now acknowledge that the Russian advance was useful to them.

The Chairman of Barmouth Urban Council has described Wales as the natural playground of England.

We think, however, that those Welshmen who want to close the schools throughout the Principality are carrying the idea too far.

"An arch political flat-catcher," is Dr. MACNAMARA'S description of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Some Members of Parliament may well be nervous.

THE CATCH OF THE SEASON. Colds.



APPRECIATION.

First Mountaineer (to Second Mountaineer, in Switzerland). "WHAT A LOVELY COUNTRY—HOLLAND IS!"

take action with a view to testing the legality of ladies stabbing them in the back with umbrellas.

The war of the sexes continues. The Principal Boy at Drury Lane this Christmas will be Miss QUEENIE LEIGHTON, while the Principal Girl, we understand, will be Mr. DAN LENO.

Two convicts escaped from Wormwood Scrubs prison in their official costume.



COMPREHENSIVE.

Owner (as the car starts backing down the hill). "PULL EVERYTHING YOU CAN SEE, AND PUT YOUR FOOT ON EVERYTHING ELSE!"

THE BOOK OF THE MOMENT.

Although the Cricket Season is over, Mr. Frederic Harrison scores his Tenth Century.

CONVERSATIONAL PLAGIARISMS OF THE ANCIENTS.

"Think me not unkind," cried the young hero, "if I have to hasten away from the holy shrine in which your love has suffered me to kneel, to worship and to adore; think me not cold if I hurry off to my sovereign and my command. I could not love thee so well, if it were not that I loved honour even more."

THE above extract from Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON's romance of the tenth century, *Theophano*, shows how idle it is to suppose that any sentiment can be new.

When LOVELACE wrote:

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more,

he was credited with a pleasing invention. Alas, he was but quoting from *Basil Digenes*, the hero of Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON's romantic monograph, who had, we now learn, anticipated him by at least six centuries.

Mr. HARRISON's many pages, were they searched carefully, would doubtless yield other scraps of dialogue equally prejudicial to latter-day poets. Thus:—

I.

"Alas, madam," cried LEO the Curopalates to the EMPRESS at Drizibion, "it is preferable of a surety to have loved and have lost than for ever to have endured a vacuum where love ought to reside."

II.

The walls of the Magnaura, in which STYLIANOS stood, communing with himself on his passion for the peerless AUGUSTA, were entirely covered with panels of Proconnesian and Phrygian streaked marbles. "Ah," he exclaimed, smiting his breast, "that man either fears his fate too much, or minute are his deserts, if he dare not put it to the test and succeed, or suffer failure."

III.

"Ho! Ho! Ho! My most incomprehensible of Privy Couacillors," cried the Basileus, with a ringing laugh. "Another perjury. But at lovers' perjuries, it is reported, Jupiter does not conceal his merriment."

IV.

"Alackaday!" cried MARIANOS APAMBAS, the dauntless Theodolite of Adana, as

the gates of the Chrysotriclinium closed behind him with a discordant clang, "how true it is that where the spirit is free neither the most ponderous mural architecture nor the most massive metal bars can produce a sense of incarceration."

Overheard at the London Art Club Exhibition.

She (before a picture of a Spanish lady). Hundred and ninety-one. (Refers to catalogue.) "Tête Espagnole"—or however you pronounce it—what's that?

He. Why, spaniel's head, of course—must be numbered wrong.

THE *Daily News*, in commenting upon the bestowal of the freedom of the city of Bristol upon Sir WILLIAM HENRY WILLS, says:

"For more than a century Sir WILLIAM HENRY WILLS, who comes of an old Bristol family, has rendered loyal and devoted service to his native city."

This makes Sir WILLIAM more than the Father of his City; it makes him its OLD PARR.



Bernard Partridge.

VENETIAN REVERIES.

RIGHT HON. A-ST-N CH-MB-RL-N. "THIS IS BETTER THAN SOUTHAMPTON WATER!"

RIGHT HON. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N. "AH!—POOR DEAR ARTHUR!"



SOUTHAMPTON REVELS.

MISS CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION. "GOOD GRACIOUS, ARTHUR, WHAT ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE?"
RIGHT HON. ARTHUR B-L-F-R (in costume for the Fancy Ball). "AH! THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO FIND OUT!"

[Meeting of the National Union of Conservative Associations at Southampton, Friday, October 28.]



"A THOUSAND MELODIES UNHEARD BEFORE."

Little Girl (to Sportsman, just dismounted from roarer to adjust his curb-chain). "Hullo, Alfred! Putting on a new tune?"

TO A PERIPATETIC MINSTREL.

ITALIAN, swart and freely oleaginous,
That through the hours anterior to the morn
Dost banish sleep and wake unholy rage in us
By playing "*Christian Soldiers*" on the horn;
O more than skilled to lacerate the tympani
And take the luckless sleeper by the throat,
Thine ear-compelling onslaught leaves me limp, an' I
Writhe in an anguish like a dying stoat.
There is a Something balefully insidious
Pent in thy weapon's penetrating blare;
Its breathings are the most profoundly hideous
That ever cleft the uncomplaining air.
Perhaps the charm that soothes the artless savage's
Intractile breast is wanting from thy strain;
Perhaps thine instrument's peculiar ravages
Are prompted by a love of causing pain.
Perhaps a burning sense of man's ingratitude
Invigorates thy petrifying blast;
Perhaps this merely represents the attitude
Of one who plucks a sweet revenge at last.
Unknown thy motive is; but I suspect it has
Birth in a breast phenomenally hard,
And oh, the dire—the desperate effect it has
Upon the wakeful senses of the Bard!

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

Of two evils choose the one that you like best.
If your motor cannot absolutely annihilate time and space,
it can account for most other things.
He gives twice who gives quickly, for he is sure to be
asked again.
It is easier to be wise for others than for yourself, but
by no means so popular—with the others.
The best is said to be the cheapest in the end—but none
of us know which end.
It's better not to be a hero to your valet than to be a
valet to your hero.
Answer a fool according to his folly often enough and
you will find you have written the book of a musical comedy.

PATRIOTISM.—An Isle of Wight vicar writes in his Parish Magazine of the excellent start in life afforded by the National Schools "to countless scholars, many of whom are occupying to-day excellent positions in life, and in Newport."

BREAKING IT GENTLY.—A boy having taken a guinea-pig back to school against the rules, was told by his uncle to return it to him to be cared for during term. Instead of the animal came the following considerate letter:—"I am so sorry I can't send the guinea-pig, but it is dying. In fact it is dead. The butler buried it yesterday."

ESSAYS IN UNCTION.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Harold Begbie.)

III.—THE TWINS OF DESTINY.

THE paths of prophecy are beset by pitfalls and strewn with stumbling blocks. Yet how far more honourable it is to fail in a noble venture than to revel in the ignoble security of surefooted induction!

Among the burning questions of latterday *Weltpolitik* none is of more engrossing interest than that of the future of Austria-Hungary. A congeries of races, a babel of tongues, a welter of conflicting interests—all held together by the thread of a single life—that of the lion-hearted septuagenarian FRANZ JOSEF! Will the centrifugal forces prevail when that heroic figure is eliminated from the garish scene? Will the heritage of the HAPSBURGS be parcelled out among a score of yelping nationalities or be absorbed in the ravening maw of Pan-Germanism? Will chaos or consolidation prevail?

Can the Dual Empire hold together? That above all is the question muttered in fearful whispers in all the Chanceries of Europe. The omens of *débâcle* seem to predominate, but I fearlessly answer—It can. This is no rash or baseless assertion. It is the result of profound study of the racial factors of the situation, of the law of heredity, of the irresistible trend of modern thought. The upshot of these investigations can be succinctly stated in a few irrefragable propositions:—

- (1.) A Dual Empire *ex hypothesi* needs a dual throne.
- (2.) Of the conflicting nationalities Hungary and Bohemia are the most mutually antagonistic, and their reconciliation is most peremptorily needed.
- (3.) Bohemia has been accurately described as a race of fiddlers, while in Hungary—*nobilis Hungaria*—the influence of the aristocracy is supreme.

Is it not strange, then, that in view of these facts it should have been left for a simple but consistently impulsive English journalist to indicate where the salvation of Austria is to be found? Are diplomatists so purblind as not to recognise the momentous possibilities of the union of JAN KUBELIK, the prince of Bohemian violinists, with the lovely Hungarian Countess CSAKY—a *union blest with twin offspring!* In default of any direct male heirs of the House of HAPSBURG, how could the claims of collaterals be expected to weigh for one moment against the overwhelming credentials of these superbly endowed and adorable infants? The blue blood of Hungary—the beautiful blue Danubian ichor—flows in their veins; the fiery

artistic temperament of the Czech is also their birthright. They are lovely, high-spirited, healthy children, with sapphire eyes and delicately-arched insteps. They are young, but the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. ALFRED HARMSWORTH was only three when he started his first paper. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN wore an eyeglass in the nursery, and ALFRED AUSTIN lisped in numbers before he could speak.

It is a privilege as well as a pleasure to be able to inform the public that KUBELIK himself is fully alive to the momentous responsibilities thrust upon him by the call of Destiny. "Tell the people of England," he said to me yesterday morning in his princely sanctum, "that I do not shirk the awful duty." And then he flung his noble head back, laughed a great quaking laugh, full of the luscious gusto of life, and twisted his limber hands in weird Michelangesque convolutions. "The twins are splendid, their appetite is Falstaffic, their voices stentoresque. Already they prattle fluently in Esperanto, and dance the Czardas on the slightest provocation. Their education, however, is a serious matter, and a terrible struggle took place the other day as to which twin should be helped first. Eventually the *Ausgleich* was established, but not until tears had been shed."

"Yes," I observed gently, "but then, as the noble Hungarian proverb has it, More was lost on Mohacz field."

"True," he rejoined with a limpid chuckle, for KUBELIK's sense of humour is only equalled by the luxuriance of his *chevelure*. "They must learn by suffering what they teach in song. They must be cleansed in purging fires before they climb the Pisgah heights of Macassarine majesty on which it behoves the brood of genius to repose. But I have no fears as to their future. Their vitality is prodigious, their bulk colossal," and here the strong-thewed virtuoso almost wept as he told me of a priceless motor-perambulator, the gift of CARMEN SYLVA, which had collapsed beneath the weight of the august pair as they were taking their constitutional in the Andrássy Strasse at Pesth.

Quickly recovering himself he cried in vibrant tones: "But you must excuse me now. I have an appointment with Count BENCKENDORFF in ten minutes at the Russian Embassy," and he sailed out of the room on tiptoe like a great and glorious seraph, his coat-tails quivering with inexplicable emotion.

I sat speechless for several minutes musing on the immutable decrees of Fate, on WEISMANN's theory of heredity, and the attitude which FRANZ JOSEF of Austria would assume towards his twin successors. Would he bow to the

inevitable and proclaim them in his lifetime, or would he declare a truceless war on the great-hearted infants and precipitate an Armageddon beside which the battle of Sha-ho would be mere child's play? But the strain was too great, and rousing myself with a supreme effort I persuaded the major-domo, a Czech of extraordinary beauty and with a rich syrupy voice, to see me safely back to Carmelite Street in a four-wheeled cab.

FEMININE FIGURES.

ARITHMETIC 'tis well to shun,
Of puzzles it has plenty:
For instance, I was twenty-one
When MADGE was sweet and twenty.

Old Time, as fast the seasons flow,
Worked on me with his leaven;
I felt the weight of thirty-two
When MADGE was twenty-seven.

The marvel grew to huge estate,
MADGE proved of time so thrifty,
Remaining simple thirty-eight
Long after I'd turned fifty.

My brain is plunged in awful whirls
By mathematics' rigours,
And who shall now maintain that girls
Have no control of figures?

It is a Wise Child that cures its own Father.

"I HAVE KNOWN gun headache cured by the shooter holding between his teeth a piece of india-rubber, a child's sucking ring for preference."—*Correspondence in the "Field."*

A FALSE POSITION.—In the *Daily Mail's* report of the Chartered Company's meeting we read: "Mr. MAGUIRE sat with chin on elbow looking moodily at the gathering." This acrobatic feat is worth trying; better than any elastic exerciser for increasing the flexibility of the joints. There has been nothing like it since JOHN BRIGHT in the House of Commons turned his back upon himself.

AN AUTUMN DELICACY.—Among the cookery recipes in *The Easy Chair* is the following:

STEAMED CHERRY PUDDING.—Cut an ounce and a half of dried cherries in small pieces. Put two ounces of bread crumbs, half a pint of milk, and one ounce of castor oil into a saucepan, and let it simmer for five minutes. When cool stir in two best eggs and the cherries, &c. &c.

The italics are our own. Uneasy is the Chair that eats such a pudding.

It is rumoured that the French Government may suppress public lotteries. Suggested epitaph:—"Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tombola."

**OLD FRIENDS.**

He. "DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR OLD SCHOOL-FRIEND, SOPHY SMYTHE?"
She. "YES, INDEED, I DO. A MOST ABSURD-LOOKING THING. SO SILLY TOO! WHAT BECAME OF HER?"
He. "OH, NOTHING. ONLY—I MARRIED HER."

CARLISTS AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE San Carlo Grand Opera Company made a good start last week under the direction of Mr. HENRY RUSSELL, son of Mr. *Punch's* old friend of long ago, whose spirited songs are still heard on the concert-platform and belong to the stock *répertoire* of every well-conducted orchestra. Acting Manager NEIL FÖRSYTH, encouraged by summer season results, having associated himself with Mr. RENDLE of Old Drury, the two together have started an autumn campaign which, judging from its capital commencement, certainly deserves the success that 'tis not in mortals to command.

Our Muse, who favours us with her gracious company on this occasion, here illumines our matter-of-fact remarks with poetic inspiration :

To the excellent troupe of San Carlo, from Naples
(Where biscuits and ices are prominent staples),
Mr. *Punch*, who all genuine merit befriends,
The warmest and heartiest greeting extends ;
For they prove in a manner convincingly strong
That Italy still is the Mother of Song.



Operatic Ornaments ; Manon and her Lovers.

If you ask for a proof, take the scene on the jetty
Where CARUSO-*Des Grieux* parts from MANON-GIACHETTI.
But though singing's the strength of the Naples brigade,
Other notable gifts they've already displayed.
They can act, their *ensemble's* first-rate, and—a boon
Seldom granted—their chorus is always in tune.
Then the band is a nailer, strong, mellow and slick,
With one eye at the least always fixed on "the stick."
So, to wind up our lay with a bit of advice,
If you want to enjoy, at a moderate price,
A treat operatic, be off in a trice,
Book seats for *Aida*, or *Manon Lescaut*,
Rigoletto, or *Carmen*—they're none of them slow—
And you'll be delighted whenever you go.

On Wednesday, Mr. *Punch's* assistant-auditor informs him, there was a grand performance of *La Tosca*. Madame GIACHETTI as *Floria Tosca* sang well and acted finely, and the audience acclaimed her success uproariously. As her unfortunate lover *Mario* (name reminiscent of triumphant tenor long since gone to take his part in the music of the spheres) Signor ANSELMi sang delightfully, and his acting was occasionally powerful. Signor SAMMARCO was a thoroughly wicked *Baron Scarpia*, that is, melodramatically speaking, the moral qualities of the character being entirely subservient to SAM MARK's excellent vocal and artistic powers. So, not further to particularise, all were good in an opera that will never become a genuine favourite, as it is only a trifle less gloomy than the tragic play from which it is taken.

Thursday.—*Rigoletto* to an enthusiastically appreciative, but

by no means a full, house. Signor ANSELMi was quite the disgraceful *Dook*, and his great *La Donna è automobile* song twice vociferously encored. Mlle. ALICE NIELSEN as *Gilda*, like *eau sucrée*, was sweet but not powerful. Madame FERRARIS as *Magdalena* the merry, excellent. Last concerted piece well given. All good.

Friday.—House crowded for *Carmen*. Enthusiastic calls for Mlle. ALICE NIELSEN, Madame GIANOLI and, of course, Signor ROBINSON CARUSO, delightfully associated with Friday.

Conductors CAMPANINI and TANARA, and "everyone concerned," are to be congratulated upon a genuine success that augurs well for the short season.

"PA, MA, AND BABBA."

A PERSONAL MESSAGE FOR YOU ABOUT THE NEW MAGAZINE.

To the Reader,

Have you ever asked yourself what life would be like without the Magazines? No? Then don't do so. Such a state of things must not be thought about.

Possibly you have been living in a fool's paradise, and considering that there are already enough Magazines. There are not. One more has yet to come, and that is the biggest of all.

It is coming almost before you can turn round; and you will have to buy it regularly. You cannot escape.

It is called *Pa, Ma, and Babba*, and where other Magazines give one page it gives two, where other Magazines give two advertisements it gives four.

It is a veritable powder Magazine.

The World and His Wife, another forthcoming Magazine, is said by its proprietors to open flat. *Pa, Ma, and Babba* will neither open flat nor be flat in a single page.

It contains something for every member of your house, from the burglar on the roof to the cockroach in the basement.

It is the giant of the Magazines—the Drum-Major of the Kilties and the Fat Boy of Peckham rolled in one. Long before you have got through it the next number will be here.

It will be packed and running over with new features. Every page will contain something novel. There will be stories by Sir A. CONAN DOYLE and CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ, Mrs. L. T. MEADE, and ARTHUR MORRISON.

No pains have been spared to produce an entirely new thing. There will be interviews by HAROLD BEGGIE.

Another feature of startling freshness will be a prize competition.

The dear children will not be neglected. A first-rate literary aunt has been engaged to prattle for them.

There is not a line nor a picture in this most wonderful production that is not aimed to benefit you. Its proprietors hope to lose by it.

The Magazine will be worth ten shillings. Its price is only sixpence.

You will be able to get quite a lot for the back numbers as waste paper.

Pa, Ma, and Babba is thoroughly up-to-date: the first number went to press two months ago.

Soliloquy.

John Bull (*making a mem. in his note-book*). "We went to Tibet to make a treaty"—Ahem! Let me see. Under what heading shall I enter this? Eh? Ah, I see—"Re-Treaty." Um!

THE BALTIC FLEET.

MONTH BY MONTH.

LIBAU, October 24, 1904.—It is stated on good authority that the Baltic Fleet will sail for the Far East on the 27th or 28th inst.—*Reuter*.

REVAL, October 26.—The battleship *Gonashoravlosk* is again aground, but it is hoped to refloat her in three weeks' time. She will have to undergo extensive repairs, and in consequence the date of departure of the Baltic Fleet has been again postponed till November 13.—*Our Own Correspondent*.

ST. PETERSBURG, November 12.—The TSAR has expressed his intention of saying good-bye to the Baltic Fleet in person, prior to its departure for the Far East. During some manoeuvres yesterday, two cruisers (believed to be the *Runamokia* and the *Strukamine-ski*) collided and sank in the excellent time of 2 min. 15 sec., thus constituting a record. The Fleet will sail on December 22.—*Our Special Correspondent*.

LIBAU, December 28, 1904.—The Baltic Fleet, consisting of 5 battleships, 7 cruisers, and 96 transports laden with coal, sailed to-day for the Far East at 11 o'clock, but came safely back again in the afternoon. (Later) The armoured cruiser *Bloucpovitch*, on entering the harbour, came in contact with a floating mine, and will, it is feared, become a total wreck.—*Press Association*.

PARIS, January 2, 1905.—News comes from St. Petersburg this morning that the Baltic Fleet (consisting of 4 battleships, 6 cruisers, and 130 transports laden with coal) is now ready to start for the Far East. The battleship *Sprungaleekski* will not be able to accompany the squadron as was hoped, but owing to her speed of 8½ knots, she will be able to catch it up when the necessary repairs have been made. The date of departure of the Fleet is now fixed for January 20.—*Reuter*.

REVAL, February 19, 1905.—The TSAR to-day bade farewell to the officers and

men of the Baltic Fleet, and wished them good luck and a safe return. The Fleet (consisting of 3 battleships, 5 cruisers, and 156 transports laden with coal) went for a trial spin immediately afterwards. There were very few casualties, and the Fleet will finally start for the Far East on the 2nd, 3rd, or 15th of March.—*Dalziel*.

LIBAU, April 1, 1905.—To-day has been fixed as a suitable one for the Baltic Fleet to begin its final departure on its eventful voyage to the Far East. The TSAR shook hands in person with the Admiral and his officers. Immediately

MODES FOR MEN.

CASCIST.—The question you raise is a puzzling one. If the overcoat handed to you at the cloak-room is better than your own I should advise you to wait till the other party makes a move in the matter. Since, possessing a better overcoat, he is presumably your social superior, the initiative should come from him. If on the contrary the overcoat given you is a worse one than your own, it will be quite proper for you to make enquiries. Etiquette is merely the application of common sense to social matters.

COSMOPOLITE.—The shirt problem you name is always with us. Happily the growth of civilisation has to some extent solved it. There are now many Turkish Baths in London where a shirt may be washed and starched whilst you wait. I regret that I cannot say anything in favour of the india-rubber reversible shirts you name.

CONSTANT READER.—You say that you are certain that an acquaintance always deals himself the ace of hearts at Bridge, and ask advice in the matter. Discretion is advisable. Do not denounce him—his scenes are vulgar—but keep him under observation. You cannot do this better



"YOUNG NIGHTY THOUGHTS."

Mamma. "HERE COMES NURSE TO BATH YOU BOTH AND PUT YOU TO BED. NOW BE GOOD AND GO QUICKLY."

Little Girl. "OH DEAR, MUMMIE, I WISH I WAS A NIGHT-DRESS!"

Mamma. "WHY, DEAR?"

Little Girl. "THEN I SHOULD ONLY HAVE TO GO TO THE WASH ONCE A WEEK!"

afterwards, preceded by the flagship *Neversaydieski*, the squadron (consisting of 2 battleships, 3 cruisers, and 172 transports laden with coal) steamed slowly once more out of the familiar harbour. It is a matter of considerable comment in official circles that this is the first time the fleet has started without a telegram from the KAISER. At the time of writing the squadron is still in sight. (Later) A large fleet (consisting apparently of 2 battleships, 3 cruisers, and about 170 transports) is making for the harbour, and has signalled for a pilot.—*Our Own Correspondent*.

LITERARY GOSSIP.—A new motoring novel by the author of *An Eye for an Eye* is promised, entitled *A Toot for a Toot*.

than by always arranging to be his partner when you indulge in a friendly rubber. You will find that so much in this matter depends on the point of view.

MILLIONAIRE.—By all means wear boot protectors, they are most fashionable. The "chic" boot protector is made of silver with the owner's monogram engraved on it. The boot protector is not only economical but ornamental, if the wearer has the presence of mind when sitting always to put his feet on a neighbouring chair. The gold boot protectors to my mind seem ostentatious.

DESPERATE.—You are married, you have become engaged to another lady, and now you find that your affections are really placed elsewhere, and come for advice. Have you noticed the advertisement of the Klean Kut Razors in our columns?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

On the Outskirts of Empire in Asia (BLACKWOOD) is enriched by many photographs, snapshots taken in places remote from Charing Cross. They are not the kind of work of art the most indulgent R.A.'s would add to treasures accumulated under the Chantrey Bequest. But they have the value of novelty and accuracy. The proudest illustration of Lord RONALDSHAY's book is the map that illustrates his journey. Across a broad section of the earth's circumference stretches a thin red line marking adventurous route from Constantinople to Baghdad, skirting the Caspian, to Baku, on to famed Samarkand, preceding the march of the Russian army in Manchuria, popping in at Peking *via* Port Arthur, debarking at Nagasaki, and proceeding by land to Yokohama. Lord RONALDSHAY is a born traveller, with an eye to scenery and a keen scent for incident. Far above the stature of the ordinary globe-trotter, he has in him something of the statesman. He sees in Asia, as saw Prince HENRI D'ORLEANS, the battle-field in which once again will be settled the destinies of the world. The nation which succeeds in making its voice heeded in the East will, he proclaims, be able to speak in dominating accents to Europe. Holding this creed he recognises a kindred spirit in Lord CURZON, whose recent utterances on the proper and possible position of England in the Far East he quotes with warm approval. "Let the people of this country," he writes, "understand that a policy of unsupported diplomatic protest will not always prove efficient in retaining that position of supremacy in Southern Asia which is vital to our being." My Baronite likes that delicate phrase, "unsupported diplomatic protest." Ten thousand miles Lord RONALDSHAY has journeyed through Asiatic Turkey, Persia, Transcaucasia, Turkestan, Siberia, and Manchuria, sometimes by rail, occasionally by steamboat, otherwise by raft, on land by anything that would go on wheels. He has brought back lessons worthy the study of our masters and pastors in Downing Street and at Westminster.

A Hand at Bridge, by LANCE THACKERAY (Fine Art Society), is a story without words, told in four coloured "humorous drawings," in which, however, the humour is not too conspicuous, having been, perhaps, a bit toned down in order to show up the six-colour lithographs. No doubt this smart set will catch on to many a hook in the smoking-rooms of country houses, where its brilliancy will be chastened by the artistic hand of Time. From the Bridge point of view the situations, as depicted, are quite sound, though, if the artist be himself a "Bridger," he should have reconsidered the attitude of the Colonel (in Plate 2), who, in his surprise at being "doubled," is showing his hand to both his partner and the leader on his left!

My Nautical Retainer writes:—Like the missionary and the *commis-voyageur*, Mr. MASON travels for others. When he trots by land or trawls by sea, he does it as the agent of a vast public that delights in vicarious adventure. So it is that in *The Truants* (SMITH, ELDER) he once again embroiders his romance with the colours of far and unfamiliar scenes. This time he has to tell us of the North Sea trawling fleets; of Fez (where I understand that Mr. MASON recently took on my Lord the SULTAN at billiards); and of the advanced posts of the French Foreign Legion in the hinterland of Algeria. And it is done with that sureness of touch and particularity of detail which come of knowledge at first hand. But the task of finding fresh excuses for transporting us into these unbackneyed regions is liable to exhaust the most fertile ingenuity; and the difficulty of inventing for his processes that disguise which art demands grows greater with each new novel. In the present case the motive which induces *Tony Stretton* to join the Foreign Legion (and so work Sahara into

the book) bears far too close a resemblance to the motive which inspired the hero of *The Four Feathers* to seek distinction in the Soudan. He has the same ambition to restore himself in the eyes of a woman; but, while in the earlier book no other course was possible, here the motive lacks imperativeness; and even the man who obeys it has to work very hard and pigheadedly to convince himself of its adequacy.

These are the flaws in a book which for the rest affords one more proof of Mr. MASON's abiding freshness and charm. He seems, too, to show an advance—though still on this side of subtlety—in the analysis of his women's characters. Of his men, *M. Giraud*, the schoolmaster of Roquebrune, is the least probable. He is situated rather too near Monte Carlo to be so innocently curious about "news of the great world." As for the story itself it is of the most engaging interest; and, if one misses the fascination of certain scenes in *The Four Feathers*, yet perhaps in *The Truants* the author achieves a more level excellence; and in any case he has only himself to blame for so exacting a precedent.

The Garden of Allah, by ROBERT HICHENS (METHUEN), is the story of "the journey of a searcher who knew not what she sought." Such is the author's summary description of his own powerfully fascinating novel. The "searcher" is *Domini Enfielden*, the heroine of the story, a strikingly original character, drawn with all the affectionate care that can be bestowed by an artist on the gradual development of his own creation. In the perfecting of her strange lover, *Androski*, the author has not permitted himself to be led astray from his fixed design of compelling this sinner to do penance. The parable is complete: the self-sacrifice is grand on the part of the woman, while the man, at first reluctant, yields to her will as if in obedience to a divine oracle. The tale is as it were a newly-imagined Christianised version of Cupid and Psyche, pictured in impulsive word-painting, aglow with the deep rich colouring of an Eastern sunset. The atmosphere is of the Desert, that "mystery of space" which the author does his very best to people with living realities. Should the reader feel at all wearied by this wealth of colour and superfluity of detail, it is because he has to plod on through scenes where the chief characters, in whom all interest centres, say little, and do less. Such an one knows that the protagonists whom he seeks are in the crowd, and that he is bound to come up with them, for a few seconds at a time, in the course of many lengthy paragraphs of vividly descriptive narrative. During his search he will be bewildered by Arab boys, praying men, Oriental Jewesses, by sounds like countless multitudes of bees; by feathery palms obstructing his vision, by flies and lizards that bother him; then gazelles, girls with elastic waists and vivid draperies will impede his progress; innumerable smells will nauseate him, orange trees, gums, and fig trees will restore him, hautboys and tom-toms will stun him, until flashing knives awaken him to the necessity of pushing along, extricating himself from the *tohu-bohu*, and regaining the lost heroine and her companion. But all this *mise-en-scène* is put aside when the author clears the stage for real business, and then we are spell-bound to know the issue. This novel has the Baron's *imprimatur* and his strongest recommendation.

The Twins (NELSON AND SONS) is a capital "picture book" for the coming Christmas time, with verses by EDWARD SHIRLEY to suit JOHN HASSALL's illustrations, or *vice versa*.



THE CASE OF MR. B.

PROFESSOR I. O. UWINS, the Secretary of the Free Loaf Commission, has kindly forwarded us the following interesting summary of the reports issued by the medico-legal experts called in by the Commission to examine abnormal cases of cerebral divagation produced by the stress of the recent fiscal controversy.

In accordance with the rules laid down by the Commission, and to prevent any awkwardness arising from publicity, the names of the experts are withheld and that of their subjects indicated solely by an initial. The present reports are entirely concerned with a person who, for the reasons just mentioned, is known by the simple appellation of Mr. B.

It appears that the first examination of Mr. B. was made in April, 1903. The experts were able to state their conviction that there was a serious deficiency of the fiscal sense, but they asked for a delay of six months in order to keep their patient under observation. In November, 1903, they sent in a further report. In the interim a variety of peculiar and conflicting symptoms had declared themselves. The experts declare that Mr. B. had temporarily abandoned his tastes for healthy out-door recreation, psychical research, novel reading, and classical concerts. He had developed a curious partiality for loud and noisy music, in which instruments of percussion predominated; he had become a victim to the craze for rapid travelling in motor cars, alleging as his reason that only thus could one approximate to the ideal condition of being in two places at the same time; he had come to exhibit an antipathy towards several of his colleagues and indulged in clandestine correspondence with others; he deliberately studied the most obscure and unintelligible philosophers, while his whole conduct was dominated by a desire to mystify his oldest friends and most devoted admirers.

The final report was made in September last, and is a most curious and perplexing document. As a result of further and prolonged investigation, the experts found themselves unable to pronounce definitely whether the patient was afflicted with a grave form of mental malady which would render his continuance at large a danger to the public. But his intellectual condition differed essentially from the normal in that he constantly betrayed symptoms of that curious derangement of the speech-centres known as metaphasia. Ordinary patients suffering from this complaint are in the habit of substituting for the right word some other totally different one. For example, they will say, "I rode here on my encyclopædia," meaning my bicycle, or, "Hand me the parlour-maid," meaning



WOMAN—EVER UNREASONABLE.

"HANDS UP! OR I FIRE!!"

the marmalade. In this case, however, the metaphasia proves to be of a much more subtle and complicated nature. Mr. B.'s interchange of words does not take place merely where concrete facts are concerned, but in relation to abstractions as well, his peculiarity being to substitute for the word connoting a quality or set of qualities another connoting diametrically opposite attributes. Thus the experts found him habitually using the word "retaliation" when he meant "conciliation," "preferentialism" when he meant "free importation," "free-trader" in place of "protectionist," and *rice versé*. They accordingly assert that there existed in the patient "a

totality of symptoms, of psychic phenomena, partly defectuosities, partly absolute defects, which implied a condition which they must describe as a sort of mental hendiadys or spiritual double-jointedness unfitting him for association with ordinary individuals." They accordingly recommend that he should be placed under partial restraint in an open-air sanatorium, taking exercise in a closed carriage, and adopting on alternate days a vegetarian and a meat diet.

"The Rivers Committee" are looking after "the Port of London." This looks uncommonly like a "Wine and Water" mixture, which is rarely satisfactory.

A FAMOUS VICTORY.

AIR—"The Battle of the Baltic."

[It is said that, in his first report to his august Master, the Admiral of the Baltic Fleet referred to his performance on the Dogger Bank as "a serious encounter."]

Of the Admiral of the CZAR
Sing the North Sea night's renown,
When that gallant Tartar tar
Toward the Dogger drifted down,
Heading cautiously and slow for the South,
Full of thankful wonder at
His escape from Kattégat,
And his heart still pit-a-pat!
In his mouth.

Cautiously he felt his way
Where the snares were sure to be,
Turning darkness into day
With his lights that searched the sea,
For his Teuton friends had said, "Have a fear!
Where the British trawlers ride,
You are certain to collide
With a foe the other side
Of the sphere."

Ay! beneath the stars' eclipse
Who could say what levin-cracks
Might explode from battleships
In the guise of simple smacks,
What infernal submarine booby-trap,
Masked as mackerel or as sole;
Or a porpoise on the roll,
Might contrive to blow a hole
In his scrap.

Hark! the sudden cry outrang:
Hostile trawling fleet ahead!
And each rustic lubber sprang
Like a rocket from his bed,
And prepared to meet his doom, face to face;
And across the dazzled night
They could see this dreadful sight—
Fishers, by a greenish light
Gutting plaice!

Then the Admiral swore an oath,
And the word went down the line,
And the captains, nothing loath,
Read the flaring battle-sign,
And they took its meaning in at a glance;
"Hearts of Oak! your duty's plain;
Lay your guns," they cried, "in train;
You may never get again
Such a chance!"

Then the cannon belched their shot,
And the warriors grew more bold,
And the sport more fast and hot,
When they heard no thunder rolled
Back in answer from the dumb-stricken foe;
Till aloud the landsmen laughed
As they watched the helpless craft,
Raked and riddled, fore and aft,
Blow on blow.

But at length their task was through,
And the gunners stood at ease,
And they left each shattered crew
To the mercy of the seas,
Where Destruction walked with Death on the wave;
And the Admiral, much impressed,

Flashed the signal: *God be blest!*
Pin a medal on the breast
Of the brave!

So the fight with odds was won,
And the victors went their ways,
Flushed with duty nobly done
To the glory and the praise
Of the majesty and might of the CZAR;
And their fame arrived, one day,
Where a British squadron lay,
Somewhere near thy noted bay,
Trafalgar!

O. S.

LOCAL COLOUR.

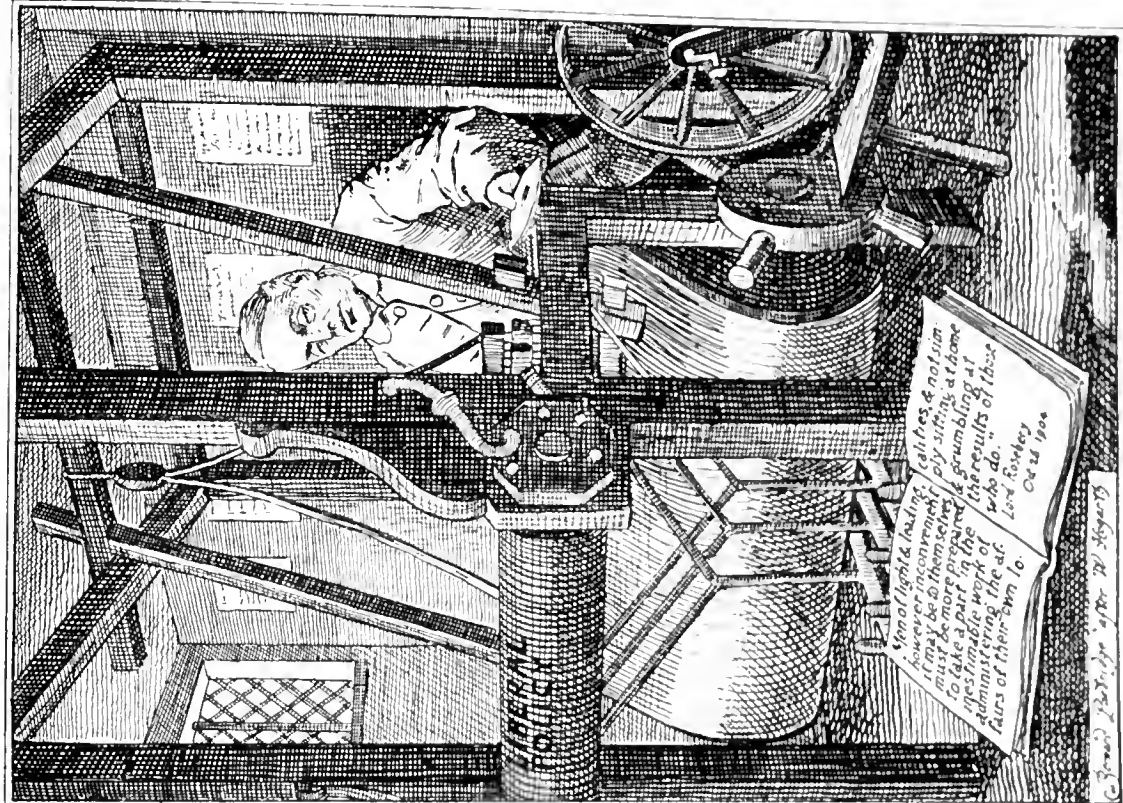
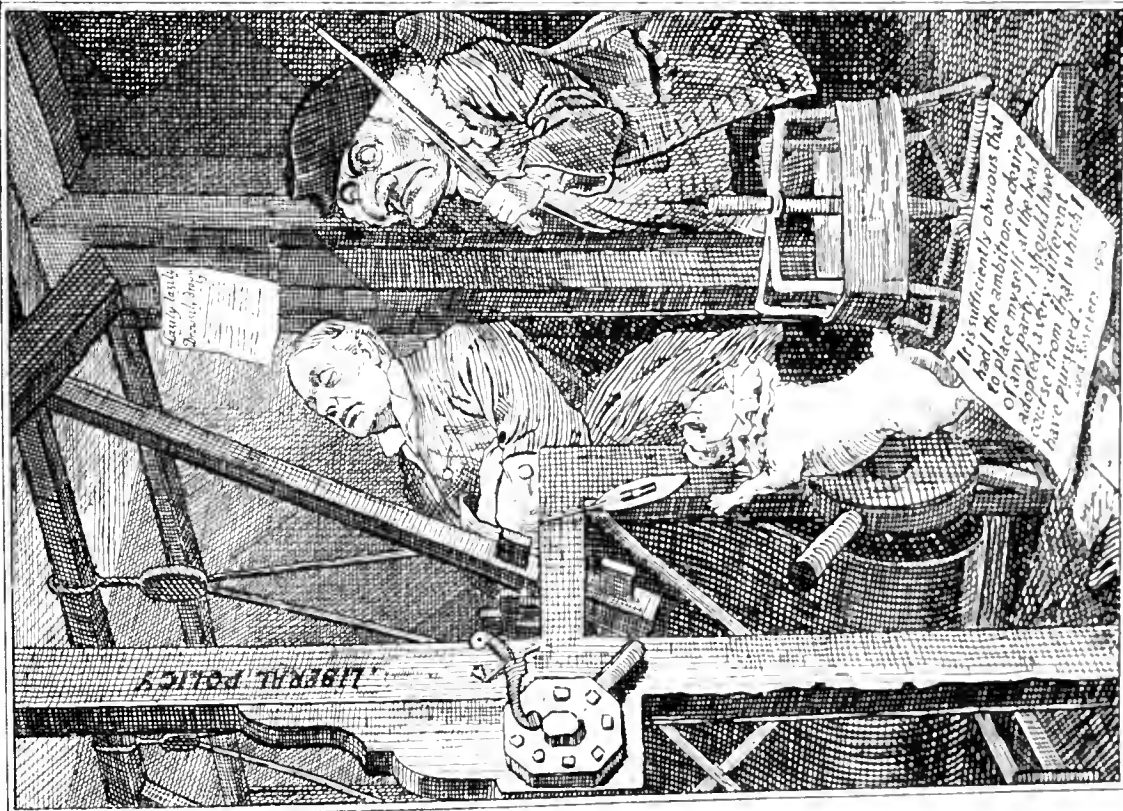
[At the banquet given by the "Pilgrims" to the officers of the American Squadron the waiters were dressed as sailors, and the tables were shaped like battleships.]

It was a happy thought of the Bachelors' Club to give a dinner in honour of Colonel YOUNGHUSBAND's return from Tibet, and the manner in which the "effects" were carried out deserves no little commendation. Mr. GILLETTE, superbly made up as the Dalai Lama, took the chair, the rest of the members, appropriately in such a temple of celibacy as the Bachelors', representing monks. From time to time showers of stage snow (kindly lent by *The Hand of Blood* No. 1 Travelling Company) fell from above upon the table, and it was pleasant to see the tactful way in which the gallant Colonel dodged such particles as remained in his soup. The liveliness of the proceedings was further enhanced by the constant firing of jongs by trained marksmen stationed in the doorway. The club waiters, in the character of snowleopards and other wild beasts such as infest the desolate regions of the Chumbi Pass, played their part admirably. Indeed, their practice of springing with a howl on to the shoulders of the diners as a prelude to offering them the choice between claret and hock, may perhaps be termed almost too realistic.

The banquet held in the Pavilion at Lord's by the M.C.C. to commemorate the retention of the ashes was a complete success. The tables were shaped like bats. Instead of chairs, the guests sat on the splices. All the waiters, made up as umpires, were required to have a well-marked crease in their trousers. Much interest was aroused by the novel manner of "helping" inaugurated on this occasion. Directly the brief grace "Play!" had been pronounced by the Rev. F. H. GILLINGHAM, plates full of deliciously appetising comestibles began to fly across the room, urged by the trained hands of first-class fast bowlers. The fielding on the whole was excellent, except that there were no slips between the cup and the lip, and Mr. BOSANQUET should have got both hands to the savoury.

At the complimentary dinner given by the Home Office to Mr. ADOLF BECK only waiters whose names were JOHN SMITH were engaged, and Mr. W. CLARKSON made them all exactly like each other and Mr. BECK—with the exception of a few unimportant details, such as the shape of the nose, the colour of the eyes and hair, the size of the head, and the position of the gooseberry marks.

A BIT ROCKY.—"We can almost feel the pavements of London rocking with the movement of the surrounding sea." So says the writer of an article ("Master Worker" series) in the *Daily Mail*. Yet this is not an admission of intemperance on the part of the author; he merely wants to indicate, in his powerfully graphic manner, the effect of Trafalgar Day on the inhabitants of an island like London.



PRACTICE AND PRECEPT.

Adapted from Hoppo's well-known engraving, "Industry and Idleness."



"THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER."

George (Itinerant Punch-and-Judy Showman). "I SAY, BILL, SHE DO DRAW!"

Bill (his partner, with drum and box of puppets). "H'M—IT'S MORE THAN WE CAN!"

MAFFICKS AND OBSCURITIES.

(An unpublished chapter from Mr. R. K.'s *K-pl-ng's newest, jerkiest, brainiest, braveniest, full-bloodedest, meatiest, marvellousest, moodiest, packed-full-of-meaningest Book*.)

[To the reader. — Mr. R. K. calls special attention to the verses introducing this chapter. They are not necessarily connected with the subject-matter of the chapter (if it may be assumed, for the sake of argument, that the chapter has a subject-matter), but they speak for themselves and utter a warning that no Government not utterly lost to all sense of duty can afford to neglect. No prizes will under any circumstances be given to those who attempt to interpret either the poetry or the prose.]

OUR KIDDIES TOO.

From—no, it's 'fromm': it's a German word,

Pious, or, shortly, 'pi,'
Cushioned about on a minor third
Between the low and the high.

The streets are packed and the busses
blocked;

Constable raises hand,
Far in the distance ears were shocked,
When up struck a German band.

All that the cabmen do or dare,
Loaded it is and lone
On the mighty lips of a mighty fare,
Perched on a purple throne.

All writing-paper, pen and ink,
All words that spell Desire

Are but a spark of broken link
To bring again the fire.

From— it is 'fromm,' a German word,
Pious, or, shortly, 'pi,'
Cushioned about on a minor third
Between the low and the high.

[If the foregoing verses should be considered too perspicuous the following may be substituted:—]

SONG OF THE YOUNG PORTER.

Look out, look out, the line is clear,
But all the trains are gone,
The station-master waves his hand,
The trucks are coming on.
The evil undergraduate
Proceeds to his degree,
And one is early, one is late,
But, *All must pay a fee!*

The passengers are spent in vain,
In vain the boilers boil;
The guards are fled, but we remain
The toilers and the toil.
Inspectors by their several needs,
As *Bradshaw* shall decree,
As this retires and that recedes,
But, *All must pay a fee!*

The doors we slammed to make them
fear,

Who were not dignified,
Shall all be locked till we appear
On one or the other side.
For when the call for Us is heard
We shall not fly (or flee);
Each man shall collar his own preferred,
But, *All must pay a fee!*

[To the reader: Now for the real stuff,
K-PL-XG's own pure prose,
100 h.-p. on the brake.]

RATS.

"You know the lot," said the Buster. "Let me see, there's *PALK* and *TOMKINSON*, and *BOTTLES* and *HARMER*, and *MUSPRATT* and *WONK*, and *CRONK* and *POPPER* and *CROPPER*."

The Buster had gone farooshing in the Punjab for a matter of five years. Hence his lingo.

"What the——"

"That's just what I tell 'em."

"*Durro muts?*" I asked.

"Now look here, Sonny, I'm not taking any. See? Besides, where's the use? Half the men we meet are tight, and the other half don't know. That's war."

It was at this point that the Water-Rat intervened, the genuine old English black rat, mind—none of your brown Norwegians.

"Blunk, blunk, blunk, oh blunk," said the Rat, as the water soused him. "Has anybody seen my Cat? I confess I am not altogether habituated to the deciduous nature of drops of—er—water—shall we say?—yes, water."

The Grey Cat was also one for language: "My dear fellow," she observed languidly, "you ought not by this time to be unaware that it is the property even of particles to obey the laws of gravity first discovered by *NEWTON*—not a bad fellow, *NEWTON*, a good friend of my great-great-great-great-great-grandmother. *Particulæ gravitatem obediunt propria quæ maribus.*"

"Thanks," said the Rat, "I quite comprehend; but you must admit that when once the doctrine of plenary inspiration is introduced into the discussion—*introducitur in discussionem*—the

question is raised to a higher sphere of dialectics."

Then the fun began.

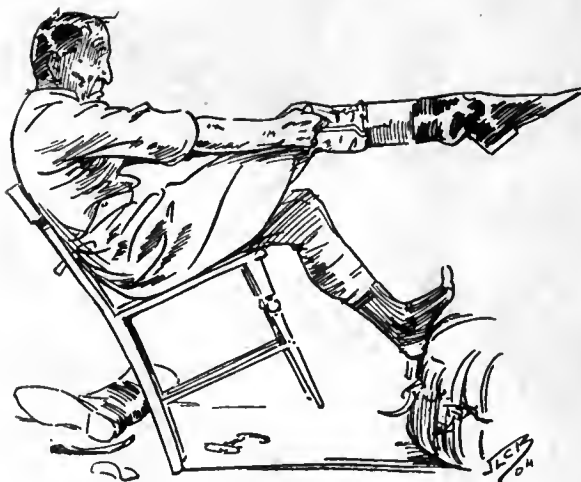
CROPPER took it on the side of the head and returned it to *WONK*.

"Mind your bloomin' crumpet," he shouted, his face puffed and purple with suppressed laughter.

"How's that, Umpire?" came from *CRONK*. "Oh, oh, oh, you'll kill me with cacklin'. Holy Muckins! What a jamboree this is."

They were all bunched up together, sweating, cursing, pushing and kicking, *TOMKINSON*'s snub nose appearing and disappearing in the crush like a ripe tomato.

Then with one last heave the pack swayed, broke, scattered and reeled over,



THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

NOTHING TO DO WITH THE RUSSIAN OUTRAGE OR THE RUSSIAN-JAPANESE WAR, NOR WITH ANY OTHER EUROPEAN TOPIC OF MOST MOMENTOUS CHARACTER—BUT IT IS—

HOW TO GET LAST SEASON'S BOOTS OVER THIS SEASON'S CALVES?

MUSPRATT squealing for joy as the rest floundered in the mud.

It was the best joke I ever saw.

I never laughed so much in all my life.

MANY patriots think that we are under the mark in the claims we have made on Russia for reparation. But they are actually quite ample if we are to believe the following poster of an evening paper:—

WHAT
ENGLAND
DEMANDS OF
RUSSIA.
The Sun.

The Weekly Irish Times states that a nobleman (who shall be nameless) is "paying a number of shooting visits in Scotland." This looks dangerous for anybody who may be paying flying visits in the same neighbourhood.

CHARIVARIA.

THE fact that the Russians stated that they saw two torpedo-boats when they fired in the North Sea has not unnaturally led many persons to believe that there may have been one of the craft there.

The son of the Amir *HABIBULLAH*, who is to represent his father in the Afghan Mission to India, is but fifteen years old, and, with the exception of Afghan head-dress, he always wears European clothes. Clad in a turban and an Eton jacket, the child, we are told, cuts a not unimpressive figure.

President *ROOSEVELT* has invited the Powers to propose a date for the meeting of a new Peace Conference at the Hague. We understand that the only answer received so far is from the Greek Government, which suggests its Kalends as a likely time.

President *ROOSEVELT*'s action in the matter is taken, it is said, with a political object—to gain votes at the approaching election. Suggested motto for the President:—*Pax Votiscum.*

One of the candidates in the municipal election at Peterborough has spoken his address into a gramophone, and this now harangues the various meetings. The funnel is said to form an admirable receptacle for the eggs and similar trifles that are given away on such occasions.

It is untrue that the recent cock-crowing competition held in Paris took place at the Chamber of Deputies. It is difficult, seeing that there is now an *entente*, to imagine how the mistake can have arisen.

Great Britain has gained a notable victory at the St. Louis Exposition. She has carried off the first prize for Scotch whiskies.

It is feared that the Marquis of *ANGLESEY*, who is staying at Dinard, has now become a permanent exile. His twelve cures for sea-sickness have been sold.

The City stationer who is exhibiting a row of portraits in his shop-window labelled "Actresses—hand-coloured," must, we feel sure, be libelling a long-suffering profession.

Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE has expressed surprise because he was not placed upon the Hymn-Book Revision Committee. We should have thought that the prejudice of the Church against Bridge was well known.

An electric tram-car suddenly burst into flames in the Old Kent Road one night last week. The effect is described by those who saw it as being exceedingly pretty, and a pleasing and effective novelty for street illuminations has undoubtedly been discovered.

Gibson, the Zoo's new gorilla, is dead, in spite of the careful attention lavished on him, and it is mentioned, as showing the amount of distress in the country, that many applications to take his place have already been received.

According to Mr. WHITTLES, a lecturer on dental pathology at the Birmingham University, "Craw-craw" has made its appearance in this country. Mr. WHITTLES' view is that the disease is disseminated by kissing. The theory is now being tested by a large number of students.

We must apologise to the Poet-Lanreate for having, by mistake, referred in these notes to his recent poem on the War as being a long one. It seemed long when we were reading it.

More realism! Not only has what is believed to be an exact model of Noah's Ark been constructed at Copenhagen, but it was filled on its trial trip with a number of scientists.

MESSRS. HEINEMANN have just published *1001 Indian Nights*. By GHOSH.

"BRIDGITIS."

["'Bridgitis' is the latest complaint the doctors have discovered. . . . It is a name given to a disease which the faculty trace to over-indulgence in the pastime of Bridge." *Sunday Times*.]

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE HOSPITAL REPORTS.
CASE 100.

Name of Patient. Lord DUMARESQUE
("DUMMY") DE BROKE.

Address. Clubs (various).

Nature of Complaint. Bridgitis.

Condition on Entry. Ruffled.

Description of Dress. Black suit.

2 A.M. (pulse). Very weak hand.

2.5 A.M. Examination showed patient to be in a state of "Chicane"—quite devoid of strength.

2.15 A.M. Patient wild and reckless.
"Paying no attention to the



A PROMISING PROSPECT.

Adolphus. "I say, HARRY, old BOY, what do you think of Miss BELSIZE? It's her first SEASON."

Harry (who thinks himself a bit of a wag). "WELL, IF THIS IS HER FIRST SEASON, WHAT WILL SHE BE NEXT YEAR?"

score," or so, of students at bedside.

2.30 A.M. "Discarding" rapidly.

2.40 A.M. "Revoke" suspected. Searching operation necessary.

3.0 A.M. Bad heart "revoke."

3.5 A.M. "Grand skum" of all organs set in.

(Signed) A. SINGLETON.
A. YARBOROUGH.

FROM the *Daily Telegraph*:—

YOUNG RUSSIAN, who is very sorry for his own country, desires SITUATION in English firm.

Apart from the question of age, this sounds as if it might have come from Admiral ROZHDISTVENSKY; but the epithet "young" is against this view, and it is far safer to attribute the advertisement to the CSAREVITCH.

"FORM" ON THE FIFTH.

(In answer to numerous Guy correspondents.)

A GUY WHO CONFESSES TO BEING RATHER PARTICULAR ABOUT HIS "GET-UP."—If, as you seem to anticipate, you find yourself compelled to go up Bond Street on business next Saturday morning, I really don't think you will look at all "out of it" in a bowler hat, a chintz morning coat, and tweed continuations, even though one of your feet *should* be in an Oxford shoe and the other in a side-spring boot. At this time of year a certain license in costume is always permissible, and everyone will assume that you are merely passing through town to join some smart house-party.

ALL TO PIECES.—You say you are feeling "thoroughly collapsed," and ask me to recommend some cheery place, not too far off, to which you could run down for the week end. I fancy a visit to Lewes would buck you up,—or you might have quite a high old time at Hampstead next Saturday.

SENSITIVE.—(1) You have my sincerest sympathy. As you justly remark, a complexion of a uniform hedge-sparrow-egg-blue tint, contrasted with lips of Royal Mail red, is calculated to attract more attention than is agreeable to a Guy whose sole desire is to escape observation. But if I were you I should not give way to morbid worry over facial peculiarities which, after all, will not excite even a momentary prejudice in any person whose good opinion is really worth having. Choose a costume as far as possible in harmony with your general colouring, deftly steer between the Charybdis of dowdiness and the Scylla of sartorial extravagance, and you need not fear that the unobservant Londoner will notice anything very unusual in your appearance. (2) Yes, I *have* seen the advertisements you refer to, but from all I have heard of face treatment I cannot recommend you to undergo the process.

AMBITIOUS.—You are "extremely anxious to make a sensation on the Fifth, but fear that you are of so ordinary an appearance that there is every prospect of your being overlooked." Considering that you describe yourself as possessing the advantages of "a strongly marked pea-green countenance and a wealth of hair of ultra-Venetian auburn," is it not just possible that you are a little bit over-diffident? However, if you are bent on producing a still more striking effect, you will probably gain some useful wrinkles by consulting a Beauty Specialist.

UP-TO-DATE GUY.—Do let me advise you to give up your notion of hiring an 18-h.p. automobile for the Fifth. Evidently you have no idea of the formidable competition which you will encounter if you adopt this means of progression. Better by far stick to your donkey-barrow.

PERPLEXED.—I am afraid I cannot give you any precise information concerning the character and antecedents of a certain "Mr. WILLIAM BAILEY," with whom you say you are identified by a cardboard placard adorning your chest, nor can I enlighten you as to his precise share in the Gunpowder Plot. I seem to have heard his name somewhere, but in what connection I really cannot recall just now.

PRUDENT.—(1) Unless the penny weeklies with which you seem to be so amply provided internally are all of the current issue, I hardly think that the insurance coupons they contain would, even if signed by yourself, entitle you or your representatives to recover in case of accident on the Fifth. (2) Possibly, but your difficulty will be to find a Fire Insurance Company willing to undertake the risk for any premium whatever.

HYPOCHONDRIAC.—Judging by your account, I should not say that the swelling you have noticed in your left shin was a serious symptom. In all probability it is merely caused by a slight congestion of straw or shavings, and could easily

be reduced by massage, or the application of a simple ligature. Do you take enough exercise?

"NOLI ME TANGERE" asks, "Which is entitled to rank higher in the Social Scale—a Guy or a Scarecrow?"—and begs for an early reply, as he has "a bet on it with another gentleman." Well, "NOLI ME," &c., you have raised rather a nice point, and one which I am not prepared to decide at such short notice. Guys, like baronets, date their original institution from the reign of JAMES THE FIRST—but I have always understood that the Scarecrows have possessed a stake in the country for a considerably longer period.

A GUY WITH A BLOOMING CHEEK.—Yes, there *are* one or two fine old eighteenth century Sedan chairs in the Victoria and Albert Museum—but, from what I know of the authorities at South Kensington, I should consider it most unlikely that they will accede to your request for the loan of one of these vehicles on the Fifth. In any case, I am strongly of opinion that an ordinary cane-seated chair would be in far better taste, and you would feel more yourself, and at your ease in it, especially if you adhere to your proposed kit of a paper cocked hat, frock-coat, and corduroys.

A GUY WHO WANTS TO COME OUT STRONG ON THE FIFTH.—The price of the patent Muscle Developer to which you refer is 12s. 6d. But I must not encourage you to hope that, in the limited time at your disposal, any amount of exercise will enable you to resemble in either *physique* or endurance the gentleman whose pictures you have seen on the hoardings.

F. A.

THE WOOLIN' O'T.

["In Siam any young ladies who remain unmarried after the conventional marriage age become the wards of the King, whose duty it is to provide them with husbands. Any criminal, murderer, or thief is given the alternative of marrying one of the Royal wards or of suffering the last penalty for his crime."—*Manchester Guardian*.]

Maiden.

PRITHEE, gentle convict, will you marry me?
Can't you see I'm dying all for love of thee?
If you start the billing
You will find me willing—
I am sick to death of living fancy-free.

Convict.

Middle-aged maiden, you are very kind,
But I must confess I'd other charms in mind—
Something light and active,
Youthful and attractive—
Rather fewer angles and a face less lined.

Maiden.

I had other views too once upon a time;
Criminals I hated with a hate sublime.
Once I would have perished
Rather than have cherished
Passion for a convict who was steeped in crime.

Convict.

Middle-aged maiden, epithets like these
Will not bring a lover down upon his knees.
Maidens so unsightly
Ought to court politely;
If they would be married they must learn to please.

Maiden.

"Learn to please" be bothered! Convict will not wed,
Forth to execution convict shall be led:
Down comes horrid chopper—
Convict comes a cropper—
Prudence, gentle villain! Would you lose your head?



TYNNING-KING

CORDIAL UNDERSTANDING. (RURAL STYLE.)

Squire (meeting Giles and Higgins, who have been to London "to see the sights"). "WELL, GILES, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF *THE ENTENTE CORDIALE*?"

Giles. "CAN'T SAY I KNOW MUCH ABOUT IT, ZUR. TELL 'EE THE TRUTH, ZUR, I'VE TASTED A LOT O' THESE 'ERE CORDIALS IN MY TIME, BUT I'D RATHER 'AVE A GOOD GLASS O' BEER THAN ANY OF 'EM."

Squire. "AH, I SEE. BUT THIS ISN'T ANYTHING TO DRINK. IT'S A BALLET."

Higgins (with superior knowledge). "THAT'S 'NACTLY WHAT I THOUGHT 'TAS, ZUR. SOME SORT OF AGREEMENT WI' A FURIN' COUNTRY."

Convict.

There are some, I fancy, who would hold this view:
Better axed by headsman than by fifty-two.

Though it don't much matter,

I will choose the latter—J

Middle-aged maiden, I will marry you!

THE CORONATION PICTURE.

E. A. ABBEY'S picture of the Coronation, which Messrs. AGNEW have now on view at the Hanover Galleries, Bond Street, is a sight to see. Comparatively few had the opportunity of being in Westminster Abbey when the PRIMATE placed the crown on the head of King EDWARD THE SEVENTH, "at sight whereof," as the ancient Office puts it, "the People, with loud and repeated shouts, cry 'God Save the KING'; the Peers and the Kings of Arms put on their Coronets; and the Trumpets sound, and, by a Signal given, the great Guns at the Tower are shot off." That is the moment the painter seizes for a picture that will carry down

through all time the reality of the memorable scene. It is a marvellous piece of workmanship, beaming with colour, flashing with movement. In ordinary cases, where the difficult task is attempted of painting a public assembly, everybody is obviously conscious that his or her portrait is being painted. No one looking at this work of art—a picture as well as a portrait gallery—would suspect that the splendidly-arrayed multitude severally sat for their portraits. As a matter of fact there were two exceptions to the rule:

ROBERTS and ROSEBURY,

Two pretty men,

Refused to sit

At half-past ten.

The painter, always 'Abbey to oblige, offered to make it later. They were, however, immovable, and as their presence was indispensable there they are in the crowd, standing though they didn't sit. Ladies and gentlemen taking a walk down Bond Street (or up, as the case may be) should not forget to turn in at the Hanover Galleries, do obeisance to their Sovereign, and congratulate the painter at having triumphantly accomplished a peculiarly difficult task.



HARD TIMES.

Paterfamilias. "LUCKY BEGGAR! HE CAN ALWAYS MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET."

HOW TO PROGRESS.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Mirror*, a new walk (for ladies) is coming into vogue. It requires these essentials—wide shoulders, a little waist, high-heeled shoes with wide soles, and a military bearing. To get ready to walk, says our contemporary, stand erect and throw back the shoulders. Now expand the chest. Next square the elbows, holding them down to the sides, not out, draw in the waist-line, lift the feet high, and walk.

As we do not see why male folk should be left behind in these fashionable perambulations, a number of recently-patented modes of progression may be submitted to their choice. Among these we can highly recommend

THE MARLBOROUGH STREET MARCH.

The chief requisites are a full-sized pair of boots (nothing under twelve), a robust *physique*, a waist-belt of forty-five inches or more, and some little training under the tutorship of a policeman. The evolutions are best performed

in single file close to the kerbstone. First the right foot is raised and planted firmly and squarely in front of the other, and then a similar operation is performed with the left foot. In this way no little dignity is imparted to the movement, and astonishing progress is gradually made in a forward direction. It will be found to clear all before it. A variety of this is

THE SUBURBAN BEAT.

The same-sized boots are retained, but the leather soles are exchanged for india-rubber. A more cat-like tread is thereby attained. The other qualifications remain the same. The performance, however, is generally solo and not in Indian file. It has a marvellous effect on area sneaks and sleepers on doorsteps, while few cooks can resist its attractiveness.

Then we have, for more lively temperaments,

THE HAMPSHIRE PUSH.

This method is best carried out in concert. Four or five exponents should link arms and proceed at a rollicking pace with a free swinging motion. It is especially adapted to Bank Holidays. Frock-coats and top-hats are out of place, but any challenging or *insouciant* costume may be worn. Football or other stout boots are advisable. As a contrast, we beg to suggest

THE GROSVENOR STROLL.

Here the executant should invariably appear in patent leathers and eschew muddy pavements. A silk hat, morning coat, waistcoat, trousers, shirt with collar and cuffs, socks, undergarments, tie and walking-stick (all of the latest fashion) are absolutely indispensable. A young lady escort, who should keep step, will add completeness.

For back-garden use there is

THE NEBUCHADNEZZAR CRAWL.

a favourite manœuvre on lawns in dry weather when there are small children about. The position is on all-fours, so that any kind of footwear is permissible. Persons of apoplectic tendency should be cautious in employing this means of covering the ground. It is also rarely exhibited in the street, unless quite late at night, on coming home after a festive supper. Even then it is liable to be misconstrued.

Space forbids a detailed description of the Heather Step, the Corn Dissembler, the Agag Gait, the Double Shuffle, and many other forthcoming variations of legwork.

▲ Delicate Surgical Operation.

PIANO.—For Immediate Disposal, Powerful-toned Upright Iron Grand, removed from a Lady in difficulties.—*Advt. Glasgow Evening News.*



THE COMMON ENEMY.

BRITANNIA. "MADNESS, FOLLY, INCOMPETENCE—CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL—THESE THINGS CANNOT BE SUFFERED ON THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY!!"

October 24.—News arrives of Russian outrage on British trawling boats. October 24.—Government demands reparation.

October 28.—Russia agrees to International Court of Inquiry.

["To say that the incident is closed would be too much."—Mr. Balfour's Speech, Southampton, October 23.]



ENERGETIC SIGNALLING!

["Apparently disjointed and meaningless messages were received at Portsmouth at many of the wireless stations. This created the impression that Russian ships are somewhere off the Isle of Wight signalling energetically to one another."—*Daily Chronicle*, October 25.]

The Ydrophobik (flagship) to Squadron.
"Good morning." . . . "Not a wink! What sort of night have you had?" . . . "Only natural gallant fellows feel strain after mereiful escape North Sea. Have tots nerve- tonic served out each man, and extra strong sleeping-draught to-night (if spared). Remember we have great duty to perform. Now off Isle of Wight, likely place for Japanese base of operations. Be cool—but vigilant!" . . . "Why deuce *Samorarevitch* and *Insomniak* clearing for action without orders?" . . . *Samorarevitch.* "Highly suspicious wheeled machines on shore, striped red and white, Japanese colours!" . . . "Quite right to be cautious, and, as our aim is in waters of Far East, perfectly within our rights to blow them to bits. Still, on the whole, better not, perhaps. Barely possible genuine bathing machines."

The Jimjamsikoff. "Just observed sinister sort of shiver under surface. Have put out nets, and opened fire with starboard bow Maxim . . . Japanese submarine retired screened by shoal mangled mackerel. Devilish narrow shave!"

The Gotemagenski. "Look-out reports two sailors, not least like fishermen, strongly-marked Jap features, in small boat laying mines. Have dispatched launch. . . . Two wicker mines discovered containing several savage lobsters, obviously of Japanese extraction. Lobsters since disconnected with splendid daring by Second-Torpedo-Lieutenant TCHELKRAKSI."

The Bhogimanzia. "Disguised Japanese transport approaching. Are we to understand orders fire on every boat coming near squadron?"

Flagship. "Certainly, if necessary. However, since she represents herself as Weymouth excursion steamer making last trip of season round Island, reserve fire until offensive demonstration on her part."

The Bhogimanzia. "She has got little brass cannon in her bows, and is training it directly upon us! Really think it would be safer to sink her. Band on board playing selection '*Mikado*.' Must have Japanese on board. She has got out of range. Very difficult steamer to hit!"

The Vodkasorloff. "Don't like way lighthouse on rocks is winking—first red, then white—Japanese colours! Suspect signalling to enemy's cruiser in Channel. Mayn't we knock lighthouse smithereens?"

THE VOYAGE OF THE BALTIC FLEET.

(Some sketches by our Artist on the Imperial Battleship *Nertovski Runamok*)

I.



II.



Flagship. "Rather you didn't. Would cost us too much ammunition in present jumpy condition of gunners." *The Runamok.* "We are lost! Officer here has just made out, by aid of strong night-glasses, small villa on cliff, with garden hung with Japanese lanterns! Do you authorise bombardment?" F.A.

THE VOYAGE OF THE BALTIC FLEET.

III.



LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

I.—THE LOIN OF PORK.

1.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull, of "The Cheviots," Little Wickling, to Mr. Henry Ings, Butcher, of Little Wickling.

(By hand.)

MRS. CHILLINGHAM BULL finding that her friendly verbal message by her butler to Mr. INGS concerning the nuisance caused by his persistent killing of pigs at the time when she and her household are at family prayers has had no effect, she now informs him that she intends to take measures to stop the obnoxious practice.

Sept. 28.

II.

Mr. Henry Ings to Mrs. Chillingham Bull.

(By hand.)

MRS. CHILLINGHAM BULL,

DEAR MADAM,—It is my wish to kill pigs as quietly as possible, not only to cause as little nuisance as I can, but also out of regard to my own and Mrs. INGS's feelings, both of us being sensitive too. The pig which was killed this morning at the time you name in your favour of even date was specially ordered by Sir CLOUDESLEY SCRUBBS, and could not be kept back owing to its being market day at Boxton and my killer having to be there. I am, yours obediently,

Sept. 28.

HENRY INGS.

III.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull to Sir Cloudeley Scrubbs.

(By hand.)

DEAR SIR CLOUDESLEY,—I am sorry to trouble you, but you must put the blame upon my desire to suppress a growing nuisance in our otherwise peaceful village. INGS, the butcher, has contracted the disagreeable habit of killing his pigs between 8.30 and 9, the very time at which we have family prayers, and you cannot conceive how discordant and heart-rending are the screams that reach our ears across the lawn at that time. PERKS remonstrated with him some time ago, and we thought the matter over; but this morning it broke out again with renewed violence, and on my sending a peremptory note INGS says that the pig was killed at that hour by your instructions. I shall be glad to hear from you that you repudiate the responsibility.

Yours sincerely,

Sept. 28. ADELA CHILLINGHAM BULL.

IV.

Sir Cloudeley Scrubbs to Mrs. Chillingham Bull.

(By hand.)

DEAR MRS. CHILLINGHAM BULL,—It is quite true that I ordered the pig, as we are expecting friends who are partial to pork. But I specified no time for its demise, least of all that half-hour in which you perform your devotions.

INGS, who is the most civil of men, surely must mean that he understood I was in a hurry, and therefore killed the pig directly the post came in. Believe me, dear Mrs. CHILLINGHAM BULL,

Yours very truly,

VINCENT CLOUDESLEY SCRUBBS.

Sept. 28.

V.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull to Mr. Ings.

(By hand.)

MRS. CHILLINGHAM BULL, having made enquiries of Sir CLOUDESLEY SCRUBBS, finds that Mr. INGS was quite mistaken in thinking there was any need for the killing of the pig to occur when it did, and after what has happened she intends to remove her custom to a Boxton butcher as a mark of her displeasure.

Sept. 28.

VI.

Mr. Ings to Mrs. Chillingham Bull.

(By hand.)

MR. INGS presents his compliments to Mrs. CHILLINGHAM BULL, and begs to enclose his account of £18 5s. 6½d., immediate payment of which would oblige. He also wishes to give notice that the next time he catches any of Mrs. CHILLINGHAM BULL's fowls in his garden (notice of same having previously been given, and a stoppage of the nuisance promised) he intends to wring its neck.

Sept. 28.

VII.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull to Sir Cloudeley Scrubbs.

(By hand.)

DEAR SIR CLOUDESLEY,—I hasten to send you the enclosed offensive missive from INGS, in response to one from me saying that I could not deal with him any more. I think that you will see the matter in the same light that I do. In such cases neighbours must stand by each other for mutual protection and the harmony of life.

Yours sincerely,

Sept. 28. ADELA CHILLINGHAM BULL.

VIII.

Sir Cloudeley Scrubbs to Mrs. Chillingham Bull.

(By hand.)

DEAR MRS. CHILLINGHAM BULL,—With every desire in the world to oblige you I do not see my way, as you seem to suggest, to cease to deal with INGS. For one thing we like the quality of his meat; for another—and you must pardon my frankness—I cannot consider that he has shown anything more objectionable than an independent spirit. You say nothing about the fowls, which he seems to look upon as a grievance at any rate not more imaginary than



MOTTOES; OR, "WHO'S WHO?" NO. I.—HUNTING.
CAPTAIN FLATCATCHER, GENTLEMAN DEALER. FAMILY MOTTO—"PRO LUSU ET PREDÀ."

the pig-killing. Believe me, dear Mrs. CHILLINGHAM BULL,

Yours very truly,
VINCENT CLOUDESLEY SCRUBBS.

Sept. 28.

ix.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull to Sir Cloudesley Scrubbs.

(By hand.)

DEAR SIR CLOUDESLEY,—I am sincerely pained at the view which you take. I cannot see what can come of village life if, as I said before, we do not stand by each other. INGS has been most rude to me, and he must be brought to his senses.

Yours truly,

ADELA CHILLINGHAM BULL.

Sept. 28.

x.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull to Mr. Blades, Butcher, Boxton.

Will Mr. BLADES please send to Mrs. CHILLINGHAM BULL to-morrow morning a fore-quarter of lamb and a wing-rib of beef?

Sept. 28.

xi.

Mr. Perks to Mr. Blades.

DEAR SIR,—Mrs. CHILLINGHAM BULL, of The Cheviots, Little Wickling, having decided to change her butcher, and having begun to send you orders, I thought it interesting to let you know that it was by my advice, that her choice fell on you.

Yours truly,

Oct. 1. HENRY PERKS.

xii.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull to Mr. Blades.

Mrs. CHILLINGHAM BULL is very dissatisfied both with the quality of Mr. BLADES's meat and the excessive proportion of bone and suet to which her attention has been called by her butler. Unless an improvement occurs she will have to change her butcher.

Oct. 5.

xiii.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull to Mr. Earwaker, Butcher, Boxton.

Will Mr. EARWAKER please send to Mrs. CHILLINGHAM BULL to-morrow morning a leg of mutton and a sirloin of beef?

Oct. 10.

xiv.

Mr. Perks to Mr. Earwaker.

DEAR SIR,—Mrs. CHILLINGHAM BULL, of The Cheviots, Little Wickling, having decided to change her butcher, and

having begun to send you orders, I thought it interesting to let you know that it was by my advice that the choice fell on you.

Yours truly,

Oct. 12. HENRY PERKS.

xv.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull to Mr. Earwaker.

Mrs. CHILLINGHAM BULL is very dissatisfied both with the quality of Mr. EARWAKER's meat and the excessive proportion of bone and suet to which her

thinking it over I am inclined to pardon INGS, but I am afraid from the attitude which he took up that he may not accept my forgiveness in the spirit in which it is offered; which would, of course, be very unfortunate and wholly inimical to the harmony of village life. I therefore write to ask you if you would write to him.

PERKS, who is much distressed about it all, tells me that we shall never have good meat from the other butchers, and he is continually urging me to return to INGS. Will you not, dear Rector, once more prove yourself the Little Wickling mediator?

Your grateful friend,

ADELA CHILLINGHAM BULL.

P.S.—I hope you are enjoying Chamouix. I was there with my dear husband in 1885.

Oct. 17.

xvii.

Dr. Basil Baylham to the Rev. Gregory Pipes.

DEAR PIPES,—Our friend at The Cheviots seems to have done something to offend poor INGS, with the result that that good man has been abandoned in favour of the Boxton trade. Knowing both as we do, there can be little doubt as to where the fault lies. Mrs. BULL writes to me asking for my mediation, because, although her spirit is willing to continue the fray, the flesh is weak, and recollections of INGS' excellent fillets seem to be crowding appetisingly upon her, as she struggles with the Boxton gristle. I leave the solution to you with perfect confidence.

Yours,

Oct. 20.

B. B.

xviii.

Mr. Henry Ings to Mrs. Chillingham Bull.

Received with thanks cheque for £18 5s. 7d.

Oct. 22.

HENRY INGS.

Stamp.

xix.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull to Mr. Ings.

Understanding from her butler that Mr. INGS has recently killed a pig, Mrs. CHILLINGHAM BULL would be glad if Mr. INGS would send her a loin of pork.

Oct. 22.

THE report that the KAISER has demanded the immediate cession of Port Arthur as reparation for the Russian attack upon a German vessel is denied in the highest quarters.



HEARTY APPRECIATION.

"I SAY, WASN'T THAT A JOLLY GAME?"

attention has been drawn by her butler. Unless an improvement occurs she will have to change her butcher.

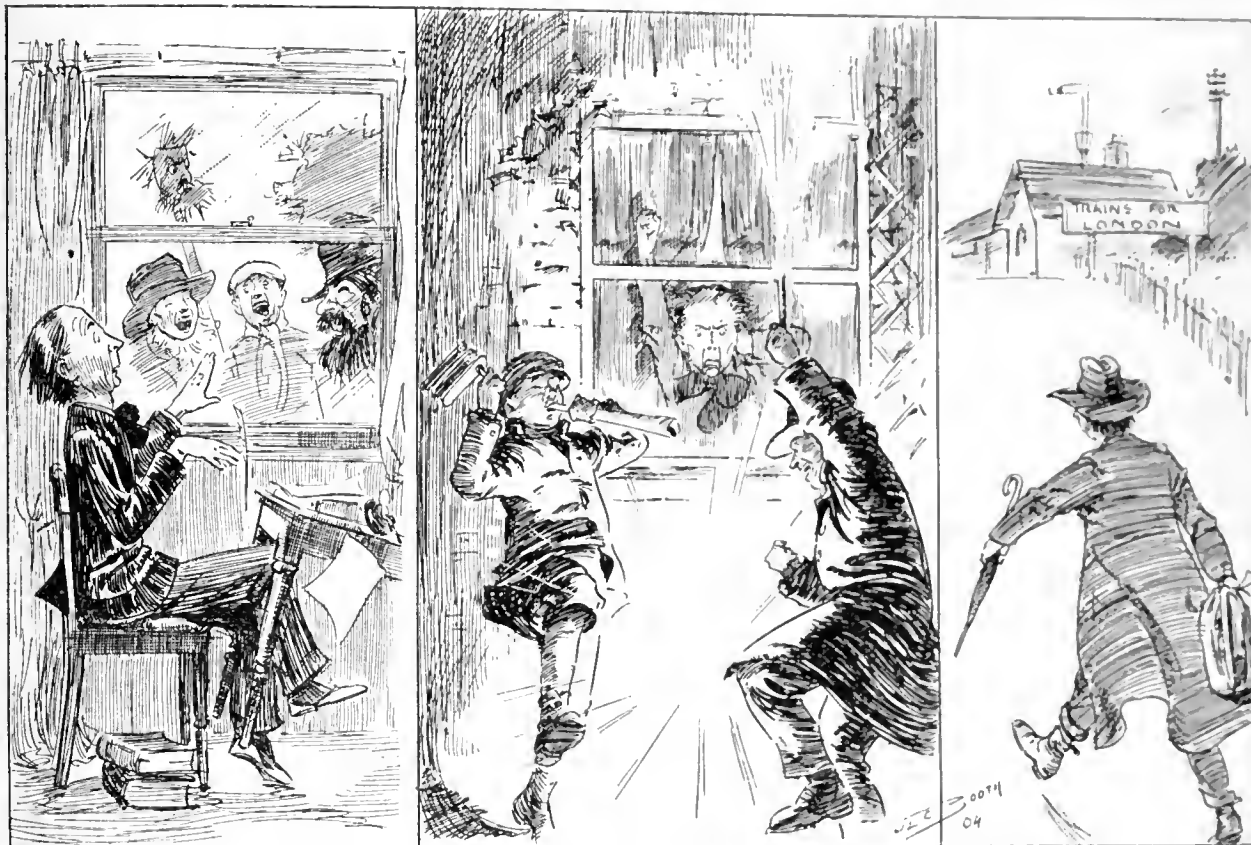
Oct. 15.

xvi.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull to the Rev. Dr. Baylham.

DEAR RECTOR,—I am sorry you are away from home, because there is a little difficulty in the village which can be settled only by yourself. Mr. PIPES, though his sermons are irreproachable, and he is most kind, has not the needful tact.

To make a long story short, your petted churchwarden INGS, a few weeks ago, was very rude to me and I had to take away our custom. The Boxton butchers are, however, very bad, and on



"PLEASE TO REMEMBER"—WILL HE EVER FORGET?

1. MR. WOODBEE-LORIAT, THE RISING YOUNG POET, REQUIRING PERFECT QUIET TO DEVELOP HIS GREAT WORK, RETIRES ON NOVEMBER 3 TO A RURAL RETREAT. ON NOVEMBER 5 HIS INSPIRATION IS AT FEVER HEAT, WHEN THE ABOVE SEDUCTIVE VISION BURSTS UPON HIM!

2. RELAYS OF HOWLING DEMONS CHEER HIM THROUGH THE DAY, BUT IN A BRIEF MOMENT OF PEACE AT NIGHTFALL HIS INSPIRATION RETURNS, WHEN "BANG!"—YELLS, HOOTS, AND EXPLOSIVES REND THE AIR.

3. "AWAY FROM THIS VILE PLOT OF EARTH," SIGHS THE POET, AS HE CATCHES THE 6 A.M. TRAIN BACK TO LONDON.

THE COVENT GARDEN CARLISTS.

ON Wednesday evening the operatic air-gun at Covent Garden was loaded with *Un Ballo*, which, the aim being well directed, took immediate effect and made a palpable hit. Mlle. TRENTINI was energetic as *Oscar*, though her voice is not quite so powerful as her acting. Signor ARIMONDI was a first-rate *Samuele*, or colloquially *Sammy*, and his companion in crime, less in quantity and quality than the aforesaid villain of the piece, and called familiarly *Tom*, was appropriately played by Signor THOS, which is a variation of the Christian name something between THOMAS and TOM. These three, THOMAS, THOS and TOM, rolled into one, did excellently. But why are the names of this conspiring couple of operatic scoundrels changed from what they were originally called, the bigger scoundrel being *Armando*, and the lesser and milder one (perversely) *Augis*? Is there any warrant for this substitution? And if there should be a warrant for their arrest, then perhaps this might be a sufficient reason for *Armando* and *Augis* calling themselves, at all events in London, *Sammy* and *Tommy*.

The lady with a grand title of her own, Madame BUONISEGNA, was, as might be expected, more than a merely adequate representative of the heroine of *Un Ballo* with the comparatively milk-and-watery name of *Amelia*.

Madame DE CISEXEROS appeared as a very handsome and powerfully singing representative of the gipsy *Ulrica*.

The entire performance, directed by Signor TANARA, *Maitre Bâtonnier* of the foreign musical bar, went to everyone's thorough satisfaction, though perhaps Messrs. RENDLE, RUSSELL and FORSYTH would have been better pleased with a repetition of last week's most crowded night.

Thursday.—Nothing for Messrs. RENDLE, RUSSELL, and FORSYTH to complain of to-night at all events. A splendid house for a first-rate performance of *La Bohème*. Mlle. ALICE NIELSEN charming as *Mimi*, acting perfectly; while as for her singing, only Madame MELBA could go half a third of one better. Mlle. TRENTINI is just the bright little person for the capricious *Musetta*; and Signor CARUSO was at his very best vocally and dramatically. We single out these principals, but there was not a weak point either on stage or in orchestra under Signor TANARA's command, and the audience was enthusiastic.

THE Japanese, who are always adopting the best of everything from other nations, would seem to have been getting wrinkles from our railway refreshment-rooms if there is any truth in this statement, which we take from the *Dublin Evening Mail*:—"A patrol commanded by Second Lieutenant TURGENIEFF was shelled at a range of 200 paces by the machine guns, all the horses of the Cossacks being either killed or wounded."

THE REAL HOME RULE BILL.—BAILEY.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A Lady in Waiting (SMITH, ELDER) is a series of short stories purporting to be the gleanings from personal experience. As the editors of monthly Magazines know, rarest of literary arts is that of writing a short story worth printing and a cheque. This gift Mrs. ANSTRUTHER possesses in full measure. Keenly observant, dowered with sense of humour, enjoying full opportunity of seeing life, she has a dramatic touch that completes her triumph. She knows when not to say another word—a beautiful thing in woman, especially when she is in process of narration. Whilst the stories are episodic, some of them having already appeared in high-class Magazines, Mrs. ANSTRUTHER has devised ingenious machinery for linking them. The *Lady in Waiting*, a character subtly indicated rather than described, is the friend and youthful companion of a butterfly woman of fashion, another deftly-drawn study from life. In this capacity she goes about among all conditions of men and women, and has the luck of genius in always finding herself with interesting people. Ranging over a wide field of topics, Mrs. ANSTRUTHER's vivacity and ingenuity never flag. Whilst all the stories are good, my Baronite regards the one entitled "Shadows on the Wall" as a masterpiece.

"Who is *Sylvia*?" The particular young lady to whom the Baron applies this questioning quotation is a charming person who shares with her still more charming and much prettier foster-sister the dual heroineship of a novel entitled *Lady Sylvia*, by LUCAS CLEEVE (JOHN LONG). Though the plot is not startlingly original, yet the materials are artistically worked up to a strong dramatic situation, and the interest, aroused at the commencement, is well sustained to the end.

Like Mr. Weller's intimacy with London, Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY's acquaintance with royalty is extensive and peculiar. But he has his prejudices. Not for him quiet annals of the throne. He finds attraction in the vicissitudes of monarchy, and turns aside from commonplace crowned heads who are neither banished nor come to untimely end. The *Romance of Royalty* (HUTCHINSON) finds its sources in the several histories of LUDWIG of Bavaria, NAPOLEON THE THIRD and the Empress EUGÉNIE, ISABEL of Spain, and the hapless MAXIMILIAN, sometime Sovereign of Mexico, whose tragedy was one of the results of the ambition of NAPOLEON THE THIRD. Mr. MOLLOY has the wisdom to consult the chronicles of men and women intimate with the course of events at the various epochs treated. What is more commendable, he has the honesty to acknowledge the sources of his information. For his own part he contributes to two handsome volumes a keen eye for dramatic effect and a glowing style. The book, illustrated by many portraits, my Baronite finds more interesting than the average novel. It has permanent value as contributing many sidelights on the history of the last half-century.

From Messrs. METHUEN comes *Emmanuel Burden*, A Novel, by HILAIRE BELLOC. "Personally," says the Assistant Reader, "I should not have described this book as a novel, but the description may pass if it can be made to cover a really brilliant essay in satire. The exploits of high and Empire-building financiers, their methods for fleecing the public and feathering their own nests, are lashed with a ridicule which is all the more effective and bitter for being in appearance so unconscious and so good-natured. Poor Mr. Burden, prosperous, pompous and regular in his dealings, a merchant after the heart of Mrs. Grundy, obeying strictly the social laws of Upper Norwood, where he resides, is entangled in the meshes of these exalted company-promoters. He is made a party to their schemes for palming

off a loathsome African swamp upon the silly public as a gold mine, and an invaluable addition to the Empire. A hundred shams and hypocrisies and frauds and conventional humbugs are picked off by Mr. BELLOC with unerring certainty. Our self-complacency and our narrow stupidity, admirable in the periods of those who make visions of Empire and wealth their daily bread, become terrible and grotesque when reflected back from Mr. BELLOC's un pitying mirror. *Emmanuel Burden donne furieusement à penser.*

Opportunately, at a time when Russia looms large in the public eye, comes Mr. JOHN OXENHAM with his *Hearts in Exile* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). The story is part of the life (in some instances it includes the death) of units in the millions who own the beneficent sway of the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS. My Baronite does not know whether in his travels Mr. OXENHAM personally visited Russia. However that be, his account of social life at Odessa, fluttered by occasional midnight descent upon the home of the harmless citizen who is secretly haled forth to Siberia, is strikingly told. The long march of the hapless captives, and their settlement in the remote prisonhold, picture a state of things that would be incredible if the narrative were not supported by more prosaic accounts. Through the grim web of human misery and heroism runs the silver thread of a pretty love story.

Should anyone require evidence of the rapid approach of Father Christmas the Baron quotes to him from the legend inscribed on Wren's nest "*Circumspice*," and among the various pictorial presents for the great festival of the children he will not find a brighter, a prettier, nor a more amusing one, both in its verse and prose, than is Mr. Punch's *Christmas Book* ("Punch" Office), edited and illustrated by OLGA MORGAN. Of all the artistic and notably eccentric designs in colour with which this book abounds, the most striking is a double-page representing, poetically and unconventionally, *King Neptune in his Grotto*. The effect is charming, as is also that produced by the gossamer-like traceries, in colour, that appear from time to time interwoven as it were with the letterpress. Its *Games at the Zoo* and *What Amelia used to think* are full of fun. This Christmas Book is just the very thing for a Christmas gift.

To such readers as may be yearning for a stirring romance the Baron unhesitatingly recommends the tale—no, he begs pardon—*The Arm of the Leopard*, written by MARY GAUNT and J. R. ESSEX (GRANT RICHARDS). Since *She Who Must Be Obeyed*, no more original or more exciting romance has been published. It is powerfully dramatic, and deals with ancient African superstitions, which even European education has been unable to eradicate; the moral being, "Scratch the polish, and you find the cannibal." The excitement is kept up to fever heat, and the escape of the three men from the city of the savages through "the Kedji country, full of murderers and slave-raiders" is admirably told. The agony is, however, too prolonged, and the reader runs the danger of becoming as exhausted as, at the supreme crisis, are the three heroes and the dauntless heroine. The character of the "educated nigger" James Craven, M.B., offers a fine chance to a leading melodramatic actor, and Mr. WALLER might do worse than turn his attention to the dramatisation of this stirring romance.





THE VOYAGE OF THE BALTIC FLEET.—No. IV.

PORTRAITS OF THREE UNDOUBTED JAPANESE TORPEDO-LIEUTENANTS DETECTED AT ONCE ON THE DECKS OF PASSING VESSELS BY THE "EAGLE EYE" OF THE RUSSIAN ADMIRAL. THEIR PERFIDIOUS DESIGNS WERE FRUSTRATED WITHOUT THE LOSS OF A SINGLE BATTLESHIP.

"HORRIDOH!"

["At a luncheon in the Castle the German EMPEROR proposed a "Horridoh" (the German hunting cry) to the noble sport of the chase, and all true German sportsmen who keep and preserve game, hunt as sportsmen, and honour the Creator in the creature."—*Reuter's telegram, Berlin, November 2.*]

*He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.*—S. T. COLERIDGE.

HARK! the woods are awake to-day
With a "horridoh!" With a "horridoh!"
Out and about and far away
The cry of the hunt rings bright and gay,
With a "horridoh!" and a "horridoh!"
Clear and loud, or echoing low.
The foresters, each at his post, stand keen;
Their hats are green and their coats are green;
Their belts are hung with a hunting-knife
To the honour and praise of the Lord of life.
And the sun strikes down through the tall old trees,
The oak and the beech and the darkling fir;
And the breath of the green-coat foresters
Goes out in smoke on the autumn breeze,
As they stand with hardly a moment's ease,
Or stealthily moving watch the ground
Till the marks of the quarry's flight be found.
They know that the beasts the forests hide,
The russet stag in his antlered pride,
With his wonderful eyes so calm and clear,
And his ears intent for the sounds of fear;
And the shaggy old grunting crook-tusked boar,
A terrible fellow to rip and gore,
And everything else that moves and breathes

Are meant for the knives in the leather sheaths,
But first they are driven and tracked and bayed,
The beasts the bountiful Lord has made,
Tracked to the sound of the winding horn,
Tracked and driven and bayed and torn,
With a "horridoh!" and a "horridoh!"
Shattered with shot and made to die
With a "horridoh!" With a "horridoh!"
It's a merry hunt and a gallant show
To the glory and praise of the Lord most high.
For this they know, and full well they know
(The KAISER himself has said it plain,
With a stamp and a shout of "horridoh!")
That all things living shall suffer pain,
And be robbed of the life that the good Lord gave them,
With never a hand to soothe or save them:
That he who kills them is thus made greater,
For in killing he honours the beast's Creator.

But where is the antlered stag to-night?
The stag they have failed to kill outright?
For, oh, that stag was a woful sight.
The shot rang out and the shot went true,
But he bounded away and was lost to view;
And only the startled birds could mark,
As the sun went down and the day fell dark --
Oh where were the shouts of "horridoh!"? --
How first he stumbled, his head hung low,
And then dropped down with a sob, and so
Quivered and lay, while his life's red tide
Slowly ebbed from his wounded side.
Long he lay, till his eyes grew dim,
And the Lord in His mercy pitied him,
And took, nor thought of the honour paid,
The beautiful buoyant life He made.

TO DELIA, BRIDGE EXPERT.

My DELIA, how the days have gone
 Since I, in Cupid's constant thrall,
 Considered every goose a swan,
 And you the swanliest of them all !
 The thing you did was always right ;
 About your simplest act or motion
 Lingered the iridescent light
 That never was on land or ocean.

Once, it is true, I thought I traced
 A hint of something less refined ;
 It turned upon a point of taste :—
 I asked your hand and you declined ;
 Still "Youth," I urged, "is seldom wise,
 It needs to undergo correction ;
 Some day she'll come to recognise
 The loss entailed by this rejection."

But now I thank the kindly Fate
 Which in the mask of Wounded Love
 Left me, just then, disconsolate
 Owing to treatment as above ;
 For you have lost your maiden dower ;
 You are a Woman in the Fashion,
 And Bridge, from fevered hour to hour,
 Is now your one and wasting passion.

We meet at dinner : you are pale ;
 An odour on the ambient air
 Of club tobacco, pungent, stale,
 Steals from your loosely ordered hair ;
 I note the vacant eyes that show
 Their circling tell-tale lines of sable,
 The restless hands that move as though
 They sought the little green-cloth table.

My gayest sallies seem to irk
 Your absent mind. You eat as one
 Who gathers strength for serious work
 That waits her when the meal is done ;
 At last your hostess leads the way,
 Bidding curtail our port and prattle,
 And lo ! you prick your ears and neigh
 Like a war-mare that scents the battle.

We follow where the cards are spread ;
 I mark your animated mien,
 Your face a little flushed with red,
 Your eye perhaps a thought too keen.
 Alert to seize the subtlest clues,
 Bold in assault, a stout defender—
 If you could only bear to lose
 You might be almost any gender !

Yet, as I watch you play the game
 That "gives to life its only zest"
 (Life, as you understand the same),
 Indeed you hardly look your best ;
 Missing the cool detached repose
 That ought to stamp your cast of features,
 You miss the charm that Woman throws
 Over us men and lower creatures.

There is a thought I will adapt
 From someone else's wisdom's wealth
 (A polished orator, and apt
 To toast aloud the Ladies' health)
 In proof how low your lapse must be
 From what a start to what a sequel :
 You once were worth ten score of me,
 And now—I count you scarce my equal.

O. S.

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS.

["The Russian Government undertakes that precautions will be taken to guard against the recurrence of such incidents. Special instructions for this object will be issued."—*Mr. Balfour at Southampton.*]

Our special correspondent at St. Petersburg sends us an advance copy, communicated to him by Prince TRUK-SKINSKI, of the special instructions referred to by Mr. BALFOUR. The document as a whole is too long for publication, but the following extracts will give an idea of the severe restrictions to be imposed henceforth upon the Baltic Fleet.

Art. V.—Atlantic liners, plying between Genoa, Naples, and British or American ports, sometimes traverse the Mediterranean Sea in the performance of a part of their voyage. In the present circumstances, when the feeling against belligerent vessels is unduly excited, it is an act of international comity not to fire on these liners unless they wilfully get within range.

Art. XI.—If a merchant vessel be hit by Russian projectiles below the water-line, and appear to be in difficulties, the Admiral is authorised, unless he be pressed for time, to send boats for the rescue of a reasonable number of survivors.

Art. XII.—Subjects or citizens of neutral Powers, who have been precipitated into the sea in accordance with the dictates of the Admiral's conscience, may be informed by megaphone that he could not have acted otherwise even in time of profound peace. This information, in order to have its due effect, should be conveyed in as many languages as possible before the temporary survivors disappear below the surface.

Art. XIX.—Pleasure boats, which are also called yachts, have been known to carry cannon, ostensibly for the purpose of firing salutes. Before being sunk these yachts may be allowed to prove that the so-called cannon are not in reality torpedo-tubes.

Art. XXVI.—Should the Fleet, in one of those deviations from its course to which the most competent navigating officers are liable, find itself in the vicinity of the West Indies, due caution should be exercised in discriminating between the large Havana cigars so frequently encountered in these waters, and torpedoes. Except for a certain difference in size the two are difficult to distinguish.

Art. L.—All the foregoing articles, however, are to be construed as applying to the Fleet only so long as it shall remain at least one thousand marine leagues from the seat of war.

CHARIVARIA.

MANY persons think that the punishment of allowing the Russians to go on to meet the Japanese is more severe than the occasion warrants.

The Russians' contention that they never aimed at our trawlers is certainly borne out by the fact that some of them were hit.

Prince OBOLSKII has declared to a correspondent of the *Petit Journal* his firm conviction that his friend Admiral ROJDESTVENSKY saw exactly what he said he saw. This view is backed up by the reports of the Danish pilots, who state that they noticed a large amount of champagne and vodka on board the Russian vessels.

One of our contemporaries was much affected by the sight of what it termed "The Lion lying down with the Bear." As a matter of fact the Bear was the only one that was lying.

King PETER of Servia and Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria



"A CHILD IN THESE MATTERS."

LITTLE MISS LONDON. "WHAT A LOT OF LOVELY TOYS I'M GETTING! NICE NEW HOUSES, AND A BEAUTIFUL MOTOR BUS, AND UNCLE COUNTY COUNCIL HAS PROMISED ME NEXT YEAR A REAL STEAMBOAT THAT GOES!"



have publicly kissed one another at Sofia. The onlookers loudly cheered the monarchs for their pluck.

In a report on the examination of officers for promotion in the Army, General HUTCHINSON mentions that the majority of candidates, in their answers, ignored the enemy, or gave him little credit for intelligence. This, of course, is one of the many dangers of judging others by one's self.

It was not Major EVANS-GORDON but Mr. A. B. BRUCE, the leader of the Scottish Antarctic Expedition, who said, the other day, "I am not a Pole hunter."

Lord ROSEBERY thinks that if a Saxon returned to England he would, at the sight of a motor-car, wish to go back to his grave. The probability is that the motor-car would oblige him.

The fact that the *Weekly Summary* has issued a series of Christmas Cards for the Blind is mentioned as a novelty by many papers; but surely, judging by the designs on them, a great many of the Christmas Cards with which the market is each year flooded are produced for that section of the public?

We consider that the ridicule which has greeted a notice in a Glasgow Music Hall to the effect that "Whistling or cheering with the feet is strictly prohibited" is undeserved. While it may be difficult to cheer with the feet, we believe that it is by no means impossible to whistle with the feet. We imagine that instead of two fingers being placed in the mouth, the whole foot goes in.

No one will be able now to deny that the British Drama is going to the dogs. It is announced that a leading character in Mr. BARRIE's forthcoming Christmas play is to be a St. Bernard hound.

A speaker at a meeting called to protest against the closing to the public of Vincent Square, Westminster, reminded his audience that donkeys once grazed there. Those present at the meeting resolved to attempt to recover the rights they had lost.

Colonel MARCHAND thinks that the real object of Great Britain in the present dispute with Russia is to prevent the Baltic Squadron from reaching the Far East in time. He does not yet seem to be satisfied that he has worked off his debt to Lord KITCHENER for the insolent gift of brandy at Fashoda.

The Vicar of All Saints has protested



HER FIRST RACE-MEETING.

Old Lady. "Oh, ADOLPHUS, WHAT A DEAR, SWEET 'LITTLE JOCKEY BOY! WHERE'S YOUR PURSE? LET ME GIVE THE LITTLE DEAR A PENNY."

[Disguist of Canter, the famous jock, who is a married man with a large family, and a corresponding income.]

with all his power against the inauguration of promenade concerts on Sunday evenings at Scarborough. If the people won't go to church, then let 'em go to the public houses.

With reference to the trouble at Kingston-on-Thames in regard to the selection of a former police constable as Mayor, we understand that it is not so much that the objectors do not need the services of such a man as that they do not want them.

A committee has been established in Philadelphia to arbitrate in disputes between mistresses and domestic ser-

vants. It is hoped that, when the new building is erected, the Hague Palace of Peace will take over this work.

It is, we fear, only consistent with the lack of business ability which seems to characterise those connected with military affairs that the Brodrick Caps, which it has been decided to discard, were not offered for sale to the public before the 5th November.

It is rumoured that Messrs. PEARSON are about to bring out a rival publication to Messrs. HARMSWORTH's *The World and his Wife* under the title of *The Hub of the Universe*.

THE SMALLEST SUGGESTION THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

The "Times" has invited its readers to send recommendations as to varying the arrangement of its pages, the various types employed, the form and contents of the Literary Supplement, and "in respect of other details which are matters of taste rather than of fundamental principle."

The following communications are, Mr. Punch believes, fairly typical specimens of the correspondence which is now pouring into Printing House Square.

No. I.

The Cockyolli Club, Covent Garden.

DEAR OLD TIMESIBOSS,—As you seem to me to be taking what our cheery neighbours across the Channel would call the "plea-biscuit," let me give you the straight tip, and tell you exactly where I think you are a bit off it. I have taken up one of your numbers at the Club occasionally, when all the other papers were in hand, and I must say I found it deuced heavy—not a laugh in it, dear boy, no snap, no go, no "vim," if you know what I mean! Well, since you ask me how you can make it more readable, my advice is: Chuck the foreign correspondence, and, instead of it, start a column of smart spicy pars—you know the kind of thing—something that will be quoted on the Stock Exchange, and yelled over in a Club smoke-room, and that it will take a Man about Town to see the point of! Just you weigh in with one or two real good 'uns like that per week, and I can promise you your reputation's as good as made. Being in the know, I can supply you with some fair screamers at the very moderate rate of a golden Jimmy-oh goblin apiece.

Yours as you treat him,

ONE WHO MIXES IN ALL SORTS OF SOCIETY.

No. II.

13, Tadmor Terrace, Tollington Park, N.W.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We are regular subscribers (taking our turn after two other families in the same terrace) to your excellent periodical, and, I can assure you, would not miss it for the world! We all say that it is quite the most respectable of all the morning papers, besides being so well written! Still, if you won't mind me speaking out, I confess that, as a Lady Reader, I should like, just now and then, to see a Column devoted to purely feminine topics, such as "how to make a tasty entrée with a tomato and a few spare sardines," "how to enre blackheads," and "the best method of getting the moth out of a 'lined rabbit' opera-cloak."

I feel positive that an article of this kind—say, every Saturday, with, perhaps, a pattern for a tea-gown, or a yoke, or a toque, or what not—would be enthusiastically welcomed as a highly-agreeable substitute for your Literary Supplement by each of your readers who can subscribe herself, as I do,

A DAUGHTER OF EVE.

No. III.

*Telegraphic Address—
"Tealeaves," London.*

Sir,—Understanding that you are inviting suggestions for additional attractions in your esteemed periodical, we beg to state that we are now in a position to offer you the second serial rights of a high-class Society Novel, *Who Drowned the Duchess?* which, as you are doubtless aware, has excited such an unusual amount of sensation during its appearance in the columns of your contemporary, the *Halfpenny Hooligan*.

Awaiting the favour of an early reply, we are,

Yours obediently,

THE PURE LITERATURE SUPPLY SYNDICATE (LIMITED).
To Business Manager, "Times."

No. IV.

Sir,—If you'll excuse the liberty, it seems to me that you

are not sufficiently up-to-date in the matter of head-lines. After over thirty years' compulsory Education, the average citizen has at least learnt to pay no attention to any news which is not printed in heavy-led type, and expressed alliteratively. Also he likes to be saved the trouble of reading a leading article by a note in the margin, telling him what it's supposed to be about. This you do not supply.

During the recent crisis, for instance, who knows how you might have sent up your circulation by a few telling scare-lines, as per example:—"BALTIC FLEET BOLTS FROM VIGO." "CONDOR CHARLIE CLEARS FOR ACTION." "BIG GUNS HEARD BOOMING!" "WHO'S AFRAID?" and similar spirited sentences?

Believe me, Sir, this is the only way to gain the respect and admiration of that enlightened and far-seeing Party,

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

No. V.

Sir,—I must say I think it perfectly scandalous that such a paper as the *Times* should devote over two pages to the War in the Far East, and scarcely as many lines to the Association Cup Match between the Army and Oafshire at Mudford!

Yours indignantly,

TRUE BRITON.

No. VI.

Sir,—Is the *Times* quite wise in so persistently ignoring the proceedings of Societies in which are cultivated what I may, perhaps, refer to as the germs of the Oratory of the Future? As Honorary Secretary of the Peckham Prytaneum, I shall be happy to furnish you with *verbatim* reports of our weekly debates. I enclose a report of our last discussion by way of sample: Subject, "Was Queen ELIZABETH justified in executing MARY Queen of Scots? Next week the question will be: "Is the Earth round or flat?" As I believe Parliament is not sitting just now, I cannot but think that such reports would serve, so to speak, to fill the gap.

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST POSHLEIGH STODGE (Hon. Sec. P. P.).

No. VII.

"Lady VASELINE HAREFOOT thinks that the Editor of the *Times* newspaper shows a great want of enterprise by so persistently ignoring really important private theatricals. She begs to inform him that she is now getting up amateur performances of *Turn him Out* and *Plot and Passion* (in both of which pieces she plays the leading part) at the Town Hall, Toshborough, on the 16th, 17th, and 18th instants. As the entertainment is for a charitable purpose, Lady V. will feel obliged if the Editor will send down the young man who usually does the theatres for his paper to report on one or other of the aforesaid evenings. Considering that the majority of the performers will certainly buy the paper next morning, if only to cut out the notice for pasting into their albums, Lady V. is confident that the Editor will on reflection see the advantage of complying with her request."

No. VIII.

DEAR MR. TIMES,—Mummy says you would like me to tell you how to make your paper more attractive to the family circles. Well, I think it would be ever so nice if you would have a column specially for children. Don't you think "Uncle Time's Little Tots" would be a nice heading for it? I do. I am sure you would simply love my kanary. He is yellow all over, and such a dear. He eats seeds. I have a kitten, too. My kitten does not eat seeds. It eats sop. I enclose my photograph, in case you would like to publish it with this. No more at present from

Your loving little Friend,

POSIE PRINKERTON (aged 8½).

F. A.



FEMININE AMENITIES.

Visitor. "YOUR GOVERNESS SEEMS VERY GOOD-NATURED."

Lady of the House. "YES, POOR THING, HER FATHER LOST A LOT OF MONEY, SO I TOOK HER AS GOVERNESS FOR THE CHILDREN."

Visitor. "POOR, POOR THING! ISN'T IT TERRIBLE HOW UNFORTUNATE SOME PEOPLE ARE!"

THE RABBITS OF RICHMOND PARK.

["Tenders have been publicly invited for the destruction of the rabbits in Richmond Park."—*Daily Paper*.]

To his most Excellent Majesty—these,
We, his servants, do humbly pray,
Greatly desiring his health and ease,
So to continue for many a day.
We are not wise in the courtier's way,
But live our little lives in the dark,
Save for the dawn and the twilight grey;
We are the Rabbits of Richmond Park!

Quietly, under the ancient trees,
Prim and sedate, our games we play;
In the deep dells, where nobody sees,
Is right of warren, with none to stay.
Mid bush and bracken unharmed we stray,
We sup with the owl, and rise with the lark,
Once in the year a toll we pay;
We are the Rabbits of Richmond Park!

But now this news is heard on the breeze,
That men with snares are coming to slay,
Our tender young the trapper will seize,
And the ferret our hiding-place betray.
There is no more peace—for anyone may
Chase us with terrible dogs that bark!
Have we no friends with a word to say?
We are the Rabbits of Richmond Park!

Envoi.

Great King, will nothing your wrath appease
Ere all of your servants are stiff and stark?
We are very sad—if your Majesty please;
We are the Rabbits of Richmond Park!

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

AN honest tale speeds best being plainly told, but a sportive one will go pretty well however you recount it.

It is well to be aspiring in society. Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself and falls on the opposing side frequently crushes it.

If you be a wise man and want to get on with your *entrée* in silence, tell your neighbours a good-natured story about virtuous people—with the fish. You will be left in peace.

Always be kind, even when it seems least likely to pay; in a democratic age one never knows who will be King.

Better a dinner at Prince's where love is, than two stalls at the theatre and a dull play therewith.

THE "FRAM" AS AN AIRSHIP.—From *The Egyptian Gazette* we learn that "the Duke of ORLEANS is negotiating for the purchase of NANSEN's famous vessel, the *Fram*. If all be well, His Royal Highness hopes to start next year for Solar regions." There seems promise here of a new Myth on the lines of the legend of ICARUS.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

II.—THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

I.

Mrs. Baring-Rayne to Dr. Tunks.
(By hand.)

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—It would be a *great solace and satisfaction* to me if you would in future kindly change your hour of call from half-past eleven to half-past ten every morning.

Yours sincerely,

Oct. 27. EDITHA BARING-RAYNE.

II.

Dr. Tunks to Mrs. Baring-Rayne.
(By hand.)

MY DEAR MRS. BARING-RAYNE,—Your very reasonable request puts me, I regret to say, in a position of some delicacy. It has long been my habit to call on Miss CANN at half-past ten, and Col. STUBBS at eleven, reaching you at 11.30. Both these patients have been in my care for some years, and I feel sure that you will see at once on reading this how difficult it would be for me suddenly to change a custom of such long standing. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Oct. 27. WILBRAHAM TUNKS.

III.

Mrs. Baring-Rayne to Dr. Tunks.
(By hand.)

DEAR DOCTOR,—I am sorry to say that I cannot share your view. Health, as I often heard you say, is the *most important thing* there is, and I am convinced that my health would in *every way* benefit if I could begin the day *earlier*. I have been reading a very interesting pamphlet on the subject of early rising, and am convinced that to wait for you until half-past eleven, when so much of the *sweetest and freshest part of the day* is over, is a *great mistake*. Of course when I wrote I assumed that you have been sincere in your interest in my health, and would immediately comply with so *simple a request*. But life, as I have often heard you say, is but *one long disillusionment*.

Yours sadly,

Oct. 27. EDITHA BARING-RAYNE.

IV.

Dr. Tunks to Miss Cann.
(By hand.)

MY DEAR MISS CANN,—I have been thinking lately a good deal about your new pains, and I cannot help feeling that it would be better if you were to rest longer in the morning before being disturbed. I therefore propose in future to call at 11.30 instead of 10.30, at any rate for a sufficient time to test the accuracy of this theory. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Oct. 27. WILBRAHAM TUNKS.

V.

Miss Cann to Dr. Wilbraham Tunks.
(By hand.)

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—Your letter has so shaken me that I fear the worst. It is quite impossible for me, as I thought you knew, to remain in bed so long. I know of nothing so depressing as these long, solitary morning hours. Please never refer again to the subject, and believe me

Yours sincerely,

VICTORIA CANN.

P.S.—Sometimes I think it would be better for all of us if I gave up the struggle altogether.

V. C.

VI.

Dr. Tunks to Mrs. Baring-Rayne.
(By hand.)

MY DEAR MRS. BARING-RAYNE,—It grieves me exceedingly to have to say so, but I see no possible way of meeting you in your request as to change of visiting hours. Nor can I agree with the author of your pamphlet that it would be well for you to begin the strain and worry of the day a minute earlier than you now do. You must, however, do as you think fit. As you know, I am the last person to wish to impose any tyrannical system upon my patients and friends. I should also say that Miss CANN, much as I should like to effect an interchange of hours, is not, I consider, in a sufficiently robust state to bear it. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Oct. 27. WILBRAHAM TUNKS.

VII.

Mrs. Baring-Rayne to Dr. Tunks.
(By hand.)

DEAR DOCTOR,—You of course know best, but from the number of tradesmen's carts that draw up at Miss CANN's door it is clear that *she* at any rate has an *appetite*. Whereas I, *as you know*, have eaten *nothing for years*. But it is evident that there is more in this distressing business than *meets the eye*, and I shall therefore take my own steps to protect my health. Do not therefore call to-morrow at all.

Yours truly,

Oct. 27. EDITHA BARING-RAYNE.

VIII.

Mrs. Baring-Rayne to Mr. Llewellyn Boakes, M.R.C.S.
(By hand.)

MRS. BARING-RAYNE presents her compliments to Mr. LLEWELLYN BOAKES, and would be glad if he would call to see her to-morrow morning at half-past ten.

Oct. 27.

IX.

Mr. Boakes to Mrs. Baring-Rayne.
(By hand.)

Mr. LLEWELLYN BOAKES will have great

pleasure in calling upon Mrs. BARING-RAYNE to-morrow morning. He regrets, however, that owing to appointments with other patients he will be unable to reach Mrs. BARING-RAYNE at the hour she names, but he will be at her house certainly not later than eleven-thirty.

Oct. 27.

Extract from a letter from Mrs. Baring-Rayne to her Sister-in-law.

If you ask why my letter is so dismal, it is because I have lost my regular medical attendant. It is a long story, but owing to a *very curious line of conduct* which he chose to take up, we...

Nov. 2.

X.

Mrs. Baring-Rayne to Mr. Boakes.
(By hand.)

DEAR MR. BOAKES,—I have been feeling of late so *much worse—much worse* than I have told you, for it is not right to burden others with *all our troubles*—that I have been reading a little pamphlet which has decided me upon a complete change of routine, the leading principle of which is *total avoidance of all vegetable food*. Although I do not as a rule put any faith in such literature, yet I am convinced that the writer of the pamphlet in question—a member of your profession, by the way—*tells the truth*. Knowing as I do from remarks that you have let fall that you are *largely a vegetarian*, I feel that under these circumstances to ask you to continue your visits would be not only wrong and *tactless* on my part, but *painful to yourself*.

Yours very truly,

Nov. 4. EDITHA BARING-RAYNE.

XI.

Mrs. Baring-Rayne to Dr. Tunks.
(By hand.)

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—I have been a very *impulsive and masterful* woman, but all that is over. My heart to-day is *like a little child's*, that knows its *true friends*. Do let us forget this terrible week of misunderstanding and cross purposes. I shall expect you to-morrow morning at half-past eleven just as in the *old days*. Imaginative sympathy is so rare.

Yours sincerely,

EDITHA BARING-RAYNE.

P.S.—How odd is this occasional re-appearance of old *forgotten* characteristics! You know how *grey*, how *sad*, how *humble*, my life is. Yet suddenly there breaks out this mood of imperiousness, which years ago at school earned me the nickname of Boey (short for Boadicea). Where has it been slumbering all this time? These are among the mysteries.

E. B.-R.

Nov. 4.

TO AN OLD STAGER.

MR. PUNCH was delighted, and everybody present was as pleased as *Punch*, to see our old friend that excellent comedian LIONEL ("LAL" for short) BROUGH as the guest of the evening at the banquet given by the Old Playgoers Club at the Criterion to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his going on the stage. "I didn't 'go on the stage,'" explained LAL BROUGH in his excellent after-dinner speech, "I was kicked on." But he did "go" on the stage, and went on "going" until he achieved the position he has now held for many years, and in which, as a youthful veteran, true to the *corps dramatique*, without a superior in his own line, may he long flourish to delight audiences and to "give a lesson to the lads" who, with light hearts, are entering upon a histrionic career.

AN ENTREATY.

KINDLY PHYLLIS votes it stupid
That our hearts were never made
To withstand the glance where Cupid
Lurks in deadly ambushade.
So a lofty sense of duty
Bids her don the mask, and mar
Every semblance of her beauty
When she drives her motor-car.
Measure kind, though somewhat drastic.
Though our hearts are brittle ware,
They, like tyres, and things elastic,
Lend themselves to quick repair.
But our limbs are not pneumatic,
And they suffer from a fall.
PHYLLIS, lovely but erratic,
Prythee do not drive at all.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Naval and Military.

LOVER OF JUSTICE.—Yes, the Russian Government will no doubt make enquiries as to who gave the order to fire, but you may trust them to do nothing rash or hasty in the matter. As you say, we don't want another BECK case.

PRO-RUSSIAN and SUSPICIOUS.—I cannot tell you whether the vessel was insured.

PATRIOT.—MACDERMOTT, I fancy.

Legal.

ENQUIRER.—Yes, if Mr. BECK had only said at first that he was innocent, all this bother would have been saved. No, he is not likely to be prosecuted for impersonation.

EXPERT WITNESS.—I doubt if an action would lie. But if it wouldn't you might.

Sport and the Drama.

"MAIL" READER.—He kept goal for his College, so may be presumed to know something about it. "Put paid to the Spurs' account" is not so technical as you seem to think.



SUSPICIOUS.

Strange Constable. "COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE THE VICAR LIVES?"
Giles. "WHY, WOT'S 'E DONE, ZUR?"

PINEROTOMETER.—No, the author of *The Dolly Dialogues* is quite a different person. Their resemblance is only superficial.

General.

TAFIIF REFORMER.—You were quite justified in calling him a pro-Boer, but the retort has lost something of its piquancy lately. Seeing that we get a good deal of corn from Russia at present, why not call him a pro-Russian? With this, and the aid of the music-halls, you should have no difficulty in winning.

CARLTON WAITER.—If that threepenny bit that you kept back still troubles your conscience, you should put it in the plate on Sunday.

WAR OFFICE ECONOMIES.—A correspondent at Esquimaux (British Columbia) forwards a catalogue of an "Auction Sale" in which one of the lots, coming under the head of "Army Ordnance Stores," includes "2 Tommies." Is this the beginning of the Army Reduction which is to save the country's pockets?



MISTAKEN VOCATION.

Major Missemall (an enthusiast on sporting dogs). "CONFOUND THE BRUTE. THAT'S THE DOG I WAS GOING TO RUN IN THE RETRIEVER TRIALS, TOO. BUT I WON'T NOW."

Friend. "I WOULDN'T. I'D RESERVE HIM FOR THE WATERLOO CUP."

A MIDDLE-SEX DIFFICULTY.

"SHOULD *Ariel* be played by a boy or a girl?" is a question that has not infrequently arisen among those supper-numeraries who linger to discuss the many and great merits of Mr. BEERBOHM TREE's production of *The Tempest* at His Majesty's and the graceful performance there of Miss TREE as *Ariel*, already fully appreciated by Mr. *Punch's* signatored critic.

In our opinion it matters not as long as the intelligence, the grace, the lightness, and the humour, are there. In theatrical language *Ariel* is "a boy's part," which means that it has usually been played by a girl. What is *Ariel's* own testimony? It—we use the impersonal on the warrant of SHAKESPEARE, who makes *Prospero* address *Ariel* as "Thing"—It, the sprite *Ariel*, says:—

"For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please."

And this very *Ariel*, who declares—

"Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and *Ariel* is my name,"

is described as a "Guardian Sylph" and as

"A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau."

And further, this description of him is given:

"His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus began:—"

POPE's *Ariel* was SHAKESPEARE's, only it was after WILLIAM had finished with him, and had discharged him, with a first-rate character, from *Prospero's* service.

So far our contribution to the discussion. Miss VIOLA TREE is still the dainty *Ariel*, and her flights of fancy continue

to puzzle the squatters in the stalls who want to know "how it's done." But, so long as the present impersonator of the tricky sprite is on the scene, so long must *Ariel* remain a Miss-T'ree to the public.

ODE TO AN OYSTER.

[Among the guests at the ancient oyster feast at Colechester this year was Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. The highest individual consumption was nine-and-a-half dozen oysters.]

ENCRUSTED bivalve! though statistics state
That tasteless fluids in thee represent
A clear and disconcerting ninety-eight
per cent.,

Thou hast such charms, a single feaster ate
Nine dozen of thee (duly washed with wine).
On reading this I wept tears salt and wet
as thine.

What pearls wouldst thou not gladly leave unworn
Still to be sitting in thine ocean-cave,
Sitting and waiting, waiting for thy morn-
ing shave.

Facilis descensus! Would it were unsaid
How, rudely plucked from out thy native foam,
Forth on that journey, thou, to thy last bed
slid'st home!

If words may aught alleviate thy doom,
Accept this mournful epitaph from me,
Who write, instead of "*Ci-git*," on thy tomb,
"C.-B.!"



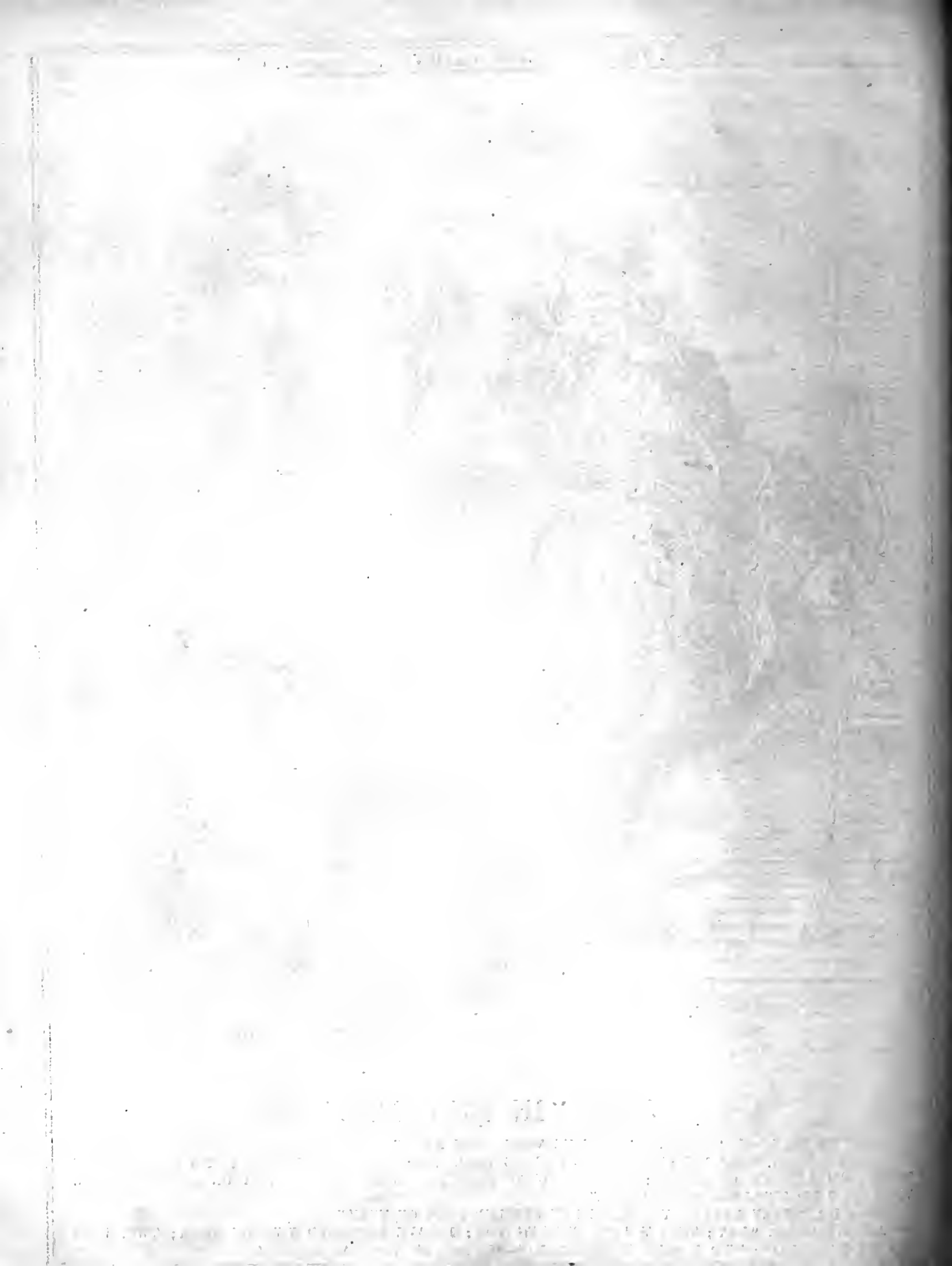
JAPS "IN BUCKRAM."

PRINCE HAL (Mr. Punch). "WHAT! FOUGHT YE WITH THEM *ALL*?"

ADMIRAL FALSETOFF. "ALL? I KNOW NOT WHAT YE CALL *ALL*; BUT IF I FOUGHT NOT WITH FIFTY OF THEM I AM A BUNCH OF RADISH; IF THERE WERE NOT TWO OR THREE AND FIFTY ON POOR OLD JACK, THEN AM I NO TWO-LEGGED CREATURE."

PRINCE HAL. "PRAY HEAVEN YOU HAVE NOT SETTLED SOME OF THEM."

ADMIRAL FALSETOFF. "NAY; THAT'S PAST PRAYING FOR; I HAVE PEPPERED TWO OF THEM; TWO, I AM SURE. I HAVE PAID; TWO ROGUES IN BUCKRAM!"—*King Henry IV., Part I., Act II., Scene 4.*



GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.

"KEEP moving," is Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS's managerial motto. Exercise the heads of the profession by all means, but on no account let its legs be deprived of their full share of work. *The Catch of the Season*, having caught on, has been running for some months, during which period Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS as the youthful *Duke of St. Jermyns*, and Miss ZENA DARE as *Angela*, otherwise *Cinderella-up-to-date*, have been dancing, singing, love-making, and laugh-provoking night after night, from *matinée* to *matinée*, with only a comparatively few intervening hours of rest. Mr. SAM SOTHERN as *Lord Dundreary*, a lineal descendant of the first peer, a creation of the Victorian Era, is very amusing, making the most of a small part. Some of the dialogue in this cinematographic piece is unusually smart, and the sharp-pointed lines are given for all they are worth, and a trifle more, by everyone who has anything at all to say for himself or herself, including the small boy, Master VALCHERA, whose "Page" deserves a special laudatory footnote.

Miss CAMILLE CLIFFORD as a "Dana Gibson Girl" dances with distinctly humorous appreciation of the type she is illustrating, and wins a hearty encore. But what is this type which is now brought into prominence as such a novelty? It is simply DU MAURIER's "Society" girl writ large, and minus a considerable part of her costume, the material having been taken off the shoulders and added on to the skirts.

In the programme this advertisement appears—"Modern Costumes by Lucille, Limited." Decidedly "limited," a most appropriate description. *A propos* of Mr. DANA GIBSON's drawings, it was only the week before last that there appeared, in a weekly illustrated contemporary, a specimen of DANA GIBSON's "modern husband, wife and child." At first glance we wondered why a specimen of the GEORGE DU MAURIER's drawings, from Mr. Punch's collection, had been reproduced in this paper, and we could scarcely credit our eyes and memory on finding that this was a picture of DANA GIBSON's, whose work is pretty generally known, it must be admitted, as that of "the American DU MAURIER."

PUTTING IT NICELY.

[Commenting upon the proposal (since contradicted) that, until the whole Tibetan indebtedness is discharged at the rate of one lac of rupees a year, the British should remain in occupation of the Chumbi valley—the key of Tibet, *The Daily Telegraph* recently observed, "It is reported that this arrangement meets with the approval of the Tibetans."]

In deference to a generally expressed Russian desire, the Japanese have kindly



A STUDY IN EXPRESSION.

Irate M.F.H. (who has had half an hour in the big gorse trying to get a faint-hearted fox away, galloping to "holloo" on the far side of covert). "CONFOUND YOU AND YOUR PONY, SIR! GET OUT OF MY WAY!"

[Little Binks, who has been trying to keep out of people's way all day, thinks he can quite understand the feelings of the hunted fox.]

consented to extend their Autumn tour so as to include Mukden, Harbin, and if possible St. Petersburg. The enthusiasm to which this delightful prospect has given rise amongst the followers of the Czar is described as absolutely touching.

It is reported that a project is on foot and being largely supported in Armenia for a presentation to H.M. The SULTAN of Turkey from prominent residents in that Province, on the occasion of his next birthday. The gift will be accompanied by an address setting forth the attachment of the subscribers to the Imperial recipient, and expressing their pleasure at his continued good health.

Curiously enough we are in receipt of a letter in which the gallant writer adopts the conciliatory attitude of the Tibetans. It is from Col. CHUTNY (late

H.M. Indian Army), who writes us as follows from Kipling Lodge, Upper Norwood:—

"Sir,—As an old campaigner of many years' standing I have found that the great drawback to a permanent residence is the manner in which a house speedily becomes overcrowded with silver, china, and other articles of value. Thanks however to the energy and ability of the well-known firm of WILLIAM SYKER AND SONS, I am happy to say that the whole of this difficulty has now been removed in a single night. While expressing my gratitude to these gentlemen for their trouble and courtesy, I cannot help wishing that certain other departments of British industry were conducted with equal celerity and absence of parade.

Yours thankfully,

REGINALD CHUTNY (late Colonel).

"GO TO JERICO" AND SEE ITS "WALLS."

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER is to be heartily congratulated, first on having secured for his theatre the best play that has been seen in London for some considerable time, secondly upon the excellent company by which it is performed, and lastly on the simply perfect artistic rendering of the two principal parts in it, for which he has cast Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH (Mrs. ARTHUR BOURCHIER) and himself. This sterlingly sound "play," as it is styled in the programme, which may fairly be classed as true comedy, offers small chance to the sharp-shooting critics. There are a few weak points in Mr. ALFRED SUTRO's comedy, the first and principal one being its unfortunate title, *The Walls of Jericho*. So unapparent is its application to any situation in any one of the four Acts, that at last an explanation of it has to be lugged in somehow, weighted with a very indifferent and quite unnecessary pun, uttered by a minimus poet, a "Society" verse-maker, *Bertram Hannaford*, aptly represented by a clever young actor, Mr. JUNIUS B. BOOTH.

The Walls of Jericho fell at the blast of trumpets; but here woman's obstinacy (signified, as I suppose, rightly or wrongly, by "the Walls" aforesaid) holds out, and only yields quite suddenly, and most naturally, to the interior voice of her own better self. There's no blast of a trumpet to shake the walls, nor any flourish after they have fallen. Indeed, when the trumpet of the justly-incensed and firmly-determined husband is heard in the Third Act, *The Walls of Jericho*, meaning (again I suppose) Mrs. *Frobisher's* false pride and stubbornness, firmly resist all assault, yielding neither to the battering-ram of the husband's wrath, nor to his last attempt at undermining her resolution by a loving appeal to her better nature. No, the title is altogether wrong, that is, if I am right in my interpretation of it.

Rarely if ever in any previous piece, out of the many that I can call to mind, have Mr. and Mrs. BOURCHIER played throughout so perfectly: and, most certainly, never within my recollection has Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER risen to such a height of passionate intensity as in this Third Act. Neither Mr. BOURCHIER as *Jack Frobisher*, nor Mrs. BOURCHIER as *Lady Alethea Frobisher*, over-act this, or any other of their strong scenes, by so much as a hair's-breadth. They hold the house spell-bound; and in nothing that they do or say is there the slightest suspicion of anything even suggestive of ordinary theatrical claptrap.

Then Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE, as the genial, straightforward, warm-hearted, uneducated friend and companion of *Frobisher*, the digger *Hankey Bannister*, who has made his pile, gives us the character to the very life; not a flaw in his impersonation, nor is there any in Miss MURIEL BEAUMONT's *Lady Lucy Derenham*, the charming *ingénue*, who thinks she knows so much, and who affects such slyness and pertness as only deceive herself, while at heart—so the author seems to wish us to believe—she is sound. But this, to me, is another weak spot in the piece: for I am not at all sure as to what the author does intend this young lady to be, since, while she is represented as avowedly in love with her penniless cousin, and ready to marry him had he only the requisite wherewithal, she cheerfully accepts *Hankey Bannister*, simply because he is a millionaire; and "*Hankey Panky*," as she calls him, beamingly accepts the situation and appears idiotically happy!

In the difficult part of *Harry Dallas*, the ordinary unprincipled lover of other men's wives, Mr. NYE CHART is excellent, never once adopting tone or manner of the conventional stagey villain, though the author has led this character perilously near the abyss of deepest melodrama; and from falling into it Mr. CHART has been saved by his own artistic self-command, and by sensible stage-management, the effect of which is evident throughout.

But here again is another weak spot. This intending gay Lothario has written a letter to the wife, which falls into the husband's hands; the husband hands it back to him and commands him to read it aloud. Lothario sees the game is up, and that there are two strong men against him, by either of whom he would be physically overmatched. Why does he not tear up the letter at once? It could be done in a second. The answer to this of course is, that this letter *must* remain intact so that the wife may see it open, and be told that its contents are known to her husband. But, *there ought not to be this dramatic necessity*: the end should have been attained by some other means, and then a situation so original, as the apparent *impasse* resulting from the destruction of the letter, would have been dramatically staggering. Now, one only feels, however much you may side with the husband, that the two strong men have acted as bullies, and not according to any recognised code of honour. The foregoing is the weak point of the piece; but it is condoned by the acting, which emphasises the rough and ready character of the two men who have had more to do with diggers than drawing-rooms.

Miss KATE SERGEANTSON as sensible, charitable *Lady Westerby*, the good woman with a queer past, gives the requisite authority to a character that it would be difficult to place in better hands.

As the *Marquis of Stevenon*, the impecunious, match-making, dandified old peer, Mr. O. B. CLARENCE, one of our cleverest character actors and a master of "make-up," is inimitable. His representation must be ranked side by side with the very best impersonations of "Stingy Jack" in *Money*, of *Brigard* in *Frou Frou*, and with JOHN HARE's two noblemen, my lords *Parmigan* and *Quex*. There is just a touch in it of *Brother Potter* from *Still Waters Run Deep* which still holds the stage, as this play will do, or I am much mistaken, long after "Bridge" and present manners and fashions have become as antiquated as are now the game of "ombre," the *vers de société* of *Sir Benjamin Baekbite*, and the snuff-box of *Sir Peter Teazle*.

Mr. SUTRO is reputed to be our best translator of MAETERLINCK's works, and his own One-Act piece, entitled *A Marriage has been Arranged*, recently achieved a decided success, largely due to the finished acting of Mr. and Mrs. BOURCHIER.

BRAWLERS AND TRAWLERS.

(Being more echoes of the Baltic Fleet.)

A FEW junior Russian officers have been detained to attend the "Fishing Interrogatories" which are to be held in connection with the incident of the Mad-Dogger Bank. Mr. *Punch* offers his sincere condolences to all the other officers who missed being selected for this purpose.

It is reported that when Lord CHARLES BERESFORD ran across to Tangier the other day the Russian Flagship flew the complimentary signal *Please don't chase me, Charley*.

Of the Russian Admiral's account of the North Sea outrage it has been well said: *Se non è vero, è ben torpedo*.

On the other hand there is a theory, supported in influential quarters, that the fish held up on one of the trawlers was only at first considered to be a torpedo, and on closer observation under the search-light was declared to be a plaice, *but not a plaice within the meaning of the Act*. The Russians therefore resorted to summary jurisdiction.

In any case the Russian Admiral is alleged to have said that he acted in accordance with his conscience. Very possibly. "Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all."

CRACKEN HILL



THE SLOCUM MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Amateur Violoncellist. "What's the next piece in the programme?"
 Neighbour. "SOCIETY'S ORCHESTRAL FANTASIA, 'NIGHT AMONG THE PYRAMIDS!'"
 A. V. (much taken aback). "Why, Sir, I've just played THAT!"

ESSAYS IN UNCTION.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Harold Begbie.)

IV. (AND LAST).—WHY DR. ALF ABEL WROTE "THE INFANT PRODIGY."

It has been the eternal privilege of genius to be misunderstood from the days of CHEOPS to those of CLEMENT SHORTER. Cast but a fleeting glimpse on the stained palimpsest of time, and you shall see not scores but thousands of *ames incomprises*—to quote the noble phrase of PUFFENDORF—whose motives have been misinterpreted, whose generosity has been aspersed—victims, in a word, of the Eternal Spirit of Calumny. *Ay de mi*, my masters, but it is a mad world that turns and rends the pure and pinguid souls of the noblest hierophants of Altruism, and burns its choicest incense before cynics, scoffers and misanthropes!

You will pardon this outburst, gentle reader, when I tell you that ALF ABEL, the noblest, simplest, most modest and humble of Seers—not even excepting RAY LANKESTER and OLIVER LODGE—has been accused of self-seeking, of vanity, of a mania for self-advertisement! One has only to look on his perfect countenance—a picture post-card will do—to realise the detestable mendacity of this odious insinuation. That spacious brow, exuding benevolence at every pore, those pitiful eyes, that exquisitely chiselled nose, whose downward drooping curve is eloquent of patient resignation, those ambrosial moustaches, those carmine lips—every lineament repels the foul charge with irresistible power. It is one of the elementary postulates of the

science of psycho-physiognomics that the man who looks noble must act nobly, think nobly, write nobly. The truth was faintly adumbrated in the old world adage "handsome does that handsome is": its abiding truth is proclaimed with trumpet-tongued reverberations in the life and the life-work of ALF ABEL.

Still I hear you asking with feeble insistence—the last refuge of pusillanimous souls—"Why did he write *The Infant Prodigy*? Are there not infant prodigies enough in the bleak world of reality without transferring these ineffectual figures to the transcendental plane of imaginative fiction?" Gentle reader, have you ever visited the great Republic across the great salt splendid

Atlantic? Have you ever seen one of those wonderful oilfields where a spring, impelled by irresistible subterranean pressure, spouts unceasingly upwards in a great sleek column of virgin petroleum, refreshing the air with its deliciously saponaceous perfume? They call them "gushers." The simile is perhaps homely, but 'twill serve. The gusher gushes because it has got to gush. The great soul issues in song—whether prose or poetry matters little—because genius, like murder, must out, or burst into infinitesimal smithereens in the attempt

of all. For he is animated by the sincere desire to limit the reckless output of prodigies by illustrating once and for all in one grand and comprehensive concrete parable the incalculable dangers of precocity. The annals of art and letters teem with poignant instances of the Nemesis that waits on premature efflorescence. ALEXANDER THE GREAT cut off in his early prime by the brainfog induced by his overzealous study of ARISTOTLE; RHAPSINTUS, HIMILCO, SKANDERBEG—is it necessary to multiply instances? Let it suffice to add the

crucial case of SHAKSPEARE, who, but for his insane habit of overproduction, might have lived to attain a more perfect resemblance to HALL CAINE than he succeeded in achieving. But irresistible impulse, complicated by the desire to benefit posterity, do not exhaust the motives of our author. To these must finally be added an infinite compassion for those unhappy races who, blessed with no literature of their own, are entirely dependent on translations of the masterpieces of more highly favoured people. It is this which renders the publication of a novel by ALF ABEL an event of cosmic importance, for no other writer has ever appealed to so many million readers. Why is this so? Because his novels are full of elemental truth, full of that rich, massive and viscous humanity which is the same in Putney and Patagonia. In his adorable romances there are found no solecisms, no lapses in taste or grammar, nothing but what is pure, great, generous and noble. His works appeal alike to all nations, and it is no wonder that on November 4 his new work was published in nine countries simultaneously. It will be published in six more, according to the following list, which gives the title in the different languages, indicating also the local publishing houses:

Tibet: Jingal Jong Lop-nor. Lhasa: Dorjief & Co.
Albania: Bleðer-um-skita. Shkodra: Bib Doda & Co.
Etruria: Ulat tanalarezul. Clusium: Phuhpluns & Co.
The Basque Provinces: Jaincoac hantik itoiteco. Guipuzcoa: Zumalacarreñui & Co.
Koutso-Wallachia: Filului Prodigolulul. Krushevo: Apostol Jankovitch & Co.
Iceland: Namdo Ogsdog. Rejkjavik: Magnusson & Co.



"Waviness of the hair is this season to be suggested rather than asserted. This is a relief, as a look of over-elaboration is ruinous to a plain face, and injurious to a pretty one. But a soft crinkliness is always to be encouraged."—*Truth*.

to repress its sacred, nay its sanctimonious, ebullitions. Mediocrity may batten on silence, but reticence is the suicide of genius. And this is more than ever true of this hustling, feverish, truculent age of ours in which, to gain a hearing, a man must speak high, and loud, and often. The day of the robin's gentle pipe is over: the true prophet must emulate the glutinous abandon of the gramophone.

He writes because he must—can there be a more conclusive justification than the prompting of the categorical imperative? But motives are always complex, and in the case of ALF ABEL the inward call is reinforced by many other puissant forces. Benevolence first

ZUTKA AND KEEPING THE POT A-BOILING.

The Hippodrome has an excellent show on just now, one of its many excellent "shows *et autres*," and it has a capital orchestra under the direction of Mr. CLARENCE C. CORRI, who keeps his instrumentalists going with only a very few bars rest between the varied performances, which are accompanied by selections as appropriate as possible to the different occasions. The dramatic compositions of our old friend, Maître JACOB, are to be heard, musically illustrating the startling situations in the Grand Equestrian Drama of *Siberia* that still continues to plunge actors, horses, and audience into the watery depths of despair, whence everybody emerges safe, sound and very dry.

The special attraction just now, and likely to be, we should say, for some time to come, is *Zutka*, or *Jack in the Box*, which is the legitimate successor to the once mysterious *Phroso*. A small box is brought in, and the Professor, after removing a lot of paper packing, extracts from it a doubled-up figure which, being stretched to full length, becomes a Pierrot of nearly seven feet high with, as it seems, a man's head and neck also hands and feet, but as to the arms and legs, no one can affirm their existence. This figure is apparently put in motion by electricity, and when its performance is over it is doubled up and replaced almost anyhow in aforesaid small box. The box is carried about open among the audience, who are warned not to touch the figure. How is it done? Personally we do not wish to know. When the trick is found out, we shall regret that yet another illusion has been destroyed for ever.

As to the *Mysterious Kettle*, which has already been immortalised by Mr. *Punch* in one of his Cartoons, it is no trick but a matter of scientific fact. Ice merchants should be its great patrons, and coal-owners its enemy. But will it be cheerier at Christmas-time to gather round a kettle full of compressed air, or as heretofore to enjoy ourselves in front of a blazing fire? For ourselves, we prefer to be warm worshippers at the shrine of Grate St. Blaise.

JOURNALISTIC NEWS.—The *Standard*, having been for a long time so easily taken in (a penny a day would do it), has now at last been regularly sold. The future policy of the paper will be Protection Pearsonified.

VERY RIGHT AND PROPER.—In the recent case heard before Mr. Justice SWINFEN EADY, the "Shivering Telephone Girls" received the sympathy of EVE, who appeared for the defendant Company.

"QUICK, THY TABLETS, MEMORY!"

[Sir HENRY IRVING is turning his triumphant Northern tour into a veritable pageant of reminiscences. At Sunderland he remarked that his first appearance on any stage was in that town in 1856, at Dundee he confessed that, on a previous visit in 1858, he had, as *Humbert*, drunk to the King of DENMARK in a marinated jar. Similar incidents of his tour which have hitherto escaped the reporters are narrated below.]

RESPONDING to the toast of his health proposed by the Mayor at a banquet at Drummadrochit last week, Sir HENRY IRVING, remarked that when he was last in that enlightened town, in 1813, he played *Othello* in a company which was so poor that it could not muster even one cork with which, when burnt, to supply the dusky hue required by popular prejudice for the *Moor of Venice*. In this dilemma he had recourse to a pickled walnut which fortunately had been thrown at the lady who played *Juliet* on the preceding night.

In his reply to the gift of a silver-mounted philabeg, for which the inhabitants of the Bass Rock subscribed as a token of their admiration and esteem, Sir HENRY IRVING, reminded his hearers of his first appearance in their neighbourhood as *Macbeth* in 1793, when the performance was stopped by the arrival of a message from France with news of the death of MARAT in his bath. Few actors of that day, the speaker added, could have met their end in a similar environment.

Speaking at a smoking concert at Glencoe, which he attended after the evening performance on Monday night, Sir HENRY IRVING said that he had a curious experience when he was last acting there, in 1692. Every seat was sold in advance, but by an unlucky chance (to which the theatrical profession are not less subject than any other class of human beings) it was the night of the Massacre, which proved so great an attraction that his company performed *The Tempest* to

what might be called a beggarly array of empty benches.

On receiving the freedom of Bannockburn, Sir HENRY IRVING, as he picked up the casket containing the precious document, told his enraptured audience that on his first visit to the local theatre, in 1314, he had the inestimable privilege of acting with ROBERT BRUCE himself. The play was *The Silver King*, ROBERT BRUCE playing the title part and himself (the speaker) the Spider.

On the Metropolitan Railway a firm advertises its Lime Juice in the following terms:

NO MUSTY FLAVOUR AS SUPPLIED TO HER MAJESTY.

Why this invidious distinction of persons?



A NARROW ESCAPE.

Youth (to gentleman about to go for a drive). "ULLO, OLD MAN! THEY FORGOT TO EEN YOU ON THE FIFTH, THEN!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FROM early life up to the closing years of the last century, the Princess CATHERINE RADZIWIŁŁ knew most people worth knowing and was a guest in many historic homes. Born in St. Petersburg, daughter of one of the oldest and most illustrious families in Poland, she married the Prince RADZIWIŁŁ, whose headquarters were at Berlin. His position and her own brought her into personal acquaintance with the late CZAR, with the old Emperor of GERMANY and the Empress AUGUSTA, with the CROWN PRINCE before and after he became Emperor, with the Empress FREDERICK, and with Lord and Lady SALISBURY, whom she visited at Hatfield. This range of acquaintance presents rare opportunity for writing an interesting book. In *My Recollections* (ISBISTER) the Princess has made the most of her chances. Thanks to her keen observation and graphic pen, there is not a dull page in the portly book. One of the most vividly written passages is that which describes her presence at the Pope's private Mass. Her womanly touches of description of the Empress FREDERICK add much to knowledge of the lady who was, perhaps, the most gifted of Queen VICTORIA's family. The book is made more pleasant by the absence of anything like malicious hints at old, now parted, friends. Even in the remarkable chapter of which CECIL RHODES is the hero the Princess is amazingly self-restrained. One exception, significant in its singularity, is the suspicion of spitefulness that marks references to the consort of the present CZAR. My Baronite suspects that the niece of the much appreciated Empress FREDERICK did not take kindly to the Princess RADZIWIŁŁ.

The two volumes of *The Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins, Baron Brampton* (ARNOLD) are delightful reading. To many SIR HENRY's start in life and his early days at the Bar, of which he was destined to be so great an ornament, will be not the least interesting part of this most entertaining and instructive work. Excellent advice does it contain for commencing barristers, and very plainly expressed are Lord BRAMPTON's opinions on everything that appears to him as faulty in practice and derogatory to the dignity of both Bench and Bar. Many improvements he, in his time, has strenuously urged, and not a few has he lived to see carried out. Diffidently in the brief preface does Lord BRAMPTON disclaim any merit for these volumes, which, his Lordship says, "is due to my very old friend RICHARD HARRIS, K.C.," who with great skill and tact, most judiciously exercised, has put together a series of anecdotes, personal recollections of events tragic, serious, or mirth-provoking, that keep the reader interested and amused from the beginning to the very last page. If Lord BRAMPTON has deputed Mr. HARRIS to write for him, it is because his lordship is satisfied with having made his mark. As with his advocacy, so with his literary work, Lord BRAMPTON, as he says of himself in conducting a case, "knows pretty well where to begin," and he also knows where to leave off. Once again to quote *Sam Weller*, who abruptly concluded his letter so that *Mary* might "wish there was more," which he considered "the great art o' letter writin'" this Wellerian dictum is applicable to Baron BRAMPTON's *Reminiscences*, as we all "wish there was more." And perhaps one of these days there will be.

The Closed Book, by WILLIAM LE QUEUX (METHUEN), opens well, but the interest gradually wanes, the narrative becomes prolix, and the action monotonous. The construction of this romance somewhat reminds the Baron of the old transpontine melodramas, in which, whenever things were going a bit slow, one frowning villain of the deepest dye and blackest wig was wont to grasp the arm of his accomplice,

whose villainy and wig were of a somewhat lighter colour, and, bringing him down to the footlights, would hiss out in a hoarse whisper, audible to the smallest boy in the uttermost parts of the gallery, "Now for the gir-r-rl!" Whereupon both ruffians would steal off to mysterious music, and, flagging attention having been revived, the drama was set going again for another twenty minutes. Thus is it with this novel; and so, if any one of the Baron's trusting clients be hard up for something new to read, the Baron might prescribe a trial of this novel; otherwise he would advise him to let it remain as it is, *The Closed Book*.

Tibet having been casually added to the skirts of the Empire upon which the sun never sets, Messrs. HUTCHINSON publish a summary of a work issued six years ago under the auspices of the French Ministry of Public Instruction. The author, Monsieur GRENARD, was a member of a scientific mission to Upper Asia despatched and subsidised by an intelligent Government. *Tibet and the Tibetans* he calls the book, dropping the "h" after a manner not unfamiliar in certain social districts of London. The journey to Lhasa is graphically described, a considerable portion of the volume being devoted to an account of the manners and customs, the social and economic life, and the political conditions of Tibet. Colonel YOUNGHESBAND has, since the original was published in Paris, added some new and startling chapters to the story. But the elder narrative, written under quite different circumstances, preserves its value, indeed has it enhanced by more recent events.

After Work (HEINEMANN), by EDWARD MARSTON, is a rather useful book of desultory reference, for those who may be specially interested in certain periods of journalism and literature. Why this book is called *After Work* the Baron fails to perceive.

The Doré Dante, in two large volumes (CASSELL & Co.), handsomely got up, is certainly what it claims to be—at the price of sixteen shillings a volume—the cheapest issue of this immortal work ever published. DORÉ's illustrations are well known, and admiration for these wonderful creations can only be intensified by such constant and close study of them as this *édition de luxe* enables us to make.

"We cannot have too much of a good thing."—(*Extract from my Baronite's Commonplace Book*.) THACKERAY was a particularly good thing, and his memory is nowhere more warmly cherished than round The Old Mahogany Tree where he once sat and of which he sang in undying verse. It seemed at this time of day that we had garnered all possible personal memorial of the generous-hearted cynic. When out comes a little volume that bares to the eyes of the present generation his inward nature in its simplicity and strength—the gentle heart and the caustic tongue. Disclosure is made in the form of *Letters to an American Family* (SMITH, ELDER). THE BARON THACKERAY made the acquaintance of the BAXTERS fifty-two years ago, when he went to the United States on his first lecturing tour. The friendship, promptly formed, was kept up through correspondence to the year of his death. The letters, rattled off in divers places at odd quarters of an hour, more fully disclose the nature of the man than might a painstaking biography.



A PAIR OF PANTOUMS.

I.—PESSIMISTIC.

THE trivial round, the common task
I sing: 'tis not a lofty theme:
It doesn't furnish all I ask,
I hold it not in high esteem.

I sing ('tis not a lofty theme)
The life of somethings in the city:
I hold it not in high esteem,
And yet it suits this kind of ditty.

The life of somethings in the city,
'Tis nothing either strange or new,
And yet it suits this kind of ditty;
It may not quite appeal to you.

'Tis nothing either strange or new:—
Cold bath at some unearthly hour
(It may not quite appeal to you,
'Tis apt to make the temper sour)—

Cold bath at some unearthly hour,
A sadly unsuccessful shave,—
'Tis apt to make the temper sour.
A missing stud: that makes me rave.

A sadly unsuccessful shave,
The booming of the breakfast gong,
A missing stud: that makes me rave,
The scheme of things is surely wrong.

The booming of the breakfast gong,
A hasty, ill-digested meal;
The scheme of things is surely wrong;
A mutineer at heart I feel.

A hasty, ill-digested meal,
A rush to catch my morning train;
A mutineer at heart I feel,
I curse the sad November rain.

A rush to catch my morning train,—
I must cut short this harrowing tale;
I curse the sad November rain,
I curse, but what will that avail?

I must cut short this harrowing tale;
The trivial round, the common task
I curse. But what will that avail?
It doesn't furnish all I ask.

II.—OPTIMISTIC.

November's a capital time,
Whatever the poets may say;
Away with your querulous rhyme,
I'm off with the beagles to-day.

Whatever the poets may say,
The best runs I ever remember
(I'm off with the beagles to-day)
Have mostly occurred in November.

The best runs I ever remember
(The scent will be splendid, I know it)
Have mostly occurred in November:
A fig for your pessimist poet!

The scent will be splendid, I know it:
Just look at the dew on the grass.
A fig for your pessimist poet,
Your poet is mostly an ass.



MOTTOES; OR, "WHO'S WHO?" No. 2.—HUNTING.

MRS. PRETTYPRAT. FAMILY MOTTO—"MEDICI JUVESU."

Just look at the dew on the grass,
Just look at the tints of the trees:
Your poet is mostly an ass—
Sniff up the soft westerly breeze.

Just look at the tints of the trees:
Even now do you think I am wrong?
Sniff up the soft westerly breeze,
Here's true inspiration for song.

Even now do you think I am wrong?
Is there anything fairer in spring?
Here's true inspiration for song.
If you really feel called on to sing.

Is there anything fairer in spring?
"But the fogs..." Your suggestion
I spurn,
If you really feel called on to sing,
Give the joys of November a turn.

"But the fogs..." Your suggestion I
spurn,
What I've said I reiterate here

Give the joys of November a turn,
It's by far the best month in the year.
What I've said I reiterate here,
November's a capital time,
It's by far the best month in the year;
Away with your querulous rhyme!

AN APPEAL.—"We speak for those who cannot speak for themselves." Passengers are respectfully requested to stop the car as seldom as possible, especially when going up an incline. The re-starting is a great strain on the machinery. A *Lover of Motors*.

"RUSSIAN RESERVISTS."—The officers who have given their account, so far, as to the North Sea outrage.

THE FREE CHURCH CRISIS.
BIG FREES have WEE FREES
Upon their backs to bite 'em.

NIGHT THOUGHTS OF AN ALTRUIST.

[In an article in the *Daily Mail* under the title "How to go to sleep," Mr. EUSTACE MILES, after touching on some of the more popular physical devices for inducing slumber, recommends that one should not allow one's meditations to be "self-circumferenced," but should "send out thoughts for the health of others." Composed, in all probability, during the night-watches, the KAISER's telegram to President ROOSEVELT, containing a prayer, couched in Latin, for his moral health, furnishes the most recent public example of this benevolent and non-egoistic attitude.]

WHEN the hours of day are ended,
And the stars are overhead,
And your figure lies extended
On a sanitary bed;
When you sample all specifics
From the latest sleeping tract,
And the footling soporifics
Fail to act;—

When, to soothe the veins that beat in
Your ebullient head, you hold
(Turn and turn about) your feet in
Tubs of water, hot and cold;
When you irrigate your seething
Temples with a garden hose,
Or adopt a rhythmic breathing
Through the nose;—

When you cheek a flock that hustles,
Sheep by sheep, across a stile,
Or relax your facial muscles
In a large and fatuous smile;
When you eat a raw cucumber
With an onion sliced in oil,
Yet no faintest sign of slumber
Crowns your toil;—

When you've run through every poem
Learned verbatim long ago,
And recalled, from JEROBAM,
Israel's monarchs in a row;
When, in fact, you've vainly tested
All the known hypnotic wiles,
Are you beaten, are you bested,
Mr. MILES?

Do you rise in your pyjamas
(Natural wool throughout) and pore
Over IBSEN's earlier dramas
Till you ultimately snore?
Short of this, or HOMER's *Iliad*
In the undiluted Greek,
Have you else no balm in Gilead,
So to speak?

Yes! you turn your thoughts to others
Far beyond the selfish zone,
To a world of men and brothers
With digestions not your own;
There your heart goes gently stealing
(That's the true narcotic spell!)
And you trust that they are feeling
Pretty well.

Noble fellow! I salute your
Altruistic frame of mind,
And, if in the immediate future
Sleep forsake the undersigned,

I shall pray, in KAISER's Latin,
For a fleet (which Heaven preserve!)
Just at present rather flat in
Point of nerve.

I shall wish those wobbly Russians
Better health of eye and brain,
And to 'scape from fresh concussions
With the monsters of the main,
I shall send across the foam a
Prayer for each afflicted crew,
And I'm sure a state of coma
Must ensue. O. S.

GUILDHALL AND AFTER.

THE LORD MAYOR's procession was not favoured with the most perfect weather. This was regrettable, as in its arrangement it had gone back to old familiar forms, when the "showman" element was its great feature. One car alone kept up the ancient tradition, and certainly—in the exhibition of "a car whereon one of the supers" (according to the *Times* account) "carried a picture of a woman which was intended," as the bearer of it explained in reply to a gibe from someone in the crowd, "to be a likeness of his grandmother"—the original idea invented by Mrs. Jarley for the triumphal entry of her Waxworks Exhibition into a provincial town was copied to the very life. In spite of the day, the Show was successful, and the popularity of the new LORD MAYOR was made very evident by the heartiness of the reception accorded him.

The Banquet was a grand affair on the old lines, but great speakers were absent, and Lord LANSDOWNE's matter-of-fact statement concerning our North Sea difficulty with Russia was listened to with respectful attention, but without much heartiness of appreciation. Evidently there was a depth in the deep-sea fishery question which, as everyone felt, was not yet plumbed.

The other speeches were perfunctory, and added nothing to Guildhall gaiety. The nearest approach to a light touch in the heavy speeches was when somebody, perhaps it was the light Lord Chancellor, alluded to Lord Mayor POUND as the Sovereign of the city. But the audience didn't rise to the witticism, and it passed with scarcely what the reporters would enter in brackets as "a laugh."

The eloquence was not up to the brilliancy of the ancient Guildhall. But the turtle sustained its ancient civic reputation.

Not the least pleasant feature of the Lord Mayor's Banquet is that the next day one hundred and fifty of the deserving poor get their desserts and their dinners, as, so the *Times* informs us, "sufficient had been left to provide each recipient with several substantial meals

in meat, poultry, game, and sweets." As neither wine nor turtle is mentioned in this category, it may be presumed that of these there were no contingent remainders. But even without these extra luxuries, such a finish to a feast is highly satisfactory. Long live our LORD MAYOR, and may our Corporation never be less!

AVE, CÆSAR! MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS.

[“I now bid you all good-bye for ever. Port Arthur will be my grave.”—General Stössel's message to the Czar.]

WE slept and ate and drank
And rose to play;
He cheered each patient rank
Which stood at bay,
Uplifting hearts that sank—
The hero's way.

No pause, the summer through,
In that fierce strife,
Each day, each night anew
He gave his life,
With, close beside him, you,
Heroic wife.

We sleep and eat and drink,
And rise to play,
You on the deadly brink
Each night, each day,
Still comfort hearts that sink—
The woman's way.

Here glows the fire-lit room
When night is nigh,
There, on the edge of doom
Content to die,
Together in the gloom
You say good-bye.

TOY BOOKS.

ON reading the advertisement of a recent publication, *Toy Dogs: Their Points and Management in Health and Disease*, by F. T. BARTON, M.R.C.V.S., an Old Lowther Arcadian writes to say that he trusts that the other toys will have a like service rendered them, and suggests that some of the next volumes in the series should be as follows:

1. *The Monkey on a Stiek*: How to treat him for sore feet.

2. *Leaden Soldiers*: Their Management in Warfare, with Chapter on Soldering by a Master Plumber.

3. *A Monograph on Eye Treatment for Wax Dolls*.

4. *Wooden Horses*: How to set broken Legs. With special Chapter by an eminent R.A. on how to transform a Chestnut to a Piebald.

A Brief Change of Air.

SIDMOUTH (South Devon).—For two or three minutes, from first week in November, furnished house.—Advt. in "The Lady."



AVE, CÆSAR!

[(Dedicated to the gallant defender of Port Arthur.)]

["The honour of the Russian Eagles is untarnished, and to avoid further bloodshed humanity desires with one accord the surrender of the heroic remnants of the garrison." Times, November 12.]



A BIG PILL.

"WHAT IS IT, MY PET?"

"OH, MUM—MUMMY—I DREAMT I'D SW-SWALLOWED MYSELF. HAVE I?"

LEGS AND THE MAN.

[The *Clarion* scents class distinction in the "knee-breeches for evening wear" movement.]

We have fought the fight of freedom for the masses,
We have won a hundred triumphs in the past,
Till the Upper Ten, assembled
In their marbled halls, have trembled
At the echo of *The Clarion's* silver blast.
We refused to differentiate the classes
By distinctions which are nothing but a fluke,
And our very souls have revelled
When we saw them fairly levelled,
And the waiter being taken for the Duke.

In the blessed state of nature men are brothers,
Every one of them as good as all the rest,
And the mighty empire-maker
Is no better than the baker—
Each is just a straddling radish till he's drest.
'Tis in clothes that one man differs from the others,
And we thought the day of tyranny was done,
For in evening dress at present
Who can pick out peer from peasant?
Prince and pauper in their swallow-tails are one.

But the forces of reaction re-awaken,
And the Dukes are on the war-path once again;
They resent to seem no greater
Than the ordinary waiter,
They are wild to find their glories on the wane.
They have sworn an end to trousers; they have shaken
Both the pillars of democracy, and swear,
Though there's nothing else to show them,
By their breeches ye shall know them,
For they'll swagger in the costliest of wear.
Shall we take it lying down? Are we to suffer,
And without a word of murmuring endure
While the vulgar man of riches
Flaunts his silk and satin breeches
In the faces of the humbly-trousered poor?
O my brothers, it is clear to any duffer
Aristocracy is hatching some vile plot.
Let us raise our ancient war-cry,
And as in the days of yore cry—
Banish breeches, brothers! *Vivent les Sans-culottes!*

THE KILTIES.—This band having achieved popularity, the question as to whether they are to be included in any concert takes the form of "Kiltie or not Kiltie?" and a jury of musicians decides.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

III.—THE CRICKET CLUB CONCERT.

I.

The Rev. Cæsar Dear to Lady Bird.

DEAR LADY BIRD,—It will give so much pleasure in the village if you could see your way to carry out a promise which you very kindly made in the summer, and be the moving spirit in the concert which is to be held on the 19th for the Cricket Club. With the many well-known artistes whom you expressed yourself able to induce to perform, the concert cannot but be an unqualified success, and the new roller assured to us.

I might say that the names of Miss ELLALINE TERRISS and Miss ADA REEVE, whom you felt confident of getting, when placed before the Cricket Club Committee elicited the warmest enthusiasm. So also did that of Mr. CHARLES (or was it GEORGE?) ROBEY.

Believe me, dear Lady Bird,

Yours sincerely, CÆSAR DEAR.

II.

Lady Bird to the Rev. Cæsar Dear.

DEAR RECTOR,—I am sorry that engagements keep me in town, as I should have liked to have talked this concert over with you. I will certainly manage it; but I have a feeling—mere instinct, perhaps, rather than reason, but I always trust my instinct implicitly, and have never known it fail me: indeed, all my troubles have come from want of faith in it—that to get London performers would be a mistake. After all, this is a village concert, and the rustics will feel much more at home if the performers are their own people. Will you therefore send me a few names of singers in the neighbourhood to whom I can write? You will be glad to hear that I have prevailed on Sir JULIAN to tell some stories of Big Game shooting in Nigeria, and my cousin Captain IDE has promised to imitate Sir HENRY IRVING. My own contribution will be a share in a little French duologue.

Yours sincerely, MILLIE BIRD.

III.

Lady Bird to Mr. Hall-Hall.

Lady BIRD having undertaken, at the request of Dr. DEAR, to get up the concert on the 17th, she would be enchanted to learn that Mr. HALL-HALL would be willing to give one of his delightful recitations. Mr. HALL-HALL will be glad to hear that Sir JULIAN has promised to deliver a short address on his experiences with Big Game in Nigeria.

IV.

Mr. Hall-Hall to Lady Bird.

Mr. HALL-HALL presents his compliments to Lady BIRD and will be very

glad to assist in the concert on the 17th. He does not, however, recite, as Lady BIRD seems to think, but sings bass.

V.

Lady Bird to Miss Effie Plumber.

Lady BIRD presents her compliments to Miss EFFIE PLUMBER and would be very glad if she would sing at the Cricket Club Concert on the 17th. Lady BIRD recently heard a very attractive song called "Sammy," which she would recommend to Miss PLUMBER's notice. Lady BIRD herself intends to take part in a short French duologue, and Sir JULIAN will give the audience the benefit of his Big Game experiences in Nigeria.

VI.

Miss Effie Plumber to Lady Bird.

Miss EFFIE PLUMBER presents her compliments to Lady BIRD, and begs to say that she will be pleased to sing at the Cricket Club Concert on the 17th. Miss EFFIE PLUMBER thanks Lady BIRD for her suggestion, but she is in the habit of singing "The Lost Chord" and "Jerusalem" on these occasions, with, for an encore, "Daddy," and she cannot see any reason for departing from custom.

VII.

The Rev. Cæsar Dear to Lady Bird.

DEAR LADY BIRD,—Chancing to meet Miss PLUMBER this morning, I find that she is under the impression that she is to sing for us on the 17th. I hasten to correct this misapprehension, if it is also yours, because the date is the 19th. I am, dear Lady Bird, Yours sincerely, CÆSAR DEAR.

VIII.

Lady Bird to the Rev. Cæsar Dear.

DEAR RECTOR,—Owing to the very unfortunate way in which you made the figure 9 in your first letter about the concert, I took it for a 7, and have asked every one for the 17th. Will you therefore change the date to that night?

Yours sincerely,

MILLIE BIRD.

IX.

The Rev. Cæsar Dear to Lady Bird.

MY DEAR LADY BIRD,—I regret exceedingly the ambiguity in the numeral. My writing is usually considered so clear. I regret also that the alteration of the date to the 17th is impossible, for several reasons. I have no doubt, however, that you will be able to get most of those who are helping us to come on the 19th, and to find among your great circle of friends and acquaintance others to take the place of the one or two that cannot. I should like to have a complete list of names as soon as possible. Believe me, dear Lady BIRD, Yours sincerely, CÆSAR DEAR.

X.

Lady Bird to Mr. Hall-Hall.

Lady BIRD presents her compliments to Mr. HALL-HALL and regrets to say that owing to a mistake of the Rector's the date of the concert was given in her letter as the 17th instead of the 19th. She trusts that the change of evening will make no difference to Mr. HALL-HALL, and that he will still favour the company with one of his charming recitations. Did Lady BIRD say in her previous letter that Sir JULIAN was intending to relate some of his experiences with Big Game?

XI.

Lady Bird to the Rev. Cæsar Dear.

DEAR RECTOR,—I am very sorry that you will not alter the date. This luckless piece of illegible writing of yours may ruin the whole evening. As my uncle the Archbishop used to say, "Great events often have the smallest beginnings." But now that the date is the 19th for certain, it must not be changed, and we must do what we can. Perhaps the most unfortunate thing is that, on a little capricious impulse, I decided after all that a slight leaven of the real thing might be good, and asked Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN and Mrs. BROWN POTTER for the 17th, and both promised, saying that that night was the only one that was free to them for months and months. This is truly the irony of fate. At present all I can count on is Sir JULIAN's Big Game stories, which promise to be very interesting, especially as he is taking lessons in elocution; Captain IDE's imitations of Sir HENRY IRVING; my own share in a little French duologue; and a few local efforts, including one of your friend Mr. HALL-HALL's recitations. (Not "Ostler Joe," I hope!) Yours sincerely,

MILLIE BIRD.

XII.

Telegram from the Rev. Cæsar Dear to Lady Bird.

Am altering date to seventeenth to secure COFFIN and POTTER. DEAR.

XIII.

Telegram from Lady Bird to the Rev. Cæsar Dear.

Do not alter date. Have just heard both COFFIN and POTTER uncertain. No reliance on artistic temperament.

BIRD.

XIV.

Mr. Hall-Hall to Lady Bird.

Mr. HALL-HALL presents his compliments to Lady BIRD, and regrets that he will be unable to assist in the concert on the 19th by reason of an old engagement. Mr. HALL-HALL begs again to assure Lady BIRD that he does not recite, but sings bass.

XV.

Lady Bird to the Rev. Cæsar Dear.

MY DEAR RECTOR,—I am exceedingly sorry, but the responsibility of this concert has worn me to such an extent that Sir JULIAN insists on our leaving at once for the Riviera. Ever since the discovery of that unfortunate slip of yours in the date I have felt the strain. I am one of those who cannot take things lightly. I am either all fire or quite cold. I have been all fire for your concert and its dear charitable object, and the result is that I am worn out, consumed. Wreck, though, that I am, I would persevere with it to the end if Sir JULIAN would allow it; but he is a rock. I therefore enclose all the correspondence on the subject, which will show you how the case stands, and make it very easy for you to complete the arrangements. All the hard work is done.

Believe me, with all good wishes, yours sincerely,
MILLIE BIRD.

P.S.—Sir JULIAN is having his Big Game reminiscences type-written for you to read to the audience. They are most thrilling. I have instructed GRANT to send down the lion-skin hearth-rug for the evening. It should be hung over a chair so that the two bullet-holes show.

MUSICAL JOTTINGS.

REPORTS of the uninterrupted series of triumphs achieved by Professor BILGER during his tour round the world continue to reach his agent, Herr GOGO BERLITZ. In Nigeria the Professor was positively mobbed by the Yorubas, and presented by their chief with an ambidextrous chimpanzee, who has since evinced extraordinary aptitude for the pianola. On Professor BILGER's reaching the Solomon Islands a grand corroboree was organised in his honour, at which the hero of the hour was pelted with yams and other honorific missiles, and given the native title of Pomaluka Tarabomba, or "the long-haired lightning-fingered chief." Herr BERLITZ is further authorised to contradict the rumour that Professor BILGER has adopted the polygamous habits of his hosts, or that his son, by way of protest, has changed his name to BULGER.

Another client of Herr BERLITZ's, Madame CARLOTTA KLUMBUNGUS, met with a romantic accident the other day while travelling on the Underground. On arrival in a Circle train at Portland Road Station, on her way to fulfil an engagement at the Zoological Gardens, Madame KLUMBUNGUS missed a priceless diamond-hilted watch, presented to her by the Sultan of the Canary Islands. Inquiries were made, and ultimately the

watch was found on the footboard of the same train at the same station, after it had made a complete round of the Inner Circle. The fortunate discoverer of the watch, a railway porter named HERBERT WORPLE, has been presented by its grateful owner with a panel portrait of herself in the national costume of the Canary Islands.

Mlle. CHRISTINE FAROLA, the new vegetarian soprano, will give her first recital at the Mixolydian Hall on Tuesday evening next at 8.30 P.M. A special feature of the programme will be the performance of "With Verdure Clad" by the concert-giver, with *obligato* accompaniment on the plasmophone by Fräulein MILKA PROTENE. Miss PAMELA PIM has kindly consented to give her humorous sketch, *Nut Cutlets*.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. ANDREW JUBB, the distinguished musical critic, at the age of seventy-six. Mr. JUBB, who was originally brought up to the hardware trade, used to utter the

proud boast that he had never sat out a WAGNER opera, and to the day of his death never succeeded in distinguishing BRAHMS from BRAHAM. It was he also who made the famous retort to the amateur who asked him if he liked CORELLI's music: "I've read all her novels, but I never knew she was a composer before." Mr. JUBB, who wrote for two dailies and seven provincial papers, used to bathe daily in the Serpentine until he was past seventy, and always drank claret-cup for lunch, winter and summer.

Dr. KRUMBASCHER, the famous Illyrian pianist, has just returned to Volo after a successful tour in the United States, during which he played 294 times in public, composed variations on "Yankee Doodle," and was received into the Mormon Church at Salt Lake City. Dr. KRUMBASCHER, who is an ardent philatelist, has been a teetotaller from birth, and is the youngest of nine brothers, none of whom weighs more than fourteen stone.



INNOCENTS IN THE CITY.

Mrs. Fitznoodle (evidently not well versed in the delicacies of a Guildhall feast). "FREDDY, DEAR, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN 'CALIFASHI' AND 'CALIPEE'?"

Colonel Fitznoodle (hesitating, and looking round for an answer). "CERTAINLY, MY DEAR. EXACTLY THE DIFFERENCE THERE IS BETWEEN 'GOG' AND 'MAGOG'!"

THE PROSPECT KING.

(An Interview of the Near Future.)

"American millionaires have now a new fad . . . they are planning and bringing about by the potent influence of their gold nothing less than the bodily removal of certain European landscapes."—*"Chronicle," San Francisco.*

"Yes," I was informed, on presenting my credentials at the Hôtel Sybarite, "Mr. SPLOSMACHER was in, and would see me." And, shortly afterwards, I was ushered into the palatial suite of apartments which Mr. PYTHAGORAS K. SPLOSMACHER retains, at an enormous annual rental, for his usage during his brief and very occasional visits to our metropolis.

It was difficult to realise at first that the spare, almost homely individual in the frock-coat and wispy black necktie, with the rugged features and stubbly beard and moustache, whom I found lunching unpretentiously upon a charcoal biscuit and a wineglassful of barley-water, was the famous American multi-trillionaire, whose energy and resources have enabled his native country to boast that all the most celebrated scenery of the Old World is now transported to the more appreciative soil of Columbia.

"What was it first led me to think of collecting scenery?" said Mr. PYTHAGORAS SPLOSMACHER, repeating my inquiry thoughtfully. "Well, it was pretty much of an accident. As a business man, I'd no time, naturally, to devote any particular study to the subject. In fact, when I began, I don't hardly believe I knew one end of a view from the other! It was all along of my daughter that I came to take it up as a regular hobby. She was a poetically-minded girl, at that period, and she got a sort of hankering to see the cragged and castled Rhine. Perhaps I should tell you that, though I am an American citizen and proud of the fact, my ancestors were originally of German extraction, which possibly accounted for it. Well, the trouble with my daughter was she was about the poorest sailor I ever see—the mere sight of an ordinary rocking-chair would set her heaving! She could not be induced to cross the Atlantic Ocean—not even to behold the Rhine—and yet you could see the child was fretting herself to a rag for a sight of that romantic stream with its numerous legendary associations.

"So, as she couldn't be got to the Rhine, it occurred to me that the Rhine—or, at all events, a characteristic section of the same—might be got to *her*, and I went into the thing from a practical point of view. I got a few scenery experts to give me some pointers as to which part of the river was considered the most representatively picturesque—and then I waltzed in with a business offer to the proper local authorities. As I surmised, it turned out to be merely a matter of dollars; they don't seem to have any use for their old peaks and things nowadays—except to set up factory chimneys upon—so I was able to purchase both banks, from Bacharach to Boppard inclusive, comprising the island of Pfalz, the Loreleyfelsen, and several highly interesting mediæval ruins, complete, with a sufficient consignment of real Rhine water to supply the section, at a considerably lower figure than I anticipated. I let them keep the railway track along each side, which was all *they* were anxious about. Of course the problem was getting it all safely home, and having it set up in its original condition in my own grounds. There were some mistakes. I can see that now. Owing to incorrect lettering, the remains of Rheinfels were re-erected on the wrong side of the river, while the castle of Sterrenberg got dumped down on the island of Pfalz, whose own tower unfortunately got mislaid altogether—but my dear daughter was just as pleased, not knowing the difference. She said she guessed there wasn't one of America's most pampered daughters ever received a bullier birthday present!

"Well, that was the start—the nucleus, so to speak.

Dating from that little birthday gift, I became kind of inoculated with the collecting virus. I read up guide-books and scenery manuals, and whenever I came across a European landscape highly mentioned by competent judges I'd send my agent around with instructions to secure the article the moment it came into the market.

"Likely you're aware that I am now the sole proprietor of the celebrated French forest of Fontainebleau, with the adjoining château or pleasure palace of the French monarchs? Yes, Sir, all those majestic sylvan giants, together with an assortment of rocks said to be unique, were carefully numbered and transported in specially constructed vessels to our side of the herring-pond, and set up in a spare back lot of mine, where they may now be inspected, on production of visiting-card and certificate of respectability, every Fourth of July!

"I've my representatives now in every part of the European Continent, engaged exclusively in picking up prime portions of the picturesque. I never know what I've purchased till it's unpacked. I shouldn't wonder if I didn't find time to examine most of them—but still, I've the satisfaction of knowing I haven't let a good thing slip through my fingers!

"Not but what," continued Mr. SPLOSMACHER, "I haven't had my disappointments. There was Tivoli, now. I should have dearly loved to have acquired Tivoli, with the temple of the Sibyl, falls and appurtenances, as a going concern, and I'd put the contract through with the Syndic and all—but it was not to be!

"If you'll believe me, a benighted and despotic Government stepped in at the last moment and declined to allow Tivoli to leave the Italian dominions!

"And I don't consider I was any better treated over the Jungfrau either. I bought that mountain for my boys, so as they should get some rock-climbing, which they're partial to, without having to travel for it. And, though they did make me pay pretty considerable for such fixtures as railroads, I got it cheap enough. But, when I came to estimate the time it would require to take that peak down and re-erect it on American soil, Sir, I began to realise that, before it was fit for use and occupation, my boys would be a deal too elderly to get any appreciable enjoyment out of it, and I was glad to cancel the purchase on forfeiture of the deposit. Those Swiss officials are smart men, Sir, and that's a fact!

"Do I intend to acquire any of your English scenery now I'm over here? Well, I can't say for certain. I've made an offer for Stratford-on-Avon as it stands, because I reckon the purchase would be generally appreciated by my fellow-countrymen, who would like to feel that what remains of it will be preserved from further vandalisms. But I doubt it's scarcely worth the outlay—being by now more of a curiosity than a genuine antiquity.

"If you've got such a thing left as a typical English lake which isn't being utilised as a service tank, or suffering from an extensive deposit of your national two-storied villas-residences, I don't know as I mightn't secure it—just for its rarity—but I want to know where I'm to find it first!

"The views from Richmond Hill and Hampstead Heath have been a good deal cracked up, I allow, and my agents have been in treaty for one or the other—but as soon as I came to inspect them myself I cried off. I'm not purchasing any landscapes with jerry-built foregrounds to them. Not much!

"Do I find my acquisitions have made me at all unpopular on the Continent? Why no, I haven't observed the fact. My experience is that the majority of the residents, after some unrivalled stretch of their local scenery has been shipped off to the United States, do not notice any particular difference. You see, a love for scenery is an acquired taste—it comes, as you may say, with Culture. If any inhabitant sets a money value on the view, it's a consolation to him to feel he's got the money in his pocket. . . . Besides, he's bound to

lose his prospect sooner or later, owing to the increase of commercial enterprise—in which case he knows he wouldn't have got a red cent in compensation. No, I reckon I'm an all-round benefactor.

"I tell you, Sir, if it wasn't for Me, the next generation of European citizens wouldn't begin to have any idea what their world-famous scenery used to be before it was all laid out in building lots!"

F. A.

CHARIVARIA.

THE new edition of *Great Inventors* is to be embellished with a "cut" of Admiral ROJDESTVENSKY.

"Owing to the various conflicting orders given to Admiral ROJDESTVENSKY," says the *Daily Express*, "his may be described as the 'Don't-know-where Fleet.'" Fortunately few persons have availed themselves of this permission.

The Army Council has decided that henceforth recruits may be accepted with artificial teeth "upon their undertaking to maintain them in serviceable condition." The kit inspection of the future will undoubtedly gain in picturesqueness when, here and there, among the other articles placed upon the ground, a well pipe-clayed set of teeth appears.

The Poplar Union, in an endeavour to become still more so, has abolished the word "pauper" in connection with the institution. It has not transpired what expression is to take its place, but we trust that it has been appreciated that a stigma attaches to the word "millionaire" also.

An election leaflet issued by the Free Fooders makes the following gruesome statement:—"The value of boots consumed in the United Kingdom last year amounted to £41,000,000." This accounts for many an exceptionally tough steak.

With a view to allaying the alarm caused by the frequent ignition of motor omnibuses, we are requested to state that in no instance, so far, have the passengers been more than slightly singed.

Face-smacking has come into fashion again in the French Chamber of Deputies.

The New York man who wagered that, if President ROOSEVELT were not re-elected, he would let his hair grow until 1908 fortunately won. We have met musicians who made similar bets, and unhappily lost.

Let War take a lesson from Peace.



UNNECESSARY QUESTIONS.

Lady (with gun). "AM I HOLDING THE THING RIGHT?"

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT gained his great victory with a loss of only thirteen lives.

The present attitude of the Russian newspapers to this country is said to be due to our taunts that the Russians could only act on the defensive. They wish to show that they are also masters of the offensive.

We all know that Americans can lick creation. It therefore came as no surprise when Mr. ALEXANDER, the leader of the revivalists now in this country, informed an interviewer that his arms had become like iron from beating time.

According to a Blue-book on differential duties which has just been issued, asses once paid duty. There was not always a Passive Resistance movement.

The young lady who represented Britannia on the summit of the allegorical

car in the Lord Mayor's Show received, it has transpired, a fee of fifteen shillings, a bottle of lemonade, and a Melton Mowbray pie. Her dignified bearing was due, we understand, to the bottle of lemonade.

THE "WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC" ONCE MORE.—"The Earl of LONDONDOROUGH has intimated to the tenants on his Scoreby Estate, near York, and his Tathwell and Hallington domains, in North Lincolnshire, that he is about to have them put up for sale by auction."—*The Standard*.

THE CZAR has described the Baltic Fleet as a "dear squadron." This is surely but a modest estimate of its extraordinarily expensive tastes.

FEARS have been expressed that Admiral ROJDESTVENSKY, on finding the Equator across his path, will fire on that imaginary object.



A FAILURE.

Farmer. "WELL, GEORGE, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU ON THAT THERE BICYCLE AS YOU BOUGHT LATELY."

George. "NO, FARMER. HE BEAN'T NO GOOD TO I. HE CAN'T FIND HIS WAY 'OME, AN' HE WON'T CARRY CIDER!"

MAIL-CART DIALOGUE.

"Look here, young Tenweeks, toe the line, will you!" ejaculated Twoyears from the other end of the slowly-moving perambulator; "you begin by unexpectedly monopolising the better half of my mail-cart, and end by kicking me in the sash."

"I'm sorry—but it's really not my fault," returned the other in a moody whimper. "If I draw my knees up further towards my chin they'll immediately give me dill-water, as you may remember from your own experience;—if not too far back."

"Dill-water—dear, dear!" said Twoyears, somewhat mollified, "what youthful memories that name recalls! So you don't like it either?"

"It has its uses," replied Tenweeks, "but as a universal remedy it is over-

rated. Dill-water cannot cure the consequences of an unlatched safety-pin, the trials of the toilet, or the suffocation which results from a tight neck-string, yet it is freely administered for all these complaints."

"But why take it? You should do a choke every time—that's the tip."

"I've tried that," returned the infant morosely, "and now they mix it in my bottle."

"Well, I can't advise you not to take that, my young friend," said Twoyears, with a dimpling smile; "and to judge from the commotion at your end of the nursery before meals it wouldn't be much use if I did."

"As for that, don't misunderstand me," said Tenweeks. "It is not my own internal requirements that irritate me so much as the servants' gross unpunctuality. I have never had a meal

yet without having to call for it repeatedly."

"So I've noticed," replied Twoyears. "Fortunately I've left all that behind me, being at the bread, gravy and spoon stage myself."

"But do you get enough?"

"Never; though by playing 'bow-wow' round the table one may often extract a little something from an appreciative Auntie."

"Don't mention Aunties—they'll be the death of me!" exclaimed the other bitterly. "It's a pity they can't employ their time better than by making more things to tie round my neck—as if I hadn't got enough already. Too little to eat, too much to wear—that's my grievance. What was yours last night, by the way? I fancy I heard you at some length."

"Oh yes, I did make things hum a bit. They're trying to break me of going to sleep with my comforter in my mouth, but as I have no intention of relinquishing it now, or at any future time, I am prepared to protest till all's blue—myself included."

"I noticed the man came up eventually, and insisted on your having it."

"The man?—that's father! He's not a bad sort when you know him. 'Anything for peace' is his motto; besides, he's always sucking a comforter himself—one of those queer-shaped ones that leave such a penetrating smell behind them."

"But what curiously ineffective beings these fathers seem to be, though," remarked Tenweeks. "He picked me up once. Great Bibs and Tie-ups! I thought my back had gone."

"Ah, but you'll find they become less helpless as you grow older and can take them about a bit. And talking of tie-ups I don't understand why yours are yellow, while mine, as far as I can remember, were red."

Tenweeks paused a moment before replying, then said significantly, "Far be it from me to infer why yours were red. Mine are yellow, to match my hair."

Twoyears stiffened, then said with a puzzled smile, "Your *what*?"

"My hair," replied the infant defensively.

"Which is that?" inquired the other, and went off into a gurggle of laughter.

Hurt beyond measure, Tenweeks replied by resuming the position objected to at the beginning of the dialogue. Twoyears pushed him back roughly, and received a sharp tap on the shoulder from a white-thread-gloved hand, which deserted the handle at the back for that purpose. A howl arose from either end of the mail-cart, and, comforters being promptly applied, further conversation was rendered impossible.



OUR GUNLESS ARMY.

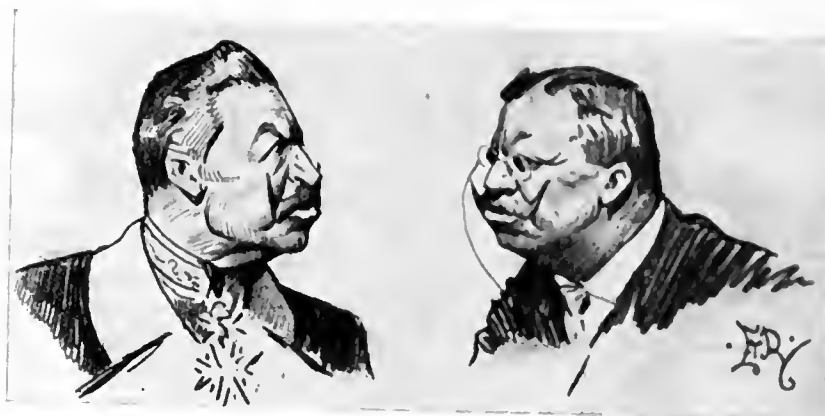
MR. BULL. "WHERE ARE THESE QUICK-FIRING GUNS I WAS PROMISED AGES AGO? I CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT 'EM."
PRESIDENT OF THE COMMITTEE OF NATIONAL DEFENCE. "QUITE SO, QUITE SO, BUT OUR FIRST CONSIDERATION IS THE BUDGET."

[In spite of the undertaking given by Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER as to the re-arming of the artillery with quick-firing guns of the new pattern, only about one-twentieth of this equipment has at present been supplied. See recent articles in the *N. James's Gazette*.]



THE SAN CARLISTS AT COVENT GARDEN.

New opera based (and tenor'd) on old play. Better perhaps for both works had composer CILEA shown his Calabrian calibre in an original libretto and not listened to the voice of the writer Signor A. COLAUTTI, write he never so nicely. However 'tis done, and this "Lyrical Drama" (why not simply "Opera"?) "based on SCRIBE and LEGOUVÉ's play" and version'd in English "as she is writ" by PERCY PINKERTON, was presented to an English audience by the San Carlist Company, under Mr. RUSSELL's direction, at Covent Garden on Tuesday 8th, eve of Lord Mayor's Day as also of His Gracious Majesty's Birthday. These two Eves should be the best of English fairy godmothers to *Mlle. Adrienne* (preferable to "*Adriana*") *Lecourreur*.



KINDRED SPIRITS OF THE "STRENUOUS LIFE."

(The Kaiser and President Roosevelt.)

To convey to others a first and correct impression of this new work we should say that the music is pretty throughout, though there is scarcely one number of any note (so to speak) of which we can rob the opera by taking it away with us. A very tuneful piece was encoired in the Second Act, and the opera in its entirety was received enthusiastically by a well-filled, if not packed (of course we do not mean an "artfully packed") house. Certainly we could hear it again with pleasure, and extracts from it may achieve popularity.

The opera was most effectively placed on the stage, both as regards scenery and costumes, especially that of *Madame DE CISNEROS*, who looked strikingly handsome as *La Princessa di Bouillon*, and worthily divided the honours with *Madame GIACCHETTI* in the grand duet of the Second Act between the *Princessa* and *Adrienne*. *Madame GIACCHETTI* as the heroine was charming, both vocally and histrionically. Signor ANSELMU played better than he sang, as he seemed, to be lacking in that touch of sympathy which the part requires. Signor SAMMARCO as *Michonnet* and Signor PAROLI as *L'Abate di Chazeuil* (rather difficult to recognise the portrait of *L'Abbe de Choiseul* painted in Italian oils) acquitted themselves artistically as vocalists, and fairly well as histrions.

As *Il Principe di Bouillon* (which sounds to the ignorant as if he had obtained his title through writing a treatise on the essence of beef-stewing) Signor ANGELINI FORNARI was as satisfying as a good *bouillon* ought to be. The ballet in Act III. is a dance of no particular importance. Everyone was called by the call-boy, and all the principals by the audience, who then vociferously cheered Signor CAMPANINI for his admirable conduct in the chair (in the orchestra), and gave the composer a thoroughly hearty and most gratifying reception. The *entr'actes* were too long, which is always dangerous, especially at a *première*.

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

FAITHFUL are the wounds of a friend—beware however of his prescriptions.

The love of our own country should be implanted early or the climate will win.

There are lots of compliments that a woman thinks bad form; they are paid to the others.

Labour overcometh all things, except the capitalist.

He lives longest that is awake most hours, but he yawns a good deal.

To a brave man every soil is his country; that accounts for our colonies.

MR. SQUEERS ON THE EMOTIONS.

[A reviewer in the *Yorkshire Post*, à propos of a recently-published volume, the theme of which is the poet's grief for the loss of his mother, remarks:—"Had the poem been inspired by love for a woman lost ere wed, or for a passionately-beloved wife dead in her prime, such an expression of ferocious sorrow might have been accepted as not absolute madness. But when used concerning one's mother—well!"]

Oh, Brother Bards, who make your griefs the subject for a sonnet,

And when your heart is broken write an elegy upon it,
Who mourn (perhaps) a parent or some other near relation,
Be careful to express yourselves with fitting moderation.
That sort of loss is bound to come, most people have gone through it,

So write your poem if you must—but don't you overdo it!
These little ills of human life that seem to you so bitter
Excite in the reviewing mind a tendency to titter;
And don't suppose your snuffling will disarm the critic's curses,

He may respect your feelings, but he'll drop upon your verses.

For it is clear as clear can be that filial devotion
Is not a theme for genuine poetical emotion.
If the lady you're engaged to dies a week before the wedding,

Some allowance will be made for any tears you may be shedding;

Or if a wife's decease inspires your melancholy ditty—
That is, if she is young and more than usually pretty;
But a mother!—It is patent that no reasonable person
Could select *her* of all people as the peg to hang his verse on.
It's true that COWPER did so. But the only consequence is
That no one ever afterwards believed him in his senses.

While BRYON, with his strong good sense, his fire and force and passion,

Apostrophised *his* mother in a very different fashion!
A mother's only business (and, I'm told, her sole ambition)

Is to supervise the niceties of infantile nutrition,
To hang above your baby cot with rapture, scarcely breathing,
To nurse you through the hooping-cough and soothe the pangs of teething,

To buy the toys you gaily break, endure your childish chatter—
And that is really all that need be said about the matter.

So bear this warning well in mind, oh my poetic brothers,
And never, NEVER, NEVER write a poem to your mothers!

OXFORD'S EXPANSION.

[“Dr. PARKIN's mission has been very successful. Many RHODES scholars are now in residence at Oxford.”—*Daily Paper*.]

AWAKE, ye Muses, in your blest abodes,
And sing, through me, the scholar-host of RHODES;
Tell by my tongue how PARKIN sped apace
From land to land upon his moneyed race,
Intent to find in every spot he came to
Men to take RHODES's shilling and his name too.
Cape Town has heard him, and in Montreal
McGILL's professors hearkened to his call;
On Morrumbridge's banks he charmed the throng,
Mount Kosciusko sparkled at his song.
“I sing,” he cried, “a land of milk and honey;
And, lo, I bring the necessary money.
I sing of Oxford and the happy fate
That makes a lad its undergraduate.”
So much he praised the University
He caused a boom in Oxford oversea,
And even advertised her on the Spree.
The KAISER saw that there was money in it:—
“Go in,” he said, “my merry men, and win it;
Geht, meine Kinder, nehmt die Pfeifen mit,
And make the British fellows to up-sit;
Drink beer and, drinking, spread your KAISER's glory,
Dann kehrt zurück, and tell me all your story.”

Much in the States did PARKIN spend his breath;
His message tickled every Yank to death:
In fact he very earnestly impressed
The great Republic of the fruitful West;
Told her, since fairy-stories there's no tax on,
All kinds of tales about the Anglo-Saxon,
His heritage, his fair Columbian daughter,
And how his blood is thicker far than water.
Utah beheld the missionary gleam;
It flashed and flew across Missouri's stream.
Now here, now there, it lingered not in vain,
In South Dakota, Kansas, and in Maine;
Glanced o'er Connecticut, and had to use its
Best work to be allowed in Massachusetts
(Rhodesian lures seemed rather to be lost on
The hard-shell Puritans who dwell in Boston);
Sped through New York, and, glowing like a light-house,
Lit up the teeth of TEDDY in the White House.
New Hampshire knew it; in Virginia's view
It seemed a something strange and rare and new.
High in Ohio it was seen to flare;
Montana's skies were ruddy with its glare;
And hardy Western men relate with awe
How bright it shone in distant Arkansas.
It stayed awhile with Mr. CORTELYOU;
Beamed on the good grey head of C. DEFEW,
And, having spread through districts all was dark in,
Returned, unwearied still, with Dr. PARKIN.
But not alone: across the stormy main
A host of youths it carried in its train,
Youths who had packed their pants and shirts and collars,
And left their homes as Mr. RHODES's scholars,
Seeking in Oxford with a holy rage
The last enchantments of the Middle Age.

“What strange new rivers have flowed down from far
To mix with Isis and combine with Cher!
Learning I love; I love not learning's booms”—
So growled an Oxford Don, and left his rooms;
And next was found, with wife and child and pram,
At home and happy by the simple Cam. 'Tis.

A PIRATE KING.—JOLLY ROGER-DESTVENSKY.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

THERE are some very ancient stage jests, rather to be reckoned among “bits of business,” that seem to be gifted with the perennial power of giving intense gratification to the majority in a crowded audience, who spontaneously express their delight in bursts of irrepressible laughter and by the heartiest handclapping applause. Any experienced actor will be able to tick off such certainties as “safe laughs,” on his fingers, and the truth of the calculation will be admitted on all hands. There are some of these in Mr. ZANGWILL's *Merely Mary Ann*, one being the misdirection of whatever liquid it may be that the actor is pouring out (it matters not from what jug, bottle, or syphon, the last being the most modern form), so that, instead of the tumbler being filled, an actor's legs are drenched, whereat, on its first occurrence, the audience is convulsed. On repetition in the same piece, however, this humorous bit of business falls flat. It is no use laughing over twice spilt soda-water. The fun has fizzled out.

Then, in the course of a merry, successful musical piece at another theatre, a most popular actor who can act, sing, dance, and generally keep the ball a-rolling nightly to genuinely delighted audiences, gives with utmost *verve* a song with a swing and a lilt in it that makes it “catch on” at once, and in the course of this, at the end of one line where the word, if we remember aright, should rhyme with “cram,” and be represented by the last syllable of “Amsterdam,” the sly singer does not utter the monosyllable, but it is expressed by a bang on the drum, and is thus rendered intelligible to the meanest capacity wherever its possessor may be seated, whether in the stalls, in the upper middle circle, or among the highest intelligences at the greatest distance from the stage. And what is this rare example of exquisite humour but a survival of the ancient “business” that invariably formed an essential part of the old song that, years and years ago, used invariably to be sung by the clown in a Drury Lane pantomime on its being insistently demanded by the “gallery boys” and “pitties” whose fathers and grandfathers had been wont to applaud to the echo the song known as “*Hot Codlins*,” originally sung by Mr. JOSEPH GRIMALDI in every pantomime wherein this King of Clowns took part at Old Drury Lane Theatre?

Some time ago there was a re-action against this style of fun which was temporarily voted vulgar; superfine critics of the period classed such exhibitions with the performance of burlesque which they condemned as “inane,” and professed to welcome with ardour the change to “musical pieces” which have gradually become little more than a patch-work put together anyhow, into which any song or dance or dialogue, however irrelevant, can be introduced at any time, so as to keep the entertainment going as “a variety show,” with disjointed prose, plenty of rhyme, and very little reason. And the moral is simply the old one, as forcible now as ever it was, and as it always will be, that

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
And those who live to please must please to live;

and after all, as *Nancy* inquired in *Oliver Twist*, so may the question now be asked, “what might be the amount of odds so long as a lady or gentleman was happy?” And if it pays—*voilà tout!*

AN OFFICIAL WARNING AGAINST MAL-DE-MER.—From a printed receipt given on board the Queensboro'-Flushing Mail Boat:—

“Passengers are particularly requested to obtain from the Stewards, coupons, showing the amount, paid for refreshments and to retain the same.”

The italics are Mr. Punch's, but the sole credit for the punctuation is due to the original author of this brochure.



THE EGOIST.

Gallant Colonel. "EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT DO YOU KNOW YOUR HORSE IS KICKING?"
 Lady (on hiring, and out for the first time). "OH, THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR MENTIONING IT, COLONEL, BUT I REALLY DON'T MIND IT AT ALL."

THE SOLE OF HONOUR.

ARE YOU SHOD WITH SHODDY?

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[These footnotes were prepared by one of Mr. PUNCH's artful advertisers, and the observations they contain are guaranteed to be wholesome, palatable, and free from all injurious ingredients.]

THE ancient philosopher PYTHAGORAS is recorded to have met an acquaintance in the market-place on one of those inclement days which, even in the normally serene climatic conditions of Greece, are apt, although with comparative infrequency, to depress, not less by their intrinsic unpleasantness than by their contrast with that ideal atmospheric serenity beloved by the Hellenic race, every [When is this sentence going to

end?—ED. I always start like this. It impresses the reader. Besides, I'm just coming to a full stop.—ARTFUL ADVERTISER] citizen. Noticing that his friend's sandals were far from water-tight, the philosopher strongly advised his friend to go home. The latter, however, protested that if his sandals were worn out at least his *chiton*, or tunic, was in excellent order. "That may be," returned PYTHAGORAS with withering sarcasm, "but your tunic will not keep your feet dry." [What is the point of this story?—ED. Wait, and you'll see.—A. A.]

This profound aphorism may well be impressed upon the British public of to-day. How frequently we may observe a man, well-dressed in other respects, whose boots quite obviously have not been made by a really first-class firm! Doubtless the fact may be attributed by some to the scarcity of really first-class bootmakers. That they are scarce, we do not question; indeed, the title cannot with accuracy be conferred upon more than one London house. If this were a mere barefaced advertisement, we should immediately give the name of that firm. But this is a literary article, designed merely to interest the casual reader. Wild horses shall not drag us into revealing the name of the firm to which we allude.

MESSRS. TAG, LACE & Co. (547, Regent Street, right-hand side; be very particular about the address) are, by common consent, the best purveyors of foot-wear in the world. To them, therefore, we have applied for an expert analysis of two sample boots, and the results are so striking that we hasten to set them before the public.

SAMPLE 1.—A boot made by any firm but one.

2nd quality leather.....	25'45 parts.
3rd " "	24'55 "
Brown paper, &c.	49'95 "
Best leather	05 "

100'00

SAMPLE 2.—A boot made by Messrs. TAG, LACE & Co.

(Don't forget the only address,
547, Regent Street.)

Best leather..... 100 parts.

100

The moral of this is obvious, and if these articles were written with any idea of recommending a particular firm (which of course they are not), we should say that the man is foolish



Owner of Table. "LOOK HERE! YOU ARE ALWAYS REMINDING ME TO RESPECT YOUR CLOTH. I WISH TO GOODNESS YOU'D PAY A LITTLE MORE RESPECT TO MINE!"

indeed who buys his boots elsewhere than at 547, Regent Street. But this is no vulgar puff. We will only say (i) Buy your boots at a first-class house; (ii) Messrs. TAG, LACE & Co.'s house is undoubtedly first-class; (iii) There is only one first-class house in England. These are incontrovertible facts; if the reader draws certain deductions from them, that, of course, is no fault of ours.

In our next six articles we shall speak of the different kinds of footwear, giving information that is suitable to the Times. [No doubt; but not to "Punch."—ED.]

ORIENTAL MIXED DRINKS.—During the excitement caused by other news from the Far East the following item, which in quieter times might have excited notice, has been overlooked. The *North China Herald*, dealing with the ceremony of opening the Shanghai Rowing Club Boat House, says: "On a long table were many dozens of glasses being filled with champagne, sandwiches, and cigars."

A WARNING TO MOTORISTS.

WE hear, on good authority, that the practice of riding in motors, with its attendant lack of exercise, is leading the smart set and society at large to put on adipose tissue at an alarming rate, and at the same time to develop a Gargantuan appetite. Before it is too late, it is as well to point out what this is all leading to, viz., the fatal steps of a downward devolution, or the giddy vortex of a vicious circle (at the moment of writing we are not sure which). At any rate,

A Motorocracy which is obese and voracious, especially in its feminine members, will speedily bring about, we prophesy, the state of things which prevailed at the Court of GEORGE II., where the ladies' credentials were ombongpong and a handiness with knife, fork, and fingers. This will be the psychologic epoch for the reappearance of

BEAU NASH, with his train of Deputy M.C.'s and *petits-maitres*. NASH *redivivus* will necessitate a revival of

Bath and its goings-on (see any old comedy).

The next move will undoubtedly be the reintroduction of Bath and Sedan chairs.

Among the concomitants of the latter we shall have a renewed importation of

Negro Page-boys; in other words, we are being precipitated downwards into the bad old horrors of slavery, out of which it was fondly hoped that the world had emerged. From Slavery and the Slave-market set up in our midst it is but a short step to the re-establishment of

The Press Gang (we shudder to write the word, but the truth will out). It has nothing to do with the able and energetic members of the Fourth Estate who make things lively in Fleet Street in the small morning hours, but it involves the abolition, or at least the suspension, of Habeas Corpus, the undoing of Magna Charta, the Recrudescence of Robber Barons, the re-erection of Portcullises and Machicolated Battlements, and a general outbreak of

The Darkest Middle Ages. This means nothing more nor less than a renewal of the grossest superstitions, which will have to be stamped out by a series of

Autos-da-Fé. We have here slipped forward a century or two, but no matter!

From an *Auto-da-Fé* it is the easiest possible transition into an Automobile, and (as we feared at the beginning) we have the whole dreadful story all over again. Let, then, the Upper Teuf-Teuf be warned in time. The British public has had enough of motor ataxy.

A GUNLESS WAR OFFICE.

Members of Army Council deliberating. Table littered with papers, in the midst of which reposes a Brodrick cap, which the members have evidently been trying on in turn before a pier-glass in the background, during a discussion as to the responsibility for the introduction of the head-dress in question.

First member (despairingly). No, the thing doesn't suit any of us—hardly a fair test perhaps. Wish the thing was in Tibet. Too bad of B. trying to shirk his responsibility for it, after telling me he would approve of anything that wouldn't stop recruiting and be to the taste of the British Nursemaid. Hang the—no, I don't mean that, but it is really most annoying, after all our trouble, that the British Nursemaid should object to the cap. We shall have to get a British Nursemaid on the Council, I suppose.

Second member (impressively, struck by a brilliant idea). There's nothing like testing the matter personally to get at the truth. As a family man you must have a British Nursemaid somewhere on the premises. Now suppose you take the cap home, put it on, have the Nursemaid sent for in a casual, incidental kind of way, and watch the effect.

First member mildly but firmly and decidedly negatives the proposal.

Second member (disappointed). Well, of course if you object, there's no more to be said. By the way, I got an anonymous letter this morning from some fellow who says he knows another fellow who saw an article in an evening paper (an influential evening paper, he says), stating categorically that the guns of the Field Artillery are utterly out of date, and inferior to those of every other European Power—scarce a quick-firer amongst them, except some German guns which we got with great difficulty and in a great hurry when the Boer affair was on; and backs up his statements with the authority of an officer of high rank in the British Army—wonder who that can be? You don't happen to know anything about it? I suppose the public will as usual want to know who is responsible, and how such things are possible after the re-organisation that brought Us into being, and all the rest of it. Why can't these newspaper

fellows and the public mind their own business! What do they know about our work? Some of 'em would know what work is if they had to design an undress cap! I've got that cap on the brain—rather neat that, eh? not the cap, but the joke. Well, I dream of that cap all night and think of it all day, and then, on the top of all this, they want to worry us about guns!

First Member. Well, I rather fancy, now you speak of it, I did hear of something of the kind. They say they've got a splendid gun designed—an 18½-pounder, a long way the best in the



THE HIGHWAY; OR, THE GHOST'S MISTAKE.

Shade of Turpin. "GAUZOOKS! TIMES DON'T SEEM TO HAVE CHANGED MUCH, AFTER ALL!"

market—but they couldn't get the money out of the Treasury, and the manufacturing people actually refuse to make the guns unless they get paid for them—so much for patriotism! But (with a sudden inspiration) why not wire down to Woolwich and see if they know anything? The King was down there the other day inspecting the Artillery, and he would have noticed fast enough if there had been anything wrong. Don't believe there is, but perhaps, to satisfy the Public, we might wire, or drop a line to someone down there.

Third Member. Well, we can't possibly see to everything. Let's get back to business, or we shall be late for lunch. Now about this cap . . .

SOME GAS-FREAKS.

A "GREAT Gas Exhibition" is to take place shortly at Earl's Court. We understand that among the exhibits and side shows there will be found the following:

A Set of Fully-Inflated Gas-bags, lent (during the Recess) by the Lower House of Parliament. A large number of these are of Irish manufacture and liable to explode without warning. One of the remainder, a Welsh specimen, is highly-charged and warranted to operate for six hours at a stretch. Another, contributed by a Lancashire firm,

is practically inexhaustible. The two latter, with many more of similar construction, will be employed for the illumination of platforms throughout the country pending the approach of the General Election.

Some American "Spellbinders," as used for touring purposes in the West during the recent Presidential campaign. They shed a somewhat garish light, not unminged with considerable warmth, on impromptu crowds in railway stations, market squares, and other places of public resort.

An Incandescent Mantle, exhibited by the Prophet ELIJAH DOWIE, at white heat by reason of the resistance and non-conductivity of British atmosphere.

A selection of Simple Household Meters (on the Penny-in-the-slot Principle) displayed by the Poet Laureate. They are Made in England, are guaranteed against being "fraud-pilfered," and may be read by a child.

A variety of Safety Burners, otherwise known as "Passive Resisters," very cheap and economical. They are specially

designed to lower the rates and at the same time spread the light. Their invention and employment is a liberal education in the art of circumventing the law without burning the fingers. The amount of gas these ingenious little applications give off is simply marvellous.

Manifestos and Orders to the Fleet by Russian admirals, with full directions in the case of Panic at Sea; also a Treatise on "Accidents and How they may be Explained Away."

Manifestos and Orders to the Fleet by British Cabinet Ministers, with complete rules for the diplomatic avoidance of taking offence; also a Text-book on "Pirates at Large, and How their Susceptibilities may be Tenderly Handled."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Baronite finds *The Farm of the Dagger* (NEWNES), though less lengthy in form, less elaborate in treatment, than some of the books that have made the fame of Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, not less charming. It has about it the babble of Dart, the breath and bloom of the moor the author knows so well and loves so dearly. Next to THOMAS HARDY Mr. PHILLPOTTS is master of the characterisation of the country villager, with his quaint picturesque talk infused with sub-acid humour. *Eve Newcombe*, round whose love-story tragedy gathers, is a delightful English girl. Contrasted with her purity and faithfulness is the history of her father and his hated neighbour *Roger Honeywell*, closing in a dramatic scene in the parlour at Dagger Farm, where the passing visitor shares with his host a draught of *John Newcombe's* sparkling (for the occasion poisoned) home-brewed ale. "As *Honeywell* set down his second glass he felt the sensation of a hot belt tightening round his stomach. 'What's this?' he said, and stared at *Newcombe*. 'Death,' answered the other grimly, 'death at last, though I've got to go too. That's no matter. I'll die happy to see you die.'" Hating each other in life, in death they were not divided.

The humour or artistic value of LOUIS WAIN's cats the Baron has always failed to appreciate, and a searching inquiry into the merits of this artist's pictures in *Funny Animals* (CLARKE & Co.) only confirms the Baron in his own opinion. Mr. SHEPHERD's monkeys and frogs in this book are really humorous. His pigs, *The Little Triants*, and his *Cockatoos*, are full of "go." The "other artists" (so advertised) do good work, specially Mr. CROMWELL LAURENCE in his *Fishes at School*. A book to amuse children.

The only flaw my Baronite notes in the perfectness of MARION CRAWFORD's latest work is its title. *Whosoever Shall Offend* (MACMILLAN) is not more appropriate to the story than if it had been called *Here To-day and Gone To-morrow*. That is, however, a detail which does not affect the masterfulness of the work. Some may find it a little rude in the frankness of its dealing with the ways of common life in Italy. Men are too ready with poison and dagger, women too careless about the marriage ceremony, to suit the severer taste of more northern latitudes. Nevertheless—perhaps, therefore—there is a good deal of human nature in the drama. One of the strongest characters is *Regina*, the peasant girl who saves the life of the rich young *Marcello*, nurses him through illness following on one of the few uncompleted attempts at murder that star the story, loves him, lives with him, and sets aside his offer to marry her because she is not Signorina, and therefore not good enough for the position. Another fine study is her father *Ereole*, gamekeeper and gardener to *Marcello's* mother. A third is his dog *Nino*, a faithful savage brute, doubtless drawn from life. From these hints it will be gathered that the story is not written with pen dipped in rosewater. It is a tragedy whose unfolding holds the reader in grim grip from the first chapter to the last.

In considering the wittily named *Harvest of Chaff* (CONSTABLE) My Baronite is hampered by consideration of the fact that, with one exception, the sparkling verse first bubbled in the weekly cauldron of *Punch*. All the world read it there. Here is opportunity of fully recognising the resource and skill by which, dealing with a variety of topics, the high note pitched in the opening effort is maintained throughout. HOMER nodded (as has been said before), and WORDSWORTH, whilst sometimes touching the highest peaks of poetry, occasionally descended to depths of doggerel. OWEN SEAMAN's

work is almost monotonous in its unflawed excellence. The subjects, being picked out for *Punch* from the topics of the week, naturally vary in point when presented in book form. But each is touched with master hand. Mr. SEAMAN laughs, cynically for the most part, round all his multifarious topics. But he is never frivolous. For example, dealing with one of the bye-elections he, in dramatic verse, depicts the feeling of an upstart humptious employer of labour who woos the labour vote in effort to get in the House of Commons, and explodes in wrath at discovery that at Barnard Castle a labour candidate has defeated the official Liberal nominee. We have already forgotten Barnard Castle and the result of its poll; Mr. SEAMAN, perceiving in it an influence that may have important consequences on the political position in the immediate future, does well to preserve the pungent commentary. Whilst daintily toying with newspaper topics in fashion that recalls CALVERLEY, Mr. SEAMAN upon occasion doffs the jester's suit and strikes a solemn chord. The death of Queen VICTORIA brought forth a multitude of verse, in merit ranking down to the level of the Poet Laureate. In music, pathos, and simplicity, the noble tribute laid on the dead QUEEN's coffin by *Mr. Punch's Young Man* is incomparable.

Christmas books, reports the Assistant Reader, have begun to set in with their usual pleasant prematurity. Amongst these I desire to single out a particularly pretty little story for children, entitled *Buffles, the Story of a Dog* (BICKERS), written by A. L., and illustrated by SIBYL MICHOLES. The story is simply and gracefully written, and children are certain to be charmed both by it and by the delightful pictures that Miss MICHOLES has drawn and painted to accompany and adorn it.

The *Golliwog*, being a bit played out in England, is taken abroad for a Christmas holiday excursion by Miss FLORENCE K. UPTON, and its adventures among the Dutch Dolls are described pictorially by her clever eccentric pencil and paint-brush, and by Miss BERTHA UPTON's Golliwoggian Muse, in a bright publication (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.), entitled *The Golliwog in Holland*. The Dutchesses, or Dutch Dolls, are quaintly captivating, and if only for their sweet sakes the dollinquences of the *Golliwog*, whom the Baron trusts he now sees for the last time, will be forgiven.

Let the Baron recommend Mr. FERGUS HUME, author of *The Wooden Hand* (F. V. WHITE & Co.), when next he wishes to interest us in a story depending upon a mysterious murder, to be very careful that the victim be neither wooden-headed nor wooden-handed (as in this case), but somebody whom the reader has learnt to love. The exact reverse of this is instanced in this the above-named author's latest novel. The Baron loveth a good sensational plot, whether in melodrama or romance, but no melodrama or romance ever yet achieved thorough success unless the victim, either of mistake or treachery, had won the entire sympathy of the audience or the reader, from the very commencement. In this story there are too many characters; they hamper the author and confuse the reader, and none of them, save the circus girl, offers any point of individual interest. All have something to do, directly or remotely—and this is where Mr. HUME shows his ingenuity—with the crime and its unravelling. *Faute de mieux*, 'twill serve a non-Bridge-player on a wet day in a country house.





THE VOYAGE OF THE BALTIC FLEET.—No. V.

AS "SHIPS OF THE DESERT" ARE LIABLE TO BE MISTAKEN FOR JAPANESE TORPEDO-BOATS, THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT HAS WARNED ALL CAMEL-DRIVERS THAT, DURING THE PASSAGE OF THE BALTIC FLEET THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL, CAMELS WILL BE ALLOWED WITHIN SHELL-RANGE OF THE CANAL ONLY AT THEIR OWNERS' RISK. TO REMAIN NEAR THE BANKS WOULD BE SUEZ-SIDAL.

PETS AT THE PLAY.

["The modern craze for unusual pets was exemplified (at the performance of *Adriana Lecouvreur* at Covent Garden last Saturday) by a well-known lady who brought a chameleon. The little creature is very sensitive to music, which seems to hypnotise it."—*Daily Mail*, November 14.]

MR. GEORGE EDWARDES, always on the alert to diagnose the trend of fashion, has made arrangements by which a portion of the *foyer* has been railed off as a lounge and refreshment bar for pets, a trained keeper from the Zoo being always in attendance. Already this timely concession has been fully appreciated. Thus on Monday evening we noticed in the stalls Father IGNATIUS with his rubricated racoon, Lord SHUTTLEWORTH with a select party of hartebeestes, and Miss MARIE CORELLI with her tame swan.

The performance on Tuesday was enlivened by a most diverting episode. Overcome by Miss CONNIE EDISS's first song, a fine young zebra, which formed one of the Hon. WALTER ROTHSCHILD's party, became so excited that it tried to leap from the box on to the stage, but falling short broke through two of the

kettle-drums in the orchestra, while its hind legs became entangled in the strings of the harp. The curtain was promptly lowered, and the conductor with great presence of mind directed the available members of the band to play some soothing strains, which in a short space tranquillised the distressed quadruped, who was promptly removed to Charing Cross Hospital in a four-wheeler.

We regret to state that an unfortunate accident has marred the success of this popular innovation. On Wednesday evening Mr. EDMUND PAYNE was severely bitten in the small of the back by a tame tarantula which had escaped from the gold filigree reticule of pretty Mrs. STUYVESANT SALMON, who was otherwise charming in pink. The audience had for some time been conscious that Mr. PAYNE had been dancing with more than his usual vivacity, but a profound feeling of sympathy was evoked when the burly form of Mr. EDWARDES was seen to step before the curtain with the distressing revelation of the true cause of his momentous agility. The latest notice in the *flies* reads, "No spiders admitted."

THE PAINTER AND THE CARPENTER.

THE Painter and the Carpenter
Were walking side by side,
They wept like anything to think
Of SHAKESPEARE yet untried.
"If we," said they, "could have our
way,
He'd join the flowing tide."

"If Managers," the Painter said,
Would send for you and me,
As (just to take a recent case)
Did Mr. BEERDOHM TREE,
We'd make the Bard a living thing,
And all would crowd to see.

"A little work," the Painter said,
"From pencils that are blue;
A ballet here, a ballet there;
A comic song or two;
And even *Pericles* would pay
If left to me and you."

"If seven SHAWs with seven pens
Should write for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Painter said,
"They'd fill the second tier?"
The Carpenter said nothing but,
"Wait till we do our *Lear*!"

A BLANK WEEK.

[“Pocimur. Si quid vacui,” &c.—HORACE.]

WHAT motive wakes the motley minstrel's lyre?
Shall he from sere November's sullen dearth,
Its morbid fogs, its pestilential mire,
Start his hebdomadal attempt at mirth?
No; though the topic falls superbly pat,
I shall not touch on that.

Shall I acclaim our Guest with winged words,
Warm in his corner where the coverts laugh
With wealth of royal or of ducal birds?
No; I shall leave the bustling Biograph
To catch a cursory inspiration from
That suave and doughty DOM.

Shall I apostrophise the art of CAINE,
When there is ONE, the match of fifty score,
Whose life-work is to make his merits plain
And spread his circulation more and more?
No; let the veteran boomster roll his own
Peculiar log alone.

Shall I, for choice, describe the Baltic chief
Probing his way, at half-a-brace of knots,
To where the hosts of PHARAOH came to grief?
No; 'tis a tale for Cardiff patriots,
Engaged to expedite him toward the goal
By help of British coal.

Shall I rehearse the young DALMEY's *mot*,
Who takes the Press (that mighty power) to task
For being captured by the charms of JOE?
No; I will let the Free Trade Liberals ask
Of their respected Champion's next-of-kin:
“Where does *our* Press come in?”

Shall I repeat Lord GEORGE's pungent quips
Touching the PREMIER, how he went and hedged?
No; for of all who heard from ARTHUR's lips
The Great “Repudiation” (as alleged)
Not one, not even ARTHUR's self, could glean
Just what he meant to mean.

Such are the themes on which our thinkers brood,
And in a bard of more heroic mould
They should inspire the right creative mood,
But, for myself, they leave me strangely cold;
Therefore, this week, ignoring Duty's call,
I shall not write at all.

O. S.

PROTECTION AGAINST MOTOR-CARS.

SIR,—I recently read with interest a letter in the *Times* from “A Cyclist since 1868.” In it he announced his intention of carrying a tail-light in order to avoid being run into from behind. The idea is admirable, and my wife and I, as Pedestrians since 1826 and 1823 respectively, propose to wear two lamps each in future, a white and a red.

We are, however, a little exercised to know whether we should carry the white in front and the red behind, or *vice versa*. For in walking along the right side of a road we shall appear on the wrong side to an approaching motor-car. Would it not therefore be better for us to have the tail-light in front? Your most humble and obedient servant,

LUX PREFOSTERA.

P.S.—Would such an arrangement make us “carriages” in the eye of the law? At present we appear to be merely a sub-division of the class “unlighted objects.”

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER I.

How she came to the Throne.

“WILL you break it to her?” said the Chamberlain.
“No,” said the Prime Minister. “I rather think you should do that. I’ll stand by and help you, of course. But she’s so very young, only fifteen, that it won’t be very difficult.”

“Well, well,” said the Chamberlain with a sigh, “I’ll do my best. Poor little thing, it is sad to think that at her age she should be so heavily burdened.”

“What a fatality!” said the Prime Minister after a pause. “The old King, of course, might have gone at any moment, but who could have foretold that Prince CHARLES and his two sons would perish in that dreadful accident, and that the crown would descend to this frail little grand-niece.”

“Providence,” said the Chamberlain sententiously, “moves in a mysterious way. Do you know anything of the child?”

“Nothing whatever, except that she and her mother have lived in obscurity for many years.”

“It will be a great change,” said the Chamberlain. “But I must compose my mind for the task that is before me, for we cannot be far from her home.”

At this point I may as well pause for a moment in order to tell you a little more plainly how it happened that on this foggy November morning these two old gentlemen were sitting in a heavy carriage drawn by two fat bay horses and driven by a coachman who on his hammer-cloth perch looked for all the world like a noble advertisement of beef and plum-pudding and good old ale.

First let me tell you that the great country of Hinterland had just lost its King, and the situation had been further complicated by the tragedy which had on the same day carried off his only son and his two grandsons. Thus the crown had passed to the Princess SYLVIA, who was granddaughter to the late King's brother. This brother, having incurred great debts, and having in most other respects offended the Hinterlanders, had been banished from the Court and had died in exile. His son, who was SYLVIA's father, had taken to a seafaring life and had perished ten years ago in a terrible storm, and thus SYLVIA, whose acquaintance you are soon to make, was changed into a Sovereign. Nobody had supposed that chance would ever make little SYLVIA a Queen, and at this moment she herself was quite ignorant of her own importance. She had lived all her life with her mother in a cottage ten miles from the capital, and none of her great relations had ever taken the least notice of her. These things, as of course you know, do very often happen in royal families. The history books simply teem with such matters, and people ought long ago to have got quite used to them. Yet when it became known to the Hinterlanders that this little girl was to be their Queen great surprise was expressed, and many leading articles in all the newspapers drew morals from SYLVIA's unexpected good fortune and gave elaborate accounts of her appearance, her admirable conduct and her innumerable accomplishments, which, it seemed, were far beyond her years, and fitted her excellently for the high position to which she had been called. As you will have guessed, the Prime Minister and the Chamberlain were at this moment on their way to announce to her officially her accession to the throne of her ancestors.

A few words, too, I must say about Hinterland and its people.

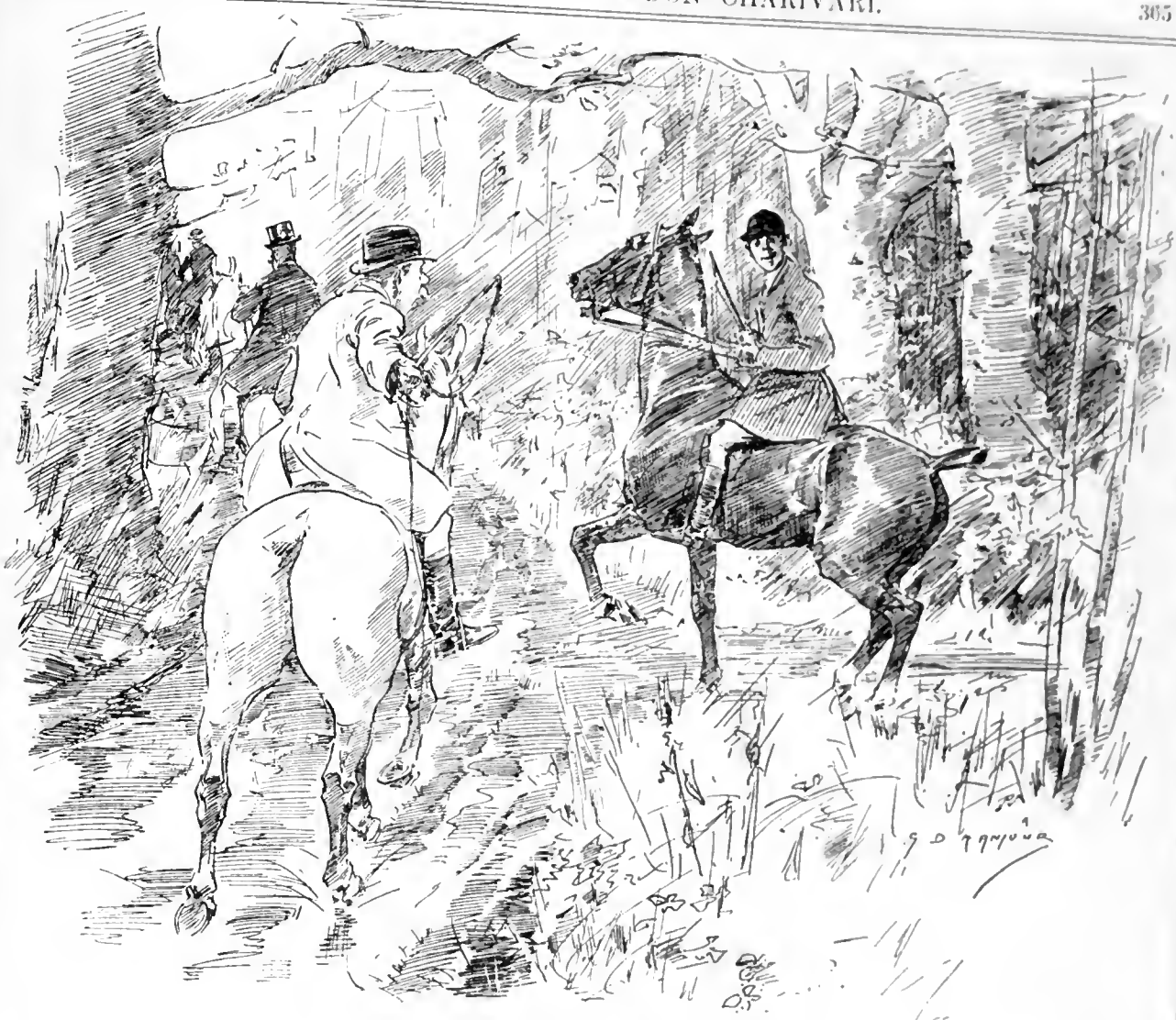
That the country was really called Hinterland I have every reason to believe; and, if anybody knows, I ought to, for I have investigated the matter most carefully, and have consulted all the available sources of information, including, naturally, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, *Whitaker's Almanack*, *Ruff's Guide to the Turf*, the *Dictionary of Gardening*, and the *Comparative Lexicon of Folk-Lore* in fifteen volumes.



CARLOS HIS FRIEND.

[The King of PORTUGAL enjoys the reputation of having achieved great success, some years ago, as an amateur Toreador.]





WITH THE "BLUE AND BUFF."

[The Duke of BEAUFORT's hounds last year established a record for having killed the largest number of foxes in one season.]

Innocent Stranger (excitedly). "I'VE JUST SEEN SEVEN FOXES CROSS THAT RIDE!"

Whip. "OH, THAT'S ONLY A FEW OF THE STRAGGLERS, SIR. THE MAIN BODY'S GONE AWAY AT THE TOP."

Family and dynastic reasons forbid me to indicate the country's geographical situation more closely than by saying that it is to be found marked on nearly all large maps, blue (or perhaps red) being the colour most usually employed for its outlines. It is a large country, possessing a considerable supply of rivers and the ordinary allowance of mountain ranges, inked-in in such a way as to resemble miniature feather-boas. These details should be sufficient to enable anyone of ordinary intelligence to pick out the country without very much trouble.

As to the language spoken by Hinterlanders, it is of the Indo-German family, with an infusion of Latin, and more than a dash of modern American. I need not trouble you, however, very much about the language, for I shall use English throughout this story, so as to obviate the necessity for employing a certified interpreter to translate the various conversations I shall have to record in the course of my narrative.

And now we can get on.

While the Chamberlain and the Prime Minister were

rumbling on their way, and conversing in the manner I have set out, SYLVIA was in the garden with her St. Bernard dog and SARAH, the maid-of-all-work.

"You're keepin' me from my work, Miss, you really are," said SARAH. "I can't stop here all the morning answering questions."

"I asked you, SARAH," said SYLVIA with some dignity, "how far the sun was from the earth. Everybody ought to know that."

"I haven't time to bother my head about the sun. There's many more things I don't know, heaps and heaps of 'em, but—why, look, Miss, at that great carriage coming along with them two footmen all over gold holdin' on to the back of it by straps. Why, I do declare it's stoppin' here. I must go and get myself tidy to let the quality in."

She ran into the house. The carriage door was flung open, and the two great dignitaries of the kingdom got out and walked up the little gravel path and knocked at the door of Laurel Cottage.

"Conduct us to Her Majesty," said the Prime Minister, as the gaping SARAH opened the door.

FROM DELIA, BRIDGE EXPERT.(See *Punch*, Nov. 9, 1904.)

THINK you I heed your stern tirades,
My once-respectful carpet knight,
Or that I care a trick in spades

For anything you say or write?
These eyes, that fix a steady stare
Upon the thirteenth trump's removal,
Believe me, have no glance to spare
For your didactic disapproval.

Perhaps, in some benighted age,
Ere the One Thing Worth Doing
came,

Our friendship may have reached a stage
Which merited a tenderer name.

What then? And what have I to say
To whispered words and soft confes-
sions,

Whose very language gives to-day
New meanings to the old expressions?

The vacant scoring-board imparts

A fresh significance to Love,

And pleasantly connects with Hearts

The thought of sixty-four above:

I set no value on my hand

Unless it chance to be a strong one,

The only suit that I can stand

Must be a red one or a long one.

Far better come with me, and sink

Your wrath where rubbers are at stake,

Where the point is not what you think,

But rather what you mean to make.

What is it? Spades or none? Be bold,

While with an anxious trepidation

Your DELIA trembles, as of old,

To hear once more your declaration.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to a report from Vienna, Russia will only be willing to listen to mediators when her arms have won a great victory. This is confirmed by the semi-official communication from St. Petersburg, which states that Russia will never consent to any intervention in the war.

Sir THOMAS BARCLAY is considering the advisability of summoning the editors of all the European newspapers to a Peace Congress at the Hague. There is little doubt that these gentlemen would favour any scheme for putting an end to the war, with all its attendant horrors, for the expense and futility of special war correspondence is becoming unbearable.

The duel between Lieutenant ANDRÉ and the Comte DE LA ROCHETHULON was unfortunately marred by an accident, the Lieutenant's hand being scratched.

We are sorry that the *London Magazine* should, in an article on King EDWARD, publish a paragraph calculated to hurt the feelings of the German

EMPEROR, with whom we are at present at peace. We refer to the following lines:—"EDWARD THE SEVENTH, beyond all question, is the most conspicuous, the most illustrious, and the most popular figure throughout the zones of the globe."

By the by, the Christmas Number of the *London Magazine* is announced as being "filled with bright Christmas reading and pictures." Its cheery contents comprise a copiously illustrated article entitled "A five-hundred mile Funeral March."

To Mr. W. T. STEAD's no little astonishment, Mr. PINERO is said to be writing another play.

Mrs. BROWN-POTIER's question, "For Church or Stage?" has received its answer from the theatre-goers, who have decided in favour of the Church.

The rumour that the Bohemian Siamese Twins have quarrelled is untrue. They are still inseparable.

À propos, you would have thought that one amalgamation would show some consideration to another, yet, when these twins travelled by the South Eastern and London, Chatham and Dover Railway, that Company insisted upon two tickets being taken.

Owing to the impending demolition of the building, the New English Art Club will have to leave the Egyptian Hall. The Club will find it difficult to discover quarters as appropriate as "The Home of Mystery."

Cambridge is thinking of abolishing compulsory Greek. So is Crete.

At the gun trial of our newest battleship the quarter-deck buckled to the extent of three inches. It is now rumoured that the vessel is to be re-christened *The Shield and Buckler*.

The Army Council has at last had its eyes opened to the necessity for improving the physique of our recruits. A deserter from the South Wales Borderers succeeded in escaping, last week, from a Birmingham lock-up through an aperture less than eleven inches square.

As the result of a dispute, the pulpit of the Evangelical Union Church at Dalkeith was last week occupied by two rival preachers at the same time, each of them struggling to obtain a hearing. There is little doubt that, if every place of worship were to provide similar attractions, we should hear less of empty churches.

The Yellow Peril.—The fog.

"When I am not with my Kings and Queens," declared little FLORIZEL VON REUTER to an interviewer, "I am in the Zoological Gardens." The more sensitive of the Kings and Queens are said to be annoyed at the form of consolation chosen by their little friend.

Great joy not infrequently turns men's heads. A Bohemian labourer, on being informed that his wife had presented him with twins, committed suicide.

It is denied that the aim of the new proprietor of the *Standard* is to cater for millionaires and other wealthy persons who desire to have a halfpenny paper for a penny.

THE NEW HYGIENE.

IN view of the paramount importance attached to "fitness" by the best authorities, Mr. *Punch* is happy to announce that he has secured the services of the eminent expert, Mr. LEVESON TILES, who will contribute a series of papers of which this is the first instalment.

HOW TO KEEP AWAKE.

By LEVESON TILES, M.A.

The great curse of the age is excess. What excess really is, we do not know, for one man's meat may be another man's poison, and an old proverb—remember that proverbs are the wit of one man but the wisdom of many—lays down the golden rule, "The more the merrier." Still, it may be taken as a postulate of modern life that we sadly ignore the golden mean. We eat too much, drink too much, above all we sleep too much. And as the efficiency of a nation resides in the amount of its output in its waking hours, it stands to reason that the nation which is widest awake must come to the top.

ANTIDOTES TO SOMNOLENCE.

First and foremost of the short cuts to wakefulness is the choice of noisy surroundings. Recurrent noises of an identical character are of no use. The men on board a lightship in a fog who are not on duty sleep complacently while the siren hoots every fifteen seconds. Noise to be really stimulating should be irregular and diversified. Thus, if I have an important piece of literary work to finish, I alternate a gramophone with an alarm clock, and by leaving bowls of milk and fragments of fried fish on the leads ensure the attendance of a constant succession of feline serenaders. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, in his masterly monograph entitled "Wake up, England!" recommends residence in a boiler-maker's yard, or a belfry, but only

persons of an iron constitution can stand the strain.

SOME USEFUL RECIPES.

Just as the continuous perusal of a serious author is found to promote sleepiness, so the judicious jumping from grave to gay will stave off the insidious overtures of Morpheus. Personally I have derived great benefit from reading a page of HERBERT SPENCER, then a page of *Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book*, then a page of *Bradshaw*, and so on *da capo*. Alternate sips of barley-water and brandy work marvels with some constitutions, while the excess of blood may be taken from the feet to the brain by filling a hot-water bottle with ice and placing a mustard plaster on the temples. A similar result can also be produced by filling the mouth with capsicums, stinging nettles or red pepper. A jellyfish has in it a certain invigorating quality; so, I believe, has the sea-urchin. Some prefer such things raw; others like them curried. Here is a recipe that might be good for most people, but if anyone feels that it would be improved by the presence of an onion, he can easily add it:—

"Cut off the heads of half a dozen Tandstickor matches, place them in a pan with a solution of oil of nitro-glycerine, stir slowly for half an hour over a slow fire, and take what is left to bed."

Another excellent recipe is the patent Kansas folding-up bedstead, which can be set by clockwork to engulf the weary traveller at any specified time. This may be combined with a broken venetian blind with an arc-light outside, and an alarum bell over the bed which signals the arrival of all trains on the Tube and the Inner Circle railway. A hot-water pipe with a hiccough can also be recommended, and by a judicious use of Welsh rarebit, Scotch ale and black coffee, alertness and vivacity may be secured from the most trypanosomatous subject.

PAWLOW recommends early rising. Many people have told me with tears in their eyes that the only effective cure for oversleeping oneself is to get up at 6 A.M. or even sooner. In the words of the great Ilibernian philosopher, "the only way to prevent what is past is to put a stop to it before it happens."

THE SELFISHNESS OF SLEEP.

But the art of expection or wakefulness is not solely to be cultivated by attention to physical means. It depends largely on the promotion of an altruistic mentality. Thus one writer, HUDSON JAY, says that the suggestion of vigilance for others, the imagination and realisation of others as alert and wakeful, is the best and sweetest way of securing that condition for yourself.

Sleep, in conclusion, is bound up with selfishness. What you need to do is to



A TELEPHONIC DANGER.

Paterfamilias (who has just rung up the call-office, and has his attention diverted by his little daughter). "HELLO, DEAR, COMING TO KISS ME GOOD-NIGHT?"

Voice of female Telephone Clerk (severely). "I BEG YOUR PARDON?"

turn your attention from the worldly interests of the petty self to the eternal verities of the Kinetic and Cosmic whole. Then, even if wakefulness does not ensue, at any rate the activity of the mind is doing you almost, if not quite, as much good as if you were suffering from chronic insomnia.

CRACKERS AND A REPORT.

PERSONALLY, this present *laudator temporis Christmassi* cannot give evidence as to the "go" that there may be in CALEY's Christmas Crackers, samples of which have been forwarded to the Baron's Special Packet Office, but the P.L.T.C., with his hand upon his heart, can affirm that he has seldom seen

more seasonably decorative articles for a Christmas dinner table than the S.P.C. or Sweet Pea Crackers, and the V.M.C. or Valse Minnet-Musical Crackers. Then, for after-dinner amusement, there are the Old Bachelors' Quaint Cosnaques, with the Magic Carp and the Submarine Motoring crackers. Such are the principal, and if ever crackers do go off with *éclat*, these most certainly should do so. As a popular composer, HENRY RUSSELL, used to sing, "Gaily goes the ship when the wind blows free," so our Pre-Christmas Parodist, with this set of crackery before him, would suggest an amendment in this form,

CALEY does the trick for the Christmas spree. And no doubt these crackers will achieve great pop-ularity.

A MIXED DAY AT DUFFERTON.

(With acknowledgments to "Country Life.")

ALTHOUGH there are of course many bigger shoots in England, and though the head of game may be larger upon some of the better-known Norfolk pheasant preserves or Yorkshire Grouse Moors, yet for an exciting day's sport it would be difficult to beat Dufferton Hall, the princely seat of Sir THOMAS MISSINGHAM. Situated within a few miles of the town of Smokeborough, of whose grocery trade Sir THOMAS was in his early days so conspicuous an ornament, the estate is not one which an observer would select at first sight as specially adapted for sporting purposes. But perseverance will work wonders with the most unpromising material, and Sir THOMAS, who held, it will be remembered, the proud position of Mayor of his native town in the Jubilee year of 1887, is a sportsman to the backbone. The fortunate coincidence that most of the neighbouring landowners breed and rear pheasants has enabled him, by a careful and consistent distribution of Indian corn throughout his own coverts, to attract a fair number of birds. Nor is this all: for the motto of the Squire (as with a genuine old English sentiment he loves to be called) is *Blaze away*. He tells his guests that he likes to hear plenty of banging, and humorously adds that if you let off your gun often enough you must hit something sometimes. These theories, though in practice they have earned some unpopularity among Accident Insurance offices, render a blank day at Dufferton an event of the rarest occurrence.

Upon the occasion when I was privileged to be present we were promised a mixed day, and this promise was fulfilled to the letter. Seldom have I seen so much shooting. One's attention was on the alert the whole time, and there was hardly a dull moment, for one never knew who might be firing or, it may be added, what he might be firing at. Where there were trees handy one instinctively took cover, and in the open did the best possible with a turned-up collar and averted eyes. Old campaigners declare that a day at Dufferton reminds them of the South African war, so full of incident is it likely to prove.

The guns upon this particular day were Count LUSOFF, Captain FULLCOCK, Mr. PEPPER, the eminent authority upon gun-shot wounds, Professor BLIND, of Selkirk University, and the Squire himself. The weather was perfection when the presence of three motor-cars at the door (for Sir THOMAS is no bigoted opponent of new ideas) announced that the moment—11.30 A.M.—had arrived for making a start. We did a capital

non-stop run in the new 80-h.p. Mercedes to the field where shooting was appointed to begin—a distance of about a mile and a quarter away—and lost no time in getting to work. The day's arrangements were mapped out with the utmost care and precision, and everything went like clockwork. Proceedings were opened in a turnip-field on the edge of the estate in order if possible to drive in any outlying pheasants to the Dufferton coverts. For it is a maxim of the Squire's that your neighbour's pheasants are quite as good to eat as your own, and not necessarily harder to hit. Orders were issued to walk the turnips as quietly as possible, an injunction that cannot be too carefully followed in approaching birds. Here the result was not as successful as had been anticipated, and in fact nothing was actually secured. A diversion was caused by an amusing episode. Professor BLIND fired at a thrush in mistake for a partridge, the resemblance between the two birds being, as all observers of nature are aware, very close. However, as he did not hit it no harm was done.

The next *rendezvous* was the well-known Larch Plantation, and here again there was a somewhat disappointing show of game. Four hens flying low came out together, and, on rising from the ground, I was informed by an eyewitness more enterprising than myself that the Squire had cleverly grassed his bird, or thought that he had. There is nothing in field sports prettier than to see a good retriever working, and this sight was one which the next thirty-five minutes gave us an opportunity of witnessing. Ponto, a fine specimen of the famous Dufferton breed of retrievers, crossed with a judicious strain of bull-terrier, quartered the difficult ground in the most irreproachable style. His sagacity was well shown by the clever way in which he took an early opportunity of renouncing the search for the bird, which had doubtless after all escaped unscathed, and devoted his energies, in the recesses of a covert, to the quiet consumption of a dead rabbit carelessly left over from the previous week's pick-up.

At the next stand, at the corner of the Hailstorm Plantation, as it is quaintly named, I was enabled to notice the ingenious arrangement of shelters made of bullet-proof steel—an adjunct to covert-shooting which would doubtless be welcome at many warm corners, and at Dufferton is certainly invaluable. One naturally felt a good deal more comfortable when ensconced behind these defences, in which small peepholes, conveniently pierced, allowed ample opportunity of witnessing what was going on. At this plantation there was a fine display of game. I counted no

fewer than five pheasants, which ran out at the same time from beneath the wire fence, only to be driven back into covert by a furious fusillade. One splendid cock, rash enough to perch for a few minutes on a post in front of Mr. PEPPER's butt, had an uncommonly narrow escape of its life. Mr. PEPPER, who was shooting as usual with three guns, got in his six barrels with surprising rapidity before the pheasant rose with a crow of defiance and sailed majestically away. Quicker shooting I have seldom seen, and a suggestion of Captain FULLCOCK's that Mr. PEPPER should upon the next chance of the kind try what could be done with the butt end of his weapon, though it was received with the utmost good humour, did not strike me as being in the best of taste. Shooting would indeed be a dull pastime if every shot told.

It was here, if I remember right, that, upon a shout of "Woodcock forward," Professor BLIND gathered an owl in clever style, and a beautiful shot of Count LUSOFF's removed an underkeeper's cap without in the slightest degree injuring the man. In walking across some wide grass fields a rabbit, trodden upon by one of the beaters, was added to the bag.

Luncheon, by no means the least enjoyable part of the day's business, occupied us pleasantly for the next hour and three quarters. The Squire is no advocate of a Spartan asceticism in these details, and to appetites sharpened by keen air and exercise the profusion of delicacies displayed could not fail to be acceptable.

A move was at length made to Puffington Belts, where the fun was again fast and furious. The birds were brought up to the guns in most satisfactory fashion; so near in fact were they brought that, in more than one instance, death was inevitable. Count LUSOFF was in his best form here, and at the end of the beat two pheasants, a hare, a cat, a jay and the gardener's boy, who had been pressed into service as a stop, were lying more or less severely injured in the neighbourhood of his stand. Not a bad record this for one covert. The game-cart, which by a patent device of the Squire's is fitted out as an ambulance wagon, was literally groaning as we turned for home.

Of course it is not possible to conduct every shooting upon the same scale as Dufferton, where everything is arranged regardless of cost. As an instance I may mention that the terms asked by beaters are excessively high, while the loaders, who are usually unmarried men, require a most handsome fee paid in advance. And this despite the fact that either position confers upon its occupant a reputation, sometimes pos-
thumous, for considerable personal courage. As exemplifying the scarcity of

rural labour these difficulties are not without interest. At Dufferton, so Sir THOMAS informed me, labour is perceptibly scarcer after one of his big days, and I saw no reason to doubt this statement.

[The photographs accompanying this article, entitled "A warm corner," "The Professor startles a rabbit," "Count LUSOFF tickles up a beater," "Down the Line—Captain FULCOCK busy," "Traction Engine bringing lunch," &c. &c., were ruined by an unlucky mishap to the plates, and we are consequently unable to reproduce them.]

MY MOTOR CAP.

[Motor-caps, we are informed, have created such a vogue in the Provinces, that ladies, women and factory girls may be seen wearing them on every occasion, though unconnected, in other respects, with modern methods of locomotion.]

A MOTOR car I shall never afford

With a gay vermillion bonnet,
Of course I *might* happen to marry a lord,
But it's no good counting on it.

I have never reclined on the seat behind,
And hurtled across the map,
But my days are blest with a mind at rest,

For I wear a motor cap.

I've done with Gainsborough, straw and toque,

My dresses are bound with leather,
I turn up my collar like auto-folk,
And stride through the pitiless weather;
With a pound of scrag in an old string bag,

In a tram with a child on my lap,
Wherever I go, to a shop or a show,
I wear a motor cap.

I don't know a silencer from a clutch,

A sparking-plug from a bearing,
But no one, I think, is in closer touch

With the caps the women are wearing;
I'm *au fait* with the trim of the tailor-made brim,

The crown and machine-stitched strap;
Though I've neither the motor, the sable-lined coat, or

The goggles—I wear the cap.

Saltus Humaniores.

THE *Glasgow Herald* announces that the Royal Humane Society have awarded a testimonial to JAMES PATTERSON "for jumping into Loch Lomond from Arrochar Pier and saving a youth." But surely a mere Testimonial is an inadequate recognition of so stupendous a feat. Arrochar Pier is on Loch Long, and the distance covered in this record-breaking leap could not be less than two miles (as the crow jumps) over land, to say nothing of the water.



THE DOG!

(A Romance of Real Life.)

The Gallant Major. "I BEG A THOUSAND PARDONS FOR THE APPARENT LIBERTY I TAKE AS AN ENTIRE STRANGER, BUT MAY I MAKE SO BOLD AS TO ASK YOU, IS NOT THIS ONE OF THAT WONDERFUL BREED OF BLACK OR CHINESE PUGS?"

The Pretty Lady (most condescendingly). "YES, YOU ARE PERFECTLY RIGHT, AND, IF I AM NOT MISTAKEN, YOU ARE MAJOR MCBRIDE, OF THE NINETY-NINTH HUSSARS."

[From that moment they became fast friends, and within the next three months there appeared in the "Morning Post," "A marriage has been arranged between Major McBride, of the Ninety-ninth Hussars, and Mrs. Bellairs," &c., &c.]

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

FRIENDS!—here are we, and yonder is our goal.

And he who loves his life
Had better shirk the strife;
This is no business for a coward soul.

Let him who would preserve or life or limb

Go get him to the rear:
We do not want him here,
And Glory hath no laurel crown for him.

The hour approaches. Who hath child or wife

Had best forget them now,
Lest Death should show him how
The price of Victory is the soldier's life.

Hark! even now the distant thunders rise

Of many a chariot wheel!
Death! 'The grim joy I feel
To see the blood-lust flaming in your eyes!

Charge! where the battle o'er the trampled slain

Shall rage around those cars!
And he may thank his stars
Who gets a seat upon the morning train!



A PARTHIAN SHOT.

Hansom Cabby. "GARN! - YOU'RE LIKE A NOVEMBER DAY, SHORT, DARK, AND DIRTY!"

PAROCHIAL SPICE.

THE *Slumberleigh Parish Magazine*, conducted by the Rev. THEOPHILUS SHEPHERD (Vicar), is more than usually interesting this month:—

EDITORIAL CHAT.

Acting, my friends, on the advice of the Bishop of STEPNEY, given at the conference of the Church of England Men's Society, to the effect that "The parish Magazines which are now in circulation would be much more acceptable if they had a little more spice in them"—acting, I say, on this advice, I shall for the future make a conscientious endeavour to impart to our little Magazine, and to our parish life in general, that modicum of raciness which up to now has, perhaps, been lacking in both.

Next month we shall start several new features. Our serial, *Mrs. Washington's Niece*, will be discontinued. In its

place I have arranged to run *Tom Jones*, with illustrations by Messrs. DUDLEY HARDY and S. H. SIMS.

Very racy indeed will be "Mems. from the Mothers' Meetings," by PEEPING TOM.

I shall myself conduct a spiey little column entitled "Sparklets."

A brighter tone will, for the future, be imparted to our Penny Readings. At the Friday gathering Mrs. SHEPHERD, Sen., in the place of her usual "Readings from CHARLOTTE M. YONGE," will substitute recitations from the works of Mr. DOSS CHUDDERDOSS.

Miss SHEPHERD's harmonium recitals will include "*Pop goes the Weasel*" and "*Bill Bailey*."

I myself shall render two rather tricky songs:

(a) "*This little lot is up to me, boys.*"

(b) "*There will be a hot time in the old town to-night.*"

Our magic lantern show will be discontinued. Instead I am arranging for a racy little cinematograph series, illustrating the Four Higgledy-Piggledy Girls in their contortionist dance at the Empire music-hall.

How did Mr. BR-WX get that dent in his new hat? Anything to do with his coming home by the last train from town on Saturday? Ahem!

Why is our senior curate's future wife (who said Miss SM-TH?) certain of caresses?—Because she will get HUGGINS. (I do hope that is perfectly plain. Mr. HUGGINS—huggings; to hug, to embrace.)

What was that scuffling on the back benches during my lecture on Fossils last Wednesday? Ah, I saw you! Ahem!



CINCINNATUS DE WET.

[“Owing to his firm refusal to in any way take part in the agitation of Boers in the Orange River Colony with regard to the question of compensation, General CHRISTIANUS DE WET has incurred the strong resentment of the ex-Burghers . . . He is quietly pursuing farming in the Edenburg District.”—*Westminster Gazette*.]



MANGLED REMAINS.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

BEEN reading *Fifty Years of Fleet Street*, just issued by MACMILLAN. Purports to be the "Life and Recollections of Sir JOHN ROBINSON," the man who made, and for a quarter of a century maintained at high level, the *Daily News*. The story is written by Mr. F. M. THOMAS, who has added a new terror to death. There are biographies of sorts, ranging in value with the personality of the subject and the skill of the compiler. The former occasionally suffers from the incapacity of the latter. But at least his individuality is scrupulously observed. Like Don José, what he has said he has said, his observations and written memoranda not being mixed up with what his biographer thinks he himself thought, uttered and recorded.

Mr. THOMAS goes about the biographer's business in fresh fashion, complacently announced by way of introduction to the volume. "I have not thought it necessary or desirable," he writes, "to indicate in all cases what is his (Sir JOHN ROBINSON'S) and what is my own. If there is anything amusing or entertaining in these pages, I am quite content that my dear old Chief should have the credit of it. The dullness I take upon myself."

Here be generosity! Here magnanimity! It is true that in the performance of his task Mr. THOMAS occasionally falls from this high estate. More than once he airily alludes to "our diary" and "our notes," as if he had prepared them in collaboration with his chief. Possibly conscious for a moment of this indiscretion, and reverting to more generous mood, he, approaching a particular narrative, introduces it with the remark, "The incident may be given in the diarist's own words."

That procedure is, perhaps, not unusual with earlier biographers. With Mr. THOMAS the lapse is rare. When he does let the hapless subject speak for himself, he is relegated to small type. For the rest, it is Mr. THOMAS who *loquiter*, re-telling poor ROBINSON'S cherished stories as if they were his own, sometimes with heavy hand brushing off the bloom. Even in these depressing circumstances there is no mistaking ROBINSON'S sly humour, his gift of graphic characterisation. The worst of it is that, happening in the very same page upon some banal remark, some pompous platitude, the alarmed reader, recognising Mr. THOMAS, hastily turns over half-a-dozen pages, and possibly misses a handful of the genuine ore.

These are hard lines, unjust to ROBINSON, unfair to the public. It is plain to see, from the few un mutilated extracts from ROBINSON'S manuscript which

illuminate the book, that the materials at hand for a delightful biography were abundant. For nearly forty years the Manager of the *Daily News* lived in the very heart of things. He was behind most scenes of public life, was more or less intimately acquainted with the principal personages figuring in it. His sympathies were bountifully wide; his observation alert; his sense of humour keen. He loved his newspaper work with almost passionate affection. For him fifty years of Fleet Street were worth a cycle of Cathay.

That he habitually made notes of what he saw and heard with the view to publication in biographical form, is undoubted. Mr. THOMAS, impregnable in the chain armour of complacency, positively admits it. ROBINSON, he says, "did leave some diaries"—"our diaries"—"more or less fragmentary, and a number of thick closely written volumes of jottings in his own handwriting, descriptive of events of which he had been

an eye-witness and people he had seen and known." Where is this treasure-trove? Presumably portions the biographer was good enough to regard as worth adapting are filtered through the wordy pages of larger type.

Happily the material is so good, its original literary form so excellent, that even this unparalleled atrocity cannot quite spoil the book. We who knew ROBINSON on his throne in Bonverie Street, and at the well-known table in the dining room of the Reform Club, rich in recollections of WILLIAM BLACK, PAYN and SALA; who watched him enjoying himself like a boy at theatre first nights; who recognised his rare capacity as a newspaper man; who knew the kind heart hidden behind a studiously cultured severity of manner in business relations—we, perhaps jealously, cherish his memory, and regret the surprising chance that has made possible this slight upon it.



THE NOBLE ART OF VÉNERIE.

Short-sighted Sportsman (on Brighton hireling, energetically hunting rabbit). "HERE YOU ARE, HUNTSMAN! TALLY-HO! TALLY-HO!" (Ad lib.)

MY FIRST PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW.

From a rare old Early Victorian MS. periodical, circ. A.D. 1856-7, entitled "*The Nursery Nurse*," and apparently edited by a certain Master WILLIE T. S****, aged 7½.

I HAVE seen a Punch and Judy at last! I have always been afraid to stop and look at one before, for fear I might see something improper. Now that I have done so, I will tell you exactly what it was like.

The show had four poles covered with a sort of check stuff. Inside was a man, at least I could only see his boots. High up there was an open part, with a shelf or ledge on which the acting takes place. At the back of this was the scenery.

In front a man stood, blowing a tune down a kind of small organ that was stuck inside his cumforter. He also played upon a drum, but not well.

The cost of the entertainment for one was just whatever you pleased. I was in the senter of the front row, but what I saw disgusted me so that when the lady came round with the shell after it was all over I hurriedly quited the place!

The wurst of it was it *did* make me lauf!

Yes, I laufed hartily, as I suppose the Little Dog (not the one in the show, which semed a well-behaved and serious animal—but the Little Dog in the potry of "Highdiddleiddle") laufed when he saw the Dish running away with the Spoon!

Which of course was very rong of the Little Dog, because it was no laufing mater, but what is called a soshal scandale.

But it was most yumilliating to be made to lauf at such a diggrading spektacle as this show. It is a piffornence that cannot help shoking any little boy who has been properly brought up. It shoked me *dreadfully*.

For the charikters—all excep *Mrs. Punch*, and the *Bedle*, and *Mr. Ketch*, and the little dog—are abominably frivelous in their conduct, and only a lot of dolls gordily drest up to look like real peple—and horidly norty peple, too!

The diallog may be very brilliant but I could not make out much of it, except that the principle charikter was always saying, "Olldcarohdearwhatapityrootitoot!" which, as I do not know what it menes, I gratefully fear must be a very rude expresion, if not a downrite swareword.

Yet I laufed. And now I feel as if I had laufed when my Unkle TOMMAS sat down where there was no chare!

For what is the story about? A miserable being with a big hump on his back, but welthy in the goods of this world, being able to aford a dog, has married a silly-looking doll in femail aparil, whom it would be allmost a profination to term his wife.

Heaven, it semes, has blest their union with a little baby, and jest because it refuses to smile at his silly aunties, he herls it out of the window, and when its mother is nachruly anoyed, he wacks her over the head with a big cudgle until she is no more!

If I beheld my own dere Papa misconducting himself in such a manner, should I regard it as a fit subject for meriment? Certainly not.

Well, next one of this abandund creacher's friends after the other comes in and reproches him for his goings on—but all his anser is to hit them with his cudgle and kill them.

His best friend semes to be more or less of a convenshnal clown in one of those worldly cirkises or Pantimimes which I have not yet seen and earnestly trust I never may.

He collers the cudgle now and then and hits *Punch* back, but is soon suckumbed. At last *Punch's* own dog *Tobey* will not asoshiate with him any more, but he is too hartless to mind, and even the apearance of his wife's gost produses no simtuns of ripentence!

At the end he has merdered everybody he comes across in their own cold blood!—even *Mr. Ketch*, who arrives to execute him, but, by a *menes* and most *disgraceful* trick, is indused to stick his head through the fatle nuse and be hangend insted of *Punch*!

So this great painted bulley is left chukling over the fact that he has suxesfully cheted justise.

That is the story. Even as I laufed I could not help asking myself what my favrit charikters, *Mister Barlow* or *Mister Fairchild*, would have said of this show.

I am quite shore it would have shoked them both very much, if only because there was so much fighting all thro it, and because, altho there was a jibbet, it was the rong person who got hung on it.

I persume this is suposed to hold the miror up to life. Grownups may be stupid and wikked, but I do not beleive they are quite so bad as this difforned bufoon with the squeky voice.

If they are, then surely onley a *feind* would sniger at such a piffornence!

At the time I thought it was all scremingly funy, and I scremed like everybody else did.

But afterwards, thinking it over, I saw what a bad exampel it is bound to set to all who behold it.

Still they were so abserdly unlike rele persons, I laufed at them without thinking. It was only after I had had my tea that I sudenly saw how shameless it all was. So, to show how sory I am that I should have been made to lauf at such an exhibishun, I have writen this all out before retiring to rest.

The gentleman who belonged to the boots I saw inside the show may be a very clever man, but it would serve him only rite if all his charikters could be taken away from him and put in the fire.

I trust none of my yuthful reders will ever patternise such an infimous entertanement as this.

Next week I am going to see a *Marryanet* show, which I am told is even more shoking, and which I hope to give a fatheful account of in a futuer number. F. A.

TO MY SENSE OF HUMOUR.

IN DIFFICULTIES.

COME not, as thou dost ever love to come,
Making a scandal of thy "saving grace,"
When awed hilarity must needs be dumb,
And all save rigid equilibrium
Is wholly out of place;

Flash no delirious humours through my brain
What time I patronise the public air;
Let me not look an idiot in the train,
Nor mock the echoes of the sacred fane;
There is no profit there!

Ah, come not thus. But come, when Hope is thrown
Out of his stride in Life's long Handicap;
When I am all deserted and alone,
And to the deaf gods make most bitter moan
That no one loves a chap;

When my most cherished schemes have ganged agley;
When I am crushed in person, purse, or pride,
With none to succour, none to hear my plea,
Come, Sense of Humour, come, and make me see
Things from their comic side!

Come then! Come now! And we will so distort
The sharp-scribed lineaments of my distress,
That we may cut her sorry triumph short,
And make a kind of wild, sardonic sport
Of her unloveliness.

Not much I ask; enough that thou beguile
One paltry hour. Poor devil that I am,
I do but seek to sneer at Life awhile;
To jeer at Love; and, with a ghastly smile,
Say I don't care—a ———!

DUM-DUM.



A FELLOW-FEELING.

District Visitor. "I've just had a letter from my son Reggie, saying he has won a Scholarship. I can't tell you how delighted I am. I—"
Rustic Party. "I can understand yer feelings, M'm. I felt just the same when our pig won a medal at the Agricultural Show!"

EARTHQUAKES IN WELLINGTON STREET.

From the "Daily Mail," March 26, 1905.

NEW YORK, March 25.—According to information received in a London telegram this morning, the *Spectator* has been purchased on behalf of the German EMPEROR by Mr. EUGEN SANDOW. The price for which the transfer was effected is said to have been £1,000,000.—*Laffan*.

From the "Spectator," April 1.

Mr. EUGEN SANDOW has acquired possession of the "Spectator."

No change in the policy of the paper is contemplated, and Mr. SANDOW desires to give an emphatic contradiction to the report that he has acted in this matter on behalf of the German EMPEROR or any other potentate except himself.

From the "Guardian," April 5.

The proprietors of the *Guardian* wish to state that there is no foundation whatever for the statement that Mr. EUGEN SANDOW has purchased the *Guardian* on behalf of the Wee Free Kirk.

From the "British Weekly," April 6.

I sincerely congratulate my friend Mr. EUGEN SANDOW on having acquired possession of the *Spectator*. Since the death of my most distinguished protégé, R. H. HUTTON, in 1897, the *Spectator*, which once stood for the highest and most intellectual traditions of British journalism, had fallen on evil days, and latterly seemed powerless to move with the times. The "live" personal note was painfully lacking, no notice was taken of the spiritualising influence of the Kailyard school on the music-halls, literary gossip was tabooed, and pictures of revolving bookcases and other indispensable literary *rade meca* were conspicuously absent from its advertisement columns. Now, under the stimulating influence of Mr. SANDOW, the *Spectator* is sure to take on a new lease of life. On the subject of passive resistance I fear that Mr. SANDOW and I do not see quite eye to eye. None the less I am confident that he will do much to restore the faded glories of the *Spectator*. Mr. SANDOW, I understand, has behaved with extraordinary consideration to the old staff, all of whom he has presented with green waistcoats with onyx buttons, and is retaining the services of Mr. STRACHEY to edit the Rifle Club column at a princely salary. The price given for the paper, however, has been somewhat exaggerated. £900,000 would be nearer the mark.

CLAUDIUS CLEAR.

From the "Daily Chronicle," April 7.

It is officially announced that Sir ERNEST CASSEL has been appointed Editor of the *Spectator*. In evidence of the proprietor's firm resolve not to interfere with the tone, temper and policy of the paper, it may be mentioned that a long engagement has been entered into with Mr. STRACHEY, who will continue to edit the Cat and Dog column with increased responsibility for that important department. The services of Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN have also been retained as chief Balæno-grapher, while Mr. LIONEL TOLLEMACHE will continue as heretofore to be responsible for topical reminiscences of famous old Harrovians and graduates of Balliol.

We understand that Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC has joined the staff as chief military expert, and that promises of regular contributions have been received from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Lord ROSEBURY, Professor HEWINS, Cardinal RAMPOLLA, and Sir H. H. HOWORTH.

the methods of the paper of which I have obtained control. If any guarantee were required beyond such a statement, it may surely be supplied by the fact that Mr. STRACHEY, so long and honourably connected with the *Spectator*, has just signed a contract to continue as Editor of the canine and feline amenities which have lent the paper its most distinctive character; that Mr. F. T. BULLEN has promised his continued support in the cetacean department, and that the reminiscences of the Hon. LIONEL TOLLEMACHE will remain a regular feature in the correspondence column.

Adverse criticism has been directed against my assumption of the reins of office on the score of my having given public exhibitions of physical strength—in particular my having lifted a grand piano with forty men seated on it—and of being only twenty-eight years of age. But I have yet to learn that either delicacy or senility is a *sine quâ non* in

a newspaper proprietor, or that there is any greater discredit in lifting a piano than in lifting a cup.

Hochachtungsvoll,
EUGEN SANDOW.

From the "Sunday Special," April 9.

We must congratulate our enterprising contemporary the *Spectator* on the splendid show it makes under the new management of Mr. EUGEN SANDOW. While the tone and temper of the paper remain unaltered, an up-to-date alertness now inspires every de-

partment. In the current issue the incoming Editor's *éloge* of Count von BÜLOW is admirably done, while Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE's masterly exposition of the essential identity of Free Trade and Protection will convince the most hide-bound Free-foder. Finally the "special prose" study of "Green Waistcoats in War," by our esteemed compatriot Mr. BELLOC, is intensely poignant. Altogether the new issue is a most stimulating blend of dignity and impudence.

NOTE FOR SOLICITORS AND OTHERS.—*Zuka*, of the Hippodrome, must never be called as a witness in any case where his evidence would be of vital importance, as he won't bear searching examination, and is so very easily doubled up in the box.

It is stated that the license of the Automatic Refreshment Supply Company (now in liquidation) is to be assigned to "Little Mary, Limited." But why "Limited?" This error of judgment is sure to put off a great many possible clients.

**EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.**

Mrs. Heviwayte. "I DO BELIEVE THE LITTLE DARLING KNOWS I'M GETTING IN!"

From the "Daily Express," April 8.

DEAR SIR,—In view of the unfair and misleading references to the results of my assuming control of the *Spectator* which have appeared in your columns and elsewhere, I confidently appeal to your notorious sense of fairness to publish the following reply.

Commenting on the change of hands you observe:

"Cordially admiring as we do Mr. SANDOW's many robust and noble qualities, we cannot but regret the extinction of the only organ which represented in the weekly press the well-grounded distrust felt by all patriotic Imperialists toward Germany as the *agent provocateur* of Europe."

I note also that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, speaking at Chowbent on the 3rd inst., did not scruple to say that the muzzling of honest British pens by a great Continental combine which they had witnessed in the case of the *Spectator* was the worst blow that had befallen the country since the black week of Colenso.

To this I may be permitted to answer first of all that nothing is further from me than any intention to revolutionise



A FOOTBALL MATCH.

(From an Old Print.)

SAN CARLISTS AT COVENT GARDEN.

Monday, November 14.—Perhaps dread of fog kept the Box-folk from coming to see and hear *La Tosca*, which offered the attraction of Madame GIACHETTI in the title rôle, Signor ANSELMINI as the unhappy *Mario Cavaradossi*, and Signor ANCONA as *Il Barone Scarpia*. Always regretting that Puccini had not selected some other subject, a story not a play, on which to exercise his power as a composer, one must admit that he has made excellent use of the materials at hand, and that it would be difficult to find better interpreters of his work, both musically and dramatically, than the three principals above-mentioned. Signor CAMPANINI was in the conductor's chair, and the performance in every way, vocally and orchestral, was most satisfactory.

Tuesday.—M. MAUREL, playing *Rigoletto* to a well-filled house, provoked extraordinary enthusiasm. Miss ALICE NIELSEN, as *Gilda*, sang like a bird; not a nightingale, but some other kind of bird more detached in the matter of sentiment. Signor ANSELMINI, in the part of *Il Duca*, went through his arias correctly enough, but was not perhaps quite adequately licentious in his methods; he seemed to lack something of the perfect dual libertine. The chorus was admirably workmanlike in their regard both for the time and the spirit of the music.

Wednesday.—A good performance of *Faust* to a good house. Stalls quite full, boxes nearly so, and t'other parts of the house almost as well filled as were the parts in the always popular opera. Madame WYDA as *Marguerite*, and Signor DANI as *Faust* generally satisfactory, but here and there a trifle weak, perhaps owing to London fog, but "for a' that an' a' that" an enthusiastic call at the end of the third Act brought on *Marguerite* and her *Faust*, *Mephistopheles-ARIMONDI* and *Valentin-ANCONA*, four times before the curtain.

Thursday.—Clear night after a foggy day: house rather clear too. Perhaps CILEA's *Adriana Lecouvreur* (of which

particulars were given last week) is not sufficiently attractive, even though Madame GIACHETTI be a delightful *Adriana*, and Mlle. DE CISNEROS as *La Principessa* with Signor ANGELINI FORNARI as *Il Principe di Bouillon*, both do their best as *Bouillons* to keep the *potage* a-boiling. The whole performance was certainly worthy of far better support than appeared in evidence.

AN OFFICIAL EXTEMPORE RHYMESTER.

LORD MILNER, in the course of his speech at Bloemfontein, took a hint from *Silas Wegg* and "dropped into poetry." He is reported in the *Times* as saying:—

"I do not expect nor desire a boom,
But merely that the excessive gloom
Should be cast off"—and here he chose
To return again to his favourite prose,
Though his rhyme is good as far as it goes.

And his Lordship is to be sincerely complimented on his new departure, which we trust will find many imitators who, if they possess Lord MILNER's gift of extemporising, will enliven their speeches with statements of measures in metre and adorn diplomacy with dithyrambs.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—The LORD CHANCELLOR has been presented by his MAJESTY with a new Seal, and has been allowed to retain the old one. It is not unlikely that his Lordship will generously present the latter to the Zoological Gardens, where it will be a welcome addition to the Seal Family.

The New "Efficiency."

ACCORDING to *The Cicilian* "general intelligence" is one of the subjects which are in future to be excluded from the examination for First-class Officers of Exercise.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is an old axiom in politics that a nation does not like a Coalition Government. It is equally true that, in spite of HUME and SMOLLETT, ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN and one or two others, the average reader is not attracted by books written in collaboration. Objection is the stronger when, taking up a slim volume like *The Affair at the Inn* (GAY & BIRD), one finds Mrs. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN with no fewer than three assistants. The result is more pleasing than the promise. To tell the truth, if my Baronite had not been warned off by the circumstantial catalogue of authors, he would have innocently accepted the story as the unaided work of his early favourite, author of *Timothy's Quest*. MARY FINDLATER, JANE FINDLATER, and eke ALLAN MCAULAY, are not severally or collectively the rose. But they have lived near it. Miss MARY FINDLATER's contribution, dealing with old hypochondriacal Mrs. Macgill of Tunbridge Wells, is in its way as good as anything in the congeries. Mrs. WIGGIN is responsible for the pretty, sprightly American girl on a visit to Devonshire. Another amusing character is Sir Archibald Mackenzie, a pragmatical Scotch Baronet, who detests women, and in the last chapter is found on his knees imploring Virginia Pomeroy of Richmond, Virginia, U.S.A., to marry. Decidedly a diverting book.

The Prodigal Son, by HALL CAINE (HEINEMANN), is decidedly a powerful novel. Its commencement is as bright and full of colour as the first scene of a good comic opera, and the reader's interest, in the action which is to lead up gradually to deep tragedy, is at once aroused, nor is it allowed to drop throughout the story, *usque ad finem*. Certainly as a writer CAINE is able. But why does he damage his work by occasional platitudes, as, for instance, when after a strong dramatic situation he observes, "None of us can foresee the future. We must all bow before the Unknown." Whereupon Mrs. Gamp would have remarked, "There ain't no denigin' of it, Betsy." The Baron holds that there is a serious flaw in Mr. HALL CAINE's title, which suggests to everyone who has had a Christian education the parable of *The Prodigal Son*. We all know how that spendthrift lived riotously, went to rack and ruin, and then, on his returning repentant to his father, was by him received, despite the elder brother's angry remonstrance, with open arms and open house. Such is not at all the story of this novel, wherein the younger son behaves not only as a prodigal but as a thorough scamp, bringing himself within the pale of the criminal law; and when he does return, it is as a millionaire, and after his father's death.

Sir Charles Wyndham (HUTCHINSON) is described by its author as "a biography." It is rather a calendar of the comedian's achievements on the stage, filled out to a portly volume by newspaper clippings, the reproduction of bills of the plays, and the inordinate attenuation of some familiar stories. Mr. PEMBERTON is not to blame for this result, except inasmuch as he was resolved to make a book. Writing about a still living, strenuously working, public man, it was perhaps necessary that his scheme and his literary style should be based upon that indispensable work *Who's Who*. But why in such circumstances try to write a biography? What might be done is disclosed within the limits of the first fifty pages, where the subject of the wordy narrative himself takes up the pen. It is an auto-biography we want, and Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM's too brief essays in that direction show what is lost if this somewhat tiresome book is to take its place. The actor writes in the breezy fashion in which he talks. The contrast is the more cruel for his faithful biographer when, reversing *Falstaff's* habit, we come upon the intolerable quantity of half-baked bread that accompanies the sip of sparkling sack.

Major GRIFFITHS, in his *Fifty Years of Public Service* (CASSELL & Co.), has given us a very interesting, and, in parts, a decidedly entertaining book. The story of the early days of a man who has subsequently made a career for himself is the portion of the Major's biography that has the most charm for the Baron. The Major records SOTHERN's first appearance at the Haymarket Theatre as *Lord Dundreary*, as a success; and tells how Manager BUCKSTONE congratulated SOTHERN at the wing. But the Baron remembers quite another tale, which he had from Mrs. CHIPPENDALE (Miss SNOWDON), who was in the east with SOTHERN, and, according to her account, at the fall of the curtain everyone sneaked off the stage to the dressing-rooms, not one caring to face the *débutant* or even to pretend to congratulate him. SOTHERN, upset, had made up his mind to return to America, when, before the expiration of the third week, business improved, the humour of *Dundreary* began to attract the town, and, in a short time, the success was enormous. To return to our Major premiss, one of his best prison scenes is where he himself is the culprit up before Mr. Secretary CROSS. The Major's experiences in the Crimea and his incidental stories during his Ulysses-like wanderings are capital reading.

He is a bold man who would take up the story of the life of Sir Roger de Coverley after ADDISON had laid down his pen. Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE is such, daring comparison in *Sir Roger's Heir* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Having, presumably in obedience to the classic injunction, "spent his nights and days with ADDISON," he comes out of the ordeal exceedingly well. His presentation of *Sir Roger* and his surroundings in his ancestral home my Baronite finds very pleasing. The misunderstanding upon which the story mainly turns is perhaps a little strained in the direction of artificiality. When *Captain Sentrey*, Sir Roger's heir, of late restored to favour, is confronted by accusation of having married in the Fleet Prison a girl he never saw or even heard of, he might have done better than "drop into a chair and sit there with bowed head, his hands clasped before him." A few plain words would have disposed of the affair. But then, where would have been Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE's story? And we should have been sorry to miss it.

Mr. W. A. MACKENZIE is obviously a student in the school of *Sherlock Holmes*, and Sir CONAN DOYLE has no occasion to be ashamed of his disciple. Indeed in *The Drexel Dream* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) there are some ingenious complications and devices which my Baronite ventures to say the Master will probably wish he had thought of. So abundant are Mr. MACKENZIE's resources that in the closing pages, after the reader has supped excitement through varying devolution of detective skill, he suddenly comes upon a climax. This incident, being wholly unexpected, is probably the most successful of all.

Among "pocket editions" of *Shakspeare*, the Baron welcomes a set issued from WILLIAM HEINEMANN's, which, consisting up to the present time of twenty-five small volumes, is nearing its completion. The type is clear, the text is that of Messrs. MACMILLAN's Cambridge *Shakspeare*, indebtedness being duly acknowledged, the "introductions" by GEORGE BRANDES brief and to the point. A small side pocket will not be encumbered by the presence of one of these little books, so useful at a Shakspearian performance.





ON HIS NERVES.

Parish Doctor (on visit to Workhouse). "WANT TO LEAVE, DO YOU? WHY?"

Casual Inmate. "LIVIN'S TOO 'IGH. CAN'T STAND IT. 'FRAID OF GETTIN' FATTY 'EART."

A TEMPEST IN A TEACUP.

LUCKY the author of a rather commonplace play who has Miss MARIE TEMPEST for his heroine. Never was the assistance of this sprightly actress more valuable than in the piece by Mr. COSMO GORDON LENNOX entitled *The Freedom of Suzanne*, now being given at the Criterion. By the author's wish, as evidenced in the playbill, we are to consider this effort as a "Light Comedy," and all that can help to make it so is done by Miss TEMPEST as *Suzanne Trevor*, and, as far as opportunity is afforded him, by Mr. CHARLES SUGDEN as an old roué. Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH as the wayward *Suzanne's* somewhat stodgy husband, *Charles Trevor*, acquits himself well of the very difficult task of impersonating an uninteresting variant of the commonly-sensible type so familiar to playgoers who call to mind *John Mildmay*, *Citizen Sangfroid*, and a few others.

Then we have the mother-in-law, unpleasantly dietatorial and odiously interfering... well, we know that mother-in-law, and Miss ADA FERRAR succeeds in putting *Lady Charlotte Trevor* on the best possible terms with the audience. That Mr. LENNOX should have introduced into the piece the old roué *Fitzroy Harding*, admirably made up and perfectly played for all it is worth, and more, by Mr. CHARLES SUGDEN, only to drop him out of it again as soon as possible, is a matter of sad surprise to all whom the piece in the least interests. By this time no one can have more real cause to regret such treatment of an ancient and ever acceptable type than the author.

The dialogue is of the kind of smartness that, with not a few, passes for wit, and *Fitzroy Harding*, after *Suzanne*, has a fair share in it. Mr. HALLARD's performance as *Captain*

Harry Cecil, the modern stage-type of a gay Lothario, is excellent, as also is that of the boyish lover, *Tommy Keston*, played by Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS. The same may be said of the ogling lumbago'd old fop (of the *Lord Ogleby* family), *Lord Dutchet*, carefully rendered by Mr. HOLMAN CLARK. Mr. TITHERADGE appears as a kind of colourless friend of the family, and Miss ALICE BEET's *Miss Minching*, the companion, amusingly recalls some other characters of a similar kind with much the same business.

Miss BEATRICE BECKLEY, a lady of no particular importance, is sympathetic as *Suzanne's* attached friend, and Miss FLORENCE SINCLAIR sufficiently indicates the mischievous kind of flirt she is engaged to represent. The charwoman, a very small character part in the last Act, is repulsively comic, and is excellently played by Miss ALICE MANSFIELD.

Had the author only taken trouble to strengthen his material, and develop his best comedy characters on the right lines, the piece, though based upon the well-worn theme of *Divorçons*, with such a cast, and with so brilliant and popular a *comédienne* as MARIE TEMPEST, might have achieved a great success and would have secured for itself a long run. But the work is thin, and those who come to laugh resent the seriousness of the so-styled "light comedy," which results in dulness, and feel grieved to see merry Miss TEMPEST moved to convulsive tears and hysterical sobs about a matter which is of no particular consequence to anybody.

FIRST-CLASS ENTERTAINMENT.—During this winter, at every opportunity that may be afforded by the weather, *al fresco* Snow Balls will be given by the aristocracy in town and country, following the happy initiative of CARLOS our friend.

"DO WE GET OUR DESERTS?"

[The symposium which a contemporary has promoted on the above topic has caused a great wave of emotion to pass through the English-speaking world. *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in contributing to it, and ventures to anticipate the views of a variety of distinguished personages.]

It is not for me to inquire too closely into the inscrutable methods of Providence, and in any case it would be contrary to my known principles with regard to self-advertisement if I allowed myself to be dragged into this discussion. At the same time I may perhaps say that though I should have been inclined to fix my own deserts at seven figures, I regard a circulation of three-quarters of a million as sufficiently near the mark.

HALL CAINE.

Do I get my deserts? I guess that is so. ROOSEVELT.

I have not yet taken, by augury, the opinion of the birds on this enthralling subject, but personally I hardly ever miss.

CARLOS.

I neither have, nor have had, any desire to shackle freedom of discussion on this or any other topic among my colleagues in the Government; but, for myself, I propose to preserve an Open Mind during the present Parliament, and ultimately—at some date not yet determined—I shall leave it to the constituencies to decide this momentous question.

A. J. BALFOUR.

I often think we get even more than we deserve. Speaking loosely—for I write in the middle of a snow-drift, and at some distance from statistics—I cannot say that it has invariably been the case with me that

"Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose";

yet I never remember to have missed this delightful and refreshing experience.

DEVONSHIRE.

Count no man happy on this point till he has reached his Last Phase; and even then there may be a fresh edition, a Positively Last Phase.

ROSEBURY.

If I can be said to believe anything, I believe that some of us do get our deserts. Anyhow, I have had a capital time in the States.

JOHN MORLEY.

I sometimes feel that I don't deserve all the hard things that people say of me. I am really quite a nice old gentleman.

HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

Let you know more definitely later on, when they make up the Liberal Cabinet.

D. LLOYD-GEORGE.

It's not so much *what* we get, as the *nasty way* in which some of us get it.

ANDRÉ (General).

No; we ought all to have £2,500 a year.—G. BERNARD SHAW.

Speaking on behalf of WORDSWORTH, TENNYSON and myself, I have no hesitation in saying *Yes*.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

The Highest Love asks for No Reward.

M. CORELLI.

If we do get our deserts, they don't seem to take the form of quick-firing guns.

T. ATKINS, R.A.

Apparently not. It looks as if the other side got ours, and we got theirs.

UNITED FREE KIRKER.

Finding myself in disagreement with Mr. PEARSON on this matter, I am turning my solicitor loose on him.

LATE EDITOR OF THE "STANDARD."

Certainly, in the matter of popular fame, I am quite satisfied that I have got all I deserved. How different in the pre-poetic age referred to by HORACE!

WILLIAM BAILEY.

In my case impossible, short of apotheosis.

WILLIAM THE SECOND.

So far, have no complaint to make of Honorable Providence.

Togo (Admiral).

Am I going to get my deserts? On my conscience I sincerely trust not.

ROJDESTVENSKY (Admiral).

O. S.

MR. PUNCH'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

How much better it is to get wisdom than gold—and how much easier.

Happy is the man who is admired and praised by his fellows—for he is dead.

The pure in heart are slow to credit calumnies, but they sometimes like to hear about them.

A liberal education is considered the best dowry, but £10,000 a year is still rather liked.

The magic of first love is that it goes so soon and is remembered so long.

The consciousness of duty performed gives us music at midnight, and so, also, does the man who lives next door.

Nosce te ipsum, but don't tell everybody the whole truth about the thing you know.

If you insist on telling the truth you may probably shame the devil, but you won't be considered very cheery in Society.

Novelty is an essential attribute of the beautiful—especially novelty in hats.

A good reputation is a fair estate, but there are others on which it is easier to get a mortgage.

Virtue alone is powerful, but in combination with American dollars she is invincible, and can even marry a Duke.

A good life keeps off wrinkles, but a good wrinkle sometimes keeps off a lot of trouble.

Do good and care not to whom—no one will notice it.

A man may be judged by the companies he promotes.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

AN account of a wedding in the *Tunbridge Wells Advertiser* of the 18th ult. states that the bride wore a "valuable set of white firs, the gift of the bridegroom." The happy pair were evidently Forest Lovers. Perhaps the scribe, in his next botanical description of a marriage ceremony, will attire the lady in furze, by way of a change.

PEOPLE talk about letter-writing as a lost art. Yet a correspondent sends us the following communication which she has received from a candidate for domestic service:

"DEAR MADAM,—In answer to your advertisement of the 13th inst. as help for Houses work I offer my services. I am a Widow without encumbrances and seeking same.

"Yours respectfully."

No Infants in Arms Need Apply.

MR. BLANK requires an English Butler, over three, with highest personal recommendation, &c.—*The Tablet*.



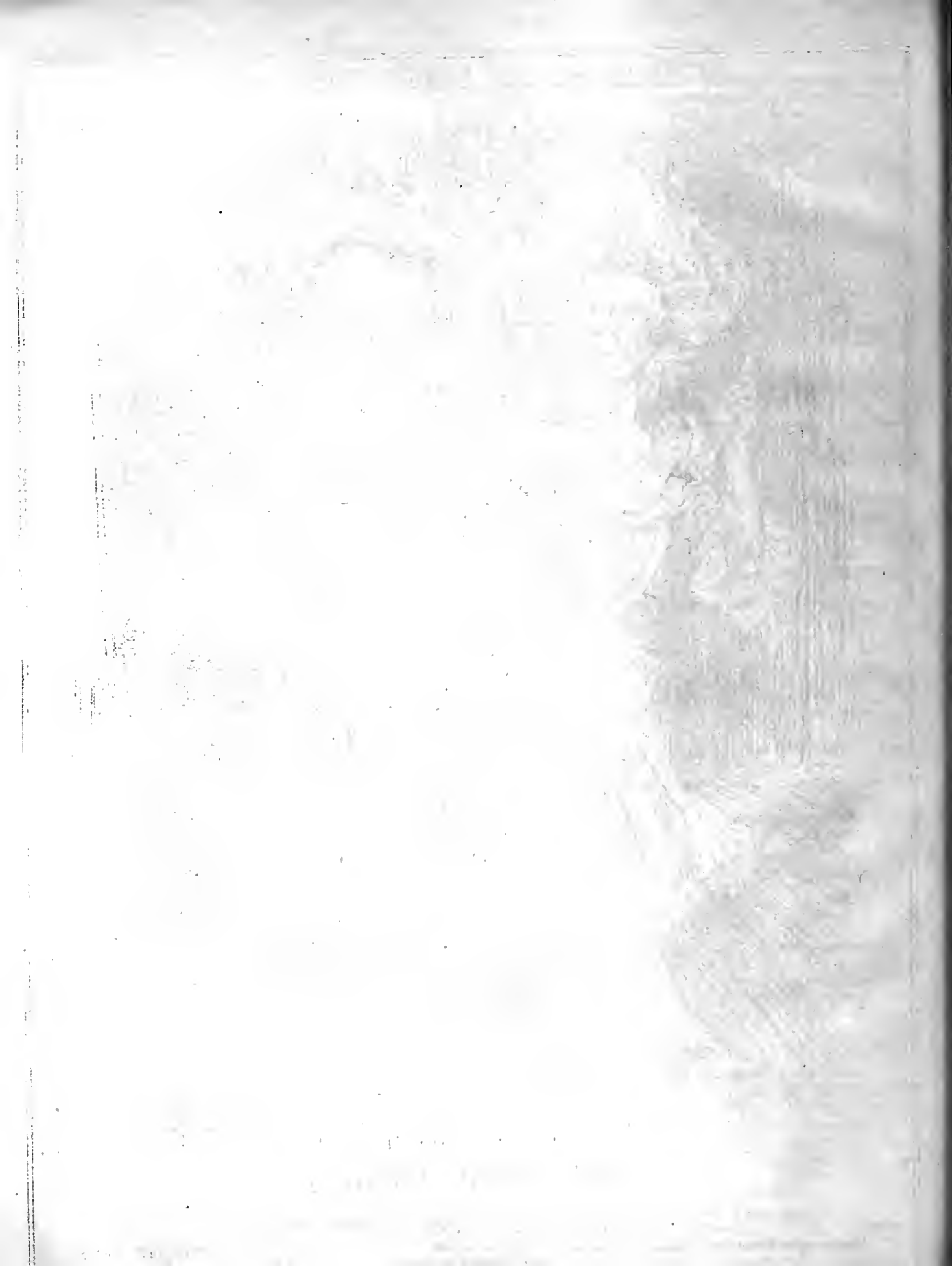
Bernard Partridge.

THE FISCAL FREAKS.

(Engaged at Enormous Expense.)

JOSEPHA. "NOW THEN, ARTURA, TAKE THE TIME FROM ME!"

[Rosa-Josepha Blazek, the Bohemian freak twins, are appearing nightly at a London music-hall. "It is difficult to know whether to speak of them as one or two persons."]



THE COMPLETE DOCTOR.

[Vide the recently published *Confessions of an English Doctor*.]

My friends, by every means you can,
Avoid the life of the medicine man.
His lot in a vale of woe is thrown
With never a minute to call his own.
As soon as he closes his weary eyes
Some inconsiderate patient dies,
And inconsiderate babes are born
When he creeps to bed in the grey of
morn ;
By night and day he is slave and thrall
To every pauper that bids him call.

But if, no matter what I may say,
You still persist in your wilful way,
A hint or two from one who knows
May lighten your self-inflicted woes.
Be youth and youthful ways forgot :
Assume an age if you have it not.
Try to look prosperous, plump and
porty—

Medical men are young at forty.
The working-man with anxious care
Sprinkles with tea his grizzling hair ;
All traces of youthfulness *you* must hide
With a little potassium cyanide.

As youth must be carefully kept from
view,

So ignorance ought to be hidden too.
Judicious deception will do far more
Than all your *Æsculapian* lore.
Your power is gone when a man supposes
You have a doubt of your diagnosis.
In your innermost heart you may feel at
sea—

If it's numps, or measles, or housemaid's
knee—

But once let your victim perceive your
trouble,
And the fount of his faith will cease to
bubble.

There may be doctors, I do not doubt,
Who, when a patient is prone to gout,
Will strongly advise him to cut it short
With his pounds of flesh and his bottles
of port.

A course like that is devoid of sense :
He takes the advice or he takes offence.

If he takes offence he kicks you out ;
If he takes the advice he is cured of his
gout ;

And instead of dispensing for him, *cheu!*
He promptly proceeds to dispense with
you.

But let your tact be mostly spent
In winning the feminine element,
For a medical man need scarce be told
A woman with nerves is a mine of gold.
Thus, when you enter your patient's room
Affect a sympathetic gloom !
Don't laugh at the curious things she feels
In her arms and legs, in her soles and
heels,

The grinding ache in her back, the smart
Of the red-hot needle that stabs her heart—

But stroke her hand in a soothing way
And ask her, "How is the pulse to-day?"
Enquire for the pain at the back of her
nose,
The feeling of dizziness down in her toes,
The block of ice in her burning chest,
The red-hot coal in her freezing breast,
The lead in her liver—and all the rest.

If doctors stickled for truth, how many
Would ever be blessed with an honest
penny?

How many who drive a spanking pair
Would do their rounds on Shanks's
mare,

And still find plenty of time to spare?



C. E. Brock
1904

Miss Griffin. "I'M SURE IT MUST BE MRS. JONES'S FAULT THAT SHE CAN'T MANAGE MABEL. THE CHILD IS MOST AFFECTIONATE."

Polite Visitor (eager to agree). "YES, THE WAY SHE GETS ON WITH YOU SHOWS THAT!"

"Before I forget—"

REFERRING to the "Great Douglas Cause," the *Chronicle* remarks:—

"Elderly people will recollect the law-suit which aroused so much excitement in the middle of the eighteenth century."

Ducentenarians, please copy.

Lines from North Westmorland.

THERE was a young Member named Rice,
Who grew weary of being a Whig.

So, thirsting for glory,
He emerged as a Tory.

And gallantly went the whole pig.

CHARIVARIA.

WE are informed that the function of the second Baltic Squadron will be to search for the survivors of the first.

The authorities of the Congo Free State are endeavouring to popularise travel through their territory, and announce a reduction of first-class railway fares. Owing to the spread of civilisation, there are now so few barbarous States in the world that we fancy many persons will be attracted to these parts.

The fact that there was no booing at the Royal Performances at Windsor Castle before the King and Queen of PORTUGAL is looked upon as a well-deserved snub to certain galleryites.

Seeing that the First Night judgment of a play is very often faulty, why not, asks an Irish gentleman, hold the First Night a week later? The idea is not as new as it sounds. MR. TREE, it may be remembered, once started straight away with the *Twelfth Night*.

The discovery that the Dorney Mile at Eton is 20 yards short of a mile, and that the Eton running records of the past are consequently of no value, has produced a feeling of consternation in scholastic circles.

MR. PEARSON'S advice to MR. BYRON CURTIS, the late Editor of the *Standard*: Gwynne, and bear it.

"The non-return of books," said Lord ROSEBURY, in his speech at the opening of a new Carnegie Library last week, "has ended more friendships than any other cause of which I am cognisant." Yet *T.P.'s Weekly*, a literary journal, actually published, the other day, an article in praise of "The Spirit of Borrow."

Now that the cold weather has come, universal sympathy is being felt for the Marquis of ANGLESEY, who will have to go about this winter with only one waistcoat, in the place of the five hundred of last year.

According to the *United Service Gazette*, orders have been given that the tallow hitherto used at the launching of warships shall in future be replaced by margarine. This is looked upon as a victory by those persons who have long declared that tallow is inferior to margarine as a substitute for butter.

Having read of the onslaught made on a Cornish lady's fur boa by a rat, a young lady writes to inform us that a

short time ago, her chinchilla muff was attacked by moth.

The antique battle-axe which was offered, with other articles left in railway carriages, for sale by auction last week, is stated to have been stolen from one of our arsenals.

Where now, our City Aldermen are asking, is man's vaunted superiority? There has been discovered in the State of Kansas a species of grasshopper which is endowed with a double set of teeth and two stomachs. A feeling of sullen jealousy prevails in civic circles.

An international exhibition of advertising will shortly be held at Antwerp. Thank Heaven, Great Britain will be able to hold her own in the Novelists' section, in both the male and female departments.

The present charge for smacking litigants' faces in the Royal Courts of Justice is £10 per face, but it is announced that the tariff may be raised.

KING CARLOS has proved himself such an unerring shot that KING EDWARD'S wisdom in concluding an Arbitration Treaty with him has been conceded by every one.

The fact that Colonel LE ROY LEWIS, when his mansion was burning, saved the French governess before the German one, has given the liveliest satisfaction to our friends across the Channel.

During a recent sitting of the Hungarian Diet, seats, books, and ink-bottles were hurled at the President. As a result of his not being hit there is to be an inquiry into the marksmanship of the nation.

Eighteen St. Petersburg lawyers have been called to the colours. They should at least know how to charge.

We must once more call attention to the gross carelessness of a contemporary. We hear that the following head-lines have caused considerable irritation in the Force:—

ANOTHER POLICE BLUNDER

INNOCENT MEN RELEASED.

FREEMASONRY.—"O for a Lodge in some vast Wilderness." Can any of your Past Masters in Masonic learning inform the present inquirer to what district such a Lodge so situated belonged, its number, name, Master, and any other particulars, and send them under cover to "One who doesn't know?"

OXFORD NOTES.

Some years hence.

MORE than usual interest is being taken in the Boat Race this year from the fact that for the first time for many years a native Englishman is included in the Oxford crew. Our congratulations to A. KERR MACFARLANE (Loretto and Balliol), who has been selected to steer us against the sister 'Varsity in the historic "Battle of the Blues."

We have also to felicitate another Britisher, MORGAN JONES - WILLIAMS (Aberystwith and Jesus) on getting his Push-ball blue. It really looks as if the old country was beginning to wake up at last!

The nasty collision between a B.N.C. eight manned by German (RHODES) scullers and a New College Coxswainless Four, composed of British Colonials, has been the sole topic of conversation this week. Happily the crisis is now over, and the matter is to be referred to the Hague Tribunal. The German cox was undoubtedly in the wrong, and the KAISER has sent him the usual telegram of congratulation.

To-day the Stars and Stripes float proudly over the new and palatial buildings of Oriel which have just been completed by the American Skeleton Steel Construction Company Limited. Men who knew Oxford in the old days would be surprised at the numerous changes and improvements that have been made. The straightening and widening of the old High Street (now First Avenue), and the magnificent Waldorf-Ritz Hotel, which stands where St. Mary's used to be, has made a vast difference to the appearance of the town.

The Master of Balliol (the Rev. CYPRIAN T. POTTER, of New York) entertained in Hall the other night the officers and men of the U.S. destroyer *Texas*, which is at present stationed at Ilfray Lock. During the course of the evening Sir THOMAS LITTON (who despite his 101 years is as keen a sportsman as ever) made his usual happy references to the coveted cup, and stated that it was still his determination to bring it to this side of the Atlantic. "*Shamrock XII.*," said Sir THOMAS, "is the best boat I have yet sent over, and I can only say, 'May the best boat win!'"

SATURDAY EVENINGS. — Smart Man Wanted for Bacon window, &c.—Croydon Advertiser.

If it had been for a Shakspeare window, what a chance for Mr. HALL CAINE, whose resemblance, &c.

"TIT-BITS" AND THE "GUARDIAN."

[We are requested to give an emphatic denial to the genuineness of the following correspondence.]

From the Editor of the "Guardian" to the Proprietor of "The Westminster Gazette," "Strand Magazine," &c.

DEAR SIR GEORGE NEWNES,—I feel I can rely upon having a part of the ample space at your command to correct a misapprehension. You say in Monday's *Westminster Gazette* that my purchase of *Tit-Bits* will issue in its radical transformation—that *Tit-Bits*, to use your own verb, will be "Guardianised." This is so far from the truth, and may disappoint so many persons, misled into the hope of reading henceforth two *Guardians* instead of one, that I hasten to disclose my plans in words which, unlike a classic, will require no commentary.

In typography and the quality of paper employed *Tit-Bits* will be absolutely unaltered. The prizes offered, in respect both of value and character, will be neither increased nor diminished. Nor shall I abandon that philosophic principle which has been visible from first to last in the conduct of this misunderstood publication. You and I know what that principle is: for the benefit of others, who may have looked only superficially at this subject, it may not be superfluous to say that *Tit-Bits* was founded, and has since been continued, with the object of fostering that power of *dissociation of ideas* which is of the first importance in education, as any competent teacher of psychology will agree.

It is therefore exact to say that in essential principle and in outward form *Tit-Bits* will be what it has been. The only changes I intend to make are in the staff. May I take our forthcoming number as an example of what I mean? Mr. EDMUND GOSSE (so thoroughly at home in France that references to *mon petit Gosse* are frequently heard in the Paris theatres) will have a few quaint paragraphs on the private life of the great French sonneteer, ANNA MARIA DE PARODIA. Mr. A. B. WALKLEY will say something about the influence of BOSWELL on his career. Reading in BOSWELL, at the age of eight, how JOHNSON attained success at Oxford by "striking in and quoting MACROBIUS," Mr. WALKLEY confides to us that he then and there resolved to make his way by "striking in and quoting" something or other, as often as possible, for the rest of his life. "Do daeshunds bag at the knees?" will be answered in his own inimitable way by the Editor of *Notes and Queries*. Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD will tell the world "How fame came." Unsited to *Tit-Bits*, you say? I venture to think not,



"ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS."

Imperial Yeoman. "MUCH OBLIGED IF YOU WOULD PICK UP MY SWORD FOR ME."

for we intend to put a catchy (that is the word, isn't it?) heading on Mrs. WARD's article—"Little Bas-Bleu, Come Blow Your Horn," or something in that kind.

At the risk of being egotistic, for it is difficult to write about oneself without seeming, to others, to write too much. I may as well say frankly that I am not ashamed of literature and culture, and that although snippets will continue to give feature to my new property they will be snippets for the cultivated, the serious, by the serious, the cultivated. I shall regard the editing of *Tit-Bits* as in its nature a sacred Trust, to be administered to the end that scholarship and culture may fall, drop by drop,

upon minds waiting, as I firmly believe, to receive them. Think of the effect, for example, of this bit contributed to our next number but one, by Mr. ARTHUR SYMONS: "WALTER PATER! what memories are freshened and made fragrant by that name! What a marvel that a style in which clause is laid by the side of clause, lovely one after lovely other, until the long, retouched sentence is musical, invertebrate, should have been so flexible to the interpretation of so many kinds of beauty! That a mind so nicely adapted to the appreciation of exquisite fluorescence should yet have valued adequately severe design! For PATER the only gifts I could wish from the faeries are that his sentences might

have achieved a more highly articulated structure, and that humour, which often seems to hover above his page, should now and then have come to light upon it." Trusting you will pardon me for having troubled you with so long a letter,

I am, yours sincerely,
W. HOBHOUSE.

DEAR MR. HOBHOUSE,—I am glad to give you all the publicity I have in stock. Next week I could give you more: but I suppose you couldn't wait. While it is something to know that *Tit-Bits* will not be consolidated with your bright weekly, I still maintain that the employment of the persons you mention will give pain to my old readers. If you must go in for style and literature, why not employ somebody with a little ginger and spirit? Last night I was trying to think of people for you. Among others

I thought of CHESTERTON, the marvellous boy.

You see, your new hand isn't the only man who can handle a dictionary of quotations. I am reluctantly compelled to think you deliberately obscure in your remarks about "dissociation of ideas." I have heard of their association. Is that what you mean? Let me conclude by a friendly tip: if you want the thing to be a go, let your motto be, "More matter, less mind."

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE NEWNES.

I refuse to "think of the effect" of Mr. SYMONS's piece. Your subscription list will show what your readers think.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

IV.—THE CHAIRMAN.

I.

The Hon. Felix Stow, Liberal Candidate for Bilkingham, to his agent Mr. Harry Keast.

DEAR KEAST,—What do you think about another Meeting? There have been a good many big speeches lately, and my constituents will perhaps be asking themselves how far I agree with them. Let me know how it strikes you.

Yours sincerely,

FELIX STOW.

II.

Mr. Harry Keast to the Hon. Felix Stow.

DEAR MR. STOW,—I have made some inquiries, and it is generally thought that the time is ripe for another large Meeting. The best dates would be either the 22nd or the 29th of next month—both Thursday, which is market day, when the country people come in.

Yours faithfully,

HARRY KEAST.

III.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Mr. Harry Keast.

DEAR KEAST,—I think the 29th is

the day. I forgot to say in my last that you must get me a new Chairman. I really cannot stand BURGE any more.

Yours sincerely,

FELIX STOW.

IV.

Mr. Harry Keast to the Hon. Felix Stow.

DEAR MR. STOW,—We have fixed the 29th, and all that now remains is the Chairman. The opinion of the influential men here is that you must get Sir BONIAN BOGG. He controls a great number of votes and is very highly respected, and is the only man for whom BURGE would be willing to stand down. It would be best for you to write to him yourself. Yours faithfully,

HARRY KEAST.

V.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Mr. Harry Keast.

DEAR KEAST,—Are you really serious in suggesting that old ass? Is there no way of escape? Yours sincerely,

FELIX STOW.

VI.

Telegram from Mr. Harry Keast to the Hon. Felix Stow.

BOGG invaluable. Write at once.—KEAST.

VII.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Sir Bonian Bogg.

DEAR SIR BONIAN,—I should esteem it a very great honour if you would consent to take the chair at the Meeting which I am addressing at Bilkingham on the 29th of next month. Believe me,

Yours very truly,

FELIX STOW.

VIII.

Sir Bonian Bogg to the Hon. Felix Stow.

DEAR MR. STOW,—Before I give my consent to preside over your Meeting I must be fully satisfied that your views coincide with mine on various important problems of the day. Please therefore state as concisely as possible your attitude to the following questions:—

- (a) Old Age Pensions.
- (b) Deceased Wife's Sister.
- (c) Fiscal Reform.
- (d) The Zionist Movement.

When replying please mark your letter Z334, as I deal with all my correspondence by method. I am, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

BONIAN BOGG.

IX.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Sir Bonian Bogg.

DEAR SIR BONIAN,—It seems to me that I cannot do better than enclose the *Bilkingham Herald's* report of my first speech to the constituency. That seems to me to supply the answers which you need. May I point out how important it is that my Committee should know as soon as possible if we are to have the

honour of your support as Chairman on the 29th. Believe me,

Yours very truly,

FELIX STOW.

X.

Sir Bonian Bogg to the Hon. Felix Stow.

DEAR MR. STOW,—I have had your speech read to me very slowly three times, omitting only the references to the enthusiasm of the audience—such collections of persons being to my mind very like sheep. But I cannot find any pronouncement either on the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill or on the Zionist Movement. Kindly satisfy my mind on these important points; and in replying will you please mark the envelope as well as the letter with the reference number with which I furnished you? I am, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

BONIAN BOGG.

XI.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Mr. Harry Keast.

DEAR KEAST,—I enclose Sir BONIAN BOGG's last letter. Why on earth you are so set on having such a Chairman I can't conceive. What am I to reply? I never heard of the Zionist movement.

Yours sincerely,

FELIX STOW.

XII.

Telegram from Mr. Keast to the Hon. Felix Stow.

Favour return Jews Palestine. Support Bill's deceased wife's sister. Haste important.

KEAST.

XIII.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Sir Bonian Bogg.

DEAR SIR BONIAN,—Pray excuse my delay in replying, but I wished to give the matter earnest attention. With regard to the Zionist movement, I am, I may say, in complete accord with it. Palestine seems to me to be pre-eminently the country for the Jews. I see a great opening for them there. As for the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill, although I regret the necessity of dragging such intimate matters before the public eye, I am in favour of liberty. It would be better of course if the man married the right sister first, but I would none the less allow him to do so in time. After all, this is a free country. Believe me,

Yours very truly,

FELIX STOW.

XIV.

Sir Bonian Bogg to the Hon. Felix Stow.

DEAR MR. STOW,—One little point in your printed speech, which I now know almost by heart—as the saying is, although of course by head were more accurate—causes me some anxiety, and until it is cleared up I do not see how I can give my consent to preside at your Meeting. You repudiate Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Protective policy with unmistakable

emphasis, but I cannot be absolutely certain how far your words are merely rhetorical or scientifically exact in your references to the PRIME MINISTER. My own views on this question are crystallised, and so sacred that nothing short of complete unanimity would satisfy my conscience. I am, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,
BONIAN BOGG.

P.S.—Please remember to alter your reference number to AA13, as I have just had a new set of pigeon-holes made.

XV.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Mr. Harry Keast.

DEAR KEAST,—This is getting perfectly ridiculous. See what your Big-wig writes to-day. What are his infernal crystallised views? It is so impossible that I should agree with him that I am determined to end the farce. So please arrange for BURGE again, but do for heaven's sake stop him from calling me the Right Honourable in his opening speech.

Yours sincerely,

Oct. 14.

FELIX STOW.

XVI.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Sir Bonian Bogg.

DEAR SIR BONIAN,—After giving your kind letter the utmost attention, I have come to the conclusion that it would perhaps be better not to proceed in my request that you should honour our Meeting by presiding over it. I feel certain that we are inevitably bound to differ here and there, and I know how painful it would be to you to find that you had by implication given your support to an opinion in which you did not believe. I am therefore very reluctantly asking Mr. BURGE to take the chair as before. Believe me,

Yours very truly,

Oct. 14.

FELIX STOW.

XVII.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Mr. Daniel Burge.

DEAR MR. BURGE,—I shall esteem it a great kindness if you will again take the chair at our next Meeting, on the 29th of next month.

Yours sincerely,

Oct. 14.

FELIX STOW.

XVIII.

Mr. Harry Keast to the Hon. Felix Stow.

DEAR MR. STOW,—I saw Sir BONIAN this morning, and quickly convinced him that you and he see eye to eye. I will tell you what I told him when you come down; or shall I come to town? I enclose a rough pull of the poster. You will see how well Sir BONIAN BOGG's name looks.

Yours faithfully,

Oct. 14.

HARRY KEAST.

XIX.

Mr. Harry Keast to the Hon. Felix Stow.
(Next day.)

Am coming by 11.30 train. BURGE



TRUE APPRECIATION.

(Overheard at the Theatre.)

Mr. Parrent. "I DON'T KNOW THAT I'M EXACTLY CORSE ON SHAKESPEARE PLAYS."

[Mr. P. agrees.]

threatens secede. Greatly regret your haste.--KEAST.

XX.

Sir Bonian Bogg to the Hon. Felix Stow.

SIR BONIAN BOGG is at a loss to understand the letter AA13, since Mr. Stow's agent yesterday called and quickly satisfied Sir BONIAN BOGG's mind on all points that were in doubt. Together they arranged the procedure of the Meeting, and the agent at once fell in with all Sir BONIAN BOGG's suggestions as to the occupants of the front row of the platform and other essential matters. After reading Mr. Stow's odd letter Sir BONIAN BOGG cannot but feel that he has been played with, and the thought is an exceedingly distasteful one. If Mr. Stow has any explanation to offer, Sir BONIAN BOGG will be pleased to give it considera-

tion; otherwise it would perhaps be better if all correspondence between himself and Sir BONIAN BOGG were to cease.

Nothing Startling.

SIR,—The other day I saw the following heading in the *Westminster Gazette*:

"IN WINTER'S GRIP.

A 'LOST' EXPRESS TRAIN."

But surely there's nothing very exceptional in this; certainly not to me. I am always losing trains. I lost two expresses only the other day. The reason of my doing so was not far to seek, that is, not farther than the Refreshment Room, as it was so bitterly cold that I was compelled to take a "wee drappit."

Yours,

A TEA-TOTAL ABSTAINER.



ENCOURAGING.

Auctioneer. "NOW, GENTLEMEN, WE COME TO A VERY USEFUL LOT, THE BAY PONY. RARE LITTLE ANIMAL THIS. WHAT SHALL I SAY FOR THE PONY, GENTLEMEN; SHALL I SAY TEN POUNDS?"

First Bystander. "A SOVEREIGN!"

Auctioneer. "COME, GENTLEMEN, I'M NOT HERE TO WASTE MY TIME WITH TRIFLING BIDS LIKE THIS; WE'RE NOT SELLING SCRAP-IRON. HERE'S A WONDERFUL GOOD CLASS OF ANIMAL. MOVE HER ABOUT A BIT, THERE! WORTH THIRTY POUNDS TO ANYONE. NOW WHAT SHALL I SAY FOR HER?"

Second Bystander. "GUINEAS!"

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

WHEN man in dim and desultory way
Passed slowly from the Stone-Age to the Copper,
There were who thought that culture was decay,
And progress most improper.

When he aspired to modify his fate
There were resisting souls among the Cave-men,
Who deemed improvements were degenerate
Devices to enslave men.

They grieved that implements of jagged flake
Should be replaced by metal bolts and spear-heads;
They mourned when men used copper celts to break
Each other's queer heads.

And there arose a sanctimonious groan,
Long letters in the Neolithic papers,
When some aspired to scratch themselves with bone
Instead of wooden scrapers.

When folk began to eat each other less,
And culture craved a more impersonal diet,

These timid souls could only feel distress
And qualms of sore disquiet.

When fire became a culinary aid,
All lovers of the raw set up a-railing;
And when man clothed himself, the naked made
A most indignant wailing.

And still, when we attempt the things we should,
The cravens croak and vilify the brave men,
And every step towards a higher good
Is hampered by the Cave-men.

A MATTER OF COURSE.—Sir HENRY IRVING has been lecturing on art at the Pen and Pencil Club, Aberdeen. Just the very place and subject for a great artist; and there's no doubt about the fact that he can draw. Of course Architecture has been hitherto his principal study, and, undoubtedly, he has not his equal anywhere in drawing an enormous house.

In the *Times* Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has recently been indulging in some Pearsonal remarks.

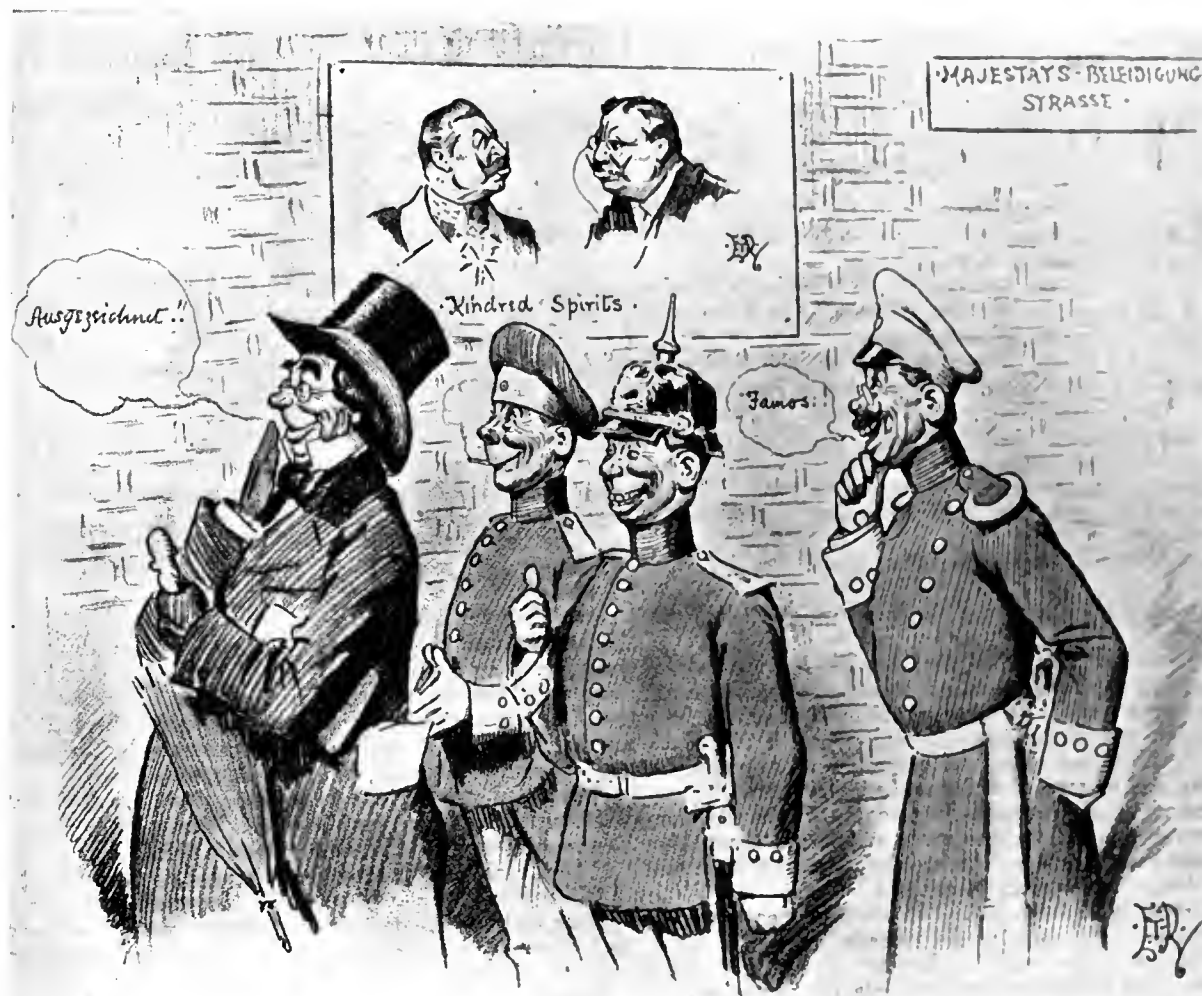


"THE MOST FAVOURED NATION."

JAPANESE AGENT. "HERE! YOU'VE LET HIM GO OFF WITH A DESTROYER. I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WEREN'T SELLING ANY?"

MR. BULL. "DESTROYER! WHY HE TOLD ME IT WAS MEANT FOR A YACHT!"

["MR. SINNETT, who managed the business, introduced himself to the firm of YARROW as the agent of a rich American desirous of buying a yacht."—"Matin," quoted by "Daily Graphic."]



"CONFISCATED BY THE BERLIN POLICE."

WHAT ARE THEY AFRAID OF? IS IT THIS?

["The Berlin Police have confiscated from the numbers of *Punch* of November 16 the page containing the caricature of the Emperor William and President Roosevelt, entitled "Kindred Spirits of the 'Strenuous Life.'"—*The Standard*.]

À PROPOS DE SHOES.

OUR humorous contemporary, the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, under the heading "Vom neuen Gang der Frau" recently discussed the present craze for pointed high-heeled shoes in England. The writer recognised that the change will impart an unaccustomed grace to the Englishwoman's progress—but, there are drawbacks; the new shoe will hamper her freedom when engaged in playing polo! (*Aber mit solchen Schuhen kann die moderne Dame freilich nicht Polo spielen*). As has been well said, "What do they know of England, who only Deutschland know?"

At Southend-on-Sea Police Court a fisherman was recently fined for selling unwholesome shell-fish. He pleaded that for ten years he had been in the habit of scraping mussels off a pier. No wonder we hear so much of the enfeebled condition of the aristocracy.

"Duty first, pleasure afterwards," as the Customs House Officer observed to the gentleman from abroad who had brought over with him a couple of boxes of cigars for his own personal smoking.

RESTFUL ROSEBERIAN READINGS.

A PROPOS of Lord ROSEBURY's lecture on books, Lord SALISBURY has been quoted as always "having kept *Monte Cristo* by his bedside." No compliment to that marvellous romance, any more than it would be were some one to inform the author of *Napoleon, The Last Phase*, that he "always had it by his bedside, and read it the very last thing at night as an inducement to sleep." On second thoughts bed is the very place for a Nap.

Remarkable Natural Phenomenon.

Is the following passage, taken from the "Court and Society" column of the *Daily Mail*, the epithet "high," as applied to the rising moon, seems to lend fresh colour to the theory of green cheese as the leading constituent of that orb:

"Later in the day, as the KING and QUEEN drove through the Park on their way to Paddington, there was a wonderful effect of dull orange sky and brilliant electric light glowing through a mist, each electric globe reflected in the damp pavement, while high in the sky the crescent moon was just rising."

(Italics by the astounded Man in the Moon.)

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER II.

Sylvia discovers who she is.

"CONDUCT us," repeated the Prime Minister in a more peremptory tone, for SARAH was standing stock-still with her mouth and her eyes wide open, "to Her Majesty, and let there be no delay."

"Her Majesty?" said SARAH at last. "What Majesty? Do you mean Mrs. WILKINS, Sir, the cook? She's busy just now, but I dessay she'll see you."

"No, girl," said the Chamberlain, in a deep official voice, "we do *not* mean Mrs. WILKINS, the cook. We desire to see Her Majesty Queen SYLVIA, and at once."

"Oh, Lor'!" said SARAH, feeling, as she afterwards declared, as if somebody had caught her a clout over the head. "You mean Miss SYLVIA, I suppose. Ah, I see what it is," she added, with a gleam of intelligence, "you're some o' them Christmas mummers come afore the proper time. We never encourage them, so you can go away. Besides, you're both old enough to know better than act that kind o' tomfoolery."

"The situation," said the Chamberlain, "is becoming awkward."

"We shall have to take a decisive step," said the Prime Minister.

"We cannot afford," added the Chamberlain, "to be defied by a serving wench," and, with a gallant gesture, the result of many years of courtly practice, he laid his right hand gently, but with a world of meaning, upon the hilt of his sword. "Make way there," he cried, "for our business is pressing, and we must at all hazards see the QUEEN."

What might have happened I cannot say, for the Chamberlain was a man of iron resolution, and SARAH, though her birth was humble, had a dauntless soul; but at this moment SYLVIA herself appeared in the passage.

"What is it?" she asked. "Do these gentlemen wish to see Mamma?" and she advanced towards the door.

"Don't go near 'em, Miss SYLVIA," expostulated SARAH anxiously, but her protest came too late, for SYLVIA had put her quietly aside, and was standing before the Prime Minister and the Chamberlain.

"Can I give Mamma any message?" said SYLVIA.

"Are you her daughter?" said the Chamberlain with some awkwardness. "I mean, are you—"

"Of course I am," said SYLVIA, laughing. "What a funny question to ask! My name is SYLVIA—SYLVIA CRYSTAL."

At once, and without a word of warning, the two old gentlemen dropped down, each upon one knee, and one after the other, taking SYLVIA's hand, brought it to his lips and gently kissed it.

While this was passing, and before SYLVIA had recovered from her astonishment, a tall lady dressed in black had hurried in at the door and swept past the two kneeling figures.

"My darling," she said, clasping SYLVIA to her breast, "I know what has happened. I have just read the terrible news—too sad—too sad. Oh, may God give you strength!"

"Madam," said the Chamberlain, who had risen from his knees, "compose yourself, for you are addressing the QUEEN. We have come," he continued, turning to SYLVIA, "to announce to your Majesty your accession to the throne. It was at midnight that King RICHARD of pious and immortal memory breathed his last. An hour later we learnt the news of the dreadful event that carried off Prince CHARLES and his two sons. Much had to be done and thought of; there was necessarily some confusion, but I assure your Majesty we came with as little delay as was possible. An unbroken tradition assigns to the Chamberlain and the Prime Minister the duty of making this announcement. We are here to take

such commands as your Majesty may graciously be pleased to signify with regard to certain urgent matters of State."

"But, Mamma," said SYLVIA, "what *does* it all mean? Is it a dream? No. I'm pinching myself, and I can feel it quite well. But oh, what *does* it all mean?"

"It means, my darling," said the tall lady, "that you are indeed Queen of Hinterland, and that I am in duty bound to make obeisance to my Sovereign," and, bending low, she too took SYLVIA's hand and kissed it, while the tears came to her eyes. "It will all be explained to you later," she continued, "and you will try to forgive me for having kept you in ignorance of your station."

"Forgive you, Mamma?" said SYLVIA. "Oh please don't speak like that. Everything you do is always right."

"It is your Majesty," said the Prime Minister with a certain archness, "who can do no wrong henceforth."

"But how," said the tall lady, "shall she bear these tremendous responsibilities? She is but a child."

"At fifteen," observed the Chamberlain, "the Sovereigns of the Royal House of Hinterland are of full age. It is so laid down in the Act of Succession passed two hundred years ago in the reign of King HILDEBRAND THE GREAT."

"May Heaven protect and guide her!" said the tall lady. "And now, gentlemen, permit me, since this cottage is mine, to offer you some slight refreshment."

At this point, however, the proceedings, which had been hitherto conducted with all proper ceremonial rigidity, were interrupted by SARAH. This faithful servant had drunk in every word that had been said, and had at last realised that her little SYLVIA was indeed a Queen. Flinging herself down on the floor she came shuffling on her knees along the passage and seized SYLVIA's hand, and covered it with kisses.

"Oh, Miss SYLVIA," she whimpered, "oh, my Majesty, to think you should turn out like this. Don't send me away. Let me wait on you. I'll do my duty faithful."

"This," said the Chamberlain, "is most unseemly."

"Rise, SARAH," said SYLVIA, who had read about Kings and Queens, and remembered how they spoke, "we will endeavour to find you a place about our person—and *Rollo* shall come too, dear old *Rollo*."

The last words were addressed to the St. Bernard dog, who had come up quietly from the garden, and was looking into SYLVIA's face with a troubled expression in his honest eyes.

"It is plain," said the Prime Minister, "that your Majesty will not lack protectors. May I now beg your Majesty to make preparations for coming with us? The heralds have proclaimed your accession in all the public places, and the populace will be waiting outside the Palace to salute you with loyal enthusiasm."

"I'll pack your box this very minute, my Majesty," said SARAH.

"Thank you," said the QUEEN. "And, by the way, you needn't put in the arithmetic book, or any of the other lesson books."

Our Dumb Pets.

THE annexed advertisement, taken from a Lincolnshire paper, once more emphasizes the modern tendency to pamper domestic animals:—

WANTED, a Gent's or Lady's free-wheel BICYCLE for a Pure Bred Sable and White COLLIE.

Tennysonian Motto for Dyspeptics

OUR little systems have their day,
They have their day, and cease to be.

Sportsman. Terrible soaking they had in the Welter Handicap! Why, when the jockeys weighed in they were each allowed two pounds!

Lady Friend. Poor fellows! I suppose that was to buy new clothes with!



LITTLE BINKS AGAIN.

Little Binks facets me, I, Sir, man, who is trying a new horse. "You'd better send him back to the circus. That's his place." Sported in. "He'd be all right, my boy, if he didn't see a clown right in front of him!"

THE GENESIS OF A PHRASE.

(Being fragments of an Address delivered to the students of the University of St. Bees by their Rector the Right Hon. George Windmill, M.P.)

"Proiecit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba."
—HORACE.

... I dismiss that ineffably banal refuge of the destitute rhetorician, Efficiency, and since you are the *alumni* of St. Bees, and I have the proud prerogative of harbouring one of those mellificent proboscideans in my own bonnet, propose to you a discourse on one branch of the Philosophy of Hermeneutics, that which is concerned with the supererogatory adumbration of the inexplicable in terms of maximum orotundity. That is the end of my modest exordium. Without further expenditure of polysyllables I name my subject "Pristine Connotations; or, The Genesis of a Phrase."

The genesis, or, to be more precise, the geodetic genealogy of a phrase affords us common ground. It is a theme at once concrete and mystical, but neither hubristic nor holophrastic. So, turning my back on the futile pleonasm of inebriated fiscalists I seek the crystalline springs of the goddess Phylaria and find a convenient point of departure for my peripatetics in the phrase of Hippocampus minor: "*Homo homini lupus*."

His saying is trite but still teeming with tremendous etymological possibilities. Two questions leap from it clamouring for definition: "What sort of man?" "What sort of wolf?" One rash footstep, one temerarious generalisation might land me in the quagmire of Comparative Osteology or the mephitic morass of Caledonian dialectics. Fortunately the *obiter dictum* of Hippocampus excludes isolated examples of either species. The whole, as EUCLID observes with unerring instinct, is greater than the part, and I am thus enabled to eliminate from my lucubrations the polyphonic synthesis of hydrocephalous sciolists, from TRISMEGISTUS and SANCHONIATHON to CAGLIOSTRO and BARBEY D'AUREVILLE. I dismiss the anæmic automaton of PAPADIAMANTOPOULOS. I dismiss the nebulous exhalations of CAMBUSCAN, GHIRLANDAJO, GIAN GALEAZZO SPORZA, CLEMENS NON PAPA, GUICCIARDINI, BACCHYLIDES, BALAUSTION, JAGELLON and SLUMGULLION. These are great names to conjure with, but they leave me unmoved. It is true that ORLANDO DI LASSO inveighs against the tyranny of the Bollandists, that PORFIRIO DIAZ laments the decline of the totemism of the Aztecs, that CLAMJAMFREY, in a spasm of ecstatic hedonism, proclaimed rheumatic arthritis to be the inevitable corollary of a diet of mulligatawny soup and macaroni. But

their speculations, though not devoid of interest, are engrossed by the concrete facts of the fleeting Present. To penetrate the "true inwardness"—if I may borrow a luminous observation of G. R. SIMS—of our argument we must emancipate our intellects from the thralldom of an obsolete tradition and steep ourselves to the lips in the bracing waters of esoteric etymology.

I propose, then, to take the common words which we use, without premeditation, when discussing the broader aspects of anthropology, and to subject them to two tests. First I shall seek to discover



NOT UNLIKELY.

"WELL, WELL! AND WAS BABY FRIGHTENED OF HIS DADDY, DEN!"

when they were first used, and secondly what are the most striking modern derivatives. Applying this test we find that the word *homo* was first used by ENNIUS in his memorable apostrophe *unus homo nobis*. It crops up in the gnomic apophthegms of POMPONIUS MELA, in the *Nicotiniana* of MAGNIFICUS POMPOSUS, in the *Apocolocyntosis* of SENECA, and in the Polygopaphlasma of CASSIODORUS. Hence the English word "home," the American "hominy," and the Cumbrian *houhuphlm*, so familiar to the audience which conferred on me the high honour which has elicited this humble and uncultured address.

From these artless beginnings sprung

that complex aggregation, that choric dance of interplanetary efferents which, alike in the tangles of the Hercynian forests, the samovars of the Mæso-Gothic dohmens, the cromlechs of Milesian tanists, has, by a slow but irresistible process of political gravitation, promoted the ultimate domination of the non-Aryan broad-headed race which the late EDWARD LEAR called crumbobblious, but which with Professor RIPLEY I prefer to style neo-Pictish. You know the cruel slander which the Dalecarlians circulated to the prejudice of their gallant opponents. They went so far as to state that the Picts had such large feet that they were forced to put their trousers on over their heads. Hence the kilt, and, by a process of concomitant variation, the Kilties, whose soul-animating strains have lately kindled the dying embers of pristine civic virtue in a race sapped by a life of polyglot restaurants and international sleeping-cars. I can not, then, bring myself to believe that the Picts were exterminated, though I know that only five words of their tongue survive. Here then you can help, you of our ancient University, by a return to the primitive simplicity of your neolithic ancestors, and by steadfastly refusing to reinforce that disintegrating tendency towards centrifugal cosmopolitanism which is at once the bane and the blessing of the British Empire.

ON POCKET-BOOKS.

Our Master, Guide, Philosopher, and Friend, for wise reasons which cannot be questioned having long ago ceased to contribute his own annual publication full of solid information and replete with brilliant prose and sparkling verse, known for years as *Mr. Punch's Pocket Book*, to the Christmas and New Year's collection in Father Time's Library, the Baron takes this opportunity of drawing the attention of his readers to such special specimens from the stores of certain suppliers of this most useful class of work as have been brought under his notice.

First then, there is, among the nattily bound and practically serviceable pocket-books and calendars produced by Messrs. DE LA RUE, a specimen of the genuine pocket-book which, besides containing its useful calendar, diary, and pencil, is a book *with* pockets and *for* pockets, and will be found by those whose habits admit of pocketing (tailors do not consider their customers' pockets, except from one point of view, so much as their own) easily pocketable. Among Calendars for the writing-table the Baron selects an interesting *Nelson Calendar* as particularly useful to those who find themselves frequently at sea as regards dates, festivals, and historic events.



GIBSON GIRLS ARE NOW APPEARING AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE. WHY SHOULD NOT SOME OF OUR OWN ARTISTS BE GIVEN A CHANCE? A SUGGESTION TO MANAGERS—BOYS AND GIRLS FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY:—

SIR E. POYNTER, P.R.A.

MARCUS STONE, R.A.

ALMA TADEMA, R.A.

STOREY, A.R.A.

THE LAST OF THE CARLISTS AT COVENT GARDEN.

November 21.—As *Carmen*, Madame LAFARGUE might have been acceptable but for those "comparisons" which "are odorous," but are inevitable with those who have seen Madame CALVÉ at her best as the wayward, unprincipled, impassioned gipsy. The *Micaëla* of Mlle. ALICE NIELSEN was "sweet and low," a little too low sometimes. Mlle. TRENTINI was in excellent form as *Frasquita*, as also was Signorina MANFREDI, who impersonated her fascinating companion, the light-hearted *Mercedes*. Not much "go" in M. CORNBERT'S *Don José*; but Signor TOMATO—beg pardon, should have said AMATO—as *Escamillo*, the *Toreador contento*, was satisfactory. Signori VIALE and PAROLI as *Il Dancaire* and *Il Remendado*, the two utter bad 'uns, were thoroughly good. Equally so were the abbreviated THOMAS, alias Signor THOS, as *Ruquita*, and Signor MASSA (a name that sounds like a question in nigger language, "Seen yaw Massa?") as *Morales*. Chorus good, CAMPANINI and orchestra doing their best. House well filled; smart set conspicuous by absence, and audience generally lacking enthusiasm.

November 22.—Madame GIACHETTI being unfortunately indisposed, audience was requested to judge of *Rigoletto* by his Second and Fourth Act. The doggy Dook was well represented by Signor ANSELMU, and his great song, "*La Donna Automobile*" (its up-to-date title), was heartily applauded. Signor AMATO'S Fool o' the Family, known as *Rigoletto*, was thoroughly appreciated by the audience.

As *Gilda*, Mlle. ALICE NIELSEN was quite at her very best; sweet, as on the previous night, but never low; to-night sweet and clear. Madame FERRARIS as *Magdalen* was "not in it," so to speak, with the others whose associate she is in the celebrated quartette, which, however, was effectively given. House well filled; waits too long; great pity, as such big waits will make the lightest opera heavy, and not a few,

being weary of waiting, left before commencement of *Pagliacci*, in which pretty Madame WYDA was a delightful *Nedda*, charming in appearance, acting and singing. As *Canio*, M. CORNBERT was good, but not so strongly dramatic as he should have been, lacking the intensity required by the part. Signor ANCONA'S *Tonio* was first-rate as usual, his "prologue" was magnificent, the value of his powerful acting and artistic singing being enthusiastically recognised. As *Silvio*, the representative of the somewhat insipid second-class DOX JUAX, we do not remember ever to have seen a better than Signor ANGELINI FORNARI. Orchestra under Signor CAMPANINI perfect. In fact, if there were no other opera to signalise the success of this "off-season," it would suffice to record this memorable representation of *Pagliacci*.

Thursday was snow and we couldn't go.

Friday.—The King and Queen of PORTUGAL, honoured Covent Garden, and witnessed with delight a fragmentary performance, consisting, first, of the saddest Act of *La Bohème*, played by Mlles. ALICE NIELSEN and TRENTINI, Signori DANI and AMATO; their Majesties were treated to the overture to *William Tell*, which was given just to prepare the Royalties for the third item, namely, the laughable farce of *La Tosca*, Madame GIACHETTI being the heroine, and Signor ANCONA the wicked nobleman; and then, by way of finish to a good hearty enjoyable evening's entertainment, came the Second Act of that rough-and-tumble piece of operatic merriment, entitled *Grand Otello*, or *The Moor the Merrier*. The above rollicking programme ("by command?") was under the conductorship of courteous CAMPANINI, and all returned home rejoicing.

We sincerely trust that with the result of the extra operatic season the San Carlo Grand Opera Company are as pleased as were their "Friends in Front," and then we shall feel perfectly certain that Messrs. RENDLE and FORSYTH, like Messrs. Box and Cox, "are satisfied." *Curtain.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

APPROACHING *Retrospects* (SMITH, ELDER), with the reverence due to the Emeritus Professor of Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews, my Baronite confesses he was a little shocked to find the learned Doctor dropping into bad language, even as upon occasion Mr. Silas Wegg "dropped into poetry." The blow is dealt on page 112, where Mr. KNIGHT, inflamed by the caloric of his argument, alludes to "our blasted mundane ideals." It is a slip that does not mar the serenity of an interesting book. The attraction varies with succeeding topics. Some of the chapters, those dealing with TENNYSON, BROWNING, and ARTHUR STANLEY for example, are excellent. Others, notably that on CARLYLE which opens the volume, are disappointing. If the truth may be whispered beyond the precincts of St. Andrews, humour is not the strong point of its Professor of Philosophy. With some of CARLYLE's sayings, even the kindly assistance of italics, familiar in the original edition of JOE MILLER, does not help the Southerner to see the joke. As occasionally happens with persons of certain temperament, Mr. KNIGHT is most amusing when he does not strive after that effect. Thus he tells how BROWNING once said to him, "All the unintelligibility" of SORDELLO was due to the printers. "They would change his punctuation and not print his commas, semi-colons, dashes and brackets." There, flashed forth in a sentence, is explanation of a mystery that has long baffled mankind. Through a long and distinguished career Mr. KNIGHT has enjoyed the advantage of intimate acquaintance with many eminent men. He promises a further series of *Retrospects*, for which the first whets the appetite.

It is the Baron's agreeable duty to call attention to the Special Number of *The Studio*, produced and published by its proprietors (Offices, 44, Leicester Square). This number deals exclusively with the two French artists in black and white and in colour, DAUMIER and GAVARNI, caricaturists, in style and technique vastly differing the one from the other, of whose work many of the best and most characteristic specimens are here finely reproduced by the photogravure process, which with rare artistic skill gives us the tone of the original lithograph, its strong lights and shadows, its delicate tints, its sharp outlines and somewhat vivid colouring. The well-considered, critical and biographical notes by HENRI FRANTZ and OCTAVE UZANNE, edited by CHARLES HOLME, are printed in the clearest type by MESSRS. BRADBURY AND AGNEW, whom, in conjunction with the proprietors of *The Studio*, the Baron heartily congratulates on an exceptionally perfect work. For separate appreciation of HONORÉ DAUMIER, born 1808, the Baron refers his readers to THACKERAY'S *Paris Sketch Book*. DAUMIER was, politically, a brutal satirist, a French GILRAY or ROWLANDSON in idea, powerful in execution, and yet, as artist and wit, not equal to the versatile GAVARNI, four years his junior. English people came to be fairly familiar with the work of GUILLAUME SULPICE CHEVALIER, known as "GAVARNI," who, though he tried to acclimatise himself in London, failed in his attempts at representing the contemporary English as they really were, and could only translate them into French equivalents. But this fascinating theme the Baron must perforce drop, and once again he strongly recommends all lovers of art, and all interested in the history of caricature, to procure, at its very moderate price of five shillings, this most interesting and valuable Special Number of *The Studio*.

Once again all who appreciate the delightful humour of Mr. W. W. JACOBS will heartily welcome his latest book entitled *Dialstone Lane* (GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd.). It is the

story of a search after an imaginary "Treasure Island," and everyone of the *dramatis personæ* is what is termed in theatrical parlance "a character part;" and of these eccentric types of middle-class rural life, including even the snappish girl and her artful lover, it is noteworthy that not a single one is represented as being absolutely straightforward. The scenes ashore, afloat, and on the island, are genuine low comedy; biters are bit, and biggest thieves come off best. At page 153 there is a description which should make Mr. JACOBS popular with all hunting men, though as a rule any allusion to field sports is quite out of his line of country.

MR. FISHER UNWIN makes the most important contribution to the fiscal controversy since novelty was worn off Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S campaign and the PRIME MINISTER'S divagations. He has collected from various parts of the country personal testimony of men and women who lived—or rather existed—in Protection days. They do not quote from Blue Books or elaborate arguments. They just tell how Protection actually influenced their daily life. They state their weekly wage, what their daily food cost them, and wherewithal they were clothed. Hear Mr. PRESTIDGE, born seventy-six years ago in the parish of Meriden, near Coventry: "My father's wages were 9s. a week. Twopence a day I got for frightening the crows off a farmer's wheat. Father had to pay £6 a year for his house, so you may guess how we lived with a 4-lb. loaf at 11½d., tea from 5s. to 8s. a pound, and vile sugar at 9d. a pound." The allowance for this family of seven was 1 oz. of tea and a pound of bacon a week, with a dish or two of swedes thrown in "if we could get them." My Baronite quotes this from a cloud of witnesses, not because the case was worse than others, but because its statement is comparatively brief. Every man who honestly desires to master the question of Protection versus Free Trade as it affects the life of the people should read these simple annals of the good old times.

After reading that carefully-planned and captivatingly-exciting tale of mystery and crime, written in the *Sherlock-Holmes-Gaboriau* vein, and entitled *The Ambassador's Glove*, by ROBERT MACHRAY (JOHN LONO), even the least nervous person would be inclined to think twice before taking a room in any one of our luxurious and gigantic hotels. You may secure a room, but can you secure the door? When staying at a mammoth Hotel in Piccadilly, how would you like to be awaked by masked men, one of whom tells you to be quiet, "his voice cutting the air hissing like a whip," and then to be requested to hand over all your valuables, worth five thousand pounds, to the Daring Diamond Robbers? Then the scene changes to apartments in the Hotel Chamberlain (where, despite the name, there is no protection), which is run by a syndicate of murderous anarchists. The story is cleverly worked out, and thoroughly sensational.

A *Naughty Pussie*, as a specimen of DEAN'S Rag Books patented, ought to achieve exceptional popularity in the governess's class-room. It is specially adapted for a small pocket, whence it can be extracted at any convenient moment when nobody is looking, and, if placed on a lap under the table, it can be surreptitiously enjoyed by any boy or girl quite prepared to take the consequences of discovery. Pity this was not brought out by MESSRS. BORN. Taking title would have been, "*The Rag and Bohn Series*."



SCIENCE NOTES.

By Professor Job Lott.

THE RAGE FOR PUNCTURE.

THE *Daily Graphic* of November 30, in an article on the prevalence of tattooing, states that one young lady came—at different times—with eleven different men to a fashionable tattooer. At each visit she signed her name, and the signature was tattooed on her companion's arm. The lady is now married, but her husband has not his wife's maiden name on his arm, while of the eleven young men whose arms were once so adorned six have been back to have the name obliterated. Clearly there is an opening here for Professional Untattooists, who might be attached to Courts where breaches of tattoo—we mean, promise—are in vogue; or their services might be bespoken in advance, *nisi prius*, in the lamentable cases with which Sir FRANCIS JEUNE has to deal. If the state of things instanced by our contemporary goes on, we shall be having a Tattooed Column after the Betrothals on the first page of the *Times*, e.g., Mr. PAKEM SMITH tattooed to Miss MAORI JONES before the latter's Pail, and according to the full New Zealand ceremony. Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH would probably recommend that fugitive stain be employed, warranted to fade after ten or a less number of years. Others, again, might prefer sympathetic ink, to appear in an emergency, as for instance when one's memory is mislaid or when the police see double. Such devices ought not to be beyond the range of science. Meanwhile we feel for the eleven young men, or rather the six who went through the ordeal twice.

CHROMATIC MORALS.

Dr. STENSON HOOKER has been lecturing last Wednesday on his character rays theory at the Vrilya Club. For instance, it appears that a deep blue halo plays around writers, clergymen and good politicians, while slaty blue or light brown emanations invest the ordinary person, and a dark green aura indicates some little defect—such as failing to return a £5 note—on the mental or physical plane.

This throws a new light on a hitherto abstruse law of nature, and we can now realise why certain colours are so called and what individuals correspond to them. If some public speakers are—shall we say, Madder than others, is there not a tint to that effect? Again, though we shudder at having to admit it, we have known some fair taradiddlers who must, to the discerning eye, have worn a nimbus of Sapphira Blue. There have even been occasions—tell it not in Mayfair!—when, after riding in a crowded



SO COUSINLY.

Heavy Hugh (patronisingly). "WHY, DORA! LONG FROCKS, EH? GROWN UP, I DECLARE!"
Sharp Little Dora. "WHY, HUGH! MOUSTACHES! GROWN DOWN, I DECLARE!"

bus, or spending an assiduous afternoon in the Library of the British Museum, one has felt a very pronounced Puce oneself. We will not range further round the palette, though Cadmium and Mars Yellow and Muminy suggest possibilities, except to inquire if the ingenious lecturer's audience saw any Hooker's Green in his eye?

If the recent severe weather returns it is confidently expected that the Wee Frees will succumb to the Great Frosts.

LEGISLATION À LA DIABLE.—The Anti-Ecclesiastical Bill in the French Chamber is entrusted to M. DEVILLE! It is to be known in France as "The Deville Bill," and, translated into plain English, as "The Deuce of a Bill!"

A DISCLAIMER.—We are requested to state that the Mr. HARLICK, of Biggleswade, who figured in the Hooley Trial, and described himself as "a Minister in a small way," is not a member of the present Government.

DER TAUBADLER.

[This curious composite bird, combining the vocal qualities of a Dove with the outward appearance of an Eagle armed to the teeth, is of pure Teuton origin.]

SCENE—*A room in the German Chancellerie. Count von BÜLOW discovered improvising to the air of GOETHE'S "Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen."*

Know ye the land where the voice of the Eagle
(Beak, body and talons plate-armoured and spurred)
Has a note that is soft as the syrup of SEIGEL?
O say, have ye sampled that singular bird?

An American Peace-Correspondent is announced. The Chancellor, rapidly clearing his revolver-pocket for action, and readjusting an olive-twig in his button-hole, receives the Interviewer.

Mein Herr, it happens that you are come
On the very eve of Millennium.
Your choice of date is extremely happy,
Utopia being upon the tapis,
And all of us getting in train to wash
The blood from our hands in the Huis-ten-Bosch.
Therefore in Peace's name I greet
You and your President. Take a seat.

Already our prophylactic arms
(Designed to modify War's alarms)
Pending the promised Hague Convention
Have lately enjoyed a slight extension;
Small, but effective, this increase
Is a palpable guarantee of Peace;
And the credit thereof I here assign
To our sisterly neighbours across the Rhine,
For, as we were throwing a friendly glance
Over the rival array of France
(Symbol, I need not say, like ours
Of a lasting Peace between the Powers),
We noticed that in this moral race
We were only holding the second place,
And accordingly stuck at no expense
In rectifying the difference.

Again, if you follow our naval schemes,
You'll see how the Teuton bosom teems
With that desire for mutual love
Which characterises the turtle-dove;
And Malice alone would look to find
Ultior aims concealed behind.
Have we not conquered worlds enough
As a dumping-ground for our home-made stuff?
Have we not adequate work to do
In teaching the natives who is who
On various strips of Afric's strand,
And similar hunks of Hinterland?
Ja! Ja! Our passion for ruling the brine
Is based on a single and pure design—
To serve as a sort of Marine Police,
Patrons of Universal Peace!
Peace is a Beautiful Thing, young man,
And we must hold to it all we can,
Though the cost be heavy in fire and slaughter,
Though blood and bullion should flow like water,
Whatever in fact may be the price
We mustn't shrink from the sacrifice!
Happy the fate that Heaven has dealt
To the good philanthropist, ROOSEVELT,
Lord of a land remote from fear,
Set in a private hemisphere,
Where Peace, recalling the golden prime
(Save in the rush of Election-time),

Hovers by city and mine and ranch,
Armed with only an olive-branch!
Sundered by Ocean's thousand leagues
From the Old Diplomacy's dark intrigues,
He wants no navy to guard his borders,
No weapon to—*What!* "He's issuing orders
For building a fleet, the best bar one,
And means to see that the thing gets done"?
The Jingo! what is his Eagle's game,
With its claws of steel and its eyes of flame,
Flaunting a banner of Stripes and Stars,
The Stripes all red, and the Stars all Mars?
Is he taking a hand in Jap v. Russ,
Or is it conceivably aimed at *Us*?

What! "Meant for a guarantee of Peace,
In the ultimate hope that War may cease"?
My friend, our Eagle's too old by half
To be caught by its own familiar chaff!
Your bird's original claim? No, no!
Our fowl invented it years ago!

O. S.

THE REFORM OF PANTOMIME.

MUCH has been written concerning the popular and well-timed action of the Drury Lane management in turning to the regular stage for the principal comedian in their forthcoming production of *The White Cat*. Many critics profess to see in the engagement of Mr. JAMES WELCH evidence of a new era in pantomime, and a closer connection with the legitimate drama. If we mistake not, much the same idea was expressed in the reviews of a recent Shakspearian revival—but we forbear to add more upon this already tempestuous controversy. In any case we heartily endorse the welcome which a contemporary extends to this movement towards a "greater semblance of art-form" in pantomime. Indeed, should the idea catch on, we confidently expect by January, 1906, some such paragraphs as the following:—

Blue-Beard at the Adelphi continues to attract crowded houses. Miss JANET ACHURCH has, if anything, improved upon her rendering of the somewhat Ibsenish character of the youthful wife. Mr. CHARLES CHARRINGTON is a forceful but restrained *Blue-Beard*. Indeed the manner in which these two artists play into one another's hands is a thing to revive memories of *The Doll's House*. As *Sister Anne* (the part associated, if we remember right, with the late Mr. DAN LENO in the pre-reformation days of pantomime) Miss DOROTHEA BAIRD gives a performance full of daintiness and charm. It is announced that in consequence of the tremendous emotional strain upon Miss ACHURCH the customary six matinées a week have now been discontinued.

In the version of *Robin Hood* with which the Savoy will shortly re-open, we understand that the author (The Rev. FORBES PHILLIPS, Vicar of Gorleston) has assigned somewhat unusual prominence to the character of *Friar Tuck*. Mrs. BROWN-POTTER will of course be *Marian*, while, in the part of the *Baron*, Mr. C. W. SOMERSET may be relied upon for another of those masterly studies of aristocratic depravity with which his name is associated.

It may safely be said that nothing that Mr. TREE has yet given us surpasses in splendour or artistry the magnificent production of *Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp*, now running at His Majesty's Theatre. The *Abanazzar* of the actor-manager himself will rank as a worthy companion picture to his *Zakkori* and *Svengali*. As the Princess who renounces a throne to wed her opulent but plebeian suitor, Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE is on familiar ground. Mr. "ANGLESEY" makes a dashing figure of *Aladdin*, at his best perhaps in the procession scenes, while a delightful feature of the performance is Miss MARION TERRY'S exquisitely pathetic rendering of the *Widow Twankey*.



A PROFIT WITHOUT HONOUR.

OLD KING COAL
WAS A SORDID OLD SOUL,
AND A SORDID OLD SOUL WAS HE:

HE SOLD TO THE RUSS,
AND HE DIDN'T CARE A CUSS
AND THE BALTIC FLEET CROSSED THE SEA.



HINTS TO SPORTSMEN—AND OTHERS.

OR, THE CHANCES OF THE CHASE.

SIT WELL BACK OVER A DROP FENCE. A FRESHLY "HOGGED" MANE MAY PERMANENTLY SPOIL THE SHAPE OF YOUR NOSE.

FASHIONS FOR THE EMPIRE.

(With Acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail,"
Over-Seas Edition.)

BY LADY GWEN.

IN starting this column may I say to my sisters all over the Empire that it is my dearest aim to make it thoroughly helpful and practical in the best sense? The needs of women in the Rockies will be considered as well as those of readers in Hong-Kong; dainty dinner toilets for the Sandwich Islands will be carefully thought out, as well as riding habits for the prairies. No pains will be spared to make this article indispensable to women all over the world.

First, then, I have noticed a beautiful Empire gown, in an exquisite *eau-de-nil* shade, to be worn with a diamond star

on the left shoulder. The delicacy of the fabric makes it specially suitable for hot climates, such as the interior of Australia, the plains of Central India, or the Islands of the Pacific.

Next I must mention a charming velvet gown, adapted to colder climates. It would be specially becoming to the wife of a settler in Canada. The gown I have in mind is so cleverly made that it could be worn either at Bridge parties or as a visiting gown out of doors, with the addition of one of the fashionable lace and fur *passe-partouts* which are to be seen on every well-dressed woman. The frock is carried out in a scheme of deep ruby red, with an opal silk fichu, threaded with pearls, to be gathered lightly at the shoulders. If a chinchilla muff and toque be added to this costume the effect will be wonderfully smart.

I am afraid my space will not allow me to do more than just suggest a sweet little toilette I saw at a Bazaar the other day, which would be the very thing for a Mission Station in Central Africa. The foundation of the gown was a deep cream cloth, which was entirely covered with filmy lace of the kind so dear to our great-grandmothers, and gathered in at the waist with a mother-of-pearl buckle. Dainty little Louis Quinze shoes of rose-coloured morocco, with dear little mother-of-pearl buckles, completed a very simple and sweet costume.

Next week I hope to have thought out some special designs for Arctic dinner frocks and opera cloaks, with perhaps a few suggestions for toilettes for Twelfth Night parties in Patagonia. The Smart Set in Borneo may also be sure that I have not forgotten them!

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

V.—THE "PIED-À-TERRÉ."

*Mrs. Torr to Mr. Cyril Ashlar.**The Eyrie, Welwyn.*

MRS. TORR presents her compliments to Mr. ASHLAR, and would be very glad if he would make out for her some simple plans, in his charming characteristic way, for a small cottage in the country which Mrs. TORR is thinking of building. To have some such *piéd-à-terre* is so sweet. The total cost should not be more than £800. Mrs. TORR would like Mr. ASHLAR to follow the lines of the cottage which he designed for Mrs. PROLE, with whom Mrs. TORR is staying. It was, in fact, Mrs. PROLE who gave her Mr. ASHLAR's name as the very best architect for the purpose.

Mr. Ashlar to Mrs. Torr.

DEAR MADAM,—I shall be pleased to make the designs which you suggest in your letter, upon hearing from you with regard to one or two points. In the first place I must say that to follow the lines of Mrs. PROLE's cottage would not be very easy, as you limit me to £800, whereas Mrs. PROLE's cottage cost £3000. Again, I should like to know something of the situation, whether on the flat or on a hillside, and the nature of the country—sand or chalk, for example. Also the number of rooms. Perhaps it would be as well if one of my clerks were to come down to Welwyn and talk the project over before we proceed farther. Awaiting your reply, believe me,

Yours faithfully,

CYRIL ASHLAR.

*Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.**Bony's Hotel, Matlock.*

DEAR MR. ASHLAR,—Your letter is a great surprise to me. I had no idea that cottages could be so expensive as Mrs. PROLE's seems to have been; nor do I understand how so much money was spent on it. I am sure my bedroom was bare enough. I always thought that cottages cost only a few hundreds. It would be charming to see your clerk, but at present I have nowhere to receive him, being but a bird of passage, and the situation of the little *piéd-à-terre* is still undecided. I was thinking of Norfolk, near Sandringham. Could you not design a cottage that might be put up just anywhere, on any soil, and then when I had acquired the little plot we could adapt here and there to suit the case? There should be three reception rooms, six bedrooms (two with dressing-rooms), and the usual offices. Of course I want a very sweet garden, but that hardly concerns you.

Yours truly,

AGATHA TORR.

*Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.**The Dove Cote, Weybridge.*

DEAR MR. ASHLAR,—I have just come to this charming spot, where the country seems literally packed with nice people—Lord and Lady EGLINTON are my hostess's neighbours on the west, and Sir MORROWBY TEW on the east—and I really think I shall buy a little plot here, on a southern slope, among the pine trees. The resin is so helpful to my asthma.

The house where I am staying has very pretty white walls and green slates. It was designed by Mr. SWALLOW. Don't you think you could give me something similar? Of course I think your system of roofing very delightful, and all that; but Mr. SWALLOW has certainly made a very attractive little home, and that is just what I want to check this grievous desire of wandering. Yours truly,

AGATHA TORR.

*Mr. Ashlar to Mrs. Torr.**(Extract.)*

... Perhaps, if you admire Mr. SWALLOW's house so much, it would be better if you were to employ him. . . .

*Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.**"Ozonia," Bournemouth.*

DEAR MR. ASHLAR,—How can you so cruelly misunderstand? I would not employ Mr. SWALLOW for the world. It is you, and you alone, who must design me my little home. Your letter distressed me so much that I left Weybridge at once and am now at Bournemouth. After all, perhaps a cottage by the sea is the true solution. My nerves are always so much better by the sea. My friend, Lady GORLY, has a little house here with a very attractive bay window, with seats in it, and a thatched roof. Please let me have those for certain. I am going at once to make inquiries about a plot.

Yours truly,

AGATHA TORR.

*Mr. Ashlar to Mrs. Torr.**(Extract.)*

... Only in a very secluded situation would that be desirable in any case, and I do not care for it even then. In order to have something to go upon I am preparing plans of what I consider a serviceable cottage of the kind which you asked for in your first letter, and these will reach you in a day or so . . .

*Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.**"Ozonia," Bournemouth.*

DEAR MR. ASHLAR,—Chancing this morning to meet Mr. TEREINTH the poet, he was terror-stricken to hear that I intended to build. He spoke so feelingly of the horrors of scaffolding and heaps of bricks and mortar and the delights

of an old manor house—perhaps even moated!—to which a few alterations could be made, that I drove to the station and bought *Country Life*, and have found in that the very thing I want. I have written about it at once. So do not go on with the plans. I am so much obliged for all your kindness.

Yours very truly,

AGATHA TORR.

Mr. Ashlar to Mrs. Torr.

DEAR MADAM,—I regret to say that your letter came too late to stop the plans, which were posted to you last night. Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

CYRIL ASHLAR.

*Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.**Burke's Private Hotel, Dorking.*

DEAR MR. ASHLAR,—The cost of the old house in Kent is so prohibitive that I am resolved to go back to my original idea, especially as a very interesting Irish doctor who is staying here tells me that old houses are always damp.

I like the plans very much, with two or three exceptions. The front elevation seems to me rather bare. What do you say to a turret at one end? I love little rooms in turrets—so medieval and quaint, and I do not quite like the way the kitchen leads out of the hall. Please make these changes. I am inquiring about a plot under Leith Hill, with a wonderful southern view. The sea is so very dreary in the winter.

Yours truly,

AGATHA TORR.

*Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.**Hans Crescent Hotel, S.W.*

DEAR MR. ASHLAR,—I have a splendid idea, given me by Mr. HILARY the artist, whom I met at luncheon here yesterday. Not a turret but a loggia. You can put it over the dining-room.

Yours truly,

AGATHA TORR.

*Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.**Hans Crescent Hotel, S.W.*

DEAR MR. ASHLAR,—I have now finally decided, on the advice of my brother-in-law, whose judgment is very sound, to pitch my tent near Bath, which he says is both gay and healthy, and surrounded by very attractive country. As this is so far inland you could do away with some of the length and lowness of the cottage, which give it perhaps rather a squalid air. The loggia I fear must also go, as there are few prospects.

Yours truly, AGATHA TORR.

*Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.**Hotel Grosvenor, S.W.*

DEAR MR. ASHLAR,—Everything is now

altered. Yesterday I received a proposal from Dr. MURGATROYD, and returned an answer in the affirmative; and as Dr. MURGATROYD proposes to travel on the Continent the need for the dear little cottage which we have been discussing in all this very pleasant correspondence has now passed away. You have been so very kind, and I am indeed sorry for any trouble which my ignorance of such matters as business and architecture may have given you. My wedding is next week.

Yours very truly,
AGATHA TORR.

Brian Murgatroyd, M.R.C.S., to
Mr. Ashlar.

Cap Martin.

Dr. MURGATROYD wishes to say that in the whole course of his professional career he has never met with anything so barefaced as Mr. ASHLAR's letter to Mrs. MURGATROYD, demanding fees for the designs of a house that has never been built, the very ground for which had not even been bought. It will be time enough for Mr. ASHLAR to send in his bill when Dr. and Mrs. MURGATROYD settle down in England and their house is completed.

CUPID'S GUIDE TO LONDON.

["If in future every guide book be produced in the novel and entertaining style of *The Real New York*, a pleasure is in store for the traveller. It is in the form of a novel. A love theme runs through it."—*Daily Paper*.]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have prepared a guide book to London on the above lines, in three volumes, and from the first chapter, which I enclose for your perusal, you will see that the interest of the jaded sightseer is never allowed to flag, and at the same time useful information is put before him in an attractive form. There are 365 chapters—corresponding to the height of St. Paul's Cathedral in feet (approx.).

CHAPTER I.

On a cool grey morning in September two persons might have been seen in earnest conversation on the Thames Embankment not far from *Cleopatra's Needle*. What cared they, however, for the famous obelisk (68ft. high), which had stood for 1600 years at Heliopolis? Of what interest was it to them that it was presented to Great Britain by MEHEMET ALI, and brought to London at the expense of Sir ERASMUS WILSON? No, Sir JOHN MASTERTON and ELEANOR DEANE were quite oblivious to everything but themselves.

"ELEANOR," he exclaimed passionately through his clenched teeth, "ELEANOR, I ask you once more, Will you be mine? Speak!—by heaven, if I thought you loved another"—here he bit his lips till



A SURE SIGN OF IMPROVEMENT.

Village Doctor. "WELL, SCROGGINS, I HOPE YOUR WIFE IS MUCH BETTER TO-DAY, EH? HOW IS HER PULSE, EH? AND HOW'S HER TEMPERATURE?"

Scroggins (considering). "WELL, DOCTOR, I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HER PULSES, BUT AS FOR HER TEMPER"—(feelingly)—"SHE'S GOT A PLENTY OF THAT TO-DAY!"

the blood came again—"I would drag you with me over yonder *Waterloo Bridge*, which," he added with a forced smile, as they passed a policeman, "as you are doubtless aware, is the noble work of JOHN RENNIE, and was built in 1811, and considered by CANOVA as the noblest bridge in the world." Suddenly changing his mind, or inspired with some new idea, Sir JOHN hailed a hansom, and half dragging, half pushing ELEANOR into it, bade the man drive to the A.B.C. at the foot of *Parliament Street*. Not a word is spoken on either side as they are borne swiftly past the Embankment Gardens, above which the *Cecil* and *Savoy* hotels tower side by side; now they are passing *New Scotland Yard* and are under the shadow of the lofty *Clock Tower* of

Westminster Palace (320 ft.), erected by Sir CHARLES BARRY in 1840, and in another minute the cab pulls up. Handing the cabman his legal fare (1s. the first two miles and 6d. for each additional mile.—See Appendix, p. xxiii.), Sir JOHN helped ELEANOR to alight, and followed her to a marble-topped table in the almost empty shop, for it was early yet.

"We can discuss things quietly here," he said. "Er two small teas and a piece of sultana cake, please"—this to the attendant.

"There is nothing to discuss, Sir JOHN," said ELEANOR coldly, looking straight before her at the twin grey towers of the ancient Abbey,

"That antique pile (as someone says) Where royal heads receive the sacred gold."

(To be continued.)

[Not here!—EDITOR.]

* Good beds, and attendance.

MR. PUNCH TO HIS READERS.



NEARLY five years ago *Mr. Punch*—in whom children of all classes, and especially the poor and suffering, have ever found a friend—made an appeal to his Readers on behalf of a Children's Hospital in imminent danger of having to close for want of funds.

The response to that appeal was so immediate and so munificent as to exceed his most sanguine expectations—but this, of course, would not justify him in appealing again to his Readers' sympathies, save in a case of equal, if not greater, necessity.

He thinks that such a case has now arisen: as he pleaded then the cause of the Sick Children North of the Thames, where the proportion of children's cots per head of population is 1 to 3,500, so he pleads now for the Children of South London, where the poverty is even greater, while the proportion of cots per head is only 1 to 12,500.

The Belgrave Hospital for Children, Clapham Road, S.W., will be compelled to close its wards at the end of the current year, unless the charitable public come to the rescue.

With the recollection of his Readers' splendid generosity on the former occasion fresh in his mind, *Mr. Punch* feels that he need add nothing to the above simple statement of fact except a reminder that cheques should be made payable to Mr. F. STUART, the Secretary of the Belgrave Hospital, and crossed "BARCLAY & Co., Pall Mall."

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER III.

The Queen's Speech.

THE Old, or King's, Palace of Hinterland is a massive and gloomy building, with huge towers and battlements, set high on a hill overlooking the capital city. Here lay the bodies of King RICHARD and his three unfortunate descendants, awaiting the hour when they should be conveyed to their last resting-place in the ancient cathedral. All was quiet about the Palace. A few curious spectators were gathered about the great gates, gazing up at the royal standard which drooped at half mast in the still November air, as if they might gather from its folds some explanation of the tragedy that had swept away at one fell swoop four members of the reigning House.

It was not, however, to this Palace, but to the New, or Queen's, Palace that SYLVIA was being conveyed in order that she might be saluted by her loyal subjects on her accession to the Throne. Here all was bustle and animation. Military officers in splendid uniforms and courtiers in state costumes were arriving in crowds and taking their places on the terrace reserved for them. Great carriages were driving up with a clatter of gilded harness and setting down Duchesses and Marchionesses and Countesses, and the massed bands of several of the royal regiments of Guards were making music for the throng. The populace had, as tradition demanded, been freely admitted to the grounds of the Palace, and already they were gathered in a dense mass under the balcony on which the new Queen was to appear. More and more were constantly arriving and taking their stand at the back of the throng already formed. Not many of them would be able to hear such words as SYLVIA might say, but all would be able to get a glimpse of her, and would tell the story to their children and their children's children. The side pavements of the broad street through which SYLVIA was to pass on her way to the courtyard of the Palace were

also packed with sightseers, and the hum of their voices rose in the air.

"Well, well," said an old woman in the crowd, addressing in a general way those who stood round her, "so the old King's gone at last, God rest his soul. A good King he was too, and a kind one. I mind one day I was walking in the Broad Avenue and I met him, ah, as close as I am to you, and I bobbed him a curtsy, and 'God bless your Majesty' I makes bold to say to him; and he looks me straight in the face, and 'God bless you too,' he says, just like that."

"What's all the stir for?" said a bearded and broad-shouldered man, who had elbowed his way from the outskirts.

"You don't mean to say you don't know? Why, wherever do you come from?" said the old woman in astonishment.

"Fact is," said the bearded man, "I've been abroad for a number of years. Only landed this morning, and came along here because everybody else seemed to be going this way. What's up? Is the King coming out?"

"King!" said the old woman. "There's no King now," and in a few words she told him what had happened.

The man listened eagerly, and, as she ended, his face lit up.

"But in that case," he said, "the King must be——"

"Ah, it's easy to see you've been abroad. There's no King now, I tell you. A little girl's come to be Queen. SYLVIA they call her, and she's no bigger than a big doll, they say. Poor little thing, her father's dead a matter of ten years ago, drowned at sea. A wild fellow, I've heard tell, but a handsonie figure of a man. I mind him too—just about your size he was, but nobler looking of course."

"Are we to see the Queen?" said the man after a pause.

"Yes, that's what we've come for. She'll be out on that balcony, and we can all take a good look; poor young thing."

At this moment a distant sound of cheering came up from the street. It increased in volume, and grew nearer and nearer.

"She's coming," said the old woman. "She'll be out in a minute."

As she spoke the two great windows in the Palace front were flung open, and two gorgeously dressed trumpeters advanced on to the balcony, blew a loud triumphant fanfare, and retired again. A hush fell upon the crowd, and there was a pause of a few moments. Then through the open windows came SYLVIA, and slowly mounted the steps that led to the top of the balustrade, until she stood alone on the top step and looked shyly down upon the wide expanse of upturned faces. She was dressed in simple white. A splendid gold chain, thickly crusted with jewels, was thrown about her shoulders, and in her breast nestled a beautiful red rose. Her fair hair rolled and rippled down her back, and the sun, which had been busily chasing the November mists away, broke out in glory and shone upon her.

The crowd gazed in perfect silence for a few seconds, and then burst out into a frenzied shout of welcome.

Now you know as well as I do that no royal person of any kind, least of all a Queen, has ever appeared upon a Palace balcony in this fashion without having to make a speech. There is no instance to the contrary in the history books, and even the Queen of a great country like Hinterland could not for a moment expect to be exempted from a rule which, as the great historian, Archbishop FLUSHER, says, "is founded not only in reason, but in the manifest desire of the people, who look not so much for great beauty or overpassing genius in their rulers as for the ability to speak aptly on occasion." Therefore it was that SYLVIA held in her right hand a paper on which the Prime Minister had in a fair large hand written down a speech for the Queen. It was a fine speech, and it touched eloquently on many high matters. Unfortunately, however, it was written in the books of Fate that this speech should not be spoken, for in an incautions moment SYLVIA



HER FIRST VISIT TO A POLICE-COURT:

Old Lady. "WHAT A VILLAINOUS-LOOKING MAN THE PRISONER IS!"

Friend. "HUSH! THAT'S NOT THE PRISONER. THAT'S THE MAGISTRATE!"

released her hold of the paper, and it fluttered down and finally perched on the top of a sentry-box below.

SYLVIA's mother, who stood below her, saw the calamity. "Speak, my darling," she said. "Say a few words to them from your own sweet heart," and SYLVIA opened her lips and said:

"God bless you all. I will do my best if you will help me to do it."

It was shorter than the speech prepared by the Prime Minister, and much less rounded in its periods, but it went straight home to the people. Those who heard it cheered like mad, and then repeated it to others, until everyone knew it, and everyone cheered.

The old woman turned to the bearded man: "It makes my old heart ache with joy to see her pretty face," she said.

"Ay," said the man, with a deep sigh, "she's the sweetest lass in the world."

Physician, heal thyself!

From the *Chronicle*:

"The artistic search for the 'mot juste' is not always attended with success; but that the framers of public notices should so often fail to say what they mean is perhaps more surprising. A printed bill advertising an eighteenpenny dance on the notice boards of a provincial town hall, last week, wound up, for instance, with the curious announcement, 'Dress optional.'"

Mr. Punch never remembers to have actually danced (at eighteenpence or any other price) on the notice board of a provincial town hall, but if he ever so far lost his sense of decorum, he would probably also be indifferent as to the decency of his apparel.

"Gentlemen in Reduced Circumstances."

WANTED, God's Good Man, also The Prodigal Son; must be cheap and clean.—Advert. in "*The Lady*."

Geneva-on-Sea.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Mail*, the Geneva correspondent of the *Paris Herald* says that certain "American warships, which have arrived at Gibraltar from Genoa, reported having experienced severe weather in Switzerland." This was in the ordinary *Daily Mail*, not the Half Seas Over Edition.

A Chapel of Ease.

THE need of a portable meeting-house has long been felt by itinerant preachers. Whatever difficulties stood in the way would seem to have been overcome by Mr. EVAN ROBERTS, the Welsh Revivalist, if we are to believe an *Express* correspondent who telegraphs from Porth, as follows:—"It was in a quaint, old-fashioned Gothic chapel, with stone walls a yard thick, that EVAN ROBERTS drove through the drizzle of the afternoon."

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a cutting of the following advertisement, which might very easily cause pain in Government circles:—

"ADMIRALTY AND OTHER OFFICIALS WANTED."

We hasten to explain that this does not appear in the *Police Review* (the organ of the Force), but in the *Bazaar*, under the general heading of "Stamps."



EXPLAINED.

Auntie (explaining morning manoeuvres of His Majesty's Life Guards on their way to relieve guard at Whitehall). "Don't you SEE? THERE'S TWO, AND THEN THERE'S ONE, AND THEN THERE'S THE WHOLE LOT—AND THEN THERE'S ONE, AND THEN THERE'S TWO MORE!"

[Youthful Niece sees.]

CHARIVARIA.

If ever a Continent needed patience it is Europe. "The interests of Europe," according to the *Sret* of St. Petersburg, "demand the immediate destruction of Japan."

While feeling compelled to decline the request made by the Zemstvos for the granting of a Constitution, the Czar has been graciously pleased, as a concession, not to send those who made the request to Siberia.

A cabman is sailing from Tasmania to claim a baronetcy. We do not wish to prejudice his case, but we have heard before now of cabmen claiming more than they are entitled to.

Automobile dust-carts, says the *Matin*, are to be used in Paris henceforth. We had thought every motor-car was this.

A statistical return shows that, last October, Londoners consumed 3,318 tons of meat less than in the same month of the previous year. If we mistake not,

JOHN TRUNDLEY of Peckham was touring in the Provinces this year.

Dr. YORK DAVIES' advice to those who would keep warm in the cold weather is to eat plenty of suet dumplings. The burning of country mansions which has been tried lately is undoubtedly crude and unsatisfactory, and we fancy many persons will give Dr. DAVIES' suggestion a chance.

Grave disappointment has been caused among the public by the fact that the recommendations to barbers issued by Dr. COLLINGRIDGE, with a view to safeguarding the public health, contain no proposition that the barbers shall avoid depressing their customers by pointing out the state of the weather to them.

Glasgow Corporation is considering a scheme under which all Glasgow's inebriates are to be banished to the island of Shuna. The chief objection is on the ground of overcrowding. The island is only 3 miles in length and about 1½ in breadth.

The Admiralty has denied the allegation that H.M.S. *Snapper* ran down the steamer *Inverna*, which is missing. As a matter of fact, as the Admiralty points out, at the time when the accident is supposed to have happened, H.M.S. *Snapper* was practising collisions at Dundee, and successfully rammed the dock there.

According to the *Lady's Pictorial*, there are signs that the pretence of boredom with everything is passing away, and it is just now rather smart to be easily amused. We wondered why several serious journals had recently started humorous columns.

A love of sweets would seem to be innate in every child. "Save mother! leave me," cried a little girl of twelve, when being rescued from a fire at her mother's confectionery shop in Hull. Happily, wiser counsels prevailed, and both were saved.

Those individuals who insist on their right to boo at a play which they do not like are said to be contemplating the formation of a club. Suggested title:—The Booligans.

Every now and again one realises how ignorant one is. We learn from the *Daily Mail* that, owing to an innovation in advertising introduced by that journal, "Monday has now become known throughout the country as Ladies' Day."

General satisfaction is being expressed



A TALL ORDER.

GERMAN EAGLE (*to* DOVE OF PEACE). "TEACH ME HOW TO COO!"

[“The German Empire will continue to pursue the policy of peace which has commended itself for more than thirty years. To this end a strong and efficient army, ready for instant action, is now as much as ever necessary.”

Memorandum attached to the new German Army Bill. Vide “Times,” November 29.]



IF THE RUSSIANS WERE TO CONQUER JAPAN.

(How THEY WOULD ENJOY THEMSELVES IN TOKIO!)

at the superb optimism of Mr. BERNARD PARTRIDGE who, in his drawing, in *Mr. Punch's Almanack*, of the Seasons robing the New Year, has depicted a garment which is obviously not a mackintosh.

The Oxford Congregation has refused to abolish Greek as a compulsory subject. Apparently it is not yet realised by the older generation, as it is by the younger, that learning of any sort interferes with Sport.

The Liverpool Watch Committee has recommended the City Justices to provide a children's Police Court. We understand that this pretty idea is to be carried out most thoroughly and consistently, and that not only are the prisoners to be children, but also the Magistrate, the Court officials, the Police, and the representatives of the Press.

RONDEAU.

["I want to make you *healthy*, for health means *happiness*. I want to show you how to get the most out of life. Will not you give me an opportunity of doing so?"—*Advt. of Mr. E. Miles in "Westminster Gazette."*]

I'm used to smiles, the Daily Press
Expounds my methods more or less
Correctly—rather less than more—
Till now my name provokes a roar
Of laughter, *why* I cannot guess.

The scoffers cause me no distress,
They did at first, I must confess—
But now their gibes I can ignore,
I'm *used* to smiles!

I live on nuts and watercress,
That is the secret of success.
May I show *you* the open door
To health by which you set such store?
Just send a card to my address,
I'm EUSTACE MILES!

"Small by degrees and beautifully less"

"THE OUTRAGE BY THE BALTIC FLEET ON BRITISH FISHING BOATS," at first in staring capitals, has now dwindled down to a mild heading—

"THE NORTH SEA INCIDENT."

"NEAR AS A TOUCHER." Among the Members of the Cambridge Senate engaged in the discussion on the "general utility business" of Greek, appears the name of "Professor ALLBUTT." How significant of an education just wanting something, say Greek for example, to make it perfect! A Professor ALLBUTT can never be Professor Perfect, but must always remain "*M. Le Professeur à Peu Près.*"

THE "SEPARATE COMPARTMENT" PATRIOT.

(Quite an Imaginary Character, of course!)

COMPARTMENT THE FIRST: PATRIOTISM.

In the Cardiff Express. TIME—Early Autumn, 1904.

The Patriot (to a fellow-traveller). Mark my words, Sir, Germany is our worst enemy! Look at the way she's been openly assisting Russia, ever since this war began! . . . How? Why, in every way, Sir! Hasn't the KAISER constantly been sending friendly messages to the TSAR? Isn't there an understanding between them at this moment which enables Russia to reduce her garrisons and remove the big guns in all the fortresses along the frontier? And didn't the KAISER secretly encourage the Port Arthur Fleet to break out and make for Kiao-Chow, a German port, mind you? . . . "Where did I see that?" In the papers, Sir. Don't you call that scandalous and disgraceful in a nation that is supposed to be neutral? I do—and I think we ought to take some strong measures, too. Germany wants to see Japan beaten, Sir, because she's our ally. Germany knows well enough that Japan's fighting our battle as well as her own! It would be a bad day for us if Japan got the worst of it. Luckily, she succeeded in getting the command of the sea from the start, and so long as she keeps that— . . . "The Baltic Fleet?" Why, you don't suppose they really mean sailing, do you? . . . Oh, of course if they ever did get as far as Vladivostock, it would be awkward for Japan,—very awkward. But how are they going to do it? They'd want constant supplies of coal—and where are they to get it from? They couldn't coal at any neutral coaling station. Even Germany wouldn't dare to commit such an outrageous breach of neutrality as that! Besides, the only coal that would serve for a long voyage of that sort is our Welsh smokeless steam coal, Sir, and I should just like to know how they're going to get it! I speak as a coal-owner in rather a large way myself, so I know what I'm talking about. And I tell you, it's impossible—perfectly impossible—for the Baltic Fleet, if ever it starts, to get a fifth part of the way to the Far East. You may take my word for that. And a very fortunate thing for our plucky little ally that it should be so. As I said before, as long as she keeps the command of the sea! . . .

COMPARTMENT THE SECOND: BUSINESS.

The Patriot's Office. Later, on the same day.

The Patriot (to his Partner). Well, what do you think about it? . . . We don't get such an order as this every day. . . . It means a big profit. . . . And they offer cash on delivery, I see. Only thing is—who is this German or Dutchman who wants all this amount of steam coal, and what does he want it for? . . . Of course if I thought for a single moment it was intended for the Bal—well, as you say, it's no business of ours who the real consignees are. . . . We may have our suspicions—but, after all, we know nothing. And the Law is on our side. Yes, I see no reason myself why we should decline. If we don't supply 'em, others will, you know. . . . No, better cable an acceptance of the contract at once—or we may lose it.

THE NOT IMPOSSIBLE SEQUEL.

TIME—May, 1905.

The Patriot (meeting a friend in the street). Serious news this from Japan, eh? I've always maintained that, if that Baltic Fleet once managed to get out to the Far East, it would put a very different complexion on the situation. Togo's fleet was so much the inferior in numbers, you see. And now it appears he has lost the command of the sea; can't imagine how he could have been so careless! Looks as if Japan will have to sue for Peace before long now. Most unfortunate—especially for us! It's my firm belief that Germany is at

the bottom of it all! She's always been our worst enemy. However, we must keep a good heart. As SHAKSPEARE says in one of his plays:

"Naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Fine poet, SHAKSPEARE—real patriotic ring about those lines, eh? F. A.

A NOTABLE REVIVAL.

"WHAUR's your WULLIE SHAKSPEARE noo?" To which old question the present answer is, "At the Adelphi, showing at his liveliest in farcical comedy, set before us in the best modern manner." The rough-and-tumble business essential to the old Elizabethan farcical comedy, which, in its most exaggerated form, delighted Boisterous BESS or Slobbering JAMIE, is here reduced to an artistic minimum. Mr. OSCAR ASCHE, acting as *Petruchio* and also as stage-manager responsible for the entire production, has ordered the scenes that used to be a mere romp, a series of pantomimic "spill-and-pelt," in so admirable a manner, that what might have been resented by a modern audience as a superfluity of horse-play, is now received with heartiest and truly appreciative laughter, the curtain being raised three and four times, after every Act, in response to most enthusiastic applause.

It is a brilliant performance. Mr. OSCAR ASCHE is a fine actor: his *Christopher Sly*, the drunken travelling tinker of the prologue, is a striking rendering of a small part that might be so brutally burlesqued. As to his *Petruchio*, it is simply perfect; he is the youthful madeup, a gentleman thoroughly at his ease, the most equal-tempered yet determined husband, and, above all, he is the most tender lover. His victory over the shrewishness of his very young wife would be still more effective than it is, had Nature added another couple of inches to her stature. As to Miss LILY BRAYTON'S *Katarina*, we are far from convinced that, to adapt the well-known line,

"This is 'the Shrew' that SHAKSPEARE drew,"

seeing that Sweet WILLIAM was compelled to write the heroine's part to suit such a boy-actor as appears in the rôle of *The Lady*, in the *Induction*, who has to pretend she is wife to the bemused *Christopher Sly*. But whatever SHAKSPEARE'S ideal of *Katarina* may have been, for ourselves we can desire no more charming representative of the part, when played to Mr. OSCAR ASCHE'S *Petruchio*, than Miss LILY BRAYTON. One can see that she, still so very young, is but a spoilt child with a temper: and *Petruchio* tames her as RAREY tamed the savage *Cruiser*. Miss LILY BRAYTON brings the house down when, the fortress being reduced by starvation, she exclaims with all the petulance of a very naughty, obstinate girl in a nursery, "I want my dinner!" Whether this line is in the text or not, it suits the situation, and tells immensely.

And then how charming is the tableau on which the curtain descends at the end of the Third Act, when, practically conquered, wilfully irritating *Kate*, hungering for food and for sympathy, bursts into tears, and throws herself sobbing into her husband's arms. Then, when the curtain is raised to enthusiastic calls, *Petruchio*, gazing lovingly on *Katarina*, is seen helping her to some mess or other, which she is eagerly devouring out of a wooden bowl. The situation, as rendered by these two clever actors, is just on the borderland 'twixt laughter and tears. The charm of Mr. ASCHE'S *Petruchio* lies in his gentle firmness, his great pity, and his imperturbable good humour.

Miss PAMELA GAYTHORNE is a charming *Bianca*, and every individual is good in a very full cast. We shall be much mistaken if this exceptionally delightful revival of SHAKSPEARE'S old farcical comedy is not in for a long run at the Adelphi. At all events, on its present undoubted success Mr. and Mrs. OSCAR ASCHE are to be sincerely congratulated.



FOGGED.

Linkman, who thinks he has been passing a live of linkman. "Is this right for Paddington?"
Linkman. "Course it is! First to the right and straight on. 'Aven't I told ye that three times already? Why, you've been drivin' round this square for the last 'arf hour!"



ANY PORT IN A STORM.

IT IS POOR BROWN'S SECOND TIME OUT ON HIS MOTOR, AND HE HAS A PARTICULAR DREAD OF DOGS.

A DULDITCH PALACE.

THE "PIG AND WHISTLE" AS A HEALTH RESORT.

[This article was compiled by a member of the advertising staff of "Punch," who, in the pursuit of authentic information, has gone the whole "Pig and Whistle."]

MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM, in his fascinating rectorial address on the Development of the State, has lifted up his voice against the demoralising effect on the national fibre of cosmopolitan restaurants. The protest was timely, but mere destructive criticism will not suffice. What we want to know is not merely what we must avoid, but what we must pursue. The habit of dining at home, tending as it does to monotony, depression, immobility and other distressing *sequelæ*, has long been discredited by the best hygienic authorities, from *ÆSCULAPIUS* to *EUSTACE MILES*. Decentralisation, combined with a due regard for native enterprise, is the true remedy for dyspepsia. And how can these conditions be more completely fulfilled than by a daily resort to the "Pig and Whistle" at Dulditch?

Bacteriologists have conclusively shown that the atmosphere in that suburb is richer in pathogenic organisms than any other quarter of the United Kingdom, but lung food is only the least of the advantages attained by frequenting the "Pig and Whistle." As I have shown in a previous article the oleomargarine employed at the "Pig and Whistle" is richer in train oil than that used at any other English hostelry,

the room in which the "ordinary" is served is more lavishly sprinkled with sawdust, the beer more profusely fortified with glucose, the sherry more fiery, the water, drawn from a pump erected in the reign of CHARLES II., less conducive to excessive indulgence in non-alcoholic stimulants. The inn itself, which has a splendid north aspect, and can be reached by the village fly in about an hour and a quarter from the nearest station, has lately been refurnished in the most *recherché* rococo style. Several fine German chromolithographs have been added to the advertisement calendars of neighbouring grocers on the walls of the dining-room. The chairs are now thoroughly reliable, and when suddenly moved on the brick floor produce a most agreeable resonance. The bagatelle board is the finest in the county, the set of celluloid dominoes are much admired, and a sofa, handsomely upholstered in American cloth, is a further engaging feature. I ought also to say that the pack of cards has recently been renewed, and very few are now missing.

The parlour also contains a small but select library, in which, among other works, may be noted some back numbers of the *Strand Magazine*, BUNYAN'S *Holy War*, *Under Two Flags*, and a *Complete Farrier*. On a side table is a very chaste thing in wax flowers and fruit.

But enough has been said to show that the authorities of the "Pig and Whistle" have spared no expense or thought to make it representative of the best traditions of Dulditch.

So much for the mere husk of the

hostel. We come now to its soul—the kitchen. Ah, the kitchen!

Here be none of your Frenchified kickshaws and made dishes, but good honest solid British and Colonial produce cooked in the antique English style. The Yorkshire pudding is a miracle of tenacious endurance, extraordinarily rich in gluten, and of so close a texture that a guest assured me that one wet day, when his boots were far from waterproof, he successfully caulked a large hole with a wad of this unique culinary product. Fancy attempting to do this with a French omelette or *soufflé*! The suet dumplings, again, are superbly constructed; pre-Mycenæan or early Minoan, as DR. ARTHUR EVANS teaches us to say, in their massive and monumental solidity. The degeneracy of the race is nowhere more lamentably shown than in its imperfect dentition—the result, in turn, of a preference for soft and over-cooked food. At the "Pig and Whistle" molars, incisors and eye-teeth alike are afforded splendid practice from start to finish of the menu. This in itself should pack the house.

Let us now consider a dinner at the "Pig and Whistle," which will effectually fill the time that might, in the sordid and unhealthy capital, be spent in the fetid air of the theatre, but which at Dulditch will keep the diner from the company of the tap-room. The distance from the sea and the rail precludes fish. But what so dangerous as fish? Think of the periodical oyster scares, and be happy to be so far from temptation. Here is a specimen menu, which can be made by the discreet guest to last from 7 till 10.30, or, with care, even till 11.

A "PIG AND WHISTLE" DINNER, LASTING FROM 7 TILL CLOSING-TIME, WITH THE VERY MODERATE PRICES ATTACHED.

	s.	d.
Sardines or Pickled Walnuts	0	2
Oxo.....	0	3
Sardines (double portion)	0	4
Liver and Bacon	0	9
Cauliflower	0	3
Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pudding	1	0
Sausages and Mashed	0	6
More Sausages and Mashed	0	6
Still more Sausages and Mashed...	0	6
One more Sausage	0	3
Prunes and Rice	0	4
Cheese and Watercress	0	3
Coffee Extract	0	4
Beer with meal	0	8
Whisky after Coffee Extract	0	3
Another whisky	0	3
Another whisky	0	3
Another whisky	0	3
Waitress.....	0	6
Village Doctor	5	0
	12	7

During the same time in London one

would have spent £2, and seen some dreadful "tomfoolery."

Personally I do not less like the "Pig and Whistle" "ordinary" because one meets there all sorts and conditions of men. I have seen there, from time to time, a cab-proprietor who once stroked the Oxford eight, and an organ-grinder whose *lingua Toscana* had lost some of its pristine purity during his long sojourn in our bleak clime. When I hailed him in TENNYSON'S sonorous lines, "I salute thee, MANTOVANO," his eyes gleamed with pleasure, and his genial smile proved that whatever may be true of the Italianate Englishman, the converse does not hold good of the Anglicised Italian. A more frequent customer is an expatriated Polish wood-carver with an unpronounceable name, now engaged in repairing the Dudditch pulpit, whose skill with the knife is by no means confined to his profession. I have seen him to all intents and purposes swallow it in the green-pea season. In short, the company at the "Pig and Whistle" is as stimulating as the fare, and never since I was laid up with gastric fever before Liao-yang have I enjoyed such unique dietetic experiences as those furnished by this admirable hostelry.

"FIFTY YEARS OF FLEET STREET."

In his preface to the "Life and Recollections of Sir JOHN ROBINSON," published under the above title, Mr. F. M. THOMAS, whilst stating that the long-time Manager of the *Daily News* did not leave a volume of memoirs intended for publication, adds: "He did, however, leave some diaries more or less fragmentary and a number of thick, closely-written volumes of jottings in his own handwriting descriptive of events of which he had been an eye-witness, and [of] people he had

seen and known. . . . I have not thought it necessary or desirable to indicate in all cases what is his and what is my own."

Reviewing the book, TOBY, M.P., commented upon this certainly novel—probably misleading—method of preparing a biography, and asked why the "jottings" were not given as written. Since the notice was published, Mr. *Punch* has received assurance that "the jottings alluded to were intermittent and were rarely dated. That Sir JOHN

The Kaiser to his Chancellor.

(On the increase of the German Army.)

MAN wants but little here, BELOW,
But wants that little strong.

INVENTION OF A SUPERMARINE BOAT.—It looks as if the prophecy of the gentleman in *Locksley Hall* who foresaw "the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue" was going to be fulfilled sooner than we hoped. The *Remszeitung* of Gmünd in Württemberg announced a

few days ago that the German steamer *Lahn*, which has been sold to Russia, is to be used as a "captive balloon."

A LAST WORD.

A French correspondent writes to say that the question "Do we get our deserts?" has been solved once and for all by M. JACQUES LÉBAUDY, who has got the Sahara.

QUESTION AT A CLASSIC EXAM.—Who among the most famous Greek philosophers owed the name he bore to excelling at a certain game of football then, as now, much in vogue?—Soccerates.

Ad Pocketum.

HERE is a gem! And it will make its owner appear brilliant too! EYRE

AND SPOTTISWOODE'S *Royal Pocket Diary and Engagement Book* for 1905. Not only can you note in it the date of your dinner engagements, but you can also shine in Society if you learn by heart and repeat, on occasion, quotations from "Poetical Readings" selected for that particular day. Let the talented compilers follow this up with pocket puns, jokes for every day, and so forth. If the sale be enormous, the jokes may elash, and of five wits, guests at the same dinner party, only the first to utter his joke will be able to score.

PROBABLE EXEMPLIFICATION OF PROVERB.—"Just in time to be too late"—the Baltic Fleet.



DESHABILLE.

Tommy. "OH, MAMMA, DO COME! HERE'S A EFELANT WIV ONLY HIS INSIDE ON!"

ROBINSON left ample materials for a biography is simply untrue."

TONY, M.P., had at the time of writing no knowledge of the subject beyond the definite statements quoted in the biographer's own words. He regrets that, accepting them in their ordinary sense, he received, and conveyed, an impression of Mr. THOMAS'S literary methods which turns out to have been erroneous.

To a Bore.

My prosing friend, I sometimes sigh
To read of merry days gone by—
Days when the "bore's head" used to be
Served on a dish of rosemary.
Some men are born an age too late—
Such dishes being out of date.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have just issued a cheap and dainty edition of *Alice in Wonderland*, illuminated with the deathless illustrations of our dear TENNIEL. Having read it again with fresh delight, my Baronite by chance next took up a more portly volume describing the experiences and impressions of *Uganda's Katikiro in England* (HUTCHINSON). Many of us saw, some conversed with, the emissary of the boy King of UGANDA when he was here during the Coronation festival. He was accompanied by his Secretary HAM MUKASA, to whom we are indebted for the narrative. Written in his native tongue, it is translated by the Rev. ERNEST MILLAR, a missionary resident in Uganda. HAM is a keen observer, with a retentive memory and much literary faculty. Mr. MILLAR has accomplished his task admirably, making no fatuous attempt at improving upon the artless simplicity of the negro suddenly plunged into the vortex of Western life. The happy result is that we have a book curiously like LEWIS CARROLL'S masterpiece. In *Wonderland Alice* came across nothing more marvellous than what HAM MUKASA beheld with shining eyes between the May day in 1902, when he left his native country, and the September morning on which he returned after four months' whirl through Western civilisation. His talk about the things he saw is delightfully like the prattle of an intelligent child. The ship he first voyages in is seven storeys high. It has roads like the roads of a town. There are rooms for the rich and the poor. The screw makes a noise like the vibration of an earthquake. The sea is like a hill. You first see the smoke of a distant ship; then as it comes to the top of the hill you see the masts. When you get near you see all the ship. Nothing struck HAM more than the London crowd. "One would think," he says in a striking sentence, "they had no place of their own, and were busy walking up and down." He went to "the House [of Commons] where they talk over matters, and saw a great many Chiefs debating in the place where they debate about their Government, which brings peace in their country and in the countries of others." This was after the Boer War. Our visitor from a remote corner of Africa was much impressed with what he more than once calls "the marvellous English!" "If," he writes, "any man could stand in the track of a railway train and stop it from passing over him, or if he could run his head against a mountain and pass through it, such a man might check the power and glory of the English." Not otherwise. At a time when some of our chiefs, in Parliament and out, assure us we are rapidly falling into decay, these words are doubly precious.

"Few readers of that admirable story of school life, *Godfrey Marten, Schoolboy*," writes Junior Assistant Reader, "will not welcome the opportunity of renewing his acquaintance, as they may now do in *Godfrey Marten, Undergraduate*, by CHARLES TURLEY (HEINEMANN). They will be glad to find him unchanged, except by a very few years, from the boy of the previous volume; with the same straightness, enthusiasm, and contempt for 'slackers,' also the same tendency to drift into harmless scrapes, and to accept the consequences (in this book, fortunately, seldom more serious than being gated for three weeks) of others' misdeeds. Here is *Marten's* characteristic description of a quarrelsome family:—

"COLLIER had five brothers and four sisters, some of whom were never on speaking terms with the others except at Christmas or a birthday, when, from habit, they declared a truce. 'The truce is no good,' COLLIER said to me when he told me about it, 'because the only thing that happens is that they change sides. I believe they pick up.'"

We part from him in the 'Varsity XI., with a second in History, and apparently a career before him in the Foreign Office."

It is a very difficult task for any book-illustrating artist to convey the true effect of proportion between *Gulliver* and Lilliputians. Real human midgets, not as big as your thumb, it is almost impossible to realise. To a great extent these antecedent difficulties, in dealing with SWIFT'S immortal work, have been overcome in a bright edition of *Gulliver's Travels*, illustrated by S. B. DE LA BÈRE (A. & C. BLACK), as will be perceived by reference to the illustration on p. 112, "The Queen's dwarf became insolent."

* There is a charming story by Mrs. MOLESWORTH called *The Blue Baby* (Messrs. W. & R. CHAMBERS). Excellent also is a book of fairy tales, *The Pedlar's Pack*, by Mrs. ALFRED BALDWIN. The illustrations, by CHARLES PEARS, are capital in design and colour. Nor must I omit *Buster Brown*, by R. F. OUTCAULT, which is a sort of pictorial Bad Boy's Diary, and will, no doubt, be much appreciated during the season of holiday mischief.

The Waters of Oblivion, a novel by ADELINE SERGEANT (JOHN LONG), begins well, and thoroughly interests the reader up to a certain point; and then, old and ordinary melodramatic effects are lugged in, with, as it were, a strong lime-light thrown on them from the wings. Verily the Baron was disappointed. Yet is the story notable for the apparently careful study of a young Anglican clergyman who, devoted heart and soul to his parochial work, suddenly discovers that he has fallen in love, irrevocably, with a charming young lady barely nineteen, to whom the model cleric passionately declares, "You dominate me, heart, soul, and brain!"—which sounds bad for his professional work. Real clergy in novels disappeared with ANTHONY TROLLOPE. But, nowadays, who reads *Barchester Towers*?

A most original children's Christmas book is *The Pillar Box* (FRED. WARNE & Co.). It is filled with post-cards, one side of which is for short message and address, while the other has an outlined picture to be coloured according to given rules. Ornamental possibly; messy perhaps; useful, practically.

If during the coming Yule-tide you wish thoroughly to enter into the spirit of the season, procure a good tumblerful of creature-comfort, steaming, with a trifle of powdered nutmeg in it, some thin lemon peel and a grain of sugar, place it on a small stand beside your old arm-chair, in which you will have comfortably deposited yourself, and while gently inhaling the Virginian fumes in the presence of a cheerful Yule-log fire commence reading the *Ghost Stories of an Antiquary*, by M. R. JAMES (ARNOLD), and the Baron warrants him that out of that chair you will not be in a hurry to stir until you have finished the book. On rising to retire to bed, say, when the clock is striking the hour of midnight, you will be heartily glad of a brave companion, who will assist you in ascertaining that all bolts and bars are scrupulously fastened, that all doors are locked, that there are no weird arms coming out from behind any curtains anywhere; also that all the lights are carefully extinguished, that there is no Thing (ugh!) waiting for you in your bedroom (let your friend enter with you, so that he may satisfy himself of this), and that your door and shutter-fastenings are, every one of them, secure. And let all the tellers of supernatural tales take example from this *Antiquary*, and never, on any pretence whatever, attempt to account naturally for what ought to have been, even if it wasn't, supernatural.





SOLVING A GEOGRAPHY PROBLEM.

Uncle. "NOW, TOMMY, SUPPOSE YOU WERE LIVING IN SOUTH AFRICA, AND YOU WANTED TO GET TO ENGLAND, WHAT WOULD YOU DO FIRST?"
Tommy. "PACK UP!"

REFORM.

TIME was when there were few more vile than I,
Few (though I speak) that deeper plunged in crime,
Few that have had so lamentably high
A time.

It were a fruitless labour to relate
The shocking details of my grim career,
My tastes were Awful, and my moral state,—
Oh dear!

To virtuous appeal my heart was shut;
Blithely I swaggered on the downward track;
I must have been the hardest sort of nut
To crack.

But now—oh Love, oh sovereign power of Love!--
DELIA has raised my thoughts to nobler aims;
I have reformed; I have a soul above
Those games.

I hardly ever stay out late at night;
Cards are a thing I very rarely touch;
I seldom smoke—that is to say, not quite
So much.

My temper, though notoriously short,
Has lost its tendency to run amok;
I am as one with whom a child could sport
(With luck).

Also I have acquired the Art of Song
That never dreamed I had a turn that way;

Tenor, I'll trouble you! And rather strong
On A.

Sometimes I sing and sing for hours on end
Songs all of Love—and I should sing much more
But for the person (whom I once called friend)
Next door.

Ah, 'tis a goodly change! Three moons ago,
Ere I had cravings for a higher bliss,
Who would have thought that I should carry on
Like this?

And you, O DELIA, pearl of maidenhood,
For whom, through whom, th' Awakening began,
See my amendment! Am I not a good
Young man?

It was for you, O DELIA, that I turned
This new leaf over; 'tis to you I bring
This offering; for you that I have learned
To sing.

I hope I have not spent my time in vain;
And when you see how greatly I've improved,
DELIA, I trust that you will not remain
Unmoved.

That, when in honeyed accents I confess
My seemly passion, you, with answering glow,
Will, for the sake of decency, say, Yes,
Not No! DUM-DUM.

JAM.

SCORN not its title's unassuming length
That slips so easily from off the tongue ;
Large virtues and a concentrated strength
On little pegs like this have often hung :
There is the Kirk called WEE,
There is the JAP, and Gog, and M.A.P.

Cow is a word identical in size,
And so is PIG ; yet their united fat
(Or what appeared as such to native eyes)
Smeared on a rifle cartridge—simply that,
Just that and nothing more,
Started the Mutiny at Barrackpore !

So much for padding ; now we reach the point,
Which is, that I would swear at any bar
That neither British beer nor beefy joint
Has made you, gentle reader, what you are,
Nor me the thing I am,
But our development is due to JAM.

Right antidote—with tea and buttered roll—
Against the poisonous itch for worldly pelf,
It seems to permeate the very soul,
And I am only then my truest self
At moments when I gulp
Some preparation made from fruity pulp.

It is the labourer's joy : with this inside
Unto his sweetened task he sallies out,
Sustained by marmalade and manly pride ;
Nor all the bitters (blent, or not, with stout)
Which are his daily drink
Can quite undo the work of good Sir PINK.

It is the loafer's solace ; it allays
That tremulous feeling when a job of work
Forces itself on his revolting gaze
With an obtrusiveness too bold to burke ;
His nerves no longer wince
If fortified by guava or by quince.

And who is he that lets the acid drop
Into the general public's jar of bliss ?
Who caused the shortage in the sugar crop ?
Who is responsible, I ask, for this ?
How will he meet the clamours
Uplifted by our horrified Free-Jammers ?

What though he claims that it was he who slew
The dragon Bounty in a Free Trade fight,
And argues how his famous Brussels *coup*
Could scarce be bettered by a Cobdenite ?
Judged by the price of Jam
His plea's not worth a continental d—n.

For he has hurt his country's tenderest spot—
Her private stomach ; let but this expand,
And what is Empire by compare ? or what
The links of Colony and Motherland ?
Let such ambitions sleep,
But leave us still our Jam, and fairly cheap.

In any case, we'll mock at JOSEPH'S dream,
His visionary Preferential wraith,
Since past results belie his promised scheme
And man must live on works and not on faith ;
Blossoms are lightly blown,
But by its *fruits* (preserved) a tree is known.

O. S.

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER IV.

The Queen's Father.

THERE are to be no mysteries in this story ; and, indeed' in this particular matter I am quite sure it is useless to attempt to make any. Everybody who read the last chapter must have guessed that the bearded, broad-shouldered man who appeared in the crowd before the Palace and showed such a surprising ignorance of all that had happened, was SYLVIA's father. If I led you to believe in the first chapter that he had been drowned at sea it was only because at that time I believed, in common with everybody else, that it was so. Now that he has turned up, of course I know better, and I shall not try to deceive you.

The fact is, then, that SYLVIA's father had not been drowned at all. I am entitled to assume that he was rescued or swam to land, and I am inclined to believe that he afterwards spent some time on a comparatively desert island, where he established himself as the undisputed monarch of a population consisting chiefly of tortoises, which are not bad to eat, and penguins, which are just tolerable if you know how to cook them. He himself was always very reticent about this part of his life, but it really doesn't matter in the very least, for the important fact was that, though nobody in Hinterland knew it, he was not only alive, but had arrived in the capital at the very moment when he ought himself to have been proclaimed Sovereign of the country instead of his little daughter. Nay more, he had actually seen her saluted as Queen by the people and, like a brave man, he hadn't breathed to anyone a word of the secret which, I am bound to add, no single soul would have believed at that moment, even if he had sworn to it by everything that a sailor or a King holds most sacred. When the crowd had dispersed, he had dispersed with it, in order that he might think out quietly for himself a situation which, the more he thought of it, the more he found it to be both peculiar and difficult.

In the first place he was undoubtedly King—King HILDEBRAND THE THIRD—and he had every right to live in several Palaces, to see his side-face pictured on all the coins of the realm, and to revel in the enjoyment of untold wealth. He was 'also, like all sailors of middle age, a very domestic man. During his long absence on the desert island he had never ceased to think of his wife and his little girl, and many a time he had in imagination enjoyed his meeting with them and his quiet but meritorious life in their society after all the labours and anxieties and harassing solitudes of his adventurous career should be over and done with. He was fondly devoted to his little girl, though he hadn't seen her for ten years, and he had dreamed away many hours, in the society of the penguins and tortoises, in constructing a brilliant future for her after he should have come back and given himself up, as he intended, to her education and advancement. Often he had said to himself, "Whatever she wants she shall have : she shall never be disappointed—least of all by her father"—and now suddenly he found himself in a position of unnatural rivalry with her. If he declared himself and eventually proved his title, as he knew he could, he would drag her down from the position of Queen, and disappoint not only her but all the people of Hinterland, who, as he judged from the talk he had heard, were looking forward to her reign with the liveliest satisfaction. On the other hand, if he failed to claim his rights he was cut off for ever from the society of his wife and daughter, and from all that domesticity, the dream of which had supported him through years of existence in a hut constructed by himself, without even a parrot to cheer his somewhat protracted leisure. He



A DOUBTFUL DEVOTEE.

MR. PUNCH, HELLENIC SAGE (to CAMBRIDGE). "COME ALONG, MY DEAR. MUSTN'T LET YOUR SISTER OUTDO YOU IN LOYALTY TO THE OLD FAITH."

[Oxford has decided to retain Greek as a compulsory subject. Cambridge is still considering the question.]



"AS GOOD LUCK WOULD HAVE IT."

Wife (to Sportsman, who has just taken a bad toss). "I ALWAYS DISTRUSTED YOUR GOING IN FOR THAT HORRID ACCIDENT INSURANCE. YOU KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE. EVERYTHING YOU TOUCH TURNS TO MONEY!"

could not reveal himself privately, either to SYLVIA or to her mother. SYLVIA had an unspoilt nature, and the Princess HILDEBRAND, her mother, was so much the soul of honour that she had consistently refused to deceive a single custom-house officer on the rare occasions when she had travelled abroad. Either of them would give him away at once, and insist on his assumption of the regal dignities. Besides, he was a very patriotic man, and he felt honestly doubtful whether he was really qualified to succeed in the business of kingship, for which he confessed he had had a most inadequate preparation. On the whole you will see that he was, perhaps, in as difficult a situation as any King was ever placed in—and all because, as I ought perhaps to have mentioned before, his ship had been delayed by fog for twenty-four hours. How these difficulties were got over you shall learn later. In the meantime we will leave the unfortunate Prince HILDEBRAND pondering over them, and thinking sadly of his vanishing chances of ever meeting his wife and daughter again on a proper footing of authorised recognition.

We can now skip a period of three weeks—thus bringing ourselves to a day in the beginning of December—and return to SYLVIA, who had by this time ceased to be alarmed when she woke up in a gigantic canopied bed with gilded posts, and a satin coverlet embroidered in gold with the royal arms and the Queen's initial S. in light blue. The faithful SARAH had, by an exercise of power which had at first struck some

sticklers as savouring too much of despotism, been appointed Lady of the Bedchamber. All murmurs, however, had been stilled when it was known that the Duchess who had hitherto filled the office by prescriptive right had been promoted to the Ladyship-in-Chief of the Bedchamber, an honorary rank designed after the model of the Colonels-in-Chief which existed in the Royal Army. The Prime Minister, the Chamberlain—in fact, all the great officers of State—had been maintained in their places, and everything in Hinterland was going on as smoothly and pleasantly as though SYLVIA had been Queen for years. Some remark had been occasioned, no doubt, by the Queen's tendency to romp with the First Lord of the Admiralty, a gallant old sea-dog who had a large family of his own, and thought it the most natural thing in the world to play ball for a few minutes with the Queen. It had also been noticed that the Queen sometimes put the most discomposing questions to the members of her Council, and the Lord Privy Seal had not yet recovered from the shock of being asked to nurse a fluffy black kitten while the Queen added her signature to a packet of State documents.

On this day, to which, as I said, we have skipped, the Queen was in the Audience Chamber awaiting an official visit from the Poet Laureate, who was coming to lay his homage at her feet. She had never spoken to a real poet before, and was looking forward with great interest to the interview. I must reserve it for another chapter.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

VI.—"WHITE PININGS."

I.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press, Ltd.

DEAR SIRs,—I am sending you by registered post the MS. of a volume of poems, entitled *White Pinings*, in the hope that you will like them sufficiently to undertake their publication. The poems are entirely original, and have never before (with one exception) been printed. It was once my intention to print them from time to time in the better class weekly papers, but after a while that idea was abandoned. The exception is the rondeau called "Coral Toes," which appeared in the *Baby's Friend*, but there would be no difficulty about copyright, I am sure.

Yours truly, VESTA SWAN.

II.

The Thalia and Erato Press to Miss Vesta Swan.

DEAR MADAM,—Our Reader reports that he has read *White Pinings* with much interest, and that in his opinion the book is in every way worthy of publication. Poetry is, however, as you perhaps are not unaware, not read as it used to be. This apathy is the result, some think, of the interest in the war, but according to others is due to the fashion of Bridge. Be it as it may, no great sale can be expected for such a book, and our Reader therefore suggests that you should combine with us in this enterprise. Of course if the book is successful your outlay would come back to you multiplied many times. We calculate that a first edition of *White Pinings* would cost £100, and we suggest that each of us contributes £50.

Awaiting your reply, we are, Dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,
THE THALIA AND ERATO PRESS.
per A. B. C.

III.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.

DEAR SIRs,—I am glad to know that your Reader thinks so highly of my book. Would it be indiscreet to ask his name?—there are two or three points concerning the poems which I should like to put to him.

I am aware that the ordinary run of poetry is not profitable, but there are shining examples of success. I have just been reading the Life of the late Lord TENNYSON, who seems to have been quite wealthy, although he wrote comparatively little; and I gather that the BROWNINGs also were well-to-do. One of my friends considers my style not unlike a blend of both ROBERT and E. B., although (being a woman) naturally

more like the latter. I understand also that both Mr. SWINBURNE and Sir LEWIS MORRIS are quite comfortably off. So that there are exceptions.

I should say also that W. P. is not, as you think, my first book. I published in 1896, through a firm at Winchester, a little collection called *Heart Beats*, a copy of which was sent to her late Majesty Queen VICTORIA.

None the less, as I believe in my work and wish others to have the opportunity of being cheered by it, I will pay the £50. Please put the book in hand at once, as I want it to come out with the April buds. Yours truly, VESTA SWAN.

IV.

The Thalia and Erato Press to Miss Vesta Swan.

(Extract.)

We enclose a contract form, which please sign and return to us with cheque. Any letter intended for our Reader will be at once forwarded to him.

V.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Reader of her MS.

DEAR SIR,—I should very much like to have your opinion of the "Lines written at midnight after hearing Miss Clara Butt sing 'The Lost Chord.'" Do you think the faulty grammar in line 4 of stanza 2—"loud," the adjective, for "loudly," the adverb—is permissible? I have already spent some time in polishing this poem, but I have so high an opinion of your judgment that I am ready to begin again if you say I should. And do you think the title should be merely *White Pinings* or that it should have the sub-heading—"Sighs of a Priestess of Modernity?" One of my friends, a young journalist, favours the latter very warmly.

I might add that I have a very kind letter from the secretary of Sir THOMAS LIPTON, who read the poems in MS., praising them in no measured terms. Do you think it would do the book good if we were to print this letter in facsimile at the beginning? I am,

Yours truly, VESTA SWAN.

[Several letters omitted.]

XVI.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.

(Telegram.)

Stop printing. Serious misprint page 41. "Heave on coal" should be "Heaven our goal."

XVII.

The Thalia and Erato Press to Miss Vesta Swan.

(Telegram.)

Too late. Error unimportant.

[Several letters omitted.]

XXIII.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.

(Extract.)

... And will you please be sure to send a copy with the author's compliments to Mr. ANDREW LANG, as I hear he is so much interested in new poets?

[From a vast correspondence the following six letters have been selected.]

XXXI.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.

(Extract.)

... My friends tell me that they have great difficulty in buying *White Pinings*. A letter this morning says that there is not a book-shop in Birmingham that has heard of it.

XLV.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.

DEAR SIRs,—Several persons have told me lately that they have looked in vain in the literary papers, ever since *White Pinings* was published, for any advertisement of it, and they have found none. Many of the books of the day are, I notice, advertised very freely, with, I have no doubt, good results.—Mr. HALL CAINE's last novel, for example. Curiously enough, one of my poems ("An Evening Reverie," page 76), contains very much the same moral as his book. Could you not intimate that fact to the public in some way? Please send me twelve more copies.

Yours truly,

VESTA SWAN.

LIV.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.

DEAR SIRs,—In the report in the papers this morning of the Bishop of London's address on the reconciliation of the Letter and the Spirit, there is a most curious anticipation of a statement of mine in the poem, "Let us ponder awhile," on page 132 of *White Pinings*. I think that the enclosed paragraph mentioning the coincidence might be sent to the *Athenæum*. I am told that all the other papers would then copy it.

Yours truly, VESTA SWAN.

LIX.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.

(Extract.)

A friend of mine got out of the train and asked at all the bookstalls between London and Manchester for W. P., and not one had it. Is not this a scandal? Something ought to be done to raise the tone of railway reading. Please send me six more copies.



A MATTER OF DIFFICULTY.

Humane but Short-sighted Old Lady. "YOU CRUEL BOYS! I SHOULD LIKE TO TREAT YOU JUST EXACTLY AS YOU'VE TREATED THAT POOR DOG!"

LXVIII.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.

(Extract.)

I am told that a few years ago a volume of poems was advertised by sandwichmen in the London streets. Could not *White Pinings* be made known in this way?

XC.

The Thalia and Erato Press to Miss Vesta Swan.

DEAR MADAM,—We have much pleasure in enclosing the first review of your poems that has reached us. Doubtless now that a start has been made many more will follow.

Yours faithfully,

THE THALIA AND ERATO PRESS.

[1 Encl.] per A. B. C.

From the *Scots Reader*.

One of the most amusing misprints that we can recollect occurs in *White*

Pinings (Thalia and Erato Press), by VESTA SWAN, which otherwise is unimportant. The poetess undoubtedly wrote:

Watch the progress of the soul
Struggling aye to heaven our goal;

but the waggish printer has made her say:

Struggling aye to heave on coal.

A TUCK-IN AT CHRISTMAS.

Who is "Father Tuck"? Of *Friar Tuck* everybody knows something, even if it be only the name. But "Father Tuck"? Well, he is so intimately associated with Christmastide that, like the other annually paternal old gentleman, Father Christmas himself, he comes only once a year, at the season of the three P's: Pies, Puddings and Presents. And this Father Tuck is by no means a Friar of Orders Grey, but a Family Father styling himself TUCK AND SONS, of

Orders punctually attended to. Like Mrs. *Micawber*, ever true to her senior partner, the sons of Tuck père will never desert their parent, but join him annually in putting before the public, for whom they cater, charming New Year Cards, Christmas Post Cards, children's toy books, and a clever novelty styled "The Rag Time" Calendar, from which name it must not be inferred that it contains any hints as to the rough and ready pastime of "ragging." The entire collection the Raphael-Tuckites include under one title, "*L'Entente Cordiale*," at which Cordial the public will probably be ready and willing to take a good pull. The Tuckites say in effect, "Forward us a draught and we'll send you an *Entente Cordiale*."

MORE INFANT PRECOCITY.—"Child to adopt married couple; premium."

Add. in the Scotsman.

CHARIVARIA.

THE St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Matin* reports that, in well-informed circles, it is predicted that the War will be finished about July. Even the Japanese themselves have not dared to be so optimistic as this.

We consider that the Admiralty has been unjustly blamed in the matter of the *Caroline*. We agree with the Admiralty:—How was it possible to ascertain her destination until she got there?

The War Office having stated that a Crimean veteran who served for twenty-one years is ineligible for the special campaign pension, as he was never wounded, it is anticipated that a new feature in our future battles will be provided by a number of the more thoughtful of our fighting men requesting the enemy to oblige them with a few slight cuts.

By a decision of the Attorney-General of the United States, all guessing contests have been placed in the category of lotteries and made illegal. If every American who says "I guess" is convicted on his own admission, there should be some overcrowding in the prisons.

Mystery still surrounds the identity of the assailants of Colonel STOCKALL, and some surprise is being expressed that the special artists, whose drawings of the outrage in our illustrated papers prove them to have been present, have volunteered no information.

LORD ROSEBURY has been calling Mr. BALFOUR "The Man in the punt." Curiously enough, Mr. BALFOUR's latest adherent might be described as an out-rigger.

The duel between the two orators MM. JAURÈS and DÉROULEDE proved to be a more humane affair than some had feared, the weapons being pistols and not speeches.

In laying the foundation stone of a Free Library, Lady JERSEY said she

hoped that novels would not be the first consideration of those who chose the books, "for the best of these could be bought for sixpence." The author of *The Prodigal Son* is said to have expressed some surprise at Lady JERSEY's ignorance of the price of that volume.

Messrs. MACMILLAN have just published "Memorials of EDWARD BURNE-JONES: by G. B.-J.," and Literary London is striving to guess what name is hidden behind the initials "B.-J."

"It is difficult to understand," said the *Graphic* the other day, "why, when everything else has become cheaper, the

cars can ever be serious competitors of theirs.

Mrs. BROWN-POTTER has produced a new version of *Pagliacci*. Is this, perhaps, the cheap opera of which we have heard so much lately?

The Foreign Office, it is stated, has demanded of the Swiss Government the dismissal of the station-master at Lugano, for an assault on an officer of the British High Court. If we may believe the report (quoted in these pages) of the severe weather recently experienced in Switzerland by some American warships, we may trust to our Navy to support the penultimatum of the Foreign Office by a demonstration in these accessible parts.

Mrs. ORADIAH KENT-WHITE, leader of the Holy Cake-Walk Dancers at Camberwell, declares that the English people eat too much. It remains to be seen, however, whether they will be able to swallow Mrs. KENT-WHITE's Cake-Walk Doctrines.

After forty years of faithful service in the employ of the Zoological Gardens as a letter-box, the rhinoceros *James* passed away last week. Little boys will hear with envy that, even after death, he is to be stuffed.

The problem of what to do with the Unemployed continues to engage the attention of public bodies. The National Liberal Club has decided to give dinners to Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, Earl SPENCER, Lord ROSEBURY, Mr. ASQUITH and Mr. JOHN MORLEY.

OBSEQUIES OF MR. PINERO'S DOLL.—Chief mourner, *A Wife without a Smile*, who will walk alone, attended by the Orchestra of Wyndham's Theatre playing "*The Funeral March of a Marionette*," as they proceed along the *Via Dol-rosa* to the Waste-phalure Cemetery. The Shakspearian epitaph, taken from *2 Hen. IV. ii.*, on the tomb will be, "Peace, good Doll! Farewell, Doll!"

THE REVIVAL OF THE CENTAUR.—"Customer's own hoof mounted as inkstand."—*Catalogue*.



Little Boy. "MUMMY, DEAR, WHY 'CAN'T I STAY UP TILL IT GETS LATE?"

Mother. "THAT WOULDN'T DO AT ALL, DEAR. YOU'D WAKE UP SO CROSS IN THE MORNING."

Little Boy (thoughtfully). "DOES DADDY GO TO BED VERY LATE, MUMMY?"

cost of amusement has doubled." But what about the reduction in the price of the *Daily News*?

A discussion is proceeding in the columns of a contemporary as to which is the oldest newspaper. Some of the correspondents seem to be confusing this question with another, namely, which paper publishes the oldest news.

Following the practice of the American railways, the North Eastern Company has created a special department for dealing with all claims arising from injuries to passengers. Such enterprise deserves to be rewarded with an increase of business in this direction.

The railways in America caused 12,155 deaths last year. No wonder railway directors laugh at the idea that motor-

THE BUSINESS METHODS OF MR. BULL.

"ALWAYS glad to see *you*, of course!" said Mr. JOHN BULL, as Mr. PUNCH entered his office. "Still, afraid I can only spare you a very few minutes. Such a lot of things to think about just now!"

"It must be an anxious time for you," said Mr. PUNCH sympathetically, "as long as this war in the Far East goes on."

"Oh, I don't worry myself about *that*," replied Mr. BULL. "We've managed to keep out of it so far, and I fancy we're not very likely to be dragged into it now."

"And yet, only a few weeks ago," said Mr. PUNCH, "I seem to remember you talking about an 'intolerable affront,' and an 'ultimatum to Russia,' and so forth."

"Did I say all that? I suppose I was quoting the leading articles in my favourite paper," said Mr. BULL. "I didn't know all the facts in the case then. Of course, as soon as I found out that the Baltic Fleet thought they were being attacked by torpedo-boats, I calmed down. I'd almost forgotten the incident. You see, there are so many other matters requiring my attention just now—this Fiscal Discussion, and Redistribution, and the Education Question, and the Unemployed—and I don't know what else."

"But it's just possible, isn't it, that an Anglo-Russian crisis may occur again?" asked Mr. PUNCH. "What should you do, for instance, if Russia were to try to force the passage of the Dardanelles, as her official journals are announcing she means to do?"

"I should tell her I wasn't going to stand anything of the kind," said Mr. BULL, with his usual determination. "That would be quite enough, Sir. Russia would back out. Mere bluff, you know!"

"So you said about the late Mr. KRUGER, and so, oddly enough, Russia believed of Japan," replied Mr. PUNCH. "Mayn't you be mistaken in thinking that Russia would be so very reluctant to try a change of enemy?"

"Let her!" said Mr. BULL, defiantly. "What chance would a Navy like hers have against ours, I should like to know?"

"The Navy's all right," agreed Mr. PUNCH, "only I don't quite see what good it can be in defending your Indian frontier."

"Our Indian Army will look after that, Sir. I've every confidence in Lord KITCHENER."

"So have I," said Mr. PUNCH. "But, as I needn't tell you, battles are won by artillery nowadays."

"And what's wrong with ours?"



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

Wife (to struggling husband, half-way up stairs). "MAKE HASTE, ARCHIE. DON'T DAWDLE. WE SHALL BE FRIGHTFULLY LATE!"

demanding Mr. BULL. "Ever seen our Royal Horse Artillery at the Military Tournament? You have, eh? Well, do you suppose any other country in the world can show smarter, better driven teams than those, Sir?"

"Nothing wrong with the teams or the drivers—it's the guns behind 'em," said Mr. PUNCH.

Mr. BULL pushed impatiently. "I've heard all that till I'm sick of the subject!" he said. "One or two of the evening papers have been dinning it into my ears for ever so long. And you had a picture about it only a little while ago. Very amusin' and all that—but far-fetched. It isn't as if there was anything new in it either. It's a very old story!"

"It is," said Mr. PUNCH; "as old as the Boer War."

"Ah, I was caught napping *there*, I admit," said Mr. BULL; "but do you know what I said afterwards? I said: 'Never again—never again!' Ah, and I meant it too, Sir!"

"I daresay you did," said Mr. PUNCH, "though, as a matter of fact, you've still got the same obsolete old guns you had then, and even third-rate Powers have a more efficient and up-to-date artillery than yours. Which doesn't seem altogether satisfactory."

"Now that just shows how you writin' fellows *exaggerate* things!" said Mr. BULL, with some irritability. "Trying to upset me with your confounded Alarmist scares! I've made inquiries—and what do you think I've found? There's nothing in it! Our new 18-pounder and 13-pounder guns are



THE TAKING WAYS OF GENIUS.

"I SHALL BE DELIGHTED TO PLAY ONE OF MY LATEST NOCTURNES, DEAR MISS ETHELBERTA. BUT MAY I BEG AN ESPECIAL FAVOUR—THAT YOU WILL RESERVE YOUR JUDGMENT? I AM SO SENSITIVE, AND AM ALWAYS OVERWHELMED BY GREAT PRAISE."

admitted to be the very best weapons yet invented! Now what do you say?"

"I believe that is so," said Mr. PUNCH. "But have you got 'em yet?"

"Well—as good as got 'em. That is, I'm promised twenty batteries for India some time next year."

"And you'll want about two hundred and fifty batteries for the Indian and Home Armies together, won't you? When do you expect to get them?"

"How do I know!" said Mr. BULL, getting distinctly peevish. "Some day or other—all in good time. There's no particular hurry that I can see!"

"You might, if you should happen to be at war with Russia and perhaps another great Power, and were handicapped with your present antiquated weapon, which has to be loaded in five movements instead of one, and only fires two rounds a minute to their twelve."

"I don't pretend to understand all these technical matters myself," said Mr. BULL. "I've no time. I pay some clever fellows big salaries to look after such things. What more can I do?"

"You could see they did it. Why, you might have been provided with the

whole of the fifteen hundred new guns by this time, if you had only insisted on it."

"But—but, bless my soul!" JOHN BULL almost screamed, "do you know what that would have cost me, Sir? Over five million pounds! Do you want me to ruin myself?"

"Only two years ago you cheerfully gave up eight million a year to provide about two hundred thousand for a few sugar-planters and refiners," said Mr. PUNCH, "and you don't seem to have missed it."

"That was a very different matter, Sir," said Mr. BULL with dignity. "I was protecting a British industry which was in danger of decaying. I can't afford to increase my expenses at present. I always have left my preparations to the last moment—I suppose I always shall—the system hasn't answered so very badly up to now. I don't see why I should bother my head about it if my professional advisers tell me I needn't!"

"Well," said Mr. PUNCH, preparing to go, "I suppose it's no use saying any more just now. So we can only hope that the new guns will come before the next crisis!"

For he saw it was quite useless. Nothing would ever change sturdily stout-hearted, stont-headed old JOHN BULL. He would always go on in the same good old ways—cherishing a secret belief that keeping up his insurance policy was his one unjustifiable piece of extravagance, despising warnings and lessons till the danger was upon him, and forgetting all about them when it was past, and cheerily trusting that his proverbial good luck would enable him to pull through everything.

As no doubt he always will—so long as the luck doesn't change. F. A.

THE *Standard*, describing the condition of the Channel on the date of the departure of the Queen of Portugal, stated that "the sea was slightly sloppy." This characteristic moisture of the Channel has always been a difficulty, even with uncrowned heads.

No Half Measures.

"WANTED, by a respectable Person, a good all-round Wash."—Advt. in the *Manchester Guardian*.

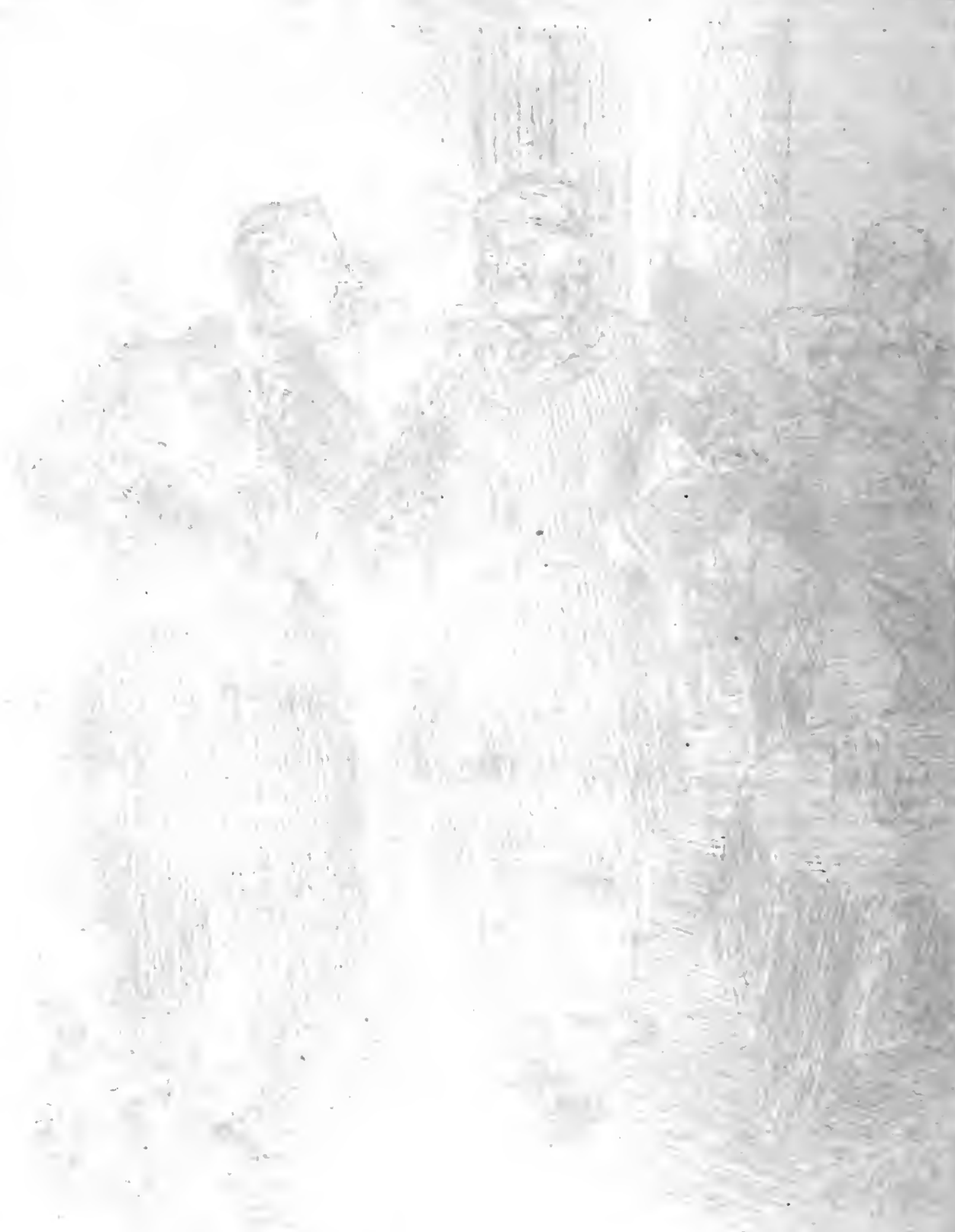


THE RETURN OF THE SPECIALIST.

DR. CH-MB-RL-N. "AND HOW IS OUR POOR SUFFERER? DEBILITY NICELY MAINTAINED?"

DR. CH-PL-N. "ON THE CONTRARY, I'M AFRAID YOU'LL FIND HIM IN A DEPLORABLY ROBUST CONDITION."

[The November Trade Returns show large increases both in imports and exports.]



THE END

THE END

MR. BALFOUR'S GARDEN.

(With acknowledgments to the
"Gardeners' Chronicle.")

It is not generally known that, notwithstanding his strenuous life as a statesman and philosopher, the Right Hon. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR has devoted much time and interest to the pursuit of gardening at his beautiful country seat of Whittingehame. Owing to the disastrous condition of the glass trade it is true that the greenhouses have fallen somewhat into disrepair, and the failure of the beet-crop has shorn the kitchen garden of one of its most picturesque features. Still, with all reservations, the gardens and pleasure-grounds of Whittingehame compare favourably with those of most of the stately homes of England, besides possessing certain peculiar and attractive characteristics reflecting the idiosyncrasies of their distinguished owner.

The undulating character of the grounds, approaching at times to the character of a switchback railway, is exceedingly engaging, and has given the landscape gardener free scope for the employment of all manner of effective devices. The additions that have recently been made of Bamboos (*Bamboozia subtilis*) and other rare plants have lent a peculiarly imposing character to the formal garden, the chief feature in which is an elaborately planned Maze, surpassing the Cretan labyrinth in its mystifying ramifications. Indeed it is said that the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, during a visit to Whittingehame in the summer of 1903, completely lost his bearings in an abortive attempt to penetrate to the centre, and was found stretched in an exhausted and semi-comatose condition on a bed of poppies by a search party organised by Professor HEWINS and Mr. CHAPLIN.

Starting from the house and proceeding to the west we are at once confronted by a charming Nursery of Monkey Puzzles, known as the Child's Garden, where Mr. BALFOUR is in the habit of spending many hours in Imperial cogitations. A winding walk leads thence, along the banks of a lake profusely stocked with rainbow-trout, to the miniature 9-hole links; Mr. BALFOUR, as is well known, being a most ardent devotee of the Royal and Ancient pastime. By a pretty conceit all the holes and most of the hazards have characteristic names, "Balfour's Maiden" recalling by a humorous touch an episode in the Premier's tenure of the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland, while Morant's Point gracefully immortalizes the services of the Secretary to the Education Department during the passage through the House of a much discussed measure.

But undoubtedly the most attractive feature of the grounds is the beautiful Colonial Garden which adjoins the links,

and was laid out only about two years ago. There are four entrances to this garden, each covered with an arch overgrown with Jessamine (*Jasminum Collingsii*), and in the centre there is a sundial surrounded with low-growing evergreen shrubs such as *Cochleare elongatum*, *Pensio senilis*, and a remarkably fine Cactus presented by Dr. RUTHERFOORD HARRIS.

The garden, which is of extensive size, has in one corner a three-acre paddock railed off where a charming little Kerry cow of the Dexter breed may be seen disporting herself. Here, too, is a delightful little dairy with a thatched roof overgrown with straight Virginia creeper and *Wistaria Taxifolia*. Another attractive feature in the Colonial garden is the *Hortus inclusus*, an elegant little compound decorated with dwarf pagodas, Joss-houses, and large beds containing massed Cape Gooseberries, with steps leading down to an underground rockery wreathed with the pallid tendrils of the *Cauda porcina*.



GOOD FOR THE PEARL-BUTTON TRADE!

Tariff Joe takes a "Little Loaf" in the East End of London.

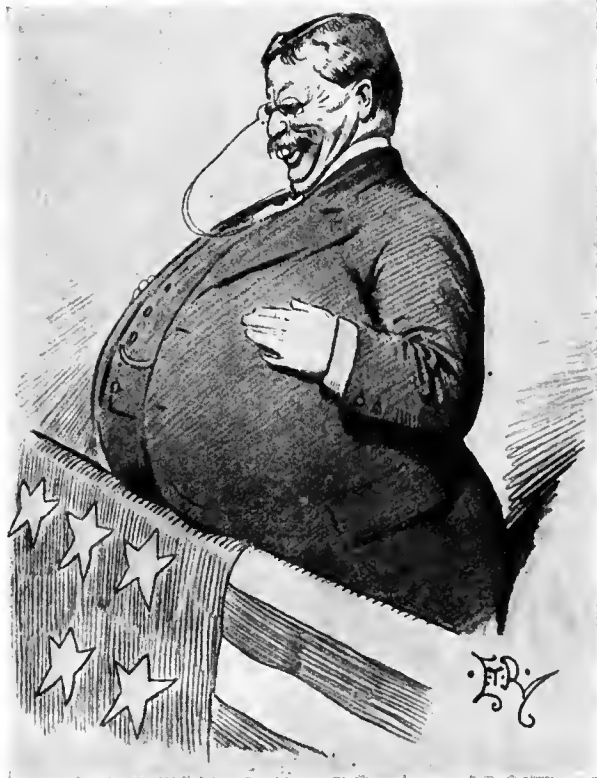
(Mr. Chamberlain is to speak at Limehouse in furtherance of his Tariff Reform Crusade.)

We must conclude our necessarily imperfect sketch of this Lowland Paradise with a detailed description of a fine and very distinguished species which has recently been acclimatised at Whittingehame—the *Arthurium Pendulifolium*. The blade, which is of willowy appearance, is about six feet one inch long, varying from eight to sixteen inches broad, elongate oblong lanceolate, and narrows to a drooping apex furnished with slight greyish capillary appendages on the upper *labrum*, and drab spathes on both peduncles.

BENE FACTUM.—Last week Mr. AINSLIE BEAN exhibited some of his water-colour drawings to the QUEEN at Sandringham, who purchased one of them. This is Royal encouragement to English art, as what was to HER MAJESTY's taste was not a French Bean.

From the *Egyptian Gazette*:—

YOUNG GERMAN seeks lodgings of lady very severe. Under "Birch," Poste Restante, Cairo.



"OH, MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND!"

"Great corporations are necessary, and only men of great and singular mental power can manage such corporations successfully."—
President Roosevelt's Message.

"MAY THEY LIVE LONG AND BROSBER!"

Rip Van Winkle.

It is with great pleasure that Mr. *Punch* is able to state, on the best authority, that, for the report, to which the picture by "E. T. R." in *Punch*, Nov. 30, referred, there was no foundation in fact. On the same unimpeachable authority Mr. *Punch* is able to inform his readers that "the Berlin Police, though they had their attention drawn"—here would have been another chance for our artist—"to the caricature by a private person"—evidently a mischievous busy-body—"did not take exception to it, nor did they prevent the sale of that particular number." And, adds the same authority, "as a matter of fact, *Punch* has not a single time been confiscated in Prussia since 1882."

This is good hearing. So in a large glass of generous *Hoch! Hoch!* Mr. *Punch* drinks to Our Friendly Relations, or Cousins German. *Prosit!*

THE NEW GAME OF DUMB-THUMBO.—Ladies and gentlemen press their thumbs on an inked blotting-pad and then on a white page on which they will leave a good or bad impression of character. Small boys do it without assistance from the pad. The game is to identify the owner by the thumb. Rather foolish, but, as a young lisper observed, "Ith Thumb-thing to do."

FROM the Health Rules issued by the Medical Department; Old Calabar, South Nigeria, we extract the following:—

"Wear a thin warm merino body vest day and night. If it irritates the skin wear it outside the vest."

This instruction as to shifting the epidermis seems to point to greater facilities for the West African than those enjoyed by the Æthiopian.

THE PANACEA.

[In *The House Beautiful* Sir LAUDER BRUNTON, M.D., holds that ill-temper, being frequently the result of ill-health, can be controlled and modified by drugs, and recommends various "temper powders" as cures for irritability.]

WHEN you pull up the blind in the morning to find
That the fog is as thick as it's yellow;
When you fish out a sock from your vanishing stock
And you cannot discover its fellow;
When the tub in a trice becomes coated with ice,
And you shiver with cold as you scan it;
When you shrink from the plunge and you find that the sponge
Is as hard as a boulder of granite;
When the strop will not grip, and the razor will slip,
And your cheek is a patchwork of gashes;
When your language becomes, like the lingo of slums,
An unprintable series of dashes;
When you're streaming with blood and you lose your last stud,
And you cannot lay hands on your braces;
When you carefully choose your most watertight shoes,
And you find that you've broken the laces—
Pray don't lose your head like an ass, but instead
Of the course that is commonly followed
Take a powder, my friend, and your frowns will unbend
As the soothing concoction is swallowed.

When you struggle in vain for a seat in the train,
And you stand all the way to the City;
When the atmosphere reeks of the pigtail of weeks,
And the floor is detestably gritty;
When you find that the bears have got hold of your shares
Till you've scarcely a pound in your pocket;
When the stock which you thought only fools would have
bought
Has gone up in the night like a rocket;
When the contract by which you had hoped to grow rich
Has been given away to your rival;
When your millionaire friend who had seemed near his end
Unexpectedly thinks of revival;
When your clerklet decamps with the cash and the stamps
And with anything else he can borrow;
When your typist's afraid if her wages aren't paid
That the office won't see her to-morrow—
Do not fume like a dunce; take your powder at once,
And your face will no longer look horrid,
While the remnants of hair you were going to tear
Will be left still adorning your forehead.

When you trudge from the train through the mud and the rain
To the home you once thought so salubrious;
When your hat is blown off, and you sneeze and you cough,
And you feel very low and lugubrious;
When you hear that the cook has been taking her hook
And the spoons and the dishes by dozens;
When the housemaid has fled with a soldier in red
Who was one of her numerous cousins;
When this tale of mishaps has produced a collapse,
And the household is terribly flustered;
When there's nothing to eat but a bit of raw meat
And a packet of Somebody's mustard;
When the beds are unmade and the fires are not laid,
And the boots and the shoes are all dirty;
When there's no one to bring anything when you ring,
And you feel most uncommonly "shirty";
When the wife of your breast has confessed she has drest
On just triple the sum you allowed her,
And has run up long bills for her frocks and her frills—
Take a powder, my friend, take a powder.



L'ART NOUVEAU.

Damp but undaunted Correspondent of a Sporting Paper (to elderly party, who has also been "put down"). "COULD YOU KEEP STILL BUT ONE MOMENT, SIR, WHILE I MAKE MY SKETCH?"

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Professor Job Lott.

OUR DEAR NERVES!

ACCORDING to the *Lady's Pictorial*, we are driving ourselves and our friends mad by the colour of our dining-room wall-paper, which is "simply ragging our own nerves" and those of any guests we may entertain within our walls. This accounts for a remarkable increase of lunacy of late, for the decay of domesticity, the spread of cheap popular restaurants, the Camberwell Dancing Craze, and goodness knows what not. The offending colour appears to be red. What our forefathers thought to be a nice, homely, warming, and generally Christmas-like hue turns out to be merely an irritant to their more susceptible descendants, if not an invitation to battle, murder, and sudden death. If twentieth century nerves are going to be thus terribly harassed, every other diner out will be "seeing red" in the French sense, or running his head up against a brick wall. There will be verdicts of "Suicide during a Temporary Attack of Wall-paper," and scare-heads about the "Dastardly Conduct of a Dado." From the rags of which paper is supposed to be made it is an easy transition to the ragging feared by our contemporary — in fact, a modern Rag's Progress. It comes to this, that we ought to be wrapped up in cotton-wool and not allowed out at all. There are red pillar-boxes at street corners, robin redbreasts in the parks, red-coated Tommies at large, and many other "red rags" to the hypersensitive eye.

THE PIPLESS PIPPIN.

In future "there ain't going to be no core to the apple," as the little boy said to a rival claimant. A coreless and seedless apple has been invented (so we are told in the December *Nineteenth Century*) as the produce of a blossomless and grubless tree, of which there are to be two-and-a-half million specimens in 1906. This will knock the stuffing out of the "seedy," or ordinary variety. It is called "the world's greatest discovery in horticulture," but may be regarded as the pioneer of more glorious things

to come. In the toothless future we hope to see no-stone plums, *sans-wasp* gooseberries, mulberries without stomach-ache, onions *minus* the scent, unslugged strawberries, and an ex-maggoted and disbirded orchard in general. Pip-pip!

LOST!

[Mr. Punch imagines that he owes the receipt of the following letter to his recent sympathetic reference to the alleged Society craze for taking pet animals (such as, according to another observer, "cockatoos, mice, snakes, and lizards") to places of entertainment. However that may be, he is always pleased to come to the aid of beauty in distress, and if any of his readers can earn the larger of the two rewards he will be glad on all accounts.]

301, Eden Gardens.

DEAREST MR. PUNCH,—I am inconsola-



"AS OTHERS SEE US."

THIS IS HOW YOUNG JARGE CARRIED HOME THE PRIZE-CARD, AND HE WONDERED WHY PEOPLE SMILED.

ble. I have lost *Squeezums*, my sweet pet Python, and it has almost broken my heart. I will try to tell you all about it, as I want your help, but you must excuse blots, for I have to stop and cry a little now and then. *Squeezums* had been very listless for several days. JOHN said it was the Persian kitten from next door that had disagreed with it—nasty fluffy thing, I can't think why people are allowed to keep them—and when I insisted there was more in it than that, he replied, "Very likely, but that was the only thing that had been missed"—as if that were what I meant. I tried to charm it like the man who sold it to me, but I don't play myself, so I had to hide it in the coal-box and get Herr JUMPSKI to improvise. He is awfully clever, you know, though they do say he drinks, and his playing roused *Squeezums* at once, but before it had climbed halfway

up the music-stand he saw it and collapsed on the hearthrug, shrieking that he would never touch another drop.

We were going to *A Wife without a Smile* that night, so I thought I would take *Squeezums* to cheer it up, as the poor thing had been disappointed of its music. There was a cat of a woman sitting next me with a cockatoo and two white mice in her lap, and she wanted to send for the Manager when I went in, but I said I would let *Squeezums* loose if she stirred a foot. He was very happy and quiet, though I felt him thrill once when the cockatoo happened to screech; but, whilst we were all laughing at that doll, something made me look round, and there was the cockatoo sitting back on its tail with a glassy eye like a stuffed canary, and *Squeezums* wagging his head in front of it.

I made a grab at his neck, but he struck before I could stop him, and the next second the disgusting bird was half way down my poor pet's throat.

The woman gave a scream and let the white mice fall at my feet, and in springing upon my chair I dropped *Squeezums*, who glided off under the seats.

There was so much laughing going on that few people noticed, and I daren't make a fuss, but I traced him as well as I could through an old lady fainting three rows in front, and a Dean at the side

who went very white and left hurriedly. The cockatoo woman carried on fearfully, but I told her I wasn't responsible for the silly pets she chose to take about, and that if *Squeezums* was lost or injured I should sue her for damages.

JOHN and I stayed till the theatre was empty and looked everywhere, but we found nothing but one green lizard with a broken leg, which some brute must have dropped, and the attendants were most uncivil—wouldn't come near.

Dear Mr. Punch, what I want you to do is to publish this next week, so that anyone who finds a Python answering to the name of *Squeezums* may know where to send it. JOHN says he will give £1 reward if it is found and £5 if it isn't, so everybody ought to look. And will you please say what you think of *cats* who take birds and mice everywhere they go? Yours in great distress, ADELA BRAYNE.

TALKING SHOP.

[In the Chicago public schools the girls are being instructed in the art of shopping. We may shortly expect to see similar courses of instruction introduced in this country.]

SUSPECTING the character of their visit, I ventured to follow them into the shop. The school-girl advanced to the counter and looked timorously into the assistant's face. Then she hesitated. But her companion was impatient.

"Come, come, begin," she said.

The school-girl looked round, caught my expression of sympathy, and—

"I—I would like some blue ribbon, please," she said.

"Wrong!" interrupted the other, who was obviously the teacher. "Quite wrong. How many times have I told you

that you mustn't say 'please' to a person of this kind? Now watch me." The school-girl, who had shrunk into herself with fear, ventured to look up again while the teacher turned to the assistant.

"I want some narrow blue ribbon!" There was no mistaking the command in the voice.

"Yes, madam," said the patient young man, and he turned to reach down a box while the teacher continued her instructions.

"Don't let me hear you say 'please' again. And now mind you make him work."

The young man was opening the box and proceeding to show its contents. The girl fingered them lightly; then, evidently forgetting her instructions, began with a conscious glance at her teacher—

"I—I—think I'll take this."

"You certainly won't," snapped the other, who had not even glanced at the ribbon. "You are to say it is wholly unsuitable." Then, turning to the assistant, "Be good enough not to waste our time," she said viciously.

The young man bowed gravely and then began to reach down more boxes while the lesson continued.

"Under no circumstances must you select the first thing shown. When you have passed the elementary course—that is if you ever do so, though you seem too dense for anything—you will, of course, insist upon going through the boxes

twice before making a selection; and then, if you like best what you saw first, you can select it when you see it for the second time. But you must thoroughly understand that you are never to take it at once, however much you like it."

The child nodded in a bewildered way. "Because I might find something better, do you mean, Miss ICELAND?"

"No, that is not the reason. Because—because—oh, you'll understand when you're a woman. I—I can't quite explain. Proceed with the lesson!"

Other boxes were now lying on the counter, and the time began to slip by. The young man, the perspiration running down his forehead, had already had to requisition the step-ladder to reach distant heights. But uncomplainingly he went on answering inquiries in the same even tone;

"No, certainly not. You have not yet performed what is in some respects the most important duty of all. You haven't yet reported the assistant for inattention and incivility. Go! there is the shop walker!"

A GREAT RELIEF.

THE Squire was decidedly unwell. He was compelled to stay indoors. The Doctor arrived, and was shown into the Squire's sanctum.

"Soon put you all right," said the Doctor cheerily.

"Hope so," returned the Squire, "but I shan't be well till I've got something off my mind."

"May I inquire what is the trouble?" asked the medical man sympathetically.

"You may," replied the Squire, "and I will tell you." For a second he relapsed into moodiness. Then, arousing himself, he said, "May I ask you a question?"

"Certainly," said the Doctor laconically. "Put it."

Whereupon the Squire, suddenly brightening up a little, commenced, "You have come here to put me all right?" The Doctor bowed assent. "Then," continued the Squire, "why are you like my dog *Ponto* that

always accompanies me out shooting?"

The Doctor considered. Not being prepared with a reply, he asked, somewhat timidly, "Is this a conundrum?"

"Right first time," quoth the Squire, evidently already on the high road to recovery. "And—do you give it up?"

"I do," was the Doctor's very decided answer.

"Then I will tell you, my boy," cried the Squire cheerily, becoming quite his own old hearty self again, "You are like my old dog *Ponto* when out shooting with me because you've 'come to heal.' See?"

And in another minute the Doctor had left the house, driving quickly in the direction of the New County Lunatic Asylum, where there was a colleague of his whom he considered it wise to consult. And the Squire, gun in hand, closely followed by *Ponto*, went out, feeling as fit as ever he had been in the whole course of his healthy life.



A FOX HUNT.

(After a Tapestry.)

deftly extending ribbons for approval, bowing, nodding, occasionally skipping up the ladder; always striving to please.

At length the instructress rose, noting as she did so with intense relish the fact that several customers who had been kept waiting were showing signs of impatience. "Come," she said.

The pupil rose, looking doubtfully from the young man to the teacher.

"But we haven't selected anything," she said.

The instructress frowned. "When will you learn, child! Tell the young man at once that nothing he has shown us is of the slightest use, and that he ought to be ashamed of such a stock, and of himself as well."

In faltering accents the girl obeyed, then together they turned towards the door. I followed again.

"Is that all, please, Miss ICELAND?" asked the pupil at length.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE mills of Lady RIDLEY's fancy and imagination grind slowly, but they grind with exceeding effect. It is some four years since *The Story of Aline* revealed to my Baronite a new novelist of fine mark. Since then we have had nothing from her pen. Now comes *A Daughter of Jael* (LONOMANS), a work worth pondering over by the author, worth waiting for by the public. It is not what would be called a cheery, genial sort of story. It is, rather, one of those strong, almost morbid, things which lovely woman, stooping to literature, occasionally—as in the case of CHARLOTTE BRONTË and *Jane Eyre*, of LUCAS MALET and *Sir Richard Calmady*—delights to produce. The plot is novel, except wherein it may have been suggested, as the title indicates, by the story of SISERA. It is worked out in the simple, direct fashion which is the highest art. A contributory episode to the story is the sin of a couple who avowedly do not love each other, the woman going astray *pour s'amuser*, the man wrecking his own wife's happiness out of pity for the assumed unhappiness of another woman. This is a pretty complex problem, and it is high tribute to Lady RIDLEY's power and skill that, almost, she makes it probable. Some of the characters are a little sketchy. But through the crowd, a real living being, strides the strange heroine, who for love of her brother murders her grandfather, and for love of her husband takes to her arms his paramour, and endeavours to win her back to life.

The Baron's Critical and Ready Rhymester writes as follows:—"If any boy desires a tale which tells him how a boat to sail; to live upon a desert isle (although in reach of home the while); to build a hut; to make a gun; to have the finest out-door fun;—why *Bevis* (DUCKWORTH) is the book on which that boy at once should look—by RICHARD JEFFERIES long since written to give delight to Younger Britain."

The Darrow Enigma is a good sensational detective story by MELVIN L. SEVERY (GRANT RICHARDS), who occasionally writes queer English, as, for instance, "I felt of his heart; he was dead." Perhaps this slip may be attributable to the printer, as may another, namely, "Hallo! that sounds like the doctor's rig!"—where "rig" is evidently an error for "ring." However, the style, if not polished, is in the main good for directly interesting. This *Enigma* would have been decidedly better for simplification, as it really consists of two enigmas, and the second is started before the first has been explained. Still, admirers of Sherlock-Holmesian methods will soon find themselves absorbed in the mystery.

THACKERAY's prohibition of the writing of his biography is well known. So also are the chapters with which his daughter, Mrs. RITCHIE, prefaces successive volumes of the fine edition of her father's work published two years ago by the familiar house in Waterloo Place. SMITH, ELDER issue fresh contribution to knowledge of the life and personality of the novelist in two portly volumes entitled *Thackeray in the United States*. It is a stupendous work, comprehending not far short of 800 pages. The chief novelties presented are an abundance of sketches—over a hundred—from THACKERAY's pen. There is also a painstaking bibliography of THACKERAY's writings, before which my Baronite stands amazed at proof of the industry of a life which did not far exceed the span of fifty years. In the main the work is a compilation, General Wilson having gleaned all familiar fields. To tell the truth he unconsciously goes over some of them more than once, retelling stories already printed on earlier pages. But we can never hear too much of THACKERAY, and here are garnered the reminiscences and appreciations of many who knew him intimately and therefore loved him greatly. Much of it has appeared in print before; but what of

that? It is conveniently brought together, the testimony of divers witnesses converging in the effort to let the generation of the present day know what was thought of THACKERAY by his contemporaries.

Quite in the front rank with its bright absurdities for Christmas is *Comic Sport and Pastime* (SKEFFINGTON AND SON), by ALAN WRIGHT and VERNON-STOKES. Whether the writing is entirely by WRIGHT as by right it ought to be, or whether VERNON-STOKES has taken his share of it in addition to doing most of the droll designs, the Baron is unable to determine.

An Assistant Reader reports that a batch of Christmas books has come to hand from Messrs. W. AND R. CHAMBERS. First, I note (he says) three books by L. T. MEADE:—*Mrs. Pritchard's School*, *A Modern Tomboy*, and *Petronella*. All three are good wholesome reading for girls. The following books,—*Viva Christina*, by EDITH E. COWPER, *Glyn Severn's School Days*, by GEORGE MANVILLE FENN, *Brought to Heel*, by KENT CARR, and *Hazard and Heroism*, by G. A. HENTY and others, my Assistant Reader warmly recommends to boys.

The Baron, kindly disposed towards nonsense at Christmas-time, observes that, in Mr. LOUIS WAIN's idea, *Santa Claus* is a kind of patron saint of cats! He has got a scratch company (feline) together, and represents them, in his *Claws and Paws*, as engaged in all sorts of brightly coloured transactions. Then he "gives us paws" after the tales of cats. But this comic cat and dog business must surely be on the Wain.

Fairy Tales from Hans Andersen, humorously illustrated in colour by J. STUART HARDY (ERNEST NISTER), is hereby heartily recommended by the Baron as a dainty little present to interest and amuse little people.

The Land of Bondage, by JOHN BLOUNDELLE BURTON (F. V. WHITE & Co.), is a delightful work that the Baron can strongly recommend to all who love genuine romance. It is full of stirring incident, it is never overlaid by superfluity of picturesque description, and it is alive with sensational effects and startling surprises, all admirably contrived. There may be a better story somewhere about, but up to the present moment it has not been the Baron's good fortune to come across it, and he is perfectly content, *pro tem.*, with this.



NOTICE—TO SOMEBODY.—Somebody has sent by post to Mr. Punch's Office a book entitled *Boston Public Library* (dedicated to the building), containing, amongst other patchy matter, extracts from the "Diary of Parliament" by SHIRLEY BROOKS, whose signature appears inside the cover. On the addressed wrapper is written, "Letter also." This letter has been unfortunately mislaid or destroyed, and as name and address of sender are not given, the book must remain at our office until further information be received and stamps sent for return.

FROM the business card of a Limehouse "Wireworker":—"Manufacturer of Sieves, Nursery Guards, Fire Guards, fancy flower Baskets and all kinds of Plain and fancy work. All kinds of Repairs and Soldiering."

This last word throws a lurid light on the expression, "Nursery Guards."



THE PERILS OF POPULARITY.

"I WISH SOMEONE WOULD GIVE ME A DOG."—*Infant Prodigy to an Interviewer.*

OUR ARTIST DEPICTS THE SCENE NEXT DAY.

TO A MINCE PIE.

EXIGUOUS pie, beneath whose brittle shell
One solid month of luck is said to dwell;
Within whose minced succulence there
lurks

An antidote to fell Misfortune's works;
Thou harbinger of prosperous days in
store

(*I.e.*, posterior to 1904),

Days—to express it in a graceful way—
Sweetened by toil and beautified by pay;
Divine comestible, thy potent spell
Bids me to eat (though presently unwell)
Thee and eleven others each thy peer,
In all a dozen, to complete the year.

The cloth is spread: a fig for indigestion,

Thy magic art permits no doubt or
question;

No need to voice the heart's profound
desires,

One simply eats thee and the rest transpires!

But still I may as well, before I feed,
Mention precisely all the things I need.

Item, the Public at the present time
Displays a base indifference to rhyme;
Between us, nothing really could be
worse

Than the immediate sale for humorous
verse.

It isn't that I'm thinking of myself:
Toilsome obscurity and lack of pelf
I'm quite accustomed to: what sears my
heart

Is the unparalleled offence to Art.
The evil's rank: the remedy is clear;
I think you might attend to this next year.

Item, a lovely maid, the counterpart
Of Venus' self, has won my trusting
heart;

I met her first while taking tea and
muffins

With Mrs. JONES: her name's CORDELIA
CLUFFINS.

I know she looks with favour on my suit,
But CLUFFINS Senior is a perfect brute,
His tone is vulgar and his voice is hoarse,
His manner, towards myself, extremely
coarse.

His kindlier feelings badly want a jog

(Something might also happen to the
dog).

At any rate, for better or for wuss
I want the girl: please pull this off for us.

Item, my uncle, old JOSIAH CHITTY,
A tallow-broker somewhere in the City.
He's a philanthropist, in broken health,
The sort that often misapply their
wealth.

In short he's ripe to quit this world of
cares,

And I am one of his prospective heirs.
Life would be easier without a doubt
If Uncle Josy were to peter out.

This view may strike you as an idle whim,
But still I think you might attend to him.

Item—but no: I feel the above will do,
At any rate till January's through.

(Old CLUFFINS in particular should try
The powers of any well-developed pie.)
My further wants shall exercise the art
Of February's individual tart.

And now I eat: what boots one night of
pain,

When thirty days of happiness remain?

GAMES AND THE MAN.

["Sport," says Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, in a recent letter to the *Humanitarian*, "has often been defended as being the image of war, and as tending to render those who engage in it manly and warlike . . . But there are the Japanese, none of whom are sportsmen, for one can hardly class their fishing (after a battle) in the category of sport . . . Is any nation of sportsmen more brave or more warlike?""]

O FOR the faiths of long ago
On which our fancy loved to lean,
When naked Truth was still to know,
And we were young and very green;
Now are they mostly hollow myths,
Like to the "king y-crowned in Fairy,"
Or those high gods in Dr. SMITH'S
Inimitable Dictionary.

To history's radium, piercing through,
Reluctantly each legend yields:—
Witness the tale of Waterloo
As won on Eton's playing-fields;
Its authorship is not in doubt:
The Duke unquestionably said it:
Only, the facts therein set out
Are deemed no longer worthy credit.

We nursed, till now, the cherished creed
That none could cope with swords and flames,
Or do a dashing warrior-deed
Save he excelled in "manly games;"
Games were "a mimic warfare," and
Unless an officer could play 'em
He had no leg on which to stand.
"O hasn't he?" says Mr. GRAHAM!

"Go mark the Jap! He wades in gore,
He gives, and takes, the shrewdest knocks,
Although he never snicked a four,
Or ran to earth the ruddy fox;
He laughs to hear the bullets hum.
'Banzai!' he yells and lays the foe low;
And yet he never screwed a scrum,
Or took a casual toss at polo.

"How he achieves it, who can say?
I don't suppose he ever stood
Intent to grass his fluttered prey
Outside a pheasant-haunted wood;
Yet thus employed, or in the course
Of armed affrays with instant rabbits,
We think to learn that cool resource
Which stamps the man of martial habits.

"'Tis true, at times, he has his fling
Upon a river-bank or mole,
Trying for fish with baited string
Dependent from a bamboo-pole;
Yet he pursues this gentle art
Rather by way of relaxation
Than as a prime essential part
Of military education.

"He routs the Cossack; yet he spends
No time on racing, or can see
Much merit in a school that tends
To feats (we're told) of chivalry;
Can you conceive *our* soldiers' brains
Reft of the tipster's useful knowledge?
Or picture Ascot's tented plains
Without the Camberley Staff-College?"

O Mr. GRAHAM, you have cleft
This heart in twain by your report;

At worst we had one solace left—
Our manhood's faith in British Sport!
The rest might go—art, science, trade—
Sport was the only thing that mattered;
On this the Empire's base was laid,—
And now—that last illusion's shattered!

O. S.

THE DELIGHT OF GIVING.

(Being useful hints for Yuletide gifts.)

By MR. PUNCH'S SOUVENIR-SPECIALIST.

SEVERAL correspondents have asked me to suggest any present which would be at all likely to give pleasure to a Grand Aunt who has for some years past been a confirmed Centenarian. As she is practically certain (judging from all I have read about Centenarians) to be in complete possession of all her faculties than the average person of middle-age, it would be difficult to find anything more suitable or in better taste than an 18-h.p. automobile. All the principal drapers are just now exhibiting a wonderfully cheap line of cars, some of which are marked down as low as £999 19s. 11³/₄d.!

Another and somewhat less expensive gift is a monkey—always a lively companion for any elderly lady in low spirits who requires rousing. You can hardly go far wrong with either—but perhaps the motor-car would be the more *chic* and up-to-date token of affection.

PENELOPE.—I see no objection to your working a pair of braces for the bachelor Bishop of your Cathedral City *except* the difficulty of ever being *quite* certain that your gift is proving of practical service to its recipient. Why not embroider him an apron instead? It should be of black or a mulberry shade of silk, with the Episcopal arms in coloured silks in the centre, and quite a coquettish touch could be given by the addition of two small pockets adorned with clerical rosettes or bows. In one corner of the apron you might work a dove, in the other a serpent; this would give a delightfully artistic and symbolical finish to the garment—which of course is only intended to be worn with full evening dress.

O. LETTHAM-ALCOMBE has collected a small fund for the purpose of presenting each destitute foreign alien now in our midst with a small Christmas *souvenir*, and wants to know what I consider they would be most likely to appreciate. I should say that either an egg-whisk or an umbrella-stand would be received with enthusiasm. Or there are some delightful Bath squares in four Art shades, which, at two-and-fivepence-halfpenny apiece, would form a useful and seasonable present. If for any reason this idea is not approved of, I'm afraid I can only suggest some little article of daily use, such as a Bridge-marker, a stamp-damper, or a cab-whistle.

CLARCY.—There is no particular reason why you should not send the Duke a slight token of remembrance this Christmas if you think proper to do so, especially if, as you say, he has rather gone out of his way to be affable to you on more than one occasion. The difficulty with a Duke, of course, is to give him anything that he hasn't got already. If I were you, the next time I met him I should lead the conversation with apparent carelessness to the subject of trouser-stretchers, and, should you succeed in ascertaining that he does not possess such an article, you might do worse than supply the deficiency. They are not expensive—the best costing no more than ten shillings, but of course you could easily have one made for you in solid silver and enamelled with the ducal cipher, or a spray of holly, or possibly a robin, which would save you from all suspicion of stinginess.

COUNTY FAMILY writes: "My old housekeeper will have



Bernard Partridge.

“DE MORTUIS.” &c.

SHADE OF SHAKESPEARE (to Mr. Punch). “I HEAR THEY WANT TO DO SOMETHING TO PERPETUATE MY MEMORY. I SAY, OLD MAN, DON’T LET ‘EM PUT UP A STATUE!”





COMPLEMENTARY.

Exasperated Amateur Photographer (to girls who have been "rotting" a good deal). "PLEASE KEEP STILL. YOU ARE SPOILING SUCH A CHARMING BACKGROUND!"

been with me fifty-five years next Christmas, and I should like to give her a little something, *just for once*, to mark the occasion, but cannot think of anything really *appropriate*. Can you help me?"

Has she got a Sandow Exerciser, a bicycle bell, or an ocarina? Any one of these gifts would be regarded by her as an act of graceful condescension on your part. But perhaps an even safer present would be a diamond tiara.

GENEROUS UNCLE.—I certainly think that, if you carry out your intention of presenting the young couple with an elegant drawing-room suite at £6 13s. 8d. from the Tottenham Court Road, you will be making them a most magnificent Christmas present—especially if you throw in the Art coal-scuttle at three-and-eleven. As an artist, your nephew is sure to treasure the handsomely carved monumental slab representing the last moments of your first wife, and will undoubtedly assign it the place of honour over his dining-room mantel-piece. You could not possibly have hit upon a cheerier selection, and will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have rendered at least *one* home bright and happy in the coming Yule-tide!

ONE OF A NUMEROUS FAMILY.—Yes, I know it is a great tax—especially with so many cousins whom one cannot abide, but who still must not be forgotten! However, it is *quite* a fallacy to suppose that you cannot indulge your generous impulses except at a ruinous expense. Remember that it is not the value of the gift that counts, but the spirit in which it is given. By following my instructions, you will be able with little or no outlay to present all the male and female members of your circle of relations with a gift that will

certainly strike them as infinitely more valuable than the one they gave *you*. First for the ladies: Save up, or ask your chemist to oblige you with, as many empty pill-boxes as you may require. Fill each box with emery powder (which the cook will procure for you, and put down in the bills). Then cover neatly with scraps of velvet, silk, or brocade (these your dressmaker will be quite grateful to you for picking up off her floor). Finish off with gold cord—which you will have saved from crackers—and you have a tasty and artistic trifle that no one will ever believe could possibly have cost less than fourpence-three-farthings.

Next for the gentlemen: A match-box is always a useful present for a gentleman—even if he is not a smoker. Ask the parlour-maid to keep the empty Tändstickor boxes for you. When you have enough of these, cover the inner box with gold or silver paper off the crackers. Remove the outer case and wash it over with a solution of weak gum, or sugar and water. *Before* it dries, sprinkle it all over with SIMPKIN'S Silver Frost (this you will probably have to purchase at a Fancy Stationer's. It costs a penny a packet, but one packet will do quite a number of boxes). When dry, glue a seasonable device (which you can cut out from your last year's Christmas cards) on the top of each—and I venture to predict that you will be quite surprised at the admiration and gratitude of your male friends and relatives as they open the parcels containing your effective but inexpensive little offerings. If you care to go to the additional expense, you can fill each box about a third full with Tändstickors, but this is not absolutely essential for an object which is chiefly decorative.

F. A.

SEE HOW THEY RUN.

(OR OUGHT TO DO.)

A REVISED edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, in which various hymns familiar to us from our childhood have been subjected to extensive emendations with a view to remedying their metrical deficiencies or improving their ethical tone, has recently been issued to a grateful Public.

Encouraged by the chorus of delight with which this courageous enterprise has been received by the Press, *Mr. Punch* has embarked upon a task equally bold and certainly not less necessary. It is, in fact, the production of a revised edition of our English Nursery Rhymes. Children of the least delicacy of feeling must constantly have been shocked by the barbarous and occasionally sanguinary episodes with which this class of literature is defaced; while, though the metres are usually well enough, the rhymes are often of the poorest description and sometimes hardly worthy of the name. To take an obvious instance, the story of *Jack and Jill* :—

JACK and JILL
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
JACK fell down
And broke his crown,
And JILL came tumbling after.

This is obviously a painful episode—and all modern educationists are agreed that the element of pain should be excluded as far as possible from childish literature—while the rhyme “water” and “after” is so deplorable that it would bring tears to the eyes of any sensitive child. Certainly *Mr. Punch*, who is rather fastidious in these matters, would never admit such a rhyme to his columns. The poem therefore needs drastic revision as follows :—

JACK and JILL
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
JILL fell down—
But saved her crown,
For JACK politely caught her!

Here the rhyme is improved, the catastrophe avoided, and a lesson in masculine courtesy insinuated—the poem being thereby rendered suitable for family reading.

Again, the story of *Three Blind Mice* is a horrible one, and quite unfitted for any nursery. The idea of blindness, even where only a mouse is concerned, is far too tragic to be treated with levity, while the idea that any woman would deliberately cut off an animal's tail—and use a carving-knife for the purpose!—is unspeakably repulsive. In *Mr. Punch's* edition these undesirable features have been removed, and the poem now reads :—

Three blonde mice—
See how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
A kindly lady of blameless life,
Who never would dream of employing a knife
On three blonde mice!

Old King Cole is a comparatively unobjectionable ditty, but there is an hilarious tone about it which is open to criticism; while the contents of the “bowl” should be clearly stated in the interests of Band of Hope propaganda. The opening stanza should therefore run :—

Old King COLE
Was a temperate soul,
Oh a temperate soul was he!
When on festive occasions he called for his bowl
It was always a bowl of tea.

Sing a Song of Sixpence it has been found possible to retain unaltered, at least for the present, but with the growth of Vegetarianism it may ultimately be necessary to alter the blackbirds into black currants.

Treated in this way it will be found that Nursery rhymes, like hymns, are capable of indefinite amelioration, and when the new edition is in the hands of the public *Mr. Punch* hopes it will be generally admitted that the revisers have been entirely successful in destroying the charm of the originals while not greatly improving the sense.

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

[The rhinoceros, “JIM,” the “oldest inhabitant” of the Zoo, has at length joined the great majority.]

TIME flies apace, and Death makes many claims;
Old favourites vanish, giving place to new;
But this was hardly what we looked for, JAMES,
From you.

For fifty years we'd pored upon your slow
But sportive gait, your mirth-provoking eye;
Nobody ever dreamt that you would go
And die.

For fifty years our doting little ones
Had loved the generous air that round you clings;
You were their prime receptacle for buns
And things.

JUMBO had gone to glory, smashing trains;
JINGO had vanished in the briny deep;
E'en HANNIBAL had laid his old remains
To sleep.

Giraffes, tarantulas and chimpanzees
Arrived and perished in our alien clime,
But you we deemed as proof against disease
And time.

But now we come, and lo! you're vanished too;
Empty the cage you used to gambol in;
Only by paying sixpence may we view
Your skin!

Farewell, old friend, your smile was very dear:
Fate calls, alas! what is there left to do
But wish a freer, happier New Year
To you?

THE FISTIC PROBLEM ABROAD.—Our Hungarian Parliamentary correspondent reports :—The chair was taken by a member of the Diet, who broke it over the head of the Minister for War. The Premier, the “strong man of the Government,” complained of the conduct of those “who had violated the forms of the House.” While mentioning the forms he made no reference to the chairs, whose legs had been used as arms. He then contemptuously alluded to the House as a Diet of Worms, and introduced an Agricultural Bill and two scythes, with which he attacked the Opposition. Left sitting (on the floor).

TOO SEVERE.—The defendant who had conducted his own case and lost it, as reported in the *Times* of Tuesday, Dec. 13, finally requested His Honour Judge ADDISON, K.C. (Southwark C. C.) to be “good enough to state a case for the Higher Court.” But His Honour wasn't “good enough,” remarking that “The High Court and every other Court and every lawyer would laugh at such a defence.” If this were indeed “the state of the case,” then how very unkind it was of Judge ADDISON to deprive the legal profession generally of so exceptional a chance of enjoying a good joke.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.—If you drop a match, don't strike another to look for it.

THE CALL OF THE CONGO.

[Cheap tours on the Congo are being advertised. It is hoped that a substantial reduction in first-class fares will speedily popularise the country.]

I go as a rule
At the coming of Yule,
To a place where the sunshine's obtrusive;
At Hydros I'm found,
Where dyspeptics abound,
And massage and physic's inclusive;
Or a shelter I grace
In some fashion-plate place
Where the giddy and frivolous throng
go.
But to Fashion adieu,
If the rumour is true
They're reducing the fares on the Congo.

Each English resort
Will lack my support,
Nor do Cannes or Mentone intrigue me.
I see the same faces
At watering-places,
And the places and faces fatigue me.
But I now can afford
To career like a lord
To the land of the palm and the mango;
To the Tropics I'll ship
For a cheap little trip,
A week-end at warm Wango-wango.

Eluding the net
Of my usual set,
And the hump that it constantly gave me,
The lies and the smirks
Of refinement that irks—
In the Jellala Falls I will lave me.
In a place I will stay
That is called *O-go-way*,
I will shake by the hand the Obongo,
And with vigour renewed
I shall come back imbued
With the charms that are cheap on the
Congo.

DISTINGUISHED INVALIDS.

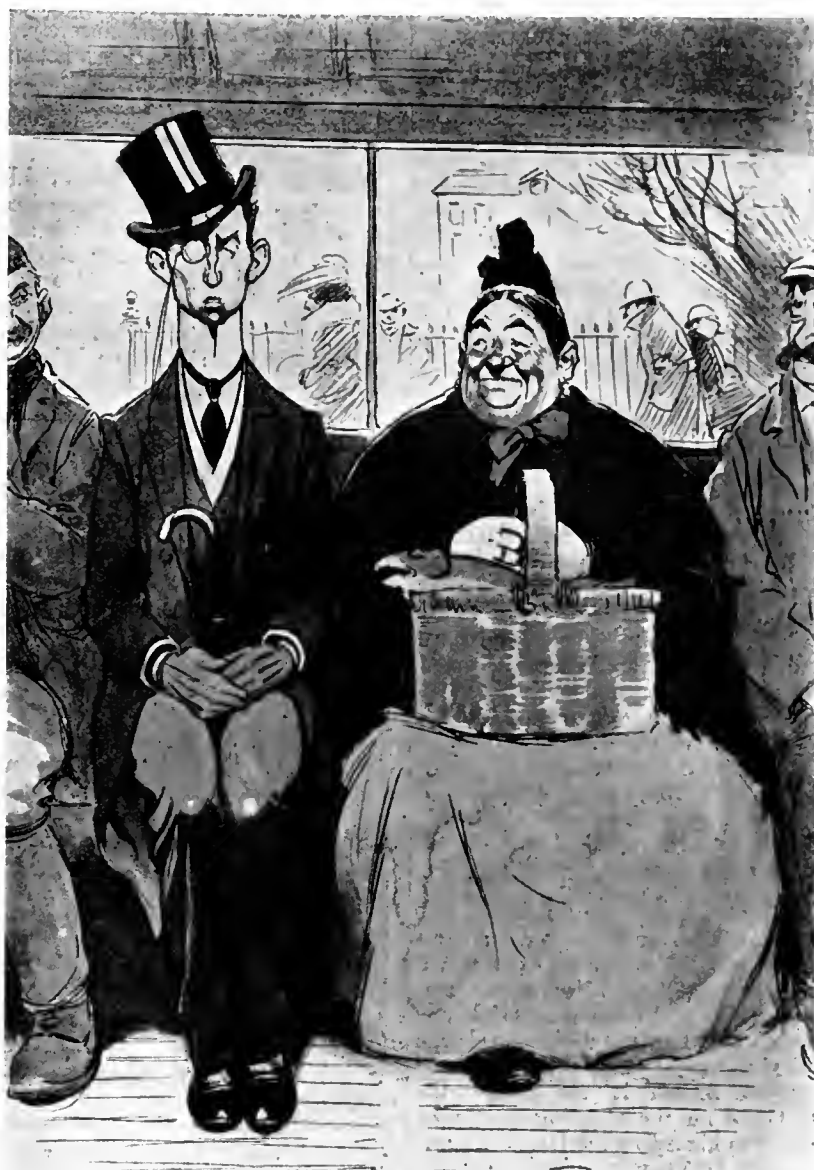
(Latest Bulletins.)

["A person writing to the *Daily Dispatch* says the Marquess of ANGLESEY's wonderful polyglot parrot is not ill, but on the contrary was laughing and chatting very heartily on Monday."—*St. James's Gazette*.]

WE are glad to be able to state that Lord MOUNT SORRELL's favourite monkey, which has been suffering lately from Phlebitis, is well on the way to recovery. No further bulletins will be issued.

The report that Lady AGATHA FITZ-HUNTER's pet pony was confined to the stable with Bronchitis is grossly exaggerated. The pony merely complained of being a little horse. The joke, of course, like its maker, was a chestnut.

Mrs. MARTIN BRADLEY's French poodle



IN A TRAM-CAR.

Lady (with smelly basket of fish). "DESSAY YOU'D RATHER 'AVE A GENTLEMAN SETTIN' A-SIDE OF YOU?"

Gilded Youth (who has been edging away). "YES, I WOULD."

Lady. "SAME 'ERE!"

is rapidly re-covering. It is admitted on all hands, however, that it was a remarkably close shave.

The alarming rumour that Lord BARNDORE's famous owl (which had been suffering from insomnia lately) had committed suicide on Tuesday night, is happily contradicted this morning. It appears that the owl had merely left the house for a few hours for a special purpose—to wit, to woo!

Lord RASPBERRY's prize turkey, which a short time ago had a painful operation performed on its neck, was able to appear at dinner last night and received a cordial welcome from those present.

The absurd tale that Lady HOPKIN'S Wood's pretty little Manx cat was suffering from diseased liver has no foundation in fact. The liver was perfectly good, and similar to that usually supplied.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

VII.—THE CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

I.

The Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter to his curate the Rev. Arthur Starling.

DEAR STARLING,—I am sorry to appear to be running away at this busy season, but a sudden call to London on business leaves me no alternative. I shall be back on Christmas Eve for certain, perhaps before. You must keep an eye on the decorations, and see that none of our helpers get out of hand. I have serious doubts as to Miss GREEN.

Yours, L. L.

II.

Mrs. Clibborn to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

DEAR RECTOR,—I think we have got over the difficulty which we were talking of—Mr. LULHAM's red hair and the discord it would make with the crimson decorations. MAGGIE and POPSY and I have been working like slaves, and have put up a beautiful and effectual screen of evergreen which completely obliterates the key-board and organist. I think you will be delighted. Mr. STARLING approves most cordially.

Yours sincerely,
MARY CLIBBORN.

III.

Miss Pitt to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

MY DEAR MR. LIDBETTER,—We are all so sorry you have been called away, a strong guiding hand being never more needed. You will remember that it was arranged that I should have sole charge of the memorial window to Colonel SOPER—we settled it just outside the Post Office on the morning that poor BLADES was kicked by the Doctor's pony. Well, Miss LOCKIE now says that Colonel SOPER's window belongs to her, and she makes it impossible for me to do anything. I must implore you to write to her putting it right, or the decorations will be ruined. Mr. STARLING is kind, but quite useless. Yours sincerely,

VIRGINIA PITT.

IV.

Miss Lockie to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

MY DEAR MR. LIDBETTER,—I am sorry to have to trouble you in your enforced rest, but the interests of the church must not be neglected, and you ought to know that Miss PITT not only insists that the decoration of Colonel SOPER's window was entrusted to her, but prevents me carrying it out. If you recollect, it was during tea at Mrs. MILLSTONE's that it was arranged that I should be responsible for this window. A telegram to Miss PITT would put the matter right at

once. Dear Mr. STARLING is always so nice, but he does so lack firmness.

Yours sincerely,
MABEL LOCKIE.

V.

Mrs. St. John to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

DEAR RECTOR,—I wish you would let Miss GREEN have a line about the decoration of the pulpit. It is no use any of us saying anything to her since she went to the Slade School and acquired artistic notions, but a word from you would work wonders. What we all feel is that the pulpit should be bright and



LADIES, WOULD NOT MR. PUNCH MAKE AN IDEAL HUSBAND AT CHRISTMAS-TIME?

gay, with some cheerful texts on it, a suitable setting for you and your helpful Christmas sermon, but Miss GREEN's idea is to drape it entirely in black muslin and purple, like a lying in state. One can do wonders with a little cotton wool and a few yards of Turkey twill, but she will not understand this. How with all her *nouveau art* ideas she got permission to decorate the pulpit at all I cannot think, but there it is, and the sooner she is stopped the better. Poor Mr. STARLING drops all the hints he can, but she disregards them all.

Yours sincerely,
CHARLOTTE ST. JOHN.

VI.

Miss Olive Green to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

DEAR MR. LIDBETTER,—I am sure you will like the pulpit. I am giving it the most careful thought, and there is every promise of a scheme of austere beauty,

grave and solemn and yet just touched with a note of happier fulfilment. For the most part you will find the decorations quite conventional—holly and evergreens, the old terrible cotton-wool snow on crimson background. But I am certain that you will experience a thrill of satisfied surprise when your eyes alight upon the simple gravity of the pulpit's drapery and its flowing sensuous lines. It is so kind of you to give me this opportunity to realise some of my artistic self. Poor Mr. STARLING, who is entirely Victorian in his views of art, has been talking to me about gay colours, but my work is done for you and those who can understand.

Yours sincerely,
OLIVE GREEN.

VII.

Mrs. Millstone to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

DEAR RECTOR,—Just a line to tell you of a delightful device I have hit upon for the decorations. Cotton-wool, of course, makes excellent snow, and rice is sometimes used, on gum, to suggest winter too. But I have discovered that the most perfect illusion of a white rime can be obtained by wetting the leaves and then sprinkling flour on them. I am going to get all the others to let me finish off everything like that on Christmas Eve (like varnishing-day at the Academy, my husband says), when it will be all fresh for Sunday. Mr. STARLING, who is proving himself such a dear, is delighted with the scheme. I hope you are well in that dreadful foggy city.

Yours sincerely,
ADA MILLSTONE.

VIII.

Mrs. Hobbs, charwoman, to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

HONOURED SIR,—I am writing to you because HOBBS and me dispare of getting any justice from the so called ladies who have been turning the holy church of St. Michael and all Angels into a Covent Garden market. To sweep up holly and other green stuff I don't mind, because I have heard you say year after year that we should all do our best at Christmas to help each other. I always hold that charity and kindness are more than rubys, but when it comes to flour I say no. If you would believe it Mrs. MILLSTONE is first watering the holly and the lorrel to make it wet, and then sprinkling flour on it to look like hore frost, and the mess is something dreadful, all over the cushions and carpet. To sweep up ordinery dust I don't mind, more particularly as it is my paid work and bounden duty; but unless it is made worth my while HOBBS says I must say no. We draw the line at sweeping up dough. Mr. STARLING

is very kind, but as HOBBS says you are the founting head. Awaiting a reply I am
Your humble servant,

MARTHA HOBBS.

IX.

Mrs. Vansittart to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

DEAR RECTOR,—If I am late with the north windows you must understand that it is not my fault, but PEDDER'S. He has suddenly and most mysteriously adopted an attitude of hostility to his employers (quite in the way one has heard of gardeners doing), and nothing will induce him to cut me any evergreens, which he says he cannot spare. The result is that poor HORACE and Mr. STARLING have to go out with lanterns after PEDDER has left the garden, and cut what they can and convey it to the church by stealth. I think we shall manage fairly well, but thought you had better know in case the result is not equal to your anticipation.

Yours sincerely,
GRACE VANSITTART.

X.

Mr. Lulham, organist, to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

DEAR SIR,—I shall be glad to have a line from you authorising me to insist upon the removal of a large screen of evergreens which Mrs. CLIBBORN and her daughters have erected by the organ. There seems to be an idea that the organ is unsightly, although we have had no complaints hitherto, and the effect of this barrier will be to interfere very seriously with the choral part of the service. Mr. STARLING sympathises with me, but has not taken any steps.

Believe me, Yours faithfully,
WALTER LULHAM.

XI.

The Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter to Mrs. Lidbetter.

MY DEAREST HARRIET,—I am having, as I expected, an awful time with the decorations, and I send you a batch of letters and leave the situation to you. Miss PITT had better keep the Soper window. Give the LOCKIE girl one of the autograph copies of my *Narrow Path*, with a reference underneath my name to the chapter on self-sacrifice, and tell her how sorry I am that there has been a misunderstanding. Mrs. HOBBS must have an extra half-a-crown, and the flouring must be discreetly discouraged on the ground of waste of food material. Assure LULHAM that there shall be no barrier, and then tell Mrs. CLIBBORN that the organist has been given a pledge that nothing should intervene between his music and the congregation. I am dining with the LAWSONS to-night, and we go afterwards to the *Tempest*, I think.

Your devoted L.



C. S. Brock. 1904

THE GREAT QUESTION.

Fond Young Mother (with first-born). "Now, WHICH OF US DO YOU THINK HE IS LIKE?"
Friend (judicially). "WELL, OF COURSE, INTELLIGENCE HAS NOT REALLY DAWNED IN HIS COUNTENANCE YET, BUT HE'S WONDERFULLY LIKE BOTH OF YOU!"

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Professor Job Lott.

BED-RIDDEN SPORTSMEN.

ACCORDING to the *Outlook* the newest cure is dining in bed, especially after a long day's motoring. If it is a taste for automobilism that such fragile individuals are to be cured of, one might suggest that a simpler remedy would be to stop in bed altogether. However, Society will be served, and the next step will be a combination of feather-bed and motor. We fully expect to see very shortly a procession of petrol-driven four-posters along the Brighton road, with electric warming-pans and night-lights complete, also arrangements for being called, on occasion, by the hedge-row policeman, for travelling below the

legal limit of pace, and thereby obstructing the traffic. Very little change will be required to transform the present motor costume into a dressing-gown and night-cap. When all the scorchers have retired to roost or fallen out, honest pedestrians and cyclists will come by their rights. The term "bed-ridden" now bids fair to acquire a new shade of meaning, both active and passive.

QUERY (*by one who is not very well up in Latin, and now does not intend to be*). Was "Pontifex Maximus" the title given to the best player at Bridge by the ancient Romans? *Si quis hoc scit placebit mihi dare responsum.* [Not quite forgotten my ancient scholarship.—M.A. 1863.]



THE LAST STRAW.

Giles. "I DON'T KNOW WHAT 'TIS COMIN' TO! POOR BILL'S GONE, YER AUNT EMMA'S BROKE 'ER LEG, YER POOR OLD MOTHER'S VERY ILL, AN' NOW, DANG IT ALL, THERE'S A FOWL DEAD!"

A PRESENT PERPLEXITY.

The time grows short!
(A sounding phrase, but void of comfort to me);
And still I am enveloped in a sort
Of mental nebula, obscure and gloomy.

I dare not risk
A swift resolve—the issue is too solemn—
I dread her stare, so like the basilisk,
Sending cold shivers down my spinal column.

And I recall
A former dire result of rash decision,
When tremblingly I had to suffer all
The tortures of her merciless derision;

When she refused
Alike well-meant excuse and flattering unction,
And cast my offering, twisted up and bruised,
Into the fire without the least compunction.

If I could peep
Into her maiden longings, vague and dim, like
Some old magician, then I'd quickly leap
High o'er the difficulty, Sunny Jimlike.

Alas! I fear
That mine is not the wizard's avocation,
And I shall see my course of action clear
Only through long-drawn mental tribulation.

This is the fix,
That plunges me in worry so unpleasant:—
Her name is ANGELA, her age is six;
What *can* I give her for a Christmas present?

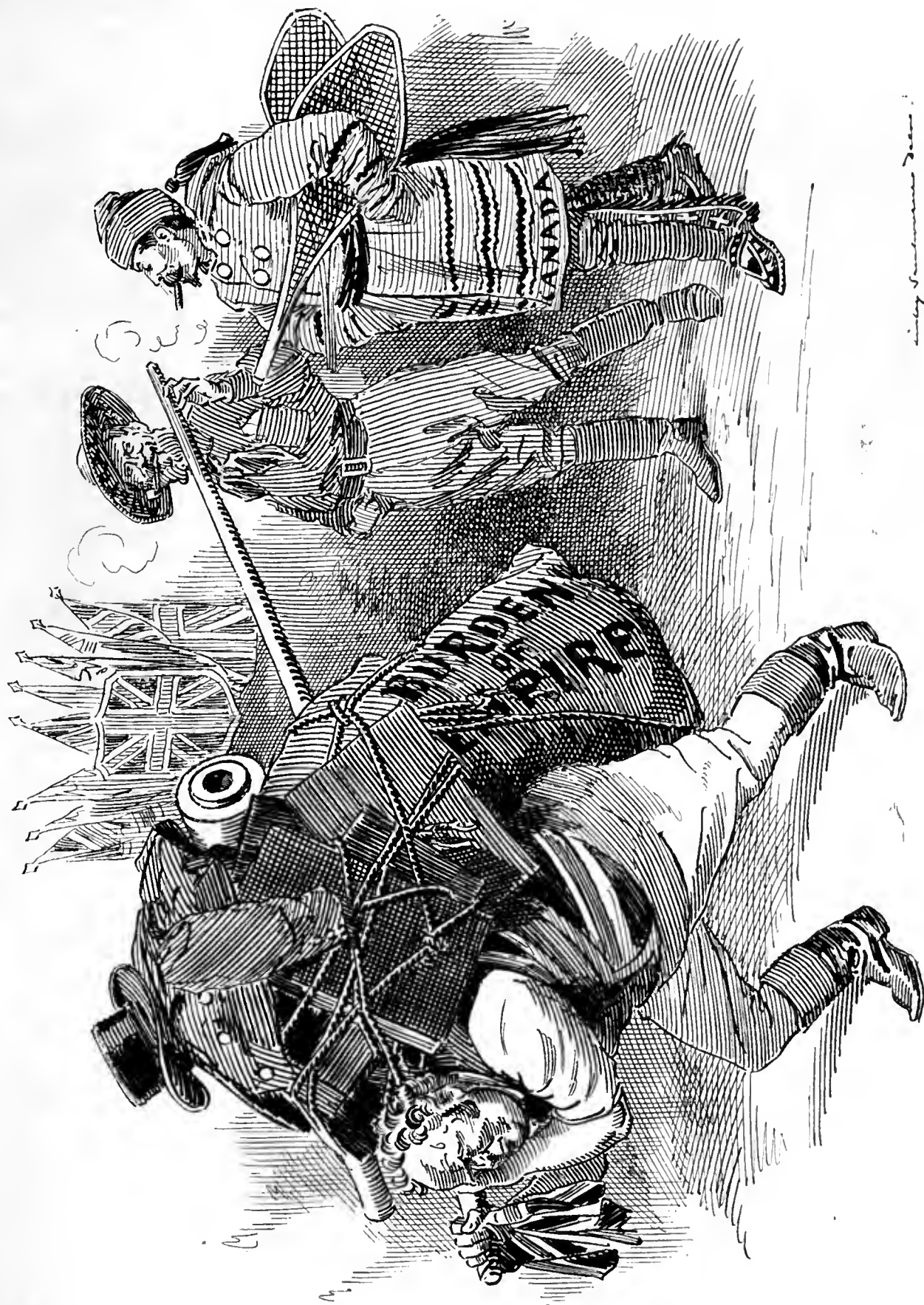
Commercial Candour.

In the *Scarborough Post*, under the head of "Christmas Cheer," a local firm advertises:

Mince Meat, 1s. per lb., our own make.

THE first officer of the *Malacca*, lately arrived in London, reports as follows:—"When we had got as far as the bottom of the Red Sea, we were stopped by the *Peterburg*." He says nothing, however, of PHARAOH'S chariots.

"BISHOPS," said the Rev. Mr. PHILLIPS to the Playgoers' Club, "are not really so stiff and starched as they are made out to be. There is a good heart beneath the gaiters." Callove, we presume.



DIVISION OF LABOUR.

[British Naval Estimates for the year 1904-5, £36,880,500. Appropriations in aid: Australia, £200,000; Canada, nil.]



CHARIVARIA.

With reference to the Children's Hotel which has been opened in Pembroke Square, we are sorry to hear the rumour that, although there are many comforts in the buildings, some of the little inmates are complaining bitterly of the absence of card-tables.

An hotel for motorists only is to be established near Cannes. Segregation seems a capital idea.

A gentleman writes to the *Express* to protest against the christening of war-ships by means of a bottle of wine. As a matter of fact, we understand that, as often as not, some thoughtful Jack Tar prevents the waste by (unofficially) changing the contents of the bottle.

General LYTTELTON, speaking at Leicester last week, on the work of the Army Council, said, "We work in what I may call water-tight compartments." The object of this is, we suppose, to try and prevent the water getting to the brain as it so often did at the old War Office.

The Army Council's idea of providing an organ for the publication of articles which were not up to the standard of the existing Service Journals has been abandoned. "Financial considerations" are given as the official reason. The expense of obtaining purchasers would have been enormous.



Sir 'Enery Campbell-Bannerman follows that there Joseph to the "Hedinburrer Corstle."

"Try to be a gentleman, eh? I'll give 'im what for!"



THE DEFENCELESS CRUSTACEAN.

JOHN BULL AT THE MERCY OF HIS ENEMIES. INDIGNANTLY DEDICATED TO THE WAR OFFICE AND SUCCESSIVE SECRETARIES OF STATE FOR WAR.

["This country follows the procedure of that edible invertebrate, the lobster. At intervals the lobster casts its shell, and until a new one grows he is absolutely helpless and has to conceal himself in a hole. That is our case, only we have no sheltering hole . . . We appoint a committee which discovers a number of things previously known to all other nations, we provide ourselves with a new shell, lucky if nobody attacks us in the meantime, and then we go to sleep again."—*The "Times"* on the disgraceful state of our Field Artillery, Dec. 15.]

A Somerset vicar was thoughtlessly described by the chairman of his annual parish meeting as "a capable preacher, a good golfer, and a graceful dancer." And now the Cake-Walkers are after him.

Judge TINDAL ATKINSON has just come to the conclusion that a schoolmaster is not a gentleman. Some schoolboys had suspected this for years.

The Macedonian Gipsies having expressed their willingness to go to Germany if they were paid £50, the amount, it is said, was immediately subscribed several times over. Where will this insensate hatred of Germany stop?

We hear that Russia has decided to follow the British Admiralty's example of re-naming the fleets, and that the Baltic Fleet will be known in future as the Half-seas-over Fleet, and the Port Arthur Fleet as the Submarine Fleet.

Londoners sometimes grumble because there is no Sunday delivery of letters as in the country, but they have their consolation: this year their worst enemies cannot force them to receive Christmas cards on the 25th.

Ants' Nests are said to be the latest novelty in gifts. Rough-coated dogs have, of course, been a common form of present for some time.

The King of ITALY proposes to give a statue of CÆSAR to New York, to stand beside that of FREDERICK THE GREAT, presented by the KAISER. Such jealousy seems to us to be very petty.

THERE are phases of victory in the Sugar trade. Saccharina has many enemies, but she has one stout ally, and, curiously enough, will be victorious when she is Sugar Beet.

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER V.

The Poet Laureate's Audience.

I MUST tell you, with regard to the Laureateship of Hinterland, that it differed from similar offices in other countries in being dependent upon the result of a popular election. The office was held for life, on the condition of writing and publishing every year (at the poet's own expense) two odes, a sonnet, a narrative poem on the rural districts, and one blank verse drama with lyrics interspersed. In the Act establishing the office penalties were laid down for such offences as it was thought possible a poet might commit. I cannot do better than quote the penal clause of the Act (5 Fred. I., Cap. 13):—

"Any Laureate who shall commit a false rhyme or omit a rhyme in any place in which the said rhyme may be justly held due to occur or shall protract any line of poetry beyond its proper length or shall so vary his metre as to distract the attention or shock the susceptibilities of any reader of full age shall on conviction before a stipendiary magistrate or a Court of Quarter Sessions be liable at the discretion of the Magistrate or Chairman to imprisonment not exceeding one month as a prisoner of the second class or in the alternative to a penalty not exceeding £10 for every offence proved against him."

This, it must be admitted, was a stringent clause, and there was a constant agitation for its repeal amongst the more advanced literary circles of the country. Why, it was asked, should a Poet Laureate be more strictly tied down to keep certain antiquated rules of poetic expression than any other poets? Seeing that the Laureate, owing to his high position, set a standard to others, the effect of hampering him must necessarily be to hamper the rest, and thus the originality of those who professed the art must be seriously restricted. Besides, what appeared to one generation to be a false rhyme might in the progress of poetry be absolutely correct in another, and thus there could be no consistency in the character of the offences punished from time to time. The great Laureate GRAMBlichus, for instance, had undergone a month's confinement in the last century for rhyming "shadow" with "meadow," but a recent decision (on appeal) of the Lord Chief Justice had laid it down that this rhyme was permissible. On these and similar grounds they demanded the repeal of the clause. It is, however, to the credit of the Hinterlanders that the strong good sense which is, perhaps, their most eminent characteristic, had hitherto made them deaf to these clamours.

On the other hand, the emoluments of the office were substantial. The Laureate was entitled to draw as salary £100 a year in money and fourteen pounds of best beef every week from the Royal larder. In addition he was entitled to have his official lyre re-strung twice a year at the public expense, to have his hair dressed by the Court wig-maker, and to charge for two suits of bright green taffetas every year. Quarters were provided for him in the bell-tower of the King's Palace. I ought to add that, on the death or resignation of any incumbent of the office, candidates were at once invited to submit their names, accompanied by testimonials, to the Chamberlain, and after an interval of three weeks, during which the poets stumped the country giving specimens of their powers, the electors were summoned to the polling-booths to decide the matter. All males of full age were entitled to be registered as voters, "save and except only" (I quote the words of the Act) "notorious poets or such persons as may have been found to be idiots or lunatics or convicts or in arrear with their taxes for a period of not less than two years immediately preceding such election."

The present Laureate had held the office for four years, having received ten thousand votes more than the candidate who was second on the poll. He had not been a poet all his life, for he was born in a humble rank, and had been bred to follow his father's somewhat prosaic business of brick-laying. Nothing, however, could long stand in the way of his metrical impulse. He was rescued from bricks by a literary agent who chanced to hear him declaiming an original composition to his fellow-workmen, and was struck by his genius. Since then he had made good use of his time, and had published twelve volumes of selected poetry and seven tragedies—only one (the first) of which had, however, been actually produced on the stage. His hair, most of which he had lost, had never been long; his eyes were not dreamy; his brow did not recall marble, and he was stout and of short stature. Indeed, he looked more like a prosperous silversmith than anything or anybody else. On this morning he was to have an official audience of his Sovereign, and as on these occasions it was imperative that the conversation on his side should be carried on in verse he was not without some natural nervousness as to the result; for even poets have their off-moments.

When the Laureate was announced SYLVIA was already seated on the throne in her audience-chamber, and thither he was at once conducted by the Chamberlain. When he entered he bowed very low, and SYLVIA having graciously signified to him that he might speak freely, he thus began:—

"If your Majesty pleases, I've come to make sure
That your Royal approval of me will endure.
Of your pity I beg let me bask for a space
In the beams born of beauty that shine from your face;
And the least of your poets will humbly endeavour
To pray that your life may continue for ever."

Here he paused and coughed, as though expecting the Queen to make a remark.

"Oh, how very clever!" said SYLVIA, clapping her hands with pleasure. "How in the world do you manage to do it? The rhymes, for instance. They always puzzle me most dreadfully whenever I've tried to compose anything."

The Laureate's face assumed an expression of reverential admiration, and he started again:—

"Oh triumph of triumphs! Let all the world know it!
The Queen of our country herself is a poet!
In rhyming, with practice, you won't find much trouble,
Unless, as at present, the rhymes should be double."

"But I shouldn't dream of making double ones," said the Queen; "the single sort are quite enough for me."

At this moment a violent scratching was heard on the door of the audience-chamber.

"It's *Rollo*," said the Queen, for she noticed that the Laureate started apprehensively, "my St. Bernard dog. Be quiet, *Rollo*!" she called out, "I shan't let you in yet. Go back to SARAH. I'm busy."

The Laureate was prompt to seize the occasion.

"Dog," he said, closing his eyes and wrinkling his forehead, as clergymen do when they say grace, "Dog—um—um—ah—Dog." Then he opened his eyes and continued:—

"Dog of the dewlap and the dewclaw too,
Much would I give to be turned into you.
Luckiest of dogs, you see the Queen each day,
And can insist where others have to pray.
Yet spare the gilded door you're clawing now,
Until the poet shall have made his——"

"Bow!" barked *Rollo* in a deep bass voice from the ante-room.

SYLVIA laughed. "*Rollo*'s a poet, too," she said. "He finished that line for you splendidly, didn't he? And now I think we'll have dinner. I'm sure Mamma will be delighted to see you, and you needn't talk poetry unless you feel you simply can't help it."



"A LITTLE LEARNING."

'Arry (who has had a toss). "I SAY, MISTER, JUST TELL ME WHAT TO DO NEXT, WILL YER? I'VE SAT ON 'IS 'EAD FOR ABOUT A QUARTER OF AN HOUR."

THE GLORY THAT IS GLUBB'S.

HOW TO SHOP.

[These notes have been compiled by a member of Mr. Punch's advertising staff with a view to solving the paramount problem of the moment—Where shall I do my Christmas shopping?]

MAN, or at any rate man's better half—the half which is more than the whole, as PLATO remarks in one of his most luminous *obiter dicta*—is a shopping animal, and this natural instinct, illustrated alike by the early Minoan graffiti and the flint implements of the prehistoric Polynesians, is developed with peculiar intensity in "a nation of shopkeepers," to quote the jocund phrase of BOSSUET. Life without shopping is unthinkable. But, granted this momentous and irrefragable major premiss, we are at once confronted with the insistent necessity of deciding where and under what conditions the satisfaction of this primordial impulse can best be achieved.

As Mr. MORLEY remarks of ROBESPIERRE, nothing is so painful as the spectacle of the unhappy doctrinaire inextricably involved in the intricacies of practice. Without some plain instructions, the average individual is in danger of being paralysed by the *enchevêtrement* of modern life. To shop in London, especially at this season, is to emulate the temerarious exploits of a football referee. Salvation and sanity can only be compassed by a rigorous method of decentralisation.

Within a certain radius the temptations to reckless expenditure in the metropolis are almost irresistible. Only the other day a well-known Fellow of an Oxford College, a confirmed misogynist and a rock-climber of European celebrity, went into Regent Street from his club for half an hour, and came back to his chambers the embarrassed possessor of a diamond tiara. He was utterly unable to give any adequate explanation for this rash act—personally he is a man of ascetic habits and negligent attire—which must be ascribed simply to the infection of environment. But if a man of culture and self-restraint can be thus beguiled how much greater must be the temptation to persons less adequately equipped and fortified with the virtues of the Porch?

The true philosopher no doubt emerges triumphantly from the ordeal by practising SYDNEY SMITH's precepts. When the spending fit is upon him he will ask first: Can I afford it? Second: Can I do without it? But we cannot be all philosophers or even Fellows of Colleges. The average man; still more the average woman, needs some clearly defined means of escape from the dangers of propinquity. In a word, if we would shop with sanity, we must shun the central marts of

shop in the village, in addition to which the peculiar and entrancing odour diffused from the premises renders the task of identification simple even to the most short-sighted visitors. Here in close proximity are to be found boots, corduroy pants, oleo-margarine, oranges, kerosene, lard-cakes, Spanish onions, insect-powder, blacking, golden syrup, apples, and kippers. Variety, in the words of ARISTOTLE, is the sweetest of all boons, and here you have variety, both of substance and aroma, in the most concentrated and pungent profusion.

The sufferings of shopping in London are enormously enhanced by the vicious system of departments. To take an everyday experience, — you have bought, say, a mink pelerine and wish to purchase a hot-water bottle. Accordingly you appeal to a sleek shopwalker, only to be told, "Hot-water bottles? Yes, Madam. Fourth shop to the left, then take the lift to the hardware department on the second floor." These senseless and irritating pilgrimages are unknown to the clients of GLUBB'S Emporium.

There everything is to be found within the compass of a single room of 14 ft. x 12 ft. You want a Finnan haddie: you have only to stretch out your hand and take it. Are bull's-eyes your dear desire? You will find them on the counter in a glass bottle which also contains Kentish cobs, liquorice sticks and postage stamps. The day is wet and you think it inadvisable to face the return journey without some extra protection against the damp. Goloshes, arranged in a tasteful festoon depending from a hook fastened into the door jamb, confront your gaze with reassuring radiance. This economy of space is truly

marvellous. Picture post-cards are kept in the snuff-canister, and medlars in a barrel half-full of bars of washing soap.

There is nothing that GLUBB'S does not keep, except the more flagrant luxuries of modern complex civilisation, such as potted char, star sapphires, and silk pyjamas. We asked in vain for these; but on the other hand we were instantly served with tinned sardines, bread, hob-nailed boots, a hammer and nails, a rat-trap, a bottle of capers, a ball of string, and some excellent French figs at a very low figure.

Any shop that contains in profusion



BUSINESS.

"HOW MUCH HAVE YOU GOT, BILLY?"

"FOURPENCE."

"I'VE GOT TWOPENCE. LET'S PUT IT TOGETHER AND GO HALVES!"

fashion, we must assist in the re-flow of the town to the country, so eloquently pictured by Sir ROBERT HUNTER in the current *Nineteenth Century*, and enrol ourselves amongst the customers of GLUBB'S Emporium at Little Chipley.

The advantages of such a course are self-evident, but they may be speedily enumerated. Little Chipley, which is only 23 miles from Charing Cross, is 3½ miles by road from the station of Slopford on the South Midland, and by changing at Bramshall Junction one can get there in just under two hours. It is impossible to miss your way, as GLUBB'S is the only

the articles on which the prosperity and comfort of the wage-earning community are based may be said to reach very near perfection; and GLUBB'S is that shop.

To know GLUBB'S is to know rural England.

But this exquisite symphony of odours, this complex and irresistible appeal to the olfactory organs, coupled with a concentration of commodities impossible of achievement in a metropolitan shop, do not exhaust the advantages and attractions of GLUBB'S Emporium. There remains to be added the important consideration that the limited space available precludes the possibility of such scenes as are too often witnessed in our monster shops and stores. It is physically impossible for more than a dozen persons to enter GLUBB'S at the same time. There is, therefore, no danger of panic or of those strange and turbulent manifestations analysed by M. REYNALDO POMPARDIN in his masterly treatise on *La psychologie de la foule*. As GIBBON remarks, "Conversation may enrich the intellect, but solitude is the true school for genius." If GLUBB'S does not exactly give us solitude—for the operations of purchase must always presuppose at least two persons—at least we find there an atmosphere of quiet and seclusion ineffably refreshing after the turmoil and bustle, say, of Kensington High Street. This return to Nature, this emancipation from the oppressive influence of pompous frock-coated shop-walkers, makes for that efficiency so ardently desiderated by Lord ROSEBERY, and tends to harden and consolidate the national fibre. There being no delivery from GLUBB'S, customers are obliged to carry their parcels home, an effort which, in the case of luxurious Londoners, engenders a healthy sense of fatigue of which they otherwise seldom taste. Physically, as well as morally and financially, a visit to GLUBB'S is fraught with incalculable benefits, and no more fitting conclusion to this imperfect survey of a noble institution can be found than the touching quatrain of the Poet Laureate:—

Philosophers in ancient days
Were satisfied with tubs;
But we, who walk in modern ways,
Find Paradise at GLUBB'S.

Argumentum ad Pocketum.

INCORRIGIBLE old Father Time, going the pace as fast as ever, is annually brought to book by JOHN WALKER & Co., with their useful, natty and Russian-leather-bound Pocket and Note-books for the coming year 1905. What records will not the New Year leave behind him in hundreds of these same pocket-books! What material for any number of *Pepys' Diaries*!



NO WOUNDS LIKE THE OLD ONES.

Barber. "HAIR CUT, SIR?"

Customer (who has been there before). "No. CHIN AND CHEEK, PLEASE."

No Sparing of the Rod.

THE Essex Education Committee, in publishing the estimated cost of forming a School Garden in connection with a Public Elementary Day School, have produced the following calculation:

"Class for 12 Boys—
Each boy 1 rod = 12 rod."

At this rate no child should run the risk of being spoilt.

In order to check extravagance in the Cavalry, the authorities have decided that "fines of money or wine are no longer to be levied on marriage or promotion, or in respect of any minor irregularities." In future the officer

who commits the major irregularity of being promoted will not need to say, with the *King of Denmark*, "O, my offence is rank!"

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

If you want to praise a friend's work do so before it is finished, or it may be too late.

It is better for a man to forget his misfortunes than to talk of them, but he is robbing his friends of a good deal of honest pleasure.

What were vices once are manners now, and yet everybody is not happy.

If the wolf is at your door, be comforted; there is evidently a worse famine elsewhere.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Garrick Club, by PERCY FITZGERALD, F.S.A. (ELLIOT STOCK), is a work specially interesting to "Garrick men," and will be found both entertaining and instructive by all interested in literature and the drama, whether they may be members of "The G." or not. Some of the reproductions of the celebrated pictures, on which the Garrick Club prides itself, are very good; but this cannot be said of all. A curious error has been made by the author at p. 70, where a portrait of GILBERT ARTHUR À BECKETT appears as the portrait of his father, GILBERT ABBOTT À BECKETT. As Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD was, probably, personally acquainted with "GIL" À BECKETT, whose portrait appears at p. 381 in Mr. SPIELMANN'S *History of Punch*, and can be compared with that of his father given at p. 273 in the same work, this is a muddle which a very little trouble, on the part of the painstaking PERCY, would have prevented.

Of the writing of books about the Indian Mutiny there is no end. Private journals, narratives of eye-witnesses, disquisitions by historians, contribute to the bulk. The last word has surely been said by Mr. FORREST in his *History of the Indian Mutiny*, published in two handsome volumes by BLACKWOOD. Long time Director of Records of the Government of India, Mr. FORREST enjoyed exceptional opportunities of getting at the heart of the matter. A touch of personal interest completes the appropriateness of his undertaking. His father, Captain GEORGE FORREST, V.C., was one of the nine who defended the Delhi magazine on May 11, 1857, and his mother lived through this time of storm and stress, sharing in the display of gentleness and courage that added fresh lustre to the crown of womanhood. Varying from the habit of average writers on the stirring topic, Mr. FORREST never attempts picturesque writing. My Baronite finds in his narrative something of the stiffness and all the accuracy of a State paper. But it is brightened on every page by apt quotation of passages from the testimony of eye-witnesses. It is interesting to note that *Maga*, forty-seven years ago, as during the war in South Africa, and in connection with the conflict now going on in the Far East, was distinguished by graphic records from the battle-fields. Lord ROBERTS and Sir HENRY NORMAN, who both went through the Mutiny, read and revised the narrative before it reached the public. Other survivors of the fight have contributed fresh pages to its story. A large map of the British position at Delhi, some smaller plans, and many portraits complete the value of an important contribution to the history of the Empire.

Il y a Grevilles et Grevilles, and two are diarists. All the world knows CHARLES, delighting in his full opportunities, his keen insight, and his incisive style. After an interval of twenty years SMITH, ELDER bring out the third series of *Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville*. They have the advantage of being edited by Sir HENRY'S niece, the Countess of STRAFFORD, whose work is admirably done. Compared with the Memoirs of his more renowned brother, HENRY GREVILLE'S diary is a little suggestive of the literary effort of a shrewd maiden aunt who, thanks to family connections, moves in interesting Society, and has formed a habit, before putting her curls in paper on retiring to her bedroom, of recording her impressions of the day. The resemblance is borne out by the almost pathetic reverence Sir HENRY GREVILLE had for the *Times* of his day. He frequently does homage to the vigour and prescience of that journal, supporting his view by long quotations. Had he lived into this century my Baronite would like to have seen his face when urged to subscribe (by telephone) to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Comparison with his brother's work is inevitable. Its brilliance need not extinguish the mild effulgence of the later effort. It does not add much to the information of

mankind. But it is interesting as reviving memories of events that occupied the public mind in the middle of the nineteenth century. With Sedan afar off, and the place of Chislehurst unknown on the map, it is striking to find how dominating was the figure of NAPOLEON THE THIRD at the epoch dealt with.

Monsieur JOURDAIN was genuinely and genially surprised to make discovery that he had been talking prose all his life. Sir WILFRID LAWSON is not under any mistake as to his having been writing poetry for at least forty years. His book, *Cartoons in Rhyme and Line* (FISHER UNWIN) is inscribed, "From the worst of poets to the best of wives." This modesty disarms criticism. It is understood that the Poet Laureate, in a recent article lamenting the inadequate recognition paid to the highest form of poetical art, had at the back of his mind some resentment at the success of the Lobby Laureate. That is a personal matter. My Baronite, who for full thirty years, with occasional intervals due to electoral inconstancy, has known Sir WILFRID in the House of Commons as a pungent commentator in rhyme on current political episodes, delights in this collection of his work. The lines do not always scan, and the rhymes are here and there audacious. But the genial humour, the keen insight and the directness of the commentary are delightful. Sir WILFRID has found a sympathetic collaborator in F. C. G., who by way of illustration gives of his very best.

There is a certain place the pavement of which is proverbially said to consist of good intentions. Employing this concrete material JAMES THE SECOND only succeeded in constructing a *pons asinorum* that enabled him to escape from Great Britain to the Continent. The bridge collapsed, and the return of the Royal STUARTS, in the direct male line, was rendered impossible. Of the building and failure of this bridge, the work entitled *Adventures of King James the Second* (LONGMANS), by the author of the *Life of Sir Kenelm Digby*, is an interesting account, written in a fairly impartial spirit. No Jacobite, nowadays, can be otherwise than justly irritated by the sheer obstinacy, self-conceit, and infirmity of principle, despite his strong religious convictions, displayed by JAMES Duke of York, who, on his succession to the throne, was welcomed by a majority in so hearty a manner that it proved his future success to be already three parts assured. His advisers were ill chosen, and as the Right Reverend F. A. GASQUET, the "learned Benedictine," in his cleverly written preface, points out, JAMES was imprudent, indiscreet, and, in the earlier part of his private life, unquestionably immoral. The burden of his dissolute easy-going brother's refrain, of which JAMES bore a small part, was, "*O les femmes, les femmes, il n'y a que ça!*" only JAMES was not for ever singing it; moreover, during his latest years he was a sincere penitent. One thing certainly is to be placed to his credit, as it was by his contemporary and friend the Earl of AILESBRURY, namely, that JAMES "had nothing so much at heart as the strength and glory of the Fleet and the Navy: it was never in so high a pitch nor in so great lustre, as during the time of his administration." JAMES THE SECOND, as Duke of York, may be fairly reckoned as the founder of our Navy. His praise, as an administrator at the Admiralty, is sung by business-like SAMUEL PEPYS. Incidentally, too, when Duke of YORK, JAMES was in a way the precursor of Mr. CECIL RHODES as "Governor and Chairman of the Committee of Management of the Chartered African Company." On the whole, this is a most interesting book, pleasantly written, and most valuable for reference.



CHARIVARIA.

OUR War Office has at last decided to arm the Artillery. The new guns, it is said, are to be ready within two years, and we understand that a polite message has been sent to all the other Powers requesting them not to make war on us in the interim.

Herr RENAULD, a Colonel in the German Army, having stated that a war between European Powers would not cost less than £6,000,000 daily, several offers have been received from enterprising Americans—including, we are told, one from the gentleman who was responsible for the successful War Spectacle at the St. Louis Exposition—offering to do the thing for considerably less.

Mr. JOHN MORLEY, whom we had all been accustomed to look upon as a staunch Liberal, has been recommending everyone to read BYRON, and poor Sir WILFRID LAWSON, who has just published a volume of verse, is said, not without reason, to be piqued. This is the sort of treatment which drives people to drink.

"I rebel with all my soul against the phrase 'light literature,'" said Mr. HALL CAINE at a banquet last week. The delusion under which this great writer is labouring, if he supposes that the phrase is commonly applied to his own work, is rather pathetic.

We hear that Mr. HALL CAINE has been much gratified by a statement made to him by a Society lady to the effect that, until she came across his book, she had never heard of the Prodigal Son. Mr. CAINE hopes, if he be spared to us long enough, gradually to re-write the whole of the Bible. There are tons of money in the idea.

A gruesome incident is reported to us from the Law Courts. It happened just before the Vacation. The usher attached to a certain Court was dozing peacefully, when he was suddenly awakened by loud laughter. "Silence in Court!" he shouted, starting up—not knowing that it was the Judge's joke which had called forth the applause. It is thought, however, that the fellow will be re-instated.

Automobile prison-vans are to be introduced in Paris, and local criminals are already giving themselves airs.

We hear that a new series of Cookery Books is about to be published. Suggested title: The Grub Street Series.

We feel sure that the Editor of the *Daily Mail* will be sorry to hear that



STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN ABOUT TO TAKE A COLD BATH.

he has been instrumental in getting a little boy into serious trouble. In the list of suggested Christmas presents which our contemporary published the other day, under the heading "For Father" appeared "Large Bath Sponge." The youth in question followed the *Mail's* advice, and his father, who is a German gentleman, proved absurdly touchy, and the little lad is not yet able to sit down with comfort.

By the by, though it is true that a book will generally form an acceptable present, a thoroughly tactful person will not give *The Complete Motorist* to one who has just lost a leg in a motor accident.

An amusing incident, showing the rate we live at, has been brought to our notice. On the 24th of this month Father Christmas went to a bookstall and asked if any Christmas numbers were out. "Lor' bless yer, Sir, they've mostly been sold weeks ago," said the

boy to the astonished old gentleman; "only a few soiled remnants left."

A new fresco has been unveiled in the Royal Exchange. It commemorates for all times the incident of a Lord Mayor, in the reign of RICHARD THE THIRD, delivering judgment in a dispute which had arisen between the Merchant Taylors' and the Skinners' Companies as to the right of precedence. This is the kind of event whose memory a grateful nation will not easily let die.

Mr. PUNCH would have hesitated to publish the following statement with regard to a recent census in Cape Colony, if it had not already appeared in the pages of a local organ which must have had opportunity for verifying its allegation: it is the *Diamond Fields Advertiser*, of Kimberley, which informs him that "the Colony will be interested to know that there are nearly 60,000 more asses in the country than in 1891."

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER VI.

The Queen's Christmas Party.

"YOUR Majesty," observed the Chamberlain one morning when he had been admitted to his usual audience, "has not as yet signified your wishes with regard to the Christmas festivities. There will, I presume, be no great variation from the ordinary routine. The neighbouring crowned heads are, I suppose, to receive their invitations, which they will, as is customary, decline with all respect, on the ground of prior engagements; and a Baron of Beef will be roasted whole for the immediate retainers of your Majesty. Then there will be the Christmas gifts to see to—the little packets of sixpenny and threepenny bits arranged in coloured tissue paper—and all the other details with which it is doubtless unnecessary to trouble your Majesty. And there must, of course, be —"

How much more the Chamberlain would have said I cannot tell. He was a courtier of considerable power of speech, with a fine command of many long but ordinary words arranged in sentences not remarkable for their shortness, and he had a fine rolling delivery to which he himself listened with unvarying pleasure. At this particular point, however, the Queen, greatly to his amazement, interrupted him:—

"I was thinking," she said, "of doing something quite new this year. Everybody must be tired of the old old way of doing things."

"Antiquity," said the Chamberlain stiffly, "is venerable, and we cannot lightly set aside that which the custom of years has sanctioned."

"Oh, but I shan't set it aside lightly," said SYLVIA. "I shall do it quite deliberately and very heavily, so that gets rid of your first argument. Next, please."

The Chamberlain was unaccustomed to this touch-and-go style of discussion. He felt as if things were crumbling under his feet. However, he gave a great heave and pulled himself together.

"Madam," he said, "you will do me the honour to believe that in all the counsels which I have been privileged, at your Majesty's own request, to tender to you, I have been animated solely by a desire for your Majesty's welfare."

"Certainly, certainly," said the Queen. "What then?"

"Let me then humbly advise your Majesty not to break with the custom—the ancient custom—of Christmas entertainment."

"But I'm not going to break with it," said the Queen. "I'm going to reorganise it. That's all."

"In that case," said the Chamberlain, who had spent much time in advocating a reorganisation of all the departments of state with which he was not personally concerned, "in that case I have nothing more to say. I have only to take your Majesty's gracious commands."

What the gracious commands came to was shortly this:—The old-fashioned Christmas festivities, which had been entirely confined to the Court, were abolished, though the crowned heads were to receive the usual invitations in the confident expectation that they would, as usual, make excuse for their absence. On Christmas Day the great Palace, with its grounds, was to be thrown open to the people, who were to be invited to bring their children with them, and to spend as much time as they liked there from ten in the morning till ten at night. The Queen would sit in her throne-room for two hours to hear what anybody might have to say, and at seven o'clock all the children were to have tea in vast tents which were to be set up in the park. The Commander-in-Chief of the army, the First Naval Lord, the Archbishop and the Chamberlain were to make all the necessary arrangements

for ensuring comfort and order amongst the thousands who might be expected to attend. At nine o'clock in the evening the Queen would, by pressing an electric button, light a gigantic Christmas tree in the centre of the park, and at ten o'clock everybody was expected to go away. One point I had almost forgotten—grown-ups were only to be admitted if accompanied by children. Any grown-up, therefore, who didn't happen to have children of his or her own would have to take charge of some for the day.

The resolution of the Queen was promptly made known by proclamation, and it naturally excited a great deal of discussion. As the day approached it was realised that the plan bade fair to be a striking success, and even those who, either from conservative prejudice or from an ingrained dislike for Christmas festivals, had at the outset expressed disapproval of it began to be enthusiastic in its favour, most of them going so far as to claim the credit of having initiated the idea.

Everybody who has read the *Chronicles of Hinterland* compiled by the Historiographer General will remember the glowing pages in which he gives an account of these novel festivities, and celebrates the wisdom of the young Queen who had planned and arranged them.

"Nothing," he declares, "was left to chance. Every swing-boat and every merry-go-round had been tested by her Majesty and her principal Ministers on the previous day. The regimental bands played their very best in various parts of the park. The ventriloquial entertainments were refined but amusing, and the performing dogs, having played the parts allotted to them, were fed by her Majesty's own hand." Everything, in fact, went off splendidly. One incident, however, the writer does not record. As it bears upon this story I must relate it here.

The Queen had been sitting in the throne-room for an hour and had taken much pleasure in an orderly procession of school-children headed by clergymen of various denominations, when there was a sudden scuffle at the entrance to the room, and a bearded, broad-shouldered man, breaking through the military guard, advanced boldly to the middle of the room. The officer of the guard hurried after him with his sword drawn:

"Your Majesty," he said, placing himself in front of the intruder, "this man has broken the rules. He has no child with him. We sought to stop him, but he insisted on coming. Shall he be conducted to the dungeon?"

"What have you to say?" said SYLVIA, addressing the man, who was standing harmlessly enough before her.

The man looked at her and sighed, and then he spoke:

"I'm a seafaring man, your Majesty. Many a year I've been away from here and only just returned. I had a little girl once—much your own age she'd be now, but I can't find her, and I thought she might be here. I mean no harm, but pray don't send me out."

"Permit him to stay," said SYLVIA to the officer.

"God bless your gentle heart!" said the bearded man very loudly, and, though the Chamberlain was shocked, the Queen herself smiled with pleasure.

"The Disraeli Family."

"WHAT Latin motto would you have chosen, Sir, for the founder of the DISRAELI family?" asked MONTAGU CORRY, when Private Secretary to Lord BEACONSFIELD, of his master.

"A popular one," replied his Lordship, "would be, *Ex uno Dizzy omnes*."

[Anecdote not included in the articles on this subject now appearing in the "Times."

LIBERTY HALL.—"Mrs. — wants a General Servant (not expected to wash)."—*Devizes and Wiltshire Gazette*.

LACRIMÆ RERUM.

[The Supreme Court of Tennessee recently decided that an advocate has the right to shed tears for the purpose of influencing a verdict, adding, "Indeed, if counsel has them at command it may seriously be questioned whether it is not his professional duty to shed them whenever occasion arises." In view of the interesting developments to which this principle, when appreciated at its full value, is likely to give rise, *Mr. Punch* is fortunate in being able to publish in advance the following law report of the year 1920.]

Moss v. Weeper.—This was an action brought by MALACHI MOSS, company promoter, against WILLIAM WEEPER, K.C., for professional negligence. The plaintiff alleged that the defendant—being an advocate of notorious hysterical ability in general, and having in particular one week previously secured the acquittal of PUCEBE PICKUP, kleptomaniac, by such a tempest of tears as had rendered him incoherent for three quarters of his defence—had neglected to employ his proper talents in a similar way on behalf of the plaintiff, whereby to his prejudice the true facts of the case, undisguised by emotion, were allowed to influence the jury, the plaintiff in the result being mulcted in heavy damages for misrepresentation.

For the defence it was pleaded—
(1) That the defendant was not a person of such lachrymose brilliance as alleged, a number of his past speeches being read in support of the statement, and certainly proving dull and dry enough;
(2) That, in the case of PUCEBE PICKUP cited, the appearances which had so affected the Court as to secure an acquittal were entirely due to his having taken a pinch of what the defendant believed to be a mixture of rappee and cayenne pepper from the snuff-box of the leader of the circuit—whose success with juries he now at last understood;
(3) That, even if he were of the emotional temperament alleged, the case of *Mr. Moss* was not one in which tears were obligatory, it having been held in *Shem v. Phlegm* (JUGGINS, J.) that no counsel need do more than sniff when demonstrating the guilelessness of a city financier; and
(4) That, in the course of his defence, he did so sniff on three several occasions—notably when appealing for sympathy for the destitute condition of the plaintiff, consequent upon the settlement of his whole estate upon his wife prior to the commencement of the action.

Mr. Justice SOMB, in giving judgment, pointed out that all that *Shem v. Phlegm* laid down was that in certain cases a sniff was adequate if counsel was incapable of tears. The judgment was many years old, and dealt with a situation now happily rare. His own experience was that the latter-day advocate was capable of anything short of epilepsy, if needed to gain a verdict. The only question,

OLD RHYMES & MODERN INSTANCES

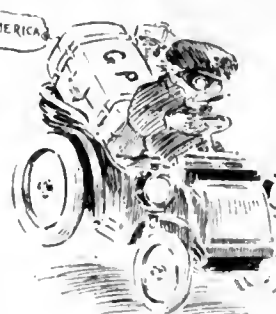


GEORGIE.
POR-GIE.
PUDDENEY
PIE.

KISSED THE GIRLS AND MADE THEM CRY;



WHEN THE GIRLS
CAME OUT TO PLAY,

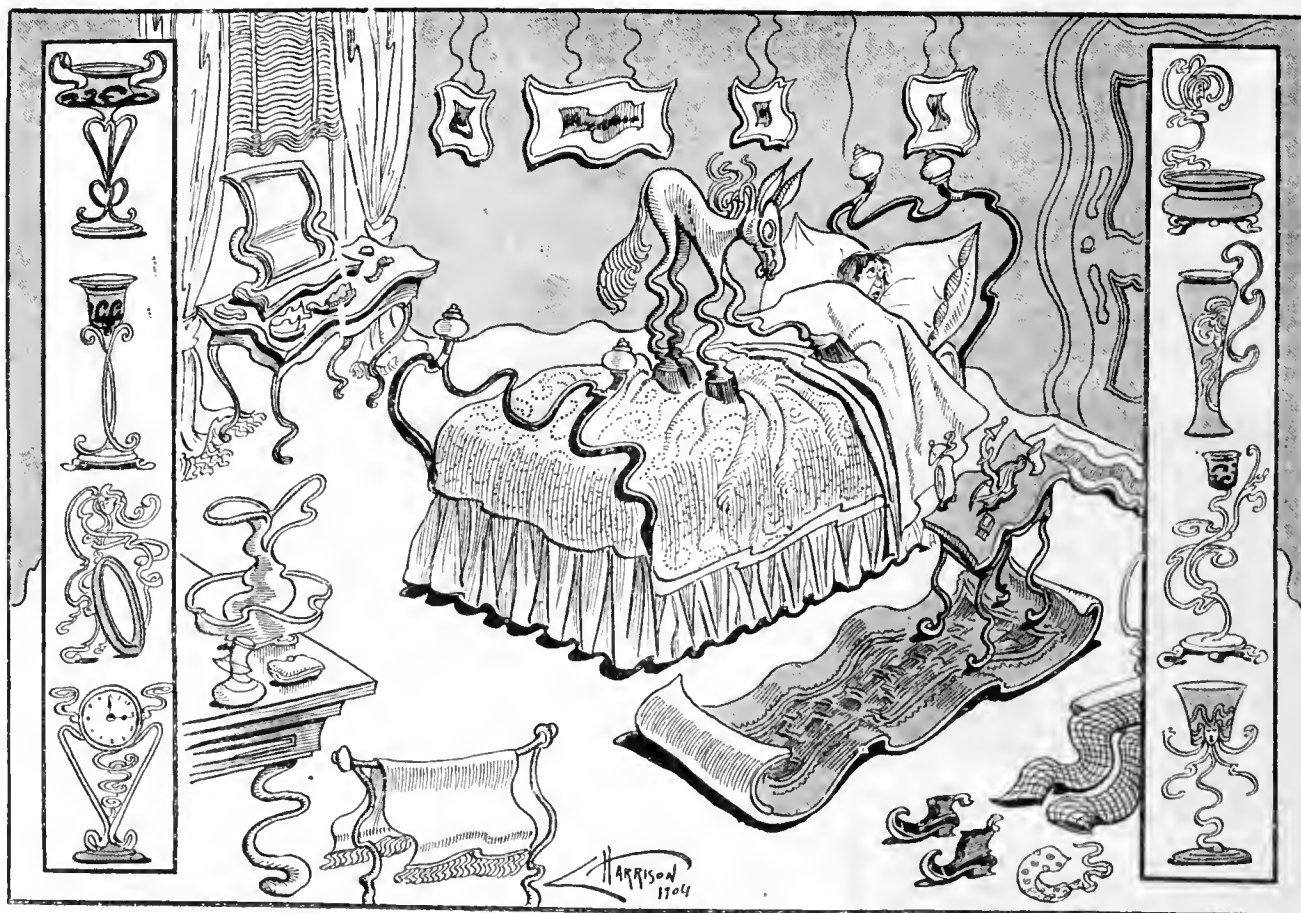


GEORGIE POR-GIE
RAN AWAY.

therefore, was whether the defendant in the present action was an exception to this honourable rule. The validity of his plea seemed to him to be entirely destroyed by the defendant's own admission as to the efficacy of artificial stimulants to sensibility. Exhibitions of distress due to pepper and other provocatives might not be of the highest kind, but they were eminently serviceable, and it was obvious that such distress might be just as genuine as that produced by apprehension for a client. With means of this kind within his reach the duty of an advocate was clear, and judgment must be for the plaintiff, but he would allow the defendant to address the Court further in mitigation of damages.

Mr. WEEPER rose feebly and, supporting himself on the shoulder of his Junior, swallowed audibly several times amid a tense silence, broken only by a woman's hysterical moan in the gallery. As soon as he was able to control his emotion it coursed down his cheeks, whilst he made a heart-rending appeal on behalf of his wife and family, culminating in a storm of sobs of such paroxysmal violence as to bring on a species of seizure, necessitating his removal in the ambulance.

The learned Judge, who had been for some time furtively crying into his ink-pot, entered judgment for one farthing, and ordered an adjournment whilst the Court dried.



A WARNING.

JONES HAS BEEN BUYING SUCH A LOT OF L'ART NOUVEAU ORNAMENTS, ETC., FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFTS, THAT HE HAS QUITE A CURLY NIGHTMARE.

HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

(With acknowledgments to the "Lady's World.")

BAYSWATER.—Your little love tale reads very easily, and is prettily told, despite occasional mistakes. For instance, your hero, "an Oxbridge man and Fellow of St. Boniface," says in Chap. II. "I'll learn him who's who." This is a clumsy sentence, and should be modified. "I will show him that I am far from being the sort of man who is in the habit of taking it lying down" would, I think, be better.

BELLA.—You have still a good deal to learn before you will be able to write a story of Glasgow life that will pass muster. Would it not be a good plan to go to Scotland for a week-end and study the language and customs of the natives? "Bentheloose" is not the name of a mountain, and I don't think gentlemen go about Glasgow in kilts saying, "Tits laddie," and "Hoot awa."

ROSEMARY.—*The Curse of Tregaskis* bristles with faults. Take this sentence: "Sir ALLAN loudly blew his nose with his handkerchief to hide his emo-

tion." Why handkerchief? Surely this might be understood from a gentleman in Sir ALLAN's position. Then again the following seems to want a little clearing up. (Chap. XLI.)—"The house was a large one standing in its own grounds built when ELIZABETH was Queen when men had more time to think of beautiful things surrounded by a moat containing superb examples of the armour of the period whose walls at the time we write were fast crumbling to decay." You can, I am sure, do better work than this.

IMOGEN.—In future please write on one side of the paper only; that is, if you feel you *must* write. Modern young men do not say "erstwhile" or "peradventure" in ordinary conversation. I do not think the servant girl in your story could consistently make use of the expressions "Oh, lawks!" and "*savoir faire*" in one and the same sentence, and your hero "well-groomed as usual in frock-coat, pearl-grey trousers, and immaculate bowler," would not, I am sure, have created quite the kind of impression in Piccadilly that you intended.

SHOPPING BY POST.

FROM MESSRS. AMPLE & Co., UNIVERSAL PURVEYORS.

Tottenham and other Courts Supplied.

(ALIGHT AT GOWER STREET.)

MADAM.—In reply to your favour we beg to say that we are forwarding the motor omnibus and the sugar-tongs to your esteemed order, and hope they will come to hand safely. The sideboard and the two gimlets are not yet quite ready, but we trust you will not be inconvenienced by our omitting to send them with the mangle and the wingglass to match your pattern, both delivered last week at your house. We regret that you have overlooked the latter. It was securely tied to the mangle with strong string, for safety in conveyance, and we feel sure that, on carefully looking again, you will find at least the string. With respect to your inquiry for kitchen ranges and crochet cotton, we will deliver at once on your telling us the quantity and sizes required.

Your obedient servants,
AMPLE & Co.



WHAT ON EARTH ARE "NOMAD JIGITS"? ARE THEY ANYTHING LIKE THIS?

[“According to intelligence received from Urga, Japanese agents disguised as wandering Lamas are inciting the Nomad Jigits to destroy the Trans-Siberian Railway and blow up the icebreakers on Lake Baikal. It is stated, however, that the Jigits have refused to act.” —*Westminster Gazette*.]

A STUDY IN EMOTIONAL COSTUMES.

WE met at tea-time's witching hour,
When buttered crumpets breathed of peace;
Upon her breast a purple flower
Set off a robe of pale cerise;
“The garb,” I mused, “denotes a clinging mood;
Propose to her, my boy, she's dying to be wooed!”

But when I gazed at her and sighed
She never looked the least put-out,
But anxiously observed that I'd
“Been growing positively stout.”
The accusation gave my hopes the lie;
Perhaps her costume erred, perhaps my prentice eye.

I met her in the ball-room's glare;
She wore an orange *crêpe de chine*,
With rose kroumeskis here and there,
And ruched with bows of apple-green.
The whole effect was just a trifle warm;
“Now is your time,” I said, “to take the girl by storm!”

I sought a well-secluded seat,
And heard her whisper in my ear,
“I haven't had a thing to eat!
Take me to supper, there's a dear!”
I mentioned LOVE: she said (and ah! it hurt),
“Don't be a goose: I'm here to feed and not to flirt!”

I called (her sire was out of town)
And found her reading HENRY JAMES;
She wore a crimson Empire gown,
Trinuned round the edge with whatshisnames.
An amorous languor that enhanced the whole
Revealed, I thought, the yearning passion of the soul.

But when I bent above her chair
She seemed to feel no answering thrill;
I heaved a groan of mute despair:
She laughed and asked if I was ill:
Her callous mood my inspiration damped,
I said “Good-bye” (like that) and hastily decamped.

And then one day I met her in
The railway train: we were alone;
She wore a coat of sable skin
Over a skirt of sombre tone.
I pined to speak the word, but her attire
Seemed to betray a mood ill-timed to my desire.

But when I urged some trivial jest
She smiled with such pathetic eyes
That something took me in the chest,
And, to my own intense surprise,
I seized her hand, and with a chaste caress
Cried, “Lovely one, be mine!”—and she said, “ALBERT!
Yes!”

AVANT ET APRÈS "L'ENTENTE CORDIALE."

(*Impressions d'un Français.*)

AVANT (VERS 1900).

MON CHER JULES, — Me voici en Angleterre depuis trois semaines. L'étrange pays! Vous passez un petit bras de mer, et vous voilà tout-à-coup sous un ciel de plomb, au milieu d'une foule d'êtres placides aux traits figés. Sur le paquebot déjà commença mon initiation à la politique envahissante de ce peuple enragé. Dès l'embarquement, le pont se trouva pris d'assaut par une horde de viragos aux allures décidées, au chignon roux emprisonné dans un petit filet. En un clin d'œil, on s'était installé, on avait fait main basse sur les meilleures places et, au milieu de ce camp fortifié, dressé l'étendard britannique! Ah! la race colonisatrice par excellence! Une timide tentative que je fis pour m'emparer d'un siège vacant, me valut de la part d'une de ces aimables amazones, sorte de géante toute en dents, et musclée à faire peur, un regard! . . . mais un regard . . . qui disait clairement: "N'y revenez pas!"

L'air retentit aussitôt du jargon britannique. On y constatait une fois de plus l'infériorité des populations d'Outre-Manche. Un gentleman en complet à carreaux leur reprocha vertement leurs vices innombrables, leur manque de sangfroid, leur laisser-aller choquant.

"Du reste," releva sa puritaine moitié, "que pouvez-vous attendre d'un peuple si peu adonné aux ablutions? La décadence est leur partage, c'est clair. Et cette cuisine de dégénérés. Rien qui ne soit déguisé, manipulé, falsifié!" (Ah ça, par exemple, leur cuisine, à eux! très franche, en effet, ignoble régime de barbares, indigne d'un peuple cultivé.)

* * * * *
Dans ce pays, on ne constate votre existence qu'après due présentation: on daigne alors vous faire subir le petit interrogatoire que voici: quand vous êtes arrivé en Angleterre, combien de temps vous vous proposez d'y passer, et si vous préférez ce pays à la France. Gardez-vous bien de faire ce dernier choix, de peur d'être taxé d'excentricité. Puis on vous lâche: voilà tout l'esprit que vous pouvez tirer de ces rustres, aux membres d'une longueur démesurée, et qui passent leur temps à jouer au "cricket" et au "football." J'enrage! Je vois d'ici comment je vais m'accommoder de la morgue glaciale de ces insulaires. Ah! mon cher, vois-tu, rien de plus lugubre que les Anglais!

ennuyeuse à périr leur fameuse correction! Monstrueuse leur insociabilité! Tout me provoque ici: cette atmosphère pesante, ce je ne sais quoi de pharisaïque qui émane de leur personne! . . . Grands dieux! je sens venir une attaque de spleen, mal étrange et encore mal défini. Je m'arrête. . . . Ah! pays de malheur!

Ton infortuné
EMILE.

APRÈS (1904).

MON CHER JULES, — Me voici de nouveau en Angleterre. Dieux! que les temps ont changé! et quel revirement étrange s'est fait en moi! Entouré, fêté, accablé de civilités, je tiens avant tout, mon cher, à détruire la fâcheuse impression



The Crowned Crane (to the Spoonbill). "ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME YOU PUT UP YOUR HAIR, MY DEAR?"

que j'ai dû te laisser sur ce pays hospitalier entre tous. Des boutades, mon ami, de simples boutades sans portée! Se laisser aveugler à ce point! N'en parlons plus. Prodigeux les Anglais! Race arriviste par excellence. Notons: stage indispensable à faire en Angleterre à qui veut s'inspirer des traditions qui conduisent à la conquête du monde. Ah! les mauvais plaisants ont eu leur temps! Placides, lourds, prosaïques, les Anglais?—Permettez, philosophes au plus haut degré. "Inertie intellectuelle," déclare l'observateur superficiel; philosophie des philosophies, proclame le psychologue éclairé. Oui, sagesse des sagesse que de comprendre "qu'il ne faut pas comprendre." Le beau prestige que d'être passés-maitres dans l'art de la discussion et de l'analyse à outrance! le bel avantage que d'avoir l'esprit encombré de tout un fatras de notions contradictoires! Mais voyez-les donc: équipés d'une manière plus rationnelle dans la

lutte pour l'existence, ils l'ont emporté sur nous. Morale: Pour commencer, faisons du sport, c'est leur école suprême de la vie; on s'y exerce au sangfroid à toute épreuve. Voyez cet orateur faire face à une séance oragense. Voyez, fendant les foules, ce policeman au geste plein d'ampleur et de majesté!

Et quelle hospitalité courtoise! Quelle correction parfaite! Jamais de collisions. Quelle noble réserve! Rien de cette emphase de mauvais goût. Une sereine impartialité et, pour couronner le tout, des vertus patriarcales!! J'en faisais l'autre soir la remarque à mon hôtesse.

"Monsieur," répondit-elle, "voilà qui fait honneur à votre pénétration; vous avez toujours passé pour le peuple le plus intelligent de la terre. Il y a quatre ans, pendant mon séjour en France. . . ."

"Ah! Madame!" m'écriai-je alarmé, "de grâce; si quelque chose vous y a offusquée, j'en fais pénitence à vos pieds!"

"Mais, Monsieur! pas le moins du monde, bien au contraire. Votre charme! Votre parfait naturel! Votre abandon exquis! Ah! le goût français! la cuisine française! Quel art! on ne vit qu'à Paris! . . ."

Elle s'éloigna, suivie de ses filles, une vraie déesse accompagnée de ses nymphes; car dans ce pays, mon cher, les femmes sont toutes des déesses: des Junons, des Dianes, des Minerves à la démarche assurée, aux membres assouplis, aux allures indomptées. C'en est fait, je suis conquis! Qu'on me reprenne à chanter le piquant! et le chiffonné de nos Parisiennes. Absurdes et perverses, ces créatures trébuchantes et langouissantes! N'oubliez pas de conseiller à toutes les mères de notre connaissance de faire prendre à leurs filles un cours de "cricket" et de "football." Absolument essentiel à l'esthétique et à l'éthique féminines.

Ton vieil ami,

EMILE.

ACCORDING to a special correspondent of the *Daily Dispatch*, the wolf which has been providing such capital sport in the North of England has been "distinctly seen by no fewer than seven people engaged pulling turnips in a field." (These would, of course, go admirably with his usual meal of mutton.) The writer goes on to say: "I have questioned two of them, and have no reason to doubt their veracity." Whether his enquiries were addressed to the "people" or to the "turnips" it is impossible to say; but we understand that, in either case, the Russian Embassy has no information on the matter.

LOVE'S LAST REQUEST.

PROUD maiden, I ask no returning
Of such little gifts as I sent;
The letters are fittest for burning,
Not meaning the thing that they meant.

The gloves and the scent and the brooches,

The sweetmeats, the small vinaigrette,
I leave with unuttered reproaches,
For you to recall or forget.

There's a pouch that you broidered and brought me,

If you wish I'll return it to you;
And a box of cigars that you bought me,
I only could tackle a few.

The weeds I will gladly surrender,
They'll do for some other sad swain;
But the poems I sent you—the tender
Sweet sonnets—I want them again.

You remember the ode true and simple
Addressed to your firm little nose?

And the sonnet induced by a dimple,
And the rondeau I sent with a rose?

You remember the dainty effusion
That said I would die at your feet?

It may have been all a delusion,
But I think the expression was neat.

I haven't a copy, and therefore

I hope you will kindly restore

These things you no longer will care for—
Because I may use them once more.

I soon may again be affected
To utter emotions in rhyme,

And really I can't be expected
To pen a new poem each time.

BACK-END RESOLUTIONS.

(For 1904—or what remains of it.)

IN case any readers with treacherous memories have omitted at the beginning of the current year to frame the usual Model Resolves, a provisional list of the same may be of use, though it is considerably past the eleventh hour. However, a reference to the calendar will show that there are still some ninety-six hours, waking and sleeping, for the following Pious Aspirations to be put into practice:

Not to oversleep myself more than four times.

To be called at day-break (N.B., the sun rises after 8 A.M. these few days).

To limit myself to sixteen, or, at most, twenty meals for the rest of the year, and to refrain from eating unripe fruit in the kitchen garden.

Not to squander money in visiting the Royal Academy, the Derby, the Lord Mayor's Show, or *The Wife without a Smile*.

Not to waste time in attending regattas,



SENSIBLE CHILD.

"WELL, JACKY, AND DID YOU HANG UP YOUR STOCKING FOR SANTA CLAUS TO FILL?"

"NO. I HANGED UP MURVER'S!"

cricket matches, tennis tournaments and garden parties.

To purchase, and keep (by me) a diary and cash account, if possible, to the end of the year.

To abstain from paying income-tax, rent, rates and similar impositions within the same period.

Not to over-indulge in grouse-shooting, salmon-fishing, butterfly-catching or bird's-nesting any further in 1904, but strictly to attend to business (if I have any).

To impress, at any rate upon my

wife and family (if I am married and have descendants), the moral duty and beauty of keeping these excellent resolutions.

Repentant backsliders, it is to be hoped, will make a note of the above suggestions, which have been carefully graded, *pro hac vice*, to suit the most irresolute temperament. This is their last chance, and there will be no later offer.

N.B.—*À propos* of the above article, Mr. Punch understands, on the best of authority, that there will be no General Election this year.

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR.

THEOBALD PINES-PUTNAM—Gipsy, Poet, Novelist, Critic and Chaperon. With numerous maps, plans, facsimiles, &c. By JOHN DELVER. London: ODDER AND ODDER. £2 2s. net.

In the whole history of secrecy nothing is more charming than Mr. JOHN DELVER's quiet mole-like preparation of this colossal book. Day after day, night after night, he was at The Pomes, West Ealing, in the company of England's two most illustrious intellectuals. His conversations with Mr. PINES-PUTNAM were endless, ranging back to his early manhood, when, regardless of rheumatism, he read poetry seated on wet rocks. No question was too intimate for Mr. JOHN DELVER to put or the scholar-gipsy to answer, although why Mr. JOHN DELVER should be so much interested in "poor little me" (as the great man phrased it) he could not understand. Yet such is the inherent humility of genius that Mr. PINES-PUTNAM had no notion of what these visits portended, and when the first copy of the work was laid upon the breakfast table and Mr. PINES-PUTNAM, all unsuspecting, cut the string, his astonishment was beyond description. It was the very renaissance of wonder and surprise.—"Claudius Clear" in the *British Weekly*.

The old saying that the world knows nothing of its greatest men is no longer true, thanks to Mr. JOHN DELVER's masterly and exhaustive work.—"A Man of Kent" in the *British Weekly*.

We cannot be too grateful to Mr. JOHN DELVER for this protest against the old and effete custom of waiting for a man's death before commencing his biography. Anything more illogical could not be imagined; it is as though one did not present one's cup to the fountain until the spring was dry. For years have biographers been misunderstanding their duties; Mr. JOHN DELVER comes forward to show them the new way. He is the new BOSWELL, with this advantage over his dilatory predecessor that he strikes while the iron is hot, and does not tarry until his JOHNSON is no more.—*The Expositor*.

One of the most deeply fascinating chapters describes the long and intimate friendship of the poet-chaperon and the novelist Mr. ALF ABEL, upon whom, we understand, a similar work is now in preparation. Indeed, when we think of the treats in store for lovers of literature we can hardly sit still.—"Lorna" in the *British Weekly*.

Readers of the book will have a few disappointments. It is not long enough (there are only 863 pages); there is little about Mr. SWIMBURNE in it; and the novelist-critic would not allow Mr. DELVER

to describe his (the novelist-critic's) appearance. Hence we have only the contradiction of a less enthusiastic commentator who had called his dark-brown eyes green. However, the photograph of Mr. PINES-PUTNAM and his life-long friend GEORGE BORROW, each looking out of the window of a gipsy caravan, is among the triumphs of the illustrator's art.—*British Weekly* (Editorial).

LATE AFTERNOON.

HERE in the back streets there is a vague charm about the colourless winter afternoon. The low grey houses and the modest semi-private shops with their tiny square windows harmonise strangely with the dull grey sky which weighed so oppressively upon the larger scale of things in the main road. The little bootmaker's shanty opposite, with its hanging sign of a melancholy half-leg in a scarlet top-boot, looks as though it has never heard of such words as hurry and enterprise. A little further down three small boys have clambered up the low wall fronting one of the houses and are clinging to the railings, the whole of their little minds concentrated in garrulous wonder upon the circumscribed travels of two gold-fish about a bowl in the window. For the rest the street is deserted, save for an indistinct figure seated in a low chair outside the little furniture-dealer's at the corner.

I walk slowly to the top of the street, glancing as I pass at the figure in the chair. It is a short grey-haired man in a much soiled serge suit. His hands are folded in his lap, affording a view of a pair of grey-fringed shirt-cuffs; his feet are crossed and drawn up beneath the chair, as he sits motionless, gazing straight before him across the road with a dull, vacant stare. From an open cut beneath one eye a little rivulet of blood has trickled down his cheek, and winding a devious course over a scrubby grey moustache has become lost to view beneath a dirty frayed collar.

As I take stock of him, a figure in shirt-sleeves strolls casually out of the furniture-shop and looks listlessly round the street. Suddenly his eye, following mine, becomes intent and indignant as it lights upon the object of my interest.

"Ulo," he observes pointedly.

The seated man, without moving a muscle, continues to stare vacantly at the low grey line of houses opposite.

"I don't remember invitin' you ter sit down in that there chair," says the furniture-dealer sarcastically.

The visionary in the chair takes not the smallest notice. There is a pause while the furniture-dealer regards him with mingled astonishment and indignation. At length he speaks again.

"Make yerself comfortable," he suggests with satirical bitterness. "Don't let me disturb yer."

The seated man remains as though in a trance. This scrupulous adherence to his advice appears to exasperate the furniture-dealer. He turns to me.

"Wot is this 'ere country a-comin' to!" he demands fervently. "We'd better all become Russians an' 'ave done with it."

I do my best to appear overwhelmed by the logic of this cryptic utterance. The recognition of my support seems somewhat to soothe his indignation; he turns to the unconscious instrument of Russian ambitions.

"Why didn't yer drop me a 'alfpenny postcard?" he inquires with mordant jocosity. "I'd 'ave 'ad the chair covered in cloth o' gold."

By this time a little group of onlookers have gathered outside the shop—a stolid-looking man with his hands buried in flap-pockets, a very large lady and a very small girl carrying a washing-basket between them at a steep angle, the three little boys who had been watching the gold-fish, and a preoccupied man with a dripping brush, who has succeeded somehow in whitewashing the small of his own back and is now making a rather patchy job of my boots.

I venture diffidently to point this out, whereupon he thanks me and, with a chatty motion of his head towards the still unmoved man in the chair, announces his opinion that what we have before us is a dramer in reel life. Finding this well received he stoops suddenly, and resting his brush carefully upside down against a yellow chest of drawers marked STYLE approaches the visionary and shakes him by the shoulders with kindly vigour.

"'Ere, BILL!" he cries briskly.

No answer or movement from the visionary.

"'ARREE!" conjectures Whitewash. "GEORGE! TED! SID!"

Still no answer or movement from the visionary.

"The pore man's ill," remarks the lady with the elevated end of the washing-basket.

"You're ill," observes the furniture-dealer curtly.

"The man's ill," repeats the lady aggressively. "Look at 'is eye. Why can't yer let 'im be?"

"I'll let you be," retorts the furniture-dealer. "Willing," and approaches the chair.

"'E ain't doin' no 'arm settin' there, is 'e?" demands the lady, becoming more indignant. "Why can't yer—Oh, yer great brute! Ain't yer got no 'eart?"

The furniture-dealer has suddenly tilted the chair from the back, and the



Lady Visitor. "I SEE YOU STILL HAVE FOUR OLD BINGO."

Fair Widow. "YES. I WOULDN'T PART WITH HIM ON ANY ACCOUNT. I NEVER LOOK AT HIM WITHOUT THINKING OF POOR DEAR MARMADUKE!"

visionary is now standing upright, propped by the timely arm of the whitewasher. Even now he shows no sign of returning animation. The lady of the washing-basket has raised her voice an octave higher.

"Ain't you ashamed o' yerself!" she declaims. "Turnin' a pore man out wot's ill an' cut 'is eye! Oh yer great brute!"

The furniture-dealer has turned on her. "D'yer wanten buy any furniture?" he demands.

"Me!" exclaims the lady, delighted with the opening. "Me buy yer furniture? Thank yer, I'm perticler about my things."

"All right, then," returns the man crisply. "Git."

"White-livered 'ound!" exclaims the impotent lady.

"Don't you worry about my liver," returns the furniture dealer, with exhilaration. "I can take care o' my liver all right. Better than some people, p'raps."

"Ho," retorts the lady, with merciless sarcasm. "You look as if you could."

Meanwhile the whitewashed gentleman, to the intense interest of the pisca-

torial boys, has propped the visionary against the wall beside the shop and is carefully wiping the blood from his cheek with a handkerchief to which the lady of the basket might well turn her attention. Now and then he desists in order to clap his hands in front of the still vacant face of his *protégé*, with alternate inquiries as to his name and his address. A few feet away the gentleman of the flap-pockets watches these operations with an air of *blasé* indifference.

Suddenly a hush of interest falls upon the party. The visionary, still leaning against the wall, has found his voice.

"Ave yer got a gun?"

For the moment Whitewash seems taken aback by this inquiry. The visionary turns a vacant eye upon the gentleman of the flap-pockets.

"Ave yer got a gun?" he repeats.

"No, I ain't," returns Flap-pockets, without excitement.

"Wot d'yer want a gun for?" inquires Whitewash, recovering himself.

"I want ter shoot a bloke," observes the visionary, still gazing dreamily at Flap-pockets. "Ave yer got a gun?"

Flap-pockets expectorates with a sideways movement of the head.

"You ain't allowed ter do that," he responds dispassionately—"not 'ere."

The visionary receives this item of information with resignation.

"Wot's this 'ere place?" he inquires slowly.

"Fulham," responds Flap-pockets impassively.

For a while the visionary ruminates without stirring. Then he slowly moves his back from the wall and looks absently upon the group.

"Or ri," he says with a preoccupied air. "Goorafternoon," and buttoning his jacket walks quietly off round the corner.

"Takes 'imself fer Admiral Togo, I should think," observes the furniture-dealer obscurely, and retires, reminiscently disgusted, into his shop.

Gradually the little group dissolves. The grey light is waning into dusk, and the street is empty save for the piscatorial boys, who still hover at a short distance from the corner, clinging to a vain hope that something may yet happen.



THE EFFECTS OF BRIDGE ON THE RISING GENERATION.

Master Tom (discontented with the size of his portion). "I DOUBLE PUDDING!"

TRAGEDY.

You that of late were privileged to hear
How I had doffed the euloge of evil-doing
For Virtue's thin yet plausible veneer,
To charm my DELIA when I went a-wooing,—
Mark how the false gods till th' eleventh hour
Smiled, and then, sneering, cast me down to grapple
With wounds that mock the staying flagon's power,
And quite ignore the comfortable apple.

I had not told my love—oh, was it wrong?—
For, though I found her all my fancy painted,
I thought it better not to go too strong,
As we had been but recently acquainted;
Wiser it seemed to let the thought take root
In her young mind; to let the ice get broken;
Essay my fortunes at the Christmas shoot,
And trust the gods to keep her unbespoken.

Full thrice the sequent moons had waxed and waned,
Yet there had come no noise of rival wooer;
And the wan star of Hope had risen, and gained
A crescent brightness as the days grew fewer;
Now had I seen the final day but one;
My qualms of jealousy had ceased to rack me;
When down my colours tumbled with a run
Just as my confidence had reached its acme.

O waste, waste, waste, irrevocable waste!
O labour lost and tardily repented!
I do not cavil at the lady's taste;
It's painful, but it's not unprecedented;
But to be fooled—deluded from the start—
Basely deceived, and vilely brought to ruin!—
What of my struggles with the vocal art?
What about all those clothes I bought to woo in?

These are the thoughts that pale a person's cheeks.
But worse, oh worse beyond all computation,
I hold the memory of those tedious weeks
Squandered in moral rehabilitation!
Does it not thaw the heart, however hard?
Does it not give the soul, however steely, a
Pang, to recall those bursts for ever barred?
May you be sorry for it some day, DELIA

O reader, reader, what a dole is mine
After three dreary months of dreary labour
In walks which certainly are not my line,
Scorned by my friends, a nuisance to my neighbour,
Just when my fears of rivalry were dead,
Just as I thought that I was out of danger,
DELIA, the Prize, the girl I hoped to wed,
Has got affianced to a total stranger! DUM-DUM.

REACTIONARY CHANGE OF NAME.—Sultan MULEY ABDUL AZIZ
will now be known as Moor Muley-than-ever Abdul Azwaz.



PEACE ON EARTH.

"IF I ONLY KNEW THE COUNTERSIGN!"





THE WATER TEST.

Whip (bringing on tail hounds, in the rear of the field). "HULLOAH! WHO'VE YOU GOT THERE?"

Runner (who has just assisted sportsman out of a muddy ditch). "DUNNO. CAN'T TELL TILL WE'VE WASHED 'IM DOWN A BIT!"

THE LATEST EPIDEMIC.

STIMULATED by the example of Mr. "LULU" HARCOURT, M.P., who has composed two Free Trade songs, "D'ye ken BOB PEEL?" and "Stamp, stamp, stamp upon Protection," quite a number of distinguished politicians and public characters have burst into topical verse. Owing to the stringent laws of copyright we are unfortunately only able to give very brief quotations, but even so they will, we think, inspire our readers to make further and fuller acquaintance with these modern masterpieces.

Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S contribution to this Christmas chorus of song takes the form of a charming little Elizabethan madrigal. It is addressed "To a fair Confectioner," and the first line (referring doubtless to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S significant silence on the Sugar question in his recent Limehouse speech) runs as follows:

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind.

Mr. BALFOUR has modelled his latest effusion on a well-known unrhymed piece by CHARLES LAMB—"The Old Familiar Faces." It begins in a vein of touching retrospect:

I have had colleagues, I have had companions,
In the days when I was a child in the matter of
free imports,
But all, or at any rate a large proportion, are
now gone of the old familiar faces.

Mr. C. A. PEARSON strikes a more resonant and confident note in his fine ballad, "The Journalists of England":

Ye journalists of England,
Our Empire's strongest link,
Whose quills have stained unnumbered
reams
With patriotic ink;
Your glorious *Standard* launch again
To guard our peerless JOE, &c.

Sir WILFRID LAWSON is now as ever unflinchingly loyal to his crusade against intemperance, and turns the tables on BEN JONSON, the mighty toper of the "Mermaid," by borrowing the form of one of his most famous songs to preach the virtues of abstinence:—

A GREAT INDUCEMENT.

Drink to me, only with thine eyes!
Grant but this boon, and I'm
Prepared to swear that I'll abstain
Teetotally from rhyme.

Mr. LABOUCHERE, who, it may not be generally known, is a most diligent and sympathetic student of BROWNING, sends the following genial effort in discipleship:—

'Tis the season of fog,
The weather's a beast,
But we're jogging along,
HARRY MARKS sits for Thanet,
There's a new Golliwogg,
E. T. HOOLEY's released,
HALL CAINE's going strong.
All's right with this planet!

Our next specimen is from the gifted pen of Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN, and recalls in its unstudied simplicity the rhymes we learned at our mother's knee:

Little JACK HORNER sate in his corner,
Working eight hours a day.
But a bounty-fed alien, a dumping Westphalian,
Came and frightened JACK HORNER away.

Lastly, the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, in a fine outburst of lyrical frenzy, predicts the triumph of the Cobdenite cause, his last quatrain running as under:

If we have freedom in our trade,
And get our imports free,
Angels alone in bliss arrayed
Enjoy such liberty.

The White Slave Traffic.

Another Horrible Revelation.

"BOILED Starch WOMAN Wanted for Regatta Shirts, &c."—*The Londonderry Sentinel.*

MORE CABMEN CRITICS.

[Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, in the *London Argus* describes his conversations with a cabman who frequently drives him to rehearsals and concerts, and has proved himself to be a most accomplished musical critic.]

ODDLY enough Mr. SARGENT and Mr. HEWLETT have also each had somewhat similar experiences with cabmen critics of late.

Mr. HEWLETT's driver was conveying him from Leather Lane to the Italian Circus. "Pardon me," he remarked through the little door in the roof during a prolonged block in Oxford Street, "pardon me, Sir, but do you think you have said enough for the view from Fiesole in your *The Road in Tuscany*?"

Mr. HEWLETT agreed that perhaps the subject was susceptible of enlarged treatment.

"And another thing," said the driver, "me and the missus was a good deal troubled after we had finished the *Queen's Quair* by thinking about BOTHWELL's end. You don't say what became of J. B. Now wouldn't a little appendix chapter winding everybody up—in the way CHARLES DICKENS used to do—have been a good thing? What did become of BOTHWELL anyhow?"

"BOTHWELL—..." said Mr. HEWLETT; but at this moment the cab ran into a dray.

Mr. SARGENT's driver was a more constructive critic.

"What you want, Sir," he said genially one day, as he cracked his whip at a small boy, "is a better knowledge of the nood. Now I've got some studies at home which I can lend you that will put you right in the matter of harms and legs."

Sure enough, the next time Mr. SARGENT hailed the cab the driver produced the portfolio and handed it to the master.

"Don't ask me to drive you to the R.A.," he said. "Don't ask me to do that. Let it be the New English Art Club! Anything but Burlington 'Ouse."

"That's a nice little thing of yours at

the New English," he continued, when at last the horse had been induced to start. "I like the handling of the bed-clothes. Why don't you paint like that for the Academy? Dukes and Duchesses, hearls and peers, why can't you keep your 'ands off 'em one year at anyrate, and paint real things? Why

But, the horse falling down at this point, the barangue abruptly ceased.

Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, we may add, is

he opened the trap-door and observed, 'Beg pardon, Madame, but if you'll take my advice don't overdo the port-manteau.' 'Portmanteau?' I replied; 'what portmanteau?' 'I didn't say portmanteau,' he rejoined rather sharply, 'I said *portamento*. Scoop, some people calls it. It's all very well for a milk-man, but it doesn't become a high-class singer.' I was naturally rather indignant, but the man was so much in

earnest that I suppressed my feelings and let him go on. To my surprise I found that he was really a first-rate authority on voice-production, registers, &c., and had bought an expensive laryngoscope out of his earnings. Since then I have frequently employed him, and from time to time have given him copies of songs, which he returns with marginal notes as to breathing, expression, and so forth, which I have found most helpful. The other day, when we were discussing 'Mother's Joy,' he asked me if I had ever heard RICHARD STRAUSS's '*Sinfonia Domestica*,' and on my replying in the negative told me that he had just purchased the score and was arranging it for a small orchestra of cornet, tambourine, flageolet, gong, cymbals, and perdoneum. Really he is one of the most marvellous musicians I have ever met. His name is BIRD, but since our conversation on the subject of RICHARD STRAUSS I have called him DICKY BIRD, to distinguish him from Mr. HENRY BIRD, the well-known accompanist, who takes a deep



CHRISTMAS REJOICINGS AT THE ZOO.

"THE ANIMALS HAVE PASSED A VOTE OF THANKS TO THE SUPERINTENDENT AT THE ZOO FOR THE RECENT IMPROVEMENTS. TO CELEBRATE THE OCCASION (OR CHRISTMAS), THE HARP SEAL, SCREECH OWL, SAND PIPERS, ETC., HAVE KINDLY VOLUNTEERED THEIR SERVICES TO SERENADE HIM."

not the only distinguished musician who has found a kindred soul on the box seat of a London cab. Madame CLARA BUTT recounts a similar experience in the current issue of *Harrison's Royalty Magazine*. "It began," says the famous contralto, "one evening this summer when I was engaged to sing at a Ballad Concert. When I told the cabman to drive to Queen's Hall my Jehu replied by whistling the motif of '*Land of Hope and Glory*.' We got blocked in Piccadilly, and while we were waiting

interest in the career of his humble namesake."

"Do we Believe?"

"AT Alton, Hants, NORMAN LITTLEJOHN was summoned for driving a motor-car in a reckless and negligent manner. The Bishop of ——— was in the car at the time, and in the witness-box his Lordship said the car was being driven carefully, and going only at ten miles an hour. *The Bench imposed a fine of forty shillings.*"—*Pall Mall Gazette*.



HE sat with his hostess over their coffee, liqueurs and cigarettes in the smoking-room of the Ladies' Active Service Club—the only male among many types of woman-warrior, from Amazons of the Guards down to ordinary Imperial Yeowomen. Statues of ATHENE (fully armed), BOADICEA, JOAN OF ARC, and LADY ROBERTS were disposed about the room; while under the cornice ran the names of other ladies distinguished for heroism—such as ARTEMISIA (of Halicarnassus and Salamis), HIPPOLYTE, Jael, Mrs. CARRIE NATION and the Mother of the Gracchi.

"Have you many institutions like this?" asked Mr. PUNCH (for it was he).

"I will mention a few of them," replied BRITANNIA (for it was she). "There is the Minerva Club for Literary Women, the Hygieum for Dress-improvers, the Josephine for Tariff-reformers, the Winston Pippin for Free-feeders, the Leandress for Oarswomen, Poodle's for Dog-fanciers, the Paris Mutuel for Feminine Supporters of the *Entente*, the Tie-doloureux for Type-writers, the Siddons for Actresses, and the Sans Atout for the Unemployed of both sexes. You will see we have gone far to solve that harrowing problem, *What shall we do with our Mothers?*"

"Your sex has indeed made vast strides," said Mr. PUNCH.

"Yes," she replied, "and this fact has greatly affected our size in boots. And I hear it is the same with gloves at the Sans Atout, where the constant playing of Bridge enormously develops the hand. At the Hygieum, again, they have grown clean out of corsets!"

Delicately ignoring the last observation, Mr. PUNCH inquired if election to these Clubs was a matter of great difficulty.

"Our tests," replied his hostess, "are of the most severe. Thus for entrance to political Clubs a candidate is required to have established a strong influence among the babies of constituents: she must have kissed at least one politician into Parliament. At the Minerva, Greek is compulsory."

"Ah! there," said Mr. PUNCH, "you touch a question that has of late been moving the very marrow of our older Universities. Myself, I am all for the retention of traditional colour. If our utilitarians want to become expert in the making of steel rails, or scientific beer, or motor-buses, let them pursue their ideals at one of our provincial colleges. But at Oxford and Cambridge there ought still to be room for Inefficiency. There at least let us preserve the love of learning, pure and inutile."

"Oxford," said BRITANNIA, "has set her fairer sister a noble example in this department."

"I make little distinction between them," replied her guest, "being myself *alumnus ambarum*; though, of the two, the Cantabrigian element preponderates in my constitution. But Oxford had no choice in the matter; the advent of

her gates without some guarantee that he had not come merely to master our British methods of commerce, and eclipse us on our own ground."

"The whole problem of the admission of immigrant aliens has greatly intrigued me," replied BRITANNIA. "Do you happen to have any views as to the right kind of test by which to differentiate between the worthy and the unworthy?"

"The topic has for a long time engaged my attention," replied the Sage, "and I have decided that Literary Culture must be the criterion. You may remember the pretty story—revived in BROWNING's *Balaustion*—which relates that, when the Athenian NICIAS was defeated at Syracuse, his conquerors gave their freedom to all captives who could recite from the plays of EURIPIDES?"

BRITANNIA nodded vaguely.

"Well, far be it from me to underrate the merits of 'EURIPIDES the human.' But I am convinced that we have his latter-day equivalent in a certain fine literary series which I could name. Now there are often inadequate facilities for studying the best English literature among, let us say, the Russian moujiks. So I would have this collection placed in the steerage libraries of all emigrant ships that sail for our shores; and every alien who, on arrival, could recite at sufficient length from any volume of this series should be welcome to our hospitality. Curiously enough, I came only the other day upon a passage in this same series revealing the most remarkable foresight on that very point. It was written under the heading 'Essence of Parliament,' on July 18, 1857, during the reign, you will note, of the Third NAPOLEON, and ran as follows:—

"Lord PALMERSTON then smashed, as he conceived, the Isthmus of Suez Canal, declaring that the scheme was a bubble, and also that, for political reasons, our Government would always oppose it. Some years hence, the chief cabin passengers of the *Bulbul*, a steamer plying along the Suez Canal, will read this record in Mr. —'s' (the veteran pronounced the name inaudibly) 'Thirty-third Volume (a complete set of his works being among the necessities of the voyage), and will smile indulgently, and remark how Egypt has improved since England accepted her as a present from the SULTAN, with the consent of the Republic of France.' That prediction," continued Mr. PUNCH, "was, as I say, written in 1857, and has been fulfilled in almost every detail."

"And who, may I ask," said BRITANNIA eagerly, "was the author of this astonishingly accurate prophecy?"

A suffused blush, as of maiden modesty, inearnadined the veteran's cheek. "With your permission," he said, "I will retrieve from the cloak-room the latest, and, I trust, not the least, of that remarkable series. No, I beg you" (for BRITANNIA's forefinger was upon the electric button); "dogs not being allowed on the Club premises, I may not summon my trusty servant from his post of attendance on the doorstep; and to none of your footwomen dare I commit the carriage of so precious a document."

In a trice he had vanished and returned. Then, with a profound genuflexion, such as had never hitherto been witnessed within the precincts of the Ladies' Active Service Club, he presented his hostess with a copy of his own

One Hundred and Twenty-Seventh Volume.





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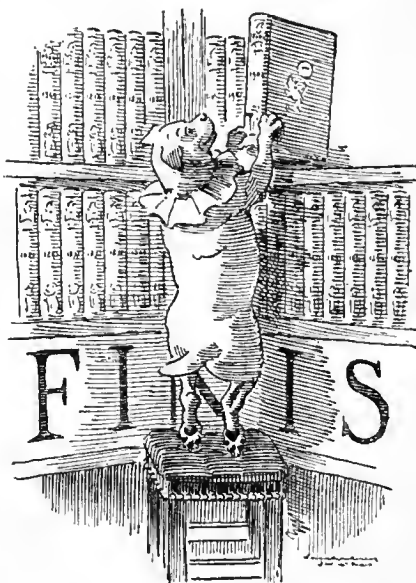
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